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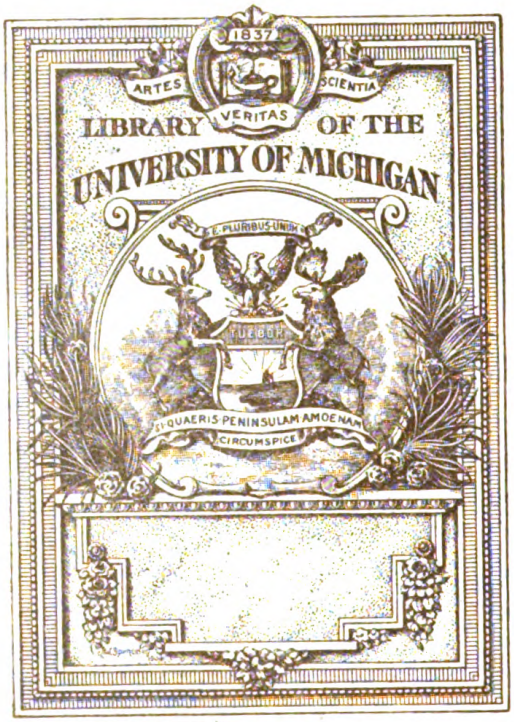
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. CXCIX.—DECEMBER, 1866.—VOL. XXXIV.



Ballad of Uncle Joe.

WHEN I was young—it seems as though
There never were such when—
There lived a man that now I know
Was just the best of men;
I'll name him to you, "Uncle Joe,"
For so we called him then.

A poor man he, that for his bread
Must work with might and main.
The humble roof above his head
Scarce kept him from the rain;
But so his dog and he were fed,
He sought no other gain.

His steel-blue axe, it was his pride,
And over wood and wave
Its music rang out far and wide,
His strokes they were so brave;
Excepting that some neighbor died,
And then he dug his grave.

And whether it were wife or child,
An old man, or a maid,
An infant that had hardly smiled,
Or youth, so lowly laid,
The yellow earth was always piled
Above them by his spade.

For spade he had, and grubbing-hoe,
And hence the people said
It was not much that Uncle Joe
Should bury all the dead;
So rich and poor, and high and low,
He made them each a bed.

The funeral-bell was like a jog
Upon his wits, they say,
That made him leave his half-cut log
At any time of day,
And whistle to his brindle dog,
And light his pipe of clay.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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When winter winds around him drave,
And made the snow-flakes spin,
I've seen him—for he did not save
His strength, for thick nor thin—
His bare head just above the grave
That he was standing in.

His simple mind was almost dark
To school-lore, that is true;
The wisdom he had gained at work
Was nearly all he knew;
But ah, the way he made his mark
Was honest, through and through!

'Twas not among the rulers then
That he in council sat;
They used to say that with his pen
His fingers were not pat;
But he was still a gentleman
For all and all of that.

The preacher in his silken gown
Was not so well at ease
As he, with collar lopping down
And patches at his knees,
The envy of our little town.
He hadn't a soul to please;

Nor wife nor brother, chick nor child,
Nor any kith nor kin.
Perhaps the townsfolk were beguiled
And the envy was a sin,
But his look of sweetness when he smiled
Betokened joy within.

He sometimes took his holiday,
And 'twas a pleasant sight
To see him smoke his pipe of clay,
As if all the world went right,
While his brindle dog beside him lay
A-winking at the light.

He took his holiday, and so
His face with gladness shone;
But, ah! I can not make you know
One bliss he held alone,
Unless the heart of Uncle Joe
Were beating in your own!

He had an old cracked violin,
And I just may whisper you
The music was so weak and thin
'Twas like to an ado,
As he drew the long bow out and in
To all the tune he knew.

From January on till June,
And back again to snow,
Or in the tender light o' the moon,
Or by the hearth-fire's glow,
To that old-fashioned, crazy tune
He made his elbow go!

Ah! then his smile would come so sweet
It brightened all the air,
And heel and toe would beat and beat
Till the ground of grass was bare,
As if that little lady feet
Were dancing with him there!

His finger nails, so bruised and flat,
Would grow in this employ
To such a rosy roundness that
He almost seemed a boy,
And even the old crape on his hat
Would tremble as with joy.

So, digging graves, and chopping wood,
He spent the busy day,
And always, as a wise man should,
Kept evil thoughts at bay;
For when he could not speak the good,
He hadn't a word to say.

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And so the years in shine and storm
Went by, as years will go,
Until at last his palsied arm
Could hardly draw the bow;
Until he crooked through all his form,
Much like his grubbing-hoe.

And then his axe he deeply set,
And on the wall-side pegs
Hung hoe and spade; no fear nor fret
That life was at the dregs,
But walked about of a warm day yet,
With his dog between his legs.

Sometimes, as one who almost grieves,
His memory would recall
The merry-making Christmas-eves,
The frolic, and the ball,
Till his hands would shake like withered leaves,
And his pipe go out and fall.

Then all his face would grow as bright—
So I have oft heard say—
As if that, being lost in the night,
He saw the dawn o' the day;
As if from a churlish, chilling height
He saw the light o' the May.

One winter night the fiddle-bow
His fingers ceased to tease,
And they found him by the morning glow
Beneath his door-yard trees,
Wrapt in the ermine of the snow,
And royally at ease.

What matter that the winds were wild?
He did not hear their din,
But hugging, as it were his child,
Against his grizzly chin,
The treasure of his life, he smiled,
For all was peace within.

And when they drew the vest apart
To fold the hands away
They found a picture past all art
Of painting, so they say;
And they turned the face upon the heart,
And left it where it lay.

And one, a boy with golden head,
Made haste and strung full soon
The crazy viol; for he said,
Mayhap beneath the moon
They danced sometime a merry tread
To the belovéd tune.

And many an eye with tears was dim
The while his corse they bore;
No hands had ever worked for him
Since he was born before;
Nor could there come an hour so grim
That he should need them more.

The viol, ready tuned to play,
The sadly-silent bow,
The axe, the pipe of yellow clay,
Are in his grave so low;
And there is nothing more to say
Of poor old Uncle Joe.



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THE SECRETS OF SABLE ISLAND.*



GOING TO A WRECK.

ON the charts of the northeast Atlantic coast, in about latitude 44° and longitude 59°, eighty or ninety miles southeast from Nova Scotia, is laid down the Island of Sable. It is needless to be precise about the locality, which is often, alas! too easily found; and few are prompted by mere curiosity to seek it out. Neither would accuracy avail the mariner to avoid it, for he is treading the very threshold of danger when full thirty miles distant, and the Island quite out of sight below the horizon. Like the monster polypus of ancient story, it lieth in the very track of commerce, stretching out its huge tentacles for its prey, enveloped in fogs and mists, and scarcely distinguishable from the gray surf that unceasingly lashes its shores. Insidious currents sweep round it in most erratic course—perpetual almoners to its insatiate maw. Vessels lose their reckoning, and are often in the very jaws of destruction when they imagine themselves far from danger. The junction of the Gulf Stream and the waters of the St. Lawrence form eddies which inevitably sweep them upon the shoals. Once a sealed dispatch boat was sent out from the Island before a southeast gale, in hope that it might carry tidings to the main land, but in thirteen days it came back to a point within six miles from whence it started!

The whole region for leagues around is a trap and a snare. One sunken bar stretches sixteen miles away to the northeast; another, twenty-eight miles to the northwest. The embrace of these long arms is death, for between them lie alternate deeps and shoals, and when the sea is angry it thunders and reverberates along a front of thirty miles, extending twenty-eight miles to seaward. No light-house throws its warning gleam beyond this seething death-line, for stone structures will not stand upon the ever-shifting sands, and wooden ones of sufficient height could not withstand the storms. The mariner drifts to his grave through total gloom. Between the years 1806–27 forty vessels, and it is supposed many more, were lost. The whole Island bristles with stark timbers and the débris of wrecks. How many of them are the dumb witnesses of an untold tale!

Imagination may run fancy-free through the field of romance that invests the Isle of Sable. Strange traditions have such close alliance there with stranger facts, that truth and fiction become synonymous to the eager ear that listens. To the credulous fisherman or superstitious sailor the tale need be but told to be believed. Ask the wayfarer, who perchance was cast upon its mysterious shores, what he saw and heard there, and he will shake his head in silence; he has no disposition to unearth its secrets. Even the hardy wreckers, who serve humanity upon its treacherous sands, patrol its

* The writer is indebted to J. Bernard Gilpin, M.D., M.R.C.S., of Halifax, Nova Scotia, for valuable sketches and many interesting facts.

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precincts with a kind of awe, and crouch by the hearth at night when the storm rages fiercest; for at such a time ghostly shadows are often seen to flit from point to point, strange lights gleam and vanish, shrill cries, hoarse voices giving commands, and rattling of chains mingle with the thunder of the surf. But when the indefatigable "look-out" trudges forth to the beach after a storm he can seldom find palpable evidences of these invisible things—no shattered wrecks or swollen corpses upon the beach. All those clamors and wails of distress were but empty sounds signifying nothing! Yet the self-same ghostly voices were heard three hundred years ago on that fatal day, the 28th of August, 1583, when the intrepid Sir Humphrey Gilbert lost his finest ship. The historian tells us that they "scared the helmsman from his post;" and shortly afterward the vessel beat to pieces on the Northeast Bar. Only twelve men survived the dread disaster. These escaped in a boat to the Nova Scotia coast, and from them we gain our first definite acquaintance with Sable Island, signalized by the holocaust of one hundred men to its insatiable shoals.

That the locality is most trying to superstitious nerves we can well conceive. When human skeletons start unbidden from their resting-places in broad daylight, fancy is apt to run wild among the spectres that darkness conjures up. There is a preternatural shifting of scenes after every violent storm. Sandy hillocks fifty feet high, that have been landmarks for a generation, have tumbled into the sea; mountains of sand are piled to-day where yesterday the ground was level as a floor. Old wrecks, long buried, come forth to view. Scores of human skeletons are unearthed. Acres of land have disappeared beneath the sea, and old inlets are filled up, and hidden treasure is revealed. Since 1820 five or six miles of the west end of the Island have been submerged, and the ocean now rolls fathoms deep where the Superintendent's house formerly stood, and three miles out to sea. No secure anchorage in this world's haven have the heroic little community who occupy here to rescue life and property.

Norse tradition credits the first discovery of Sable Island to the bold Bjorn Heriafson, in the ninth century. From that period history is for a long time silent; but we know that it must have had occasional visitors, for in 1553 a company of "Portingals" were induced by favorable report to stock it with swine and cattle, which they left there to breed, and for which act, whether prompted by humane or speculative motives, many a shipwrecked mariner for years after had great cause to bless them. The survivors of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's disaster found them to have greatly multiplied; and in 1635 they are said to have numbered fully 800 head. The Island was doubtless well known to the French when they colonized Acadie; for it was made a penal colony in 1598, when forty French convicts were landed there by the Marquis De la Roche and left to their fate. Seven years afterward a vessel was sent out by royal command to take them back to France, but only twelve survived to tell the story of their sufferings—gaunt and bearded creatures clad in seal-skins, scarred by many a combat with seals and sea-lions, and scathed by the pitiless storms of winter, which they weathered without a shelter, until a wreck afforded them materials for a hut. The recital of their sufferings before the Court of Henry IV. earned them a free pardon and fifty golden crowns apiece; but hard as their experience had been, it nevertheless possessed sufficient attractions to lure them back, now self-exiled, to their former home, where they long plied a prosperous trade in furs. Traces of their abode still remain. The "French Gardens" are pointed out to the curious, and it is said that the ghost of a certain Paris gentleman always appears to wrecked Frenchmen, and complains of King Henry for robbing him of his wife, and banishing him there for no crime, along with the convicts of 1598.

At that time Sable Island abounded in black foxes, invaluable for their skins, which to this day bring fabulous prices; but these have long since disappeared. The great morse, or walrus, also made their home there and reared their young. They, too, have departed, though even within late years curiosity has occasionally lured them back to their old haunts; and they have been seen by people now living basking upon the sands, long after more northern localities were deserted by their kind. Their huge, long-tusked skulls are frequently found half hidden in the sand, not less the objects of curiosity to the naturalist than of wonder to the ignorant. Not long ago a stupid fisherman collected his gaping comrades and exhibited one of these with tusks inverted, which he averred was the skull of a gigantic *goat*. Perhaps, some future day, some savant will find his skull exhumed and exhibit it as that of a gigantic *ass* whose species is extinct.

Subsequently, and up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Island was much resorted to by fishermen; and as wrecks multiplied with the increase of commerce the cupidity of bad men was excited, and the Island became the abode of wreckers and pirates and vagabonds of infamous character. Few who survived shipwreck, to reach its then inhospitable shores, ever lived to bear their story to the main land; but jewels and articles of rare value were often exhibited confidentially as having come from there, and many an adventurer, who left his home for clandestine voyage, returned not long after with galore of wealth. Then, by-and-by, horrid tales of blood began to be whispered about, and the Isle of Sable became an ill-omened name, at which people shuddered and turned pale, less because the winds and waves were merciless than on account of man's horrid inhumanity to man. Here, secure from reach of the law, and protected by the very

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dangers which multiplied his victims, the wrecker plied his murderous calling. This dark and bloody ground could furnish materials for a hundred romances, whose recital would make the blood run cold; but such volume of the Island's history must ever remain sealed to mortal ken.

It is a relief to turn from this tragic period to the opening of the present century, when humanity prompted the philanthropists of Nova Scotia, headed by the Executive, to lay the foundation of the present Relief Establishment, whose usefulness every commercial country has had mournful occasion to acknowledge. That which brought the project under immediate consideration was the wreck of the transport *Princess Amelia*, having on board the furniture of Prince Edward, the present good Queen's father, with recruits, officers, and servants to the number of two hundred, all of whom perished—though it is supposed that some reached the shore and were murdered by the pirates. A vessel was sent from Halifax to inquire after them, and she also was wrecked. The Provincial Legislature at once took action. By recommendation of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Wentworth, a sum was appropriated for the construction of suitable buildings, the vagabonds that infested the Island were driven off, and in 1802 the present Establishment was founded. In 1804 an annual allowance of $1600 was voted for its support, and Edward Hodgson was appointed Superintendent, who, with a crew of four men, volunteered their services. His salary was $400 and "found." This was the beginning; and the satisfactory result a saving of forty-one lives, and property to the value of $9200, up to July of 1804. In 1808 sixteen persons were employed on the Island. In 1812 the Commissioners reported that the Establishment was inadequate to effect the humane purposes for which it was designed, so frequent were the wrecks and so insufficient the apparatus for rescuing life and property.

But it seems that little improvement was effected for several years, for in 1825 came a second appeal — this time from the philanthropic Sir James Kempt, and addressed to the British Government. It proved effectual. During all this previous period the Establishment had been solely supported by the poor province of Nova Scotia, although the commerce of almost every nation reaped its benefits more than she. It is true that correspondence was opened with some Boston merchants soliciting their co-operation, but the parties differed as to terms, and nothing resulted. But in 1826, answering Sir James Kempt's appeal, the British Government appropriated $2000, which increased the annual fund to $3600. Henceforward improvement was steadily visible. The old Superintendent died, and Captain Joseph Darby succeeded him, under an able Board of Commissioners, composed of Sir Samuel Cunard, Captain Maynard (both now dead), and Jacob Miller. New apparatus was added, and in 1833 the stanch buildings now standing were erected. They are fitted up with all the modern life-saving appliances and conveniences for wrecked seamen, with ample provisions for months. As many as 300 wrecked people have been provided for together. In 1833 the Establishment was also out of debt for the first time. Its annual expenses often exceed the appropriation, but the deficit is made up by salvages and the produce of the Island. Wrecked materials are always sold for the benefit of the owners, and the salvages come out of the proceeds. The credits have sometimes amounted to nearly $3000 in a single year. It is a natural question why great gains do not accrue where so large an amount of treasure lies buried; and why the Island people do not employ their leisure time in digging for hidden wealth? Echo answers, "Why?" One thing is certain, the Government will not permit a search, probably from fear of exciting the cupidity of the men. It is said that a certain vessel now lies buried in the sand which is positively known to contain a large amount of silver-plate; but it is doomed to remain unearthed forever, unless a gale of wind shall some day lay it bare.

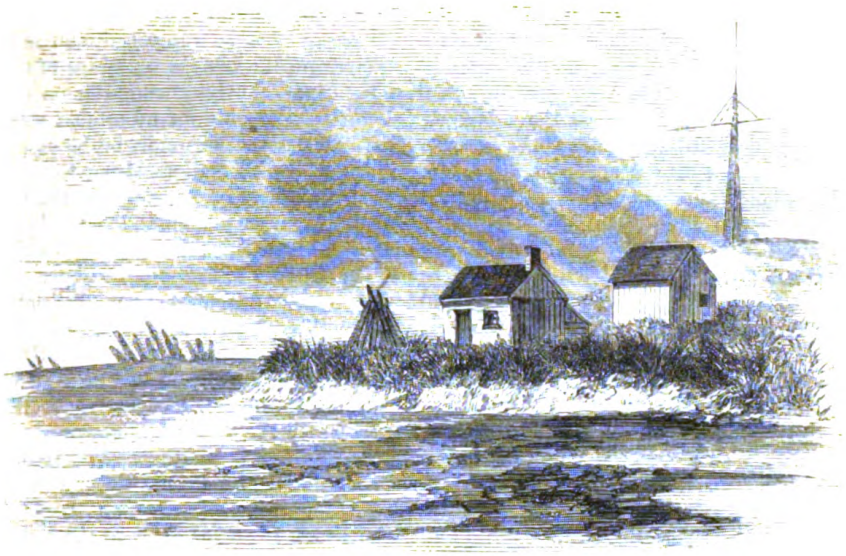
No person is permitted to reside upon the Island without a license. Nevertheless, applications for this humane but dangerous service are numerous. It is a life of isolation and dull monotony, whose daily routine is varied only by a wreck, a chase after wild ponies, a scrimmage with the great Greenland seals that bask upon the bars, or the welcome arrival of the Government cutter, which periodically visits the Island to carry supplies and bring off wrecked persons. Here is a specimen leaf from Captain Darby's diary:

"June 6; morning. Wind S.S.W.; cloudy. No reports from the look-outs. Sent the men and horses to the wrecks to haul wood. Empty barrel came ashore at noon. Wind, evening, S.E."

A whole day's existence embraced in a meagre record of twice a dozen words—a waif upon the tide of life as empty and insignificant as the barrel that drifted ashore! So pass the long days for months, varying little. The live-stock have to be fed and cared for. There is the little garden to be tilled, with its patches of potatoes, cabbages, and turnips. The needed supply of wood must be gathered; hay is to be made in its season, and buildings to be repaired. Sometimes there is a fishing excursion, a search for cranberries, or a hunt for wild rabbits.

But at length an eventful era dawns. It is a calm day in June; a light breeze scarcely ripples the sea, which now wears its fairest guise. The long belt of surf that fringes the Island glitters dazzlingly in the sunshine, and the gulls and wild-fowls are feeding far out to sea. Seldom has the picture so brilliant a setting. In the hour of this repose a signal-flag is seen to mount the tall flag-staff of the Look-out Station at the West End, and before it has

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HOUSE OF REFUGE AND LOOK-OUT STATION.

fairly shaken itself to the breeze a responsive signal rises to the mast-head on the high hill at Head-quarters, nine miles away. There is a speck in the offing, and with a good glass the long-expected cutter is plainly seen standing in, with her red ensign flying at the peak. There is joy on the Island; and if one on board the vessel were near enough to distinguish objects he would observe a commotion in the little hive on shore. Over the sandy hills and along the beach the outpost men are galloping their shaggy ponies in hot haste to Head-quarters, recalled by the signal-flag. There is bustle and preparation at the barn and boat-house, and the whole community of men and animals seem to have turned out of doors at some unwonted cause of excitement. The dogs bark in chorus, and frisk and tumble in the sand; barefooted urchins halloo and scream; and a patriarch rooster even mounts a post and crows at an unusual hour.

To the stranger on board the cutter the landscape that gradually rises to view is one of singular novelty, and not without its beauties, while the whole situation possesses an absorbing interest. Petrels flit and hover in his wake, and dip into the surface of the fatal current that now flows peacefully in such well-dissembled mien. There is a sense of exhilaration in thus daring the dangers of the treacherous deep and braving its angry passions—an excitement in the knowledge that a sudden change of wind will compel the vessel to claw off the coast at once, and run to sea for life; and while the nerves are strained to fullest tension the great sea-gulls come out from land and scream at his temerity. They wheel swiftly overhead, and seem enraged because the waves do not this time bear death and destruction upon their crests. An Island record shows that for a certain period of four months there were not five calm days; and another journal states that it has sometimes taken the cutter eight days to come to anchor; but now the calm serenity is real, not feigned. Gradually the line of low, dark hummocks, that have for some time limned the horizon, loom up and resolve themselves into high hills fringed by breakers. A zone of glistening surf beats in solemn monotone upon the dazzling beach as far as the eye can reach. Bare conical sand-hills, mottled with patches of green, or crested with rank, waving grass, rise up in most fantastic shapes, over and around which myriads of birds are hovering.

Passing the western extremity, new scenes are opened to view—the West-end Look-out and Flag-staff surmounting a grass-grown knoll, with the House of Refuge (most welcome sight to mariners cast away!) standing near at hand upon a plateau of waving grass that most delightfully relieves the barrenness of the adjacent landscape. And now, all along the foaming beach, came startling evidences in quick succession of the dangers and terrors of this dread locality—grim wrecks and whitening ribs of vessels washed by the waves, or high and dry, half buried in the sand. A melancholy interest attaches to every object; but there is no time now to indulge a contemplative mood. The cutter sweeps past a high cone that has obstructed the vision, and suddenly the tall flag-staff and crow's-nest at Head-quarters is opened to view, with its red ensign waving a welcome upon the highest hill on the Island, and a cluster of neat cottages brooding together at the foot, adorning a picture as peaceful as a midsummer scene in a New England village. While the heart is fairly leaping with the joys of a new sensation the cutter rounds to, in five fathoms' water, a short distance from the shore, and before her anchor has firmly

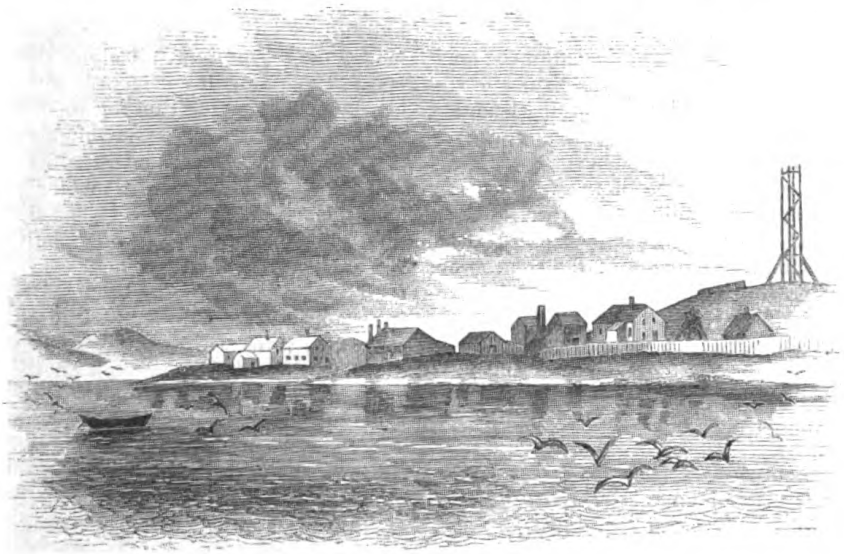
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griped the bottom dark objects begin to dot the beach. Down gallop the ponies into the very edge of the surf, drawing a life-boat on a broad-wheeled cart, throwing up the sand in jets as they run. It is but the work of a few minutes to launch, man, breast the breakers, pull away, and board. Then follows many a rough greeting and hearty hand-shaking in the style of good old-fashioned friendship, and such as only those can appreciate who have been shut out from the world for months and seen no faces but their familiar own. There are eager inquiries for news from the Island and shore, and a demand for letters and papers. These are in part hastily satisfied, and then precious little time is required to tumble into the boat and pull lustily for shore.

The graceful cutter rapidly drops astern, sitting like a duck on the water, with her anchor apeak, and her mainsail hoisted and shaking, ready to run to sea at a moment's warning. On either side bullet-headed seals bob up and down in the waves or frisk in the foam just ahead; and as the boat rides in on the mounting crest of a comber, under a long, strong pull of the oars and the steady eye and sure arm of the steersman, the novice holds his breath hard and gripes the thwarts nervously when the keel strikes the sand high up the beach, and the waters seethe, struggle, and recede. In an instant the crew are overboard holding hard the boat on either side against the reflux wave. There is a momentary pause; another billow mounts high astern, breaks, and surges upward, drenching the crew to the skin, while with a vigorous run they bear her high up out of the breakers. But the more dainty passenger steps dry shod upon *terra firma*, and joins the procession of men and horses which by this time are dragging the boat back to Head-quarters.

Toiling through the deep and yielding sand they plod slowly through a ravine, and presently turn into a broad, grassy valley, sheltered by lofty hills which completely shut them in from the ocean. Here, ranged around an irregular square, are the several buildings of the principal station—the comfortable house of the Superintendent, where a hospitable welcome always awaits the stranger, be he casual visitor or castaway; the Sailors' Home for shipwrecked crews; substantial quarters for the men; two or three large stores and boat-houses; the blacksmith's shop, oil-house, and outbuildings. There is also a well-stocked barn and barn-yard, where one may hear the low of kine and the cackle of domestic fowls. There are pigs and horses, and a garden neatly inclosed. And conspicuous over all, on a neighboring hill, towers the tall flag-staff and crow's-nest, from which the entire Island can be scanned at a glance in clear weather. Just in front of the little hamlet, and down a sloping beach, a boat lies tranquilly at anchor on the bosom of a lake which stretches away to the right and left for fifteen miles, in varying outline of shore. Wild fowls are floating on its surface, and here and there a bearded seal may be seen sporting. So sudden and complete is the transition from the former scene that one might fancy himself in some sequestered inland vale but for the eternal roar of the surf dinning in his ears.

The various buildings of the Establishment are constructed of thick plank to resist the violence of the storms. Some are neatly painted, and there is an air of snug and cheerful comfort within and without; yet every where, on chimney-piece, door-post, and gable, some mute waif from the sea is ever at hand to remind one that this Island is the drill-room of storms and the region of perils. In the Superintendent's house is a fine library of five hundred volumes, in great part the gift of the philanthropic Miss Dix who once visited here; but there is among them many a volume whose stained leaves and shrunken covers show that they are offerings



HEAD-QUARTERS.

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from the sea. A carved figure-head over the entrance is the sole memento of some nameless disaster. Even the very wood-pile consists of wrecked timbers and planks bristling with spikes and bored with many a tree-nailed hole. In the boat-houses are metallic life-boats, with mortars and lines, hawsers, and signal-guns. The store-houses contain provisions, packages of clothing, and other requisites for wrecked seamen. Here, too, is the Home for Sailors, and on its gable end is a board from which beams forth a single word of constant welcome and encouragement, and that word is "Hope."

While mind and eye have been engaged in contemplation of these novel scenes the shadows have crept far down the hills into the valley. The sky is ruddy in the west, and a day of unusual calm draws near its close. The stores have been safely and laboriously landed from the cutter, and the men lounge listlessly about the quarters. Presently the peal of a wrecked ship's bell rings out clear and full, summoning the household to prayers. The Superintendent takes position behind an old capstan in front of "Government House," and prepares to read the service, while the hardy wreckers, bronzed and weather-beaten, gather round in quiet decorum; and many an attentive eye regards the portly form of the old "sea dog" as he repeats the lesson of the day. The picture with its surroundings is sublimely characteristic, but none can paint the steady beat of the surf falling in mournful cadence upon the shore, or the damp, salt odor of wrecks with which the very atmosphere seems tainted. The old man is dead now, but many will often recall to mind the grim and rugged features and iron-gray locks of him who officiated at these little seasons of devotion, or the fashion with which, with pardonable vanity, he was wont to decorate himself with the medals and rewards of worthy service which he had so justly won.

With the dawn of day all is bustle and busy preparation. Some stores have to be taken down the lake to the outpost station at the south side, three miles away. The teamster has hitched three scrubby ponies into a clumsy wagon with tires full eight inches broad, and when the load is on he drives out into the shallow lake, axle-deep, to where a quaintly-constructed boat is waiting to receive the cargo. If the wind be fair the journey to the station is easy. Here lives Solomon Knox and family in solitary independence, and here, as at other stations, is the inevitable wood-pile of planks and spars standing on end; here is Solomon's barn and garden, and here the flag-staff and look-out. Solomon is one of the most sagacious and daring boatmen ever employed on the Island. His life is a history of hair-breadth escapes and acts of noble bravery, to some of which well-prized medals bear testimony. There is nothing of special interest here or by the way, though the varying shores of the lake are ever attractive to the eye of a stranger.

"Lake Wallace" is one of the many remarkable features of Sable Island. The Island itself is bent like a bow, and the lake follows its trend for half its length, and occupies one-half its breadth, which in no place is more than a mile and a half wide. Its greatest depth is fifteen feet. In some localities, on the south side, it is separated from the ocean by a ridge only 200 feet wide, and the sea often breaks into it in stormy weather. Like the land, it has undergone many changes. When it was first discovered it had no outlet. Many years afterward an inlet was formed by a breach of the sea, which made it a commodious harbor for small craft; but another tempest closed it again, and shut in two American vessels that had run in for shelter. In 1811 it was almost filled up by a gale blowing the sand-hills into it. At the same time a heavily laden boat was blown entirely out of the water! At present it affords fine facilities for transporting goods, and saves much heavy hauling by wagon. Eels and flounders abound in its briny waters, and in places it is almost paved with luscious and juicy clams.

It has now been observed that the history of the Island has been marked by varied striking eras. Since the period of its discovery it has been occupied in turn by explorers, convicts, trappers, fishermen, pirates, and wreckers. The huge walrus, which centuries ago held royal sway throughout the little realm, at length gave place to the black foxes, which some mischance had probably set adrift from the main land on floating fields of ice and landed there. These afterward disappeared, and herds of wild cattle and swine roamed its narrow precincts. The former became extinct about the middle of the last century, and in 1825 the swine were exterminated. A rigorous winter destroyed the greater part, and the balance fell victims to knife and bullet; and when the last gaunt porker made his *coup de grace* the Island was rid of a pest and abomination, for the taste of human flesh had made them ghouls, and they roved from hill to shore holding horrid revel on corpses which they rooted from the sand. For the last hundred years or so the wild ponies, whose name is famous, have in turn held and occupied—hardy, diminutive scrubs, whose shaggy manes cover head and shoulders and sweep the ground. Wild rabbits, too, abound, and brown rats swarm in prodigious numbers, which are constantly increased by accessions from the sea. After storms they are often seen coming ashore by scores, clinging to planks and drift-wood. Anent the rabbits, there is a story of a certain Snowy Owl (*Strix nictea*) which, having lost his reckoning, happened upon this Island. Most fortunate misadventure! That day the gentleman dined on rabbit. The delicate tid-bit pleased his palate; he tarried the next day, and when he had thoroughly cultivated his taste he departed. Men thought, and the rabbits hoped, that he had gone "for good," but after a lapse of three days he returned with a

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full hundred of his kinsfolk. What wily words he used to lure them to that southern latitude the record states not; but that the reward proved equal to the inducement is evinced by the fact that this denizen of the arctic zone is often seen nowadays watching beside a rabbit-burrow in the heat and glare of an August sun, with his head all furred and feathered for a polar campaign.

Contemporary with these eras in animal life are the changes which the Island itself has undergone. Portions have sunk from sight, and new land has risen from the sea; breaches have been made and inlets closed; hills have toppled over and dissolved, and others grown up like mushrooms; the lake has been emptied and filled again; new things have been buried from sight and old ones disinterred. It has no fixed figure or foundation, but, like some half-decayed and sea-worn waif upon the shore, it lies limp and helpless, the sport of the winds and waves, tossed by the surf and beaten into all kinds of fantastic shapes.

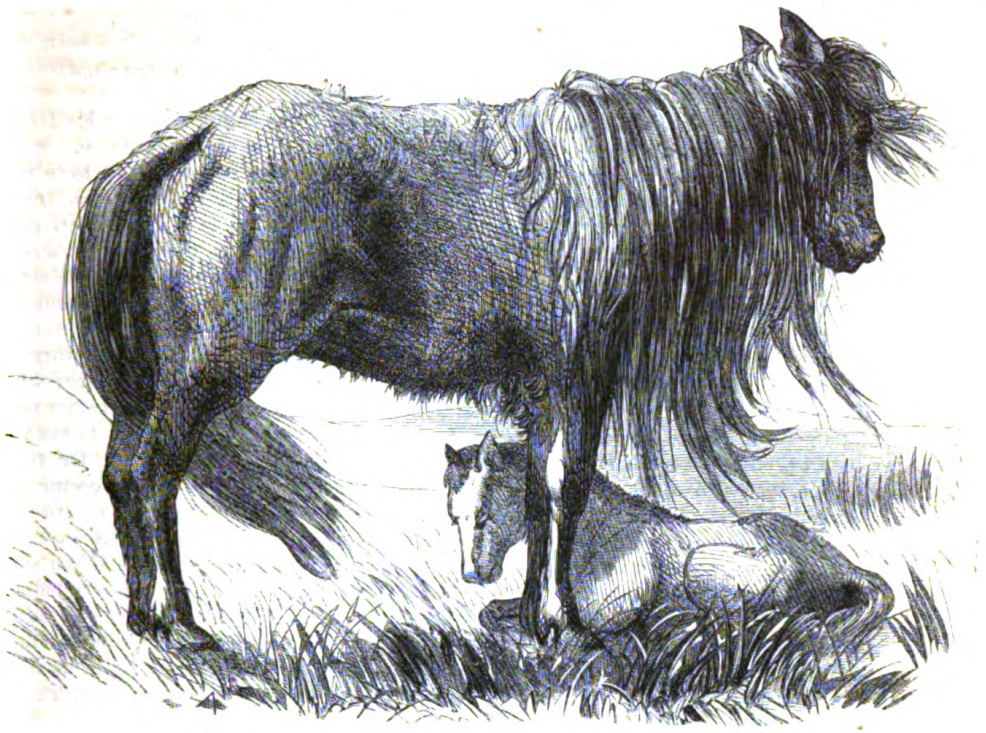
Many a toil-worn denizen of the heated metropolis, released for a fortnight's holiday, has felt his nerves thrill with the excitement of a canter along the breezy beach at Long Branch; he will stand on the cliffs at Newport, and grow romantic when the billows thunder at his feet or a gale comes careering in from the sea on the crests of the waves; a barnacle-covered keelson bleaching on the sands of Fire Island entrances him. But if he would feel the acutest sense of exhilaration of which soul and body are capable—if he would experience in some degree the thrilling consciousness of perfect freedom which the wild mustang enjoys—let him mount a swift-footed pony and give her stride along the hard, gravely shore of Sable Island, where the surf is deafening, where wave following wave seems to chase him as he flies, and the foam darting up the beach seizes his horse by the hoofs, struggles for an instant, and then wriggles back baffled, hissing with rage and vexation. Ghostly wrecks, posted like skeleton sentinels for many a mile, grin and gape at him. Huge beach-clams, buried in the sand, spurt up their jets before him. Sleek, glossy seals, that have lain basking in the sun or piled like ledges of rock high up the sloping shore, stare an instant with their large, wondering eyes, and then taking alarm, flap and flounder toward the water pell-mell in ridiculous hurry and confusion. Pony catches his rider's spirit of mischief, and charges on them as they tumble into the surf, cutting off the retreat of some, leaping the slippery backs of others, separating whelps from their dams, and creating general consternation. Up and down in restless circles the anxious mother swims until she recovers her offspring, and then sculls off joyously with the infant on her back, holding hard by its tiny flippers—more fortunate now than when the ruthless wreckers make their raids from the stations and club them by the score for the sake of their skins and oil.

Now drawing rein for a moment's rest, pony ambles leisurely along, occasionally startling a shelldrake from its haunts within a wreck, or driving before him a timid ringneck or brace of peeps as they run swiftly along the beach. At intervals a brackish rivulet crosses the path, or a little bay makes up into the land; and anon a toppling sand-cliff, which the waves have undermined, and whose edge is overhung with matted roots, threatens to bury the passer. Perchance on the very summit of some distant cone a wild stallion is seen perched, standing sentinel, his clumsy figure outlined in bold relief against the sky.

All this is grand, novel, and picturesque, and the attendant feeling of loneliness only adds zest to the enjoyment. The salt air invigorates, and the sea-breeze cools the brain. And so by this time we are ready for another scurry over the beach, and a second charge into another herd of awkward seals. Then, wheeling abruptly and diving into a gully around the base of a cone, we lose sight of the ocean in an instant, and discover wondrous change of scene. On through wavy valleys, blossoming with the wild rose, the fragrant lily, and the china aster, and strewn with strawberries, blueberries, or cranberries, which may be gathered by the bucketful, over grassy knolls round and smooth as a haystack; now surmounting the dividing ridge of the Island, when the ocean on both sides may be seen at a glance, and anon skirting the verge of some precipitous cliff, where the tall grass sweeps the right hand pommel, while the left stirrup goes dangling over the dizzy edge, with the ocean thundering seventy feet below. Betimes a tawny rabbit starts up on end, takes an observation, and with a hop, skip, and jump, and a flirt of his tail, darts into a wild-pea patch. Anon dense flocks of wild-fowl rise from the long grass with a cry of alarm, wheel rapidly through the air, and then subside. All along the north side of the Island are limpid fresh-water ponds, girt with rank grass, where ducks and water-fowl breed by myriads. The ground is strewn with nests, and as the chance passer surprises the community from their courtship or siesta thousands fill the air, circling over the surrounding hills in rapid flight, wheeling out to sea, or hovering directly overhead, screaming their anger at the intrusion; and as the horse's hoofs crunch mercilessly into eggs and unfledged young, they swarm and pursue like bees, filling the air with their cries, and dealing stinging blows with their beaks. Horse and rider are both fain to join in ignoble retreat, and whip and heels do double duty until the shrieking multitude give up the chase.

Throughout all this flying trip not a stone is to be seen or a pebble of the size of a pea; no trees, nor shrubs of scarce sufficient height to cast a shadow; only a little withwood or low-spreading juniper. Yet the diversity is remarkable, and the scenes shift with the rapidity and freshness of a kaleidoscope. Here

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MARE AND FOAL.

in one place is a long barren, shut in by hills, on which there is not a blade of grass visible. It is called the "Desert," and its sands are as desolate and as constantly shifting as those of Sahara. Standing within its dreary precincts one can give his imagination flight, and without time, fatigue, or money, spend a season on the wastes of Africa. Again "rub the lamp," give pony whip and spur, and in an instant we are transported to a Western prairie, whose rank grass rubs the horse's sides, and where grass and sky bound the horizon as palpably as in Texas; and, strange coincidence! herds of wild horses roam as freely here as there, plunging through the billowy verdure, and scurrying away at the approach of man, just as if he and they had been forever strangers. Here, in secluded pastures, the wild mare suckles her foal, unsuspicious of danger, while the omnipresent stallion stands faithful guard on an adjacent eminence. Or, perchance, in the early evening twilight, some solitary outcast of the herd strolls down to an unfrequented spot on shore and stalks the lonely beach; or leaning against some crumbling wreck, ruminates on the fickleness of fortune and the vicissitudes of this sublunary sphere. Once again, if we would entirely change the scene, a ten-minutes' gallop will carry us over the ridge and on to the bank of the rippling lake, where, taking one of the quaintly constructed Island boats, with their broad floor and lofty stem and stern, a fair wind will dry the perspiration from the forehead and carry us a dozen miles down toward the other end of the Island. And if we should wish to go so far, a horse procured at Farquar's, at the East End Station, will take us to the very extremity, where the huge back-bone of the North-east Bar stretches far away to sea like a Giant's Causeway, bristling with wrecks for full five miles of its extent. Over it the spray dashes in showers, and forms little ponds in its centre, which empty themselves by miniature rivulets running back to the ocean. Here we find another House of Refuge like that at the West End. No one lives here, and it is only occasionally visited by the patrol, unless, perchance, some Vandal fishermen should land (as they have frequently done), and *steal* what philanthropy has provided for castaways. It is incredible that men exist so utterly devoid of humanity as to wantonly destroy or carry off those necessaries without which their fellow-men would die; and they have done this immediately after receiving the hospitality of the Superintendent's house. Sometimes there have happened hand-to-hand encounters between the honest wreckers and the fishermen, and for a time it was found necessary to take away every thing from the Houses of Refuge as soon as the fishing season commenced. Nevertheless the wrecked seaman will always find fire-wood and matches, with provisions and a few articles of clothing to supply immediate wants, and there are finger-boards and directions, printed in various languages, how to find water and inhabited houses. Truly the lone castaway who warms his benumbed limbs at this hospitable fire, and eats the food that has been provided, will ever have occasion to bless those

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generous Nova Scotians who founded this model colony, as well as those who have for years contributed to its support. Bread cast upon these wild waters will certainly return again.

Thus touching lightly, as the bee sips, we have traversed every part of Sable Island. Our illustrations faithfully portray its most interesting features, and show every building except those of the East End Look-out, which do not differ materially from the rest. Every foot of this singular territory is hallowed if not classic ground, made memorable by the great and good who are known to have perished there, as well as by the colonies of nameless dead who lie buried in its sands. Every grassy knoll or barren hill is distinguished by some dead man's name or old ship's tradition; every grinning wreck is monumental. Here, in some barren spot, if we turn over the sand, we may find, as others have done, traces of some encampment of centuries past, where ancient coins, antique inkhorns, ornaments of fantastic design, knives made from iron hoops, rusty bayonets, and kindred relics are mingled with ashes and the bones of animals and men. An English shilling of the reign of Queen Bess, sharp as when sent from the mint, furnishes the date of the misfortune, but nothing is left to give a clew to the sufferers, who they were, except that they were Englishmen. There is a rotten strip of red bunting, and here and there an ancient shoe, worn by many a fruitless step to the eminence where the tattered rag waved long in vain for relief which never came! Again, casually glancing up some sand-cliff lately caved away, we may discover curious strata of burned and decaying fragments etched in dark line across its face, or bits of wood and canvas projecting; and, digging there, exhume mementoes of another wrecked regiment which, like the "43d," was cast away here when returning to Halifax after the siege of Quebec. Alas, how many strong men did battle with famine before the present Establishment was founded! We might also gather from old housewife tales how, in 1820, the *Juno* drifted ashore without spars or rigging and with only one tenant, and he a dead man in the hold; or how a gentleman and lady were found in the surf lashed to a broken mast. More than all this, if we are content to take assurances for facts, we might give credence to traditions of the old Vikings, who claim the Island's first discovery, or to semi-legendary history like that of the old regicide, who, it is said, hid, lived, and died here, and whose ghost every 29th of May (the anniversary of the execution of Charles I.) marches about the Island with a broad-brimmed hat on, carrying a drawn sword and singing psalms through his nose so loud as to be heard above the storm! Again, could imagination supply the functions of the palate, we should in our brief tour have breakfasted, dined, and supped with the reader on the abundant good things which the Island provides — toothsome black ducks, dainty rabbit stews, fresh laid eggs, juicy clams and lobsters, or possibly a pony steak, which connoisseurs say is not bad; nor would fresh cod and mackerel or a slice of lean seal come amiss, topping off with ripe strawberries by way of dessert.

But this is all the sunny side of Sable Island life, and precious little of it there is too. Such halcyon days as these two which we have now enjoyed are as rare as a lunatic's lucid intervals. Even now there is a dull leaden haze thickening on the horizon, the sun wears a livid hue, and the surf begins to roll along the shore with a groaning, uneasy, and troubled sound—portending a gathering of the elements for strife. See! the cutter is already clawing off the coast. The old *Sea Dog* is weather-wise, and means to keep the land on his weather side. Hope he will return in good time to take us off, and not leave us to vegetate for three months on the Island, as a certain doctor was left some years ago. We have no wish to turn wrecker just now. However, it is fortunate we are near old Farquar's house. We shall have shelter there and good entertainment. Here is the grizzled old fellow himself taking observations from his door-step, and carefully scanning the southern quarter, while his huge Newfoundland dog is just coming in with a seal which he had caught in the surf.

"Well, Farquar, how is the weather gage? Any chance of a storm?"

"Ay, ay, Sir, a storm; you may well say it! I've smelt it all day; and, mind! a private word to you—I dreamt last night of a *wreck!*"

This last remark in an undertone, and emphasized by the forefinger brought significantly to the temple.

"But come in, Sir. The fog is making fast, and we shall have it tooth and nail in an hour, blowing great guns. Come in, Sir, I say. A storm in these diggings is no trifle. I've no fancy for being out myself, and they *do* say [here a monitory tap upon the shoulder] there be such doings and carryings on as is not becoming the likes of us to behold!"

"We have heard stories of ghosts and strange noises at such times, Mr. Farquar."

"Whist! I've heard and seen them myself, but these are things not to be talked of above a whisper. Do you mind the wreck of the *Senator* down at the beach there? Well, I've seen lights there to come and go like the flash of a dark lantern, but devil a living creature within a good five mile of it."

"Very remarkable, Mr. Farquar!"

"You may well say it! More than that, I've seen the ocean on fire, Sir, and waves of flame leaping twenty feet high up between the sand hills! but it was only in places. Old man Darby has seen it too."

"Couldn't you tell us more particularly about some of these strange sights—these ghosts that blow horns, rattle chains, and walk about the Island at night?"

"Not for the Governor's salary would I breathe a word to a living soul. However, I

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might tell you of Lady Copeland's ghost. It's been in print, I believe, and there's no harm in speaking of it now, though it happened afore my time, and I can't swear to the truth on it, albeit there's folks now living in Halifax who knew well the parties concerned in it. Never heard of Lady Copeland's ghost! Well, sit you down here and take a pipe, while I go and get some hot stuff which will slush my tongue and help us to swallow the yarn the handier."

While old Farquar is gone the storm breaks in all its fury, not a gradually increasing gale, but suddenly, as though it had restrained and concentrated all its violence for a single blast which should puff the whole Island out of existence in an instant. None but an eye-witness can conceive the horror and intensity of these storms. The whole Island rocks and trembles to its foundation. As far as the eye can reach the sea foams and drives like a snow-wreath in a whirlwind, while inland nothing can be seen but drifting sand and mist shutting in a narrow horizon of long grass tossing wildly and streaming in tatters from the wind-swept hills. The combined artillery of contending armies is as nothing compared with the thunder of the breakers, and the flying sand rattles like hail wherever it strikes. No living creature can withstand the blast, and man must creep if compelled to go forth into the storm.

But all is snug within old Farquar's home. The stout timbers of his well-pinned house stand firm, and the blaze in the fire-place is made more cheerful by the blast that shrieks in the chimney and whisks it spitefully up the flue. And now, seated on seal-skin cushioned stools before a hearth of glittering copper torn from a wrecked ship's bottom, warmed by flickering brands gathered from one wreck, and soothed by a cigar from another, we listen to Farquar's yarns, while many a carved memento and curious relic upon mantle, sideboard, and wainscot illustrate the startling tale, add emphasis to assertion, and conviction to truth.

"And now about Lady Copeland's ghost," the old man says, as he knocks the ashes from his pipe against his boot-heel. "She was wrecked, you know, on the *Amelia Transport*, sixty years ago, and Captain Torrens, of the Twenty-ninth, was sent out from Halifax to look after the wreck, for the talk was that it had fell into the hands of pirates, and all them that wasn't drowned was murdered. Well, as bad luck would have it, the Captain was wrecked too, and many of his soldiers went to Davy Jones, but he got safe ashore himself. After caring for them that was alive and burying the drowned, he went off to take a look about the Island. When he came back and got to a shanty they called the 'Smoky hut' (which is torn down long ago), his dog began to growl and bark as if he was frightened at something in the hut, and looking in what should he see but a lady in a white gown all wet and dripping with sand and sea-weed as if she had just been rolled ashore in the surf. Of course the Captain was startled to see the lady there, but he wasn't frightened one mite, for he was a brave man. So he goes up to speak to her, but she didn't answer a word, only held up her hand and showed the bleeding stump of her fore-finger. In a jiffy he ran for the surgeon's chest, and went up to her to dress the wound like a decent man, when what does she do but slip past him and streak it out of the door, and he all the time calling and begging her to come back. But she wouldn't mind him, and kept on running until she dove head-foremost into the lake.

"What to do he didn't know, he was all taken aback so. And so he walks slowly back, thinking the matter over, and when he got back to the hut there was the same lady again holding up her finger as before! After looking steady for a while at her pale, wet face, he seemed to know her face, and finally remembered her name, for she was well known to the Halifax quality. 'Is that you, Lady Copeland?' said he. She bowed 'Yes,' and then held up her finger again. 'Ah! I see now,' said he, thinking it all over; 'the pirates murdered you to get the ring?' She bowed 'Yes' again, and then the Captain swore to hunt the villain out and return the ring to her family. This seemed to please her, for she smiled, bowed, and disappeared into the lake as previous. Well, would you believe it, the Captain tracked one of the most noted pirates down to the Labrador, made the acquaintance of his wife and family, who didn't know who he was, and, after asking some questions, he found that the ring had been left at a watchmaker's shop in Halifax to sell; and sure enough he found it there, bought it, and sent it home to the lady's friends as he had promised to do.

"Now, Sir, don't you believe there's such a thing as ghosts? There was the ring which the lady was known to have on her finger when she went aboard the vessel to go to her husband in Halifax, and the same ring was found as you have seen. It was all the talk in Halifax for years after. One thing is sure, the old pirate was never seen out after dark after the ring was found by the Captain."

Farquar was told that the incidents were certainly very extraordinary, and that facts which were so well authenticated could not be disputed; but this qualified assent to a belief in the existence of ghosts did not more than half satisfy him, and so he talked no more on these topics. He contented himself with general remarks about the Island: how the sand was impregnated with gold, and that some gentlemen had once got permission to dig for it there; how the wreckers killed the seals and made oil, but that it was not very remunerative, because the seals were small and did not yield largely; how as many as 120 barrels of cranberries had been exported to Halifax in a single season; how they caught the wild horses; and all about the domestic economy of the Establishment. At length, with brain excited by the varied in-

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THE PATROL.

cidents of the day, the visitor retires to rest, rocked by the winds of a hurricane, with the deafening reverberations of the surf for a lullaby. But it is on the wings of such a storm that many a noble ship rides to destruction, and Farquar's dream of a wreck may prove true.

The ocean is superlatively grand after a storm. Before it was simply terrific; but now its full power is most sublimely felt, when the huge billows, no longer torn to shreds by the winds, sweep on in unbroken volume, gathering force by their own momentum, melting mountains by their touch and twisting planks and spars as if they were rushes. It is at such a time that the patrol mounts his hardy pony and starts forth upon his solitary mission of mercy, to look out for wrecks and render assistance, if needed, in saving life and property. Out into the earliest gray of the morning, murky with thick and flying mists, sturdily facing the blasts that almost sweep him from the saddle, he struggles on, scarcely making headway through the drifting sands and plashing pools. He rides up the central valleys, ever and anon mounting a knoll to look seaward where some old wreck, loosened from its fastenings, is knocking about in the breakers, and betimes plunging down to the beach to examine some dark object struggling in the land-wash—an iron-hooped cask, a spar crusted with barnacles, a hen-coop, or an empty bottle. Such tokens are all that he often finds, except perchance some whitening skull that the wind has laid bare and the rain washed clean; and so trudging on for miles, he at length discerns the figure of the south side patrol advancing through the mist. The two worthies meet, draw rein, compare notes, and then turn to retrace their steps and make their reports at Head-quarters.

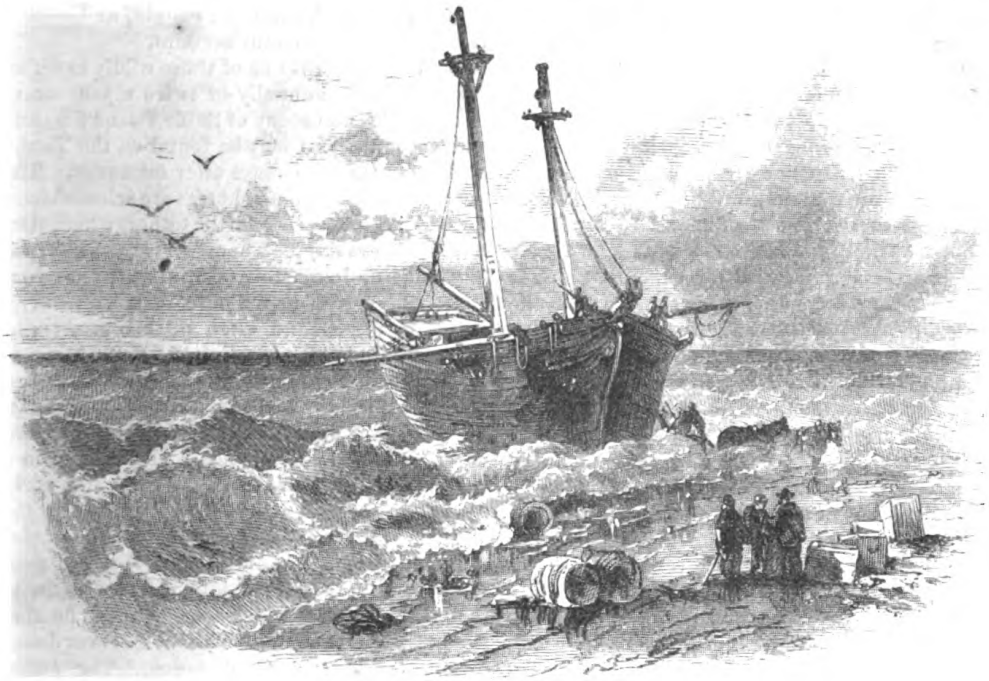
But the patrol does not always bring in a clean bill, and he will tell how he once found a ship's bell tolling its own dirge as it tossed in the land-wash; how he has pulled the exhausted sailor through the ground-swell; how he has found the beach strewn with many a swollen corpse, with carved locker and binnacle, richly bound volumes, and many a trinket and souvenir of a lady's toilet; and how there once drifted ashore a coat of arms richly carved and gilt—the only token the inexorable sea ever gave up of the boom of sullen guns that were heard at night in the height of the storm. Distinct and fresh as when first laid on was the golden motto that surmounted its crest: *Spero Melesia!*" Stanch ship and sturdy crew had all gone to the bottom, with all this world's prospects wrecked in a single night. Not a vestige remained, save this golden message wafted up from the solemn sea: "*I hope for*

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better things!" There is but one ignoble consummation for all things temporal, but there is a world beyond to which all may look for better things.

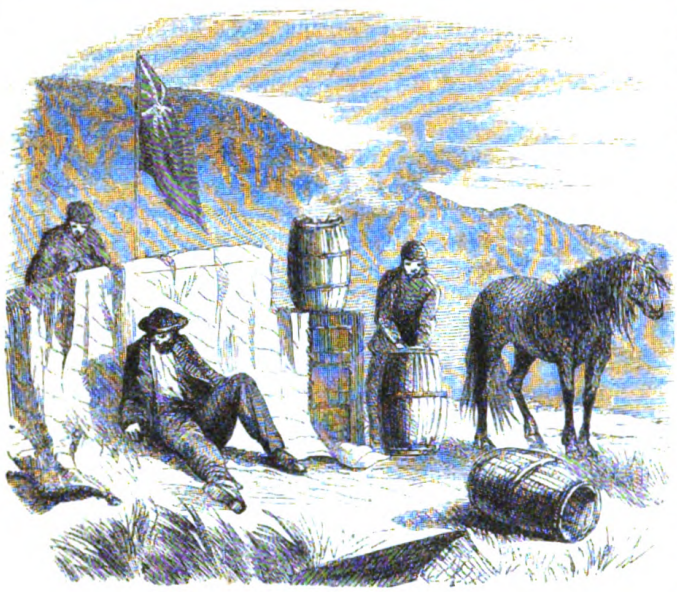
Such sea-beaten waifs the patrol occasionally discovers; or, perchance, before he has completed his rounds, the sullen boom of a gun comes heavily from windward, or else the pack lifts and he discerns the outline of a dark hull grinding on the outer bar, with flapping sails and rigging loosely streaming in the wind, and swept with foam from stem to stern. Then quickly the alarm flies to Head-quarters. The signal-flag goes up before the courier has fairly dismounted from his horse. "*A wreck! a wreck!*" resounds on every hand. From every house the tenants issue forth like firemen at the bell-stroke. There is a rush for the boat-house and stables, where horses ready harnessed are always in waiting, and in a twinkling the life-boat is mounted on its wheels, the wrecking apparatus is tossed into it, and a motley cavalcade goes galloping along the winding beach in the direction of the wreck. All is excitement, and every eager horseman presses forward to his duty, the lumbering cart following in the rear, with its three ponies strangely harnessed, one in the shafts, and two ahead as leaders, on round many a point and crescent shore, and thence across the Island toward the other beach. But ere they have accomplished half the distance they descry the figure of a stranger toiling wearily toward them. Hurrah! there can be no mistake, it is one of the shipwrecked crew; one at least is safe! The foremost gather around him with congratulations and eager questions. It is the captain of the vessel, a brig. His men, he says, are most of them safely landed in the yawl, and the vessel is thumping on the beach, but not yet broken up. He will guide them to the scene of the disaster. Now, gathering fresh courage and stimulated to continued exertions, the cavalcade presses forward; but presently a thickening cloud of fog envelops them so that they can scarcely see their horses' heads before them. The guide becomes bewildered, and all are in danger of losing each other in the fog. On this emergency the only means of giving the stranded seamen immediate relief is to form a line of patrol across the narrow strip of land, and thus move forward abreast, keeping each other within sight or hail. Thus they proceed toward the extremity. But presently the fog lifts a little, and the dim outline of the vessel is barely defined just outside the surf, with her bows driven high up into the sand and her stern pounding heavily with each successive surge. Some of her sails are set, and with each lurch of the vessel flap with a loud report. It seems that the captain, finding no escape, has wisely driven his vessel ashore before the wind. The yawl is discovered near at hand, with the worn and weary seamen soundly sleeping under the thwarts; nor do they express surprise when awakened to see strange faces around them, knowing full well that the captain had gone for aid. Sailors are so much the victims of circumstances that they learn to accept the vicissitudes of life with a show of stolid indifference in whatever shape they come.

While all are waiting for the arrival of the cart and deliberating what course to pursue, they are startled by a voice from the deep, and lo! the form of the steward appears on the forecastle, and a stentorian voice hails: "Ahoy



STRIPPING THE WRECK.

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THE CAMP.

there! breakfast is ready! All you chaps what wants breakfast better git aboard in a hurry if you want it hot!"

Had manna fallen from the clouds the event could scarcely have been more startling, for the crew believed he had been washed overboard and drowned. But the voice and figure were unmistakable. It was the voice of a genuine Cape Cod Yankee, who was lord of the galley, and the figure held in his hand a steaming coffee-pot from which the muddy fluid slopped fitfully with every thump of the vessel. Such a welcome and *bona fide* summons needed no repeating, and when all had satisfied their senses they clambered up the forechains with unwonted agility and applied themselves to their task as best they could. Nor were they invited to partake of mean fare. There was pork and potatoes, and pudding afterward, with a ration of gin and oranges for dessert. How the steward contrived to make stove and sauce-pan do duty will ever remain a mystery, for the vessel thumped so that it was difficult to eat, even with the primitive table service of fingers.

From this day forward for a month there is constant work for man and horse. To strip the wreck of spars and sails and every thing of value that can be saved, to land and store the cargo, and haul it down to Head-quarters for reshipment, will cost many an hour of toil and many a tedious trip to and fro through the tiresome sand. All this time some one must remain in camp near the wreck, to guard the goods from depredators or render prompt service in the event of a sudden gale; but, comfortably sheltered by a mainsail thrown over the brig's caboose, and protected from the damp fogs and searching blasts by an overshadowing bluff, their temporary hermitage is not only endured with equanimity, but invested with a spice of romance. The lighter spars of the dismantled vessel furnish tent-poles, a solid mahogany log supplies a sofa, and a barrel set on end serves nicely for a chimney; and at night no moss or down can furnish a more comfortable bed than the softly yielding sand which the pressure of the body moulds to tired and aching bones. And when the day's labor is ended the lantern swings cheerily overhead, while song and jest go freely round, and startling tale seasoned by oft-replenished pipe. Sometimes the solitude is broken by a visit from the patrol, or, perhaps, "Old Sam," a worn-out patriarch discarded from the stables, comes down for an evening stroll, and moping near at hand furnishes the butt for many a jibe and jest.

But it is time to look for the return of the cutter, if, peradventure, she has been fortunate enough to weather the gale. Once more the signal flag mounting to the mast-head announces the happy intelligence that she is already in the offing, and in an hour or two she again comes gallantly to anchor abreast of Head-quarters. The Captain states that a few hours' run carried him clear of the circuit of the storm, and that there was only a stiff breeze of wind where he was. He has additional service to perform now, for the shipwrecked crew are to be transported to the main land with their luggage; besides, he has orders to carry back a score of the wild ponies which are to be caught, and sold in Halifax on Government account.

And now follows one of those wildly exciting episodes which annually or twice a year occur to break the monotony of Sable Island life, and whose counterpart may be found on the Texan prairies in the wild chase after mustangs. The fleetest and best-trained horses are selected from the stables, or loosed from the tethers where they have been grazing. There is a careful girthing of saddles and adjusting of bridles. Some dextrous riders leap to the bare back with only a halter to guide, and when all are ready and properly equipped according to fancy, they canter off in motley cavalcade—red shirts and blue, rough pea-jackets and stained tarpaulins, hats and caps of fantastic shape, and flaunting bandanas wound round the head, all mingled in a curious melange, bobbing as they go, like corks upon the waves. Galloping on toward the lower extremity of the Island where the ponies most do congregate, and where they are generally secure from intrusion, videttes begin to mount the hill-tops which overlook their feeding grounds, and taking observation, discover dusky groups moving in the distance. The entire number of ponies does not now exceed two

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hundred, but they do not herd all together. They are divided into half a dozen gangs (each known to the Island people by a distinguishing name), have separate pastures, and are each presided over by an old grizzled stallion, sagacious as Solomon and conspicuous for his patriarchal length of mane, which falls in tangled masses over head and shoulders. These old custodians are ever on the alert, and even now can be seen standing a little apart from their charges, with head erect, sniffing the tainted atmosphere and tossing their shaggy locks from their eyes.

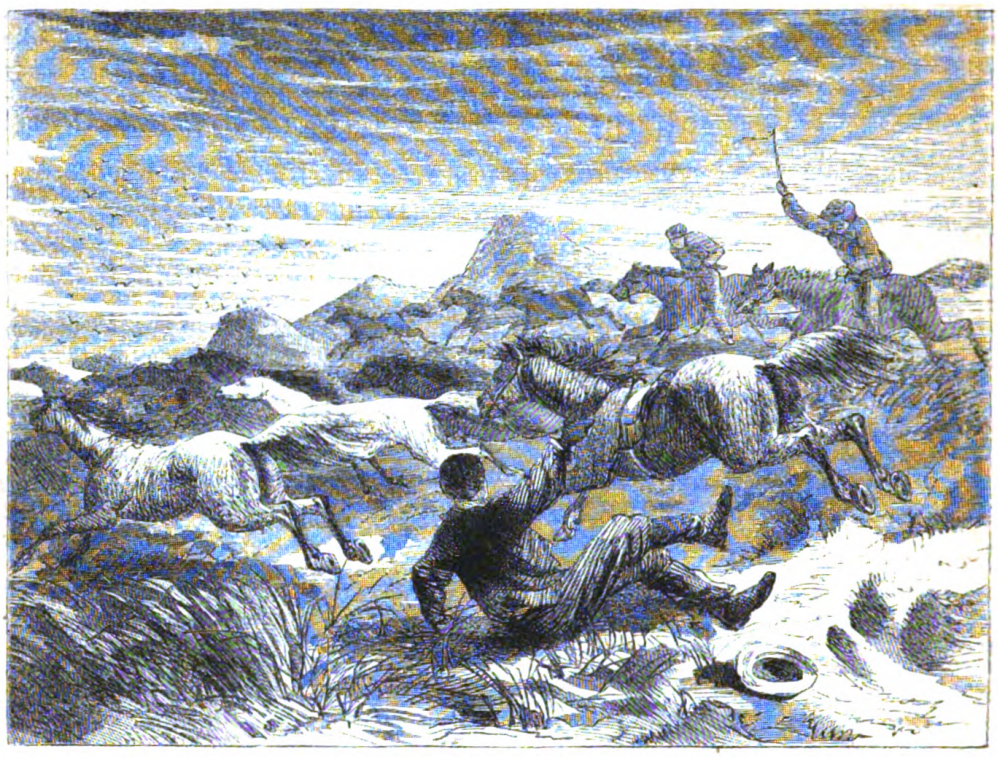
Warily the hunters now move forward in ample circuit, always keeping the hills between themselves and their prey, and at length appear in long, unbroken line behind them, stretching from shore to shore. The ponies are now again outwitted, and the quandary in which they find themselves caught for the thirtieth time in their day and generation is evinced by their restless and anxious movements. The ocean foams on either side; their pursuers are behind; while before them, though now far distant, lies the inevitable pound into which they are to be driven. As the hunters slowly advance the jealous stallion collects his outlying mares and foals, and gathers his herd together, and then keeping them well in pack, boldly confronts the enemy, while they retreat at a gallop. Up and down the line he marches, backs and fills, luffs and cruises to windward, like a gallant frigate, but finding himself closely pressed, fires off a snort of defiance and follows after his convoy. Gradually the several herds are driven together and mingled with each other; and then, with a yell of exulting triumph, the hunters dash after them at the top of their speed—the wild stallions, now thoroughly alarmed, mixing with the rest of the herd, and all scurrying away in promiscuous and wild career. Now follows a headlong chase and desperate riding over hill and dale, through tangling grass and sandy plains, accompanied by many a fall and ridiculous antic. Here one wild pony, detached from the herd, charges straight over the crest of a cone—leaping, with a plunge of full twenty feet, sheer over the back of his pursuer, who has coursed around its base to head him off, and then rolling over and over in the sand until he recovers his feet again. Anon some rider spurs gallantly up the gentle slope of a sand-hill, whose bold precipitous face is hidden from sight, and reaches the top to lapse suddenly from view amidst an avalanche of sand, which half buries himself and horse at the foot. This brings a shout and a jeer from the whole cavalcade, which is presently followed by some other mishap; and thus, with many a roll and plunge and fall, the terrified ponies are driven far up to the north end, where, amidst yelling and shouting and waving of caps and handkerchiefs, they rush headlong into the yawning chasm of the large corral which is waiting to receive them.

Then follows "confusion worse confounded"—a snorting, kicking, plunging—a curious mixing up of heads and tails, a rushing and huddling of terrified masses together, a crushing of half-smothered colts, and a general desperate struggle to break through the bounds. This commotion is measurably increased by the efforts which are now made to lasso some victim from among the struggling mass. The process is as laughable as it is novel. A noose is made at one end of a long rope, the other end being secured outside of the pound. This noose is then carried upon the end of a long



THE VIDETTES.

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CHASING WILD PONIES.

pole by an active fellow, who warily approaches the animal selected, and by a dextrous movement slips it over his head. Instantly this feat is accomplished he drops the pole and runs, while several men outside pull lustily until the tightening rope chokes pony into good behavior, and the creature is then drawn or led out of the inclosure, and from thence is pulled and pushed by main force down to the water's-edge. Here two men seize the ends of a long rope, and, running in opposite directions, wind it around pony's legs, and drawing it tightly bring him submissively to his feet. His legs are then firmly tied, and half a dozen men lift him bodily into the boat. This process is repeated upon each successive victim until the desired number is secured. The balance of the impounded herd are then let loose from the inclosure, whence they scamper away, and speedily find their way back to their old feeding-grounds.

The boat carries three or four ponies at a time to the schooner, where a waist-band and tackle hoists them into the hold. Their legs are then untied, and they are properly secured for their prospective voyage. At first they are disposed to be fractious, and make the first night hideous by their furious kicking and constant uproar, altogether banishing sleep. Sometimes they seem to take a malicious revenge by fastening their teeth into the trowsers of their groom as he is descending backward into the hold to feed them, and snap at his head and hands when he distributes their provender; but the sea voyage soon quenches their fire, and by the time they are landed at Halifax they have become well-behaved brutes, gentle as lambs, and the most vicious can be fondled with impunity.

It is not positively known when the present breed of horses was introduced upon Sable Island, though it is generally believed that they sprang from certain stock known to have been placed there by an American named La Mercier, about the year 1735. Some, however, think their origin of much earlier date. Dr. J. Bernard Gilpin, of Halifax, Nova Scotia—a naturalist of note, who has contributed many valuable papers and specimens to the Smithsonian Institute and the Natural History Societies of the Provinces—in a carefully-prepared paper describes them as a race of large-headed, low-withered ponies, with tail set very low into a very short quarter; a cock-thrappled neck, and a short, square ear; from twelve to thirteen hands high; mane and tail reaching nearly to the ground, and covering the nostrils; the coat long and shaggy during winter, especially under the chin and on the legs. He mentions an instance where the mane measured *three yards*. In form they resemble the tarpany and wild horse of Tartary, and are almost the counterpart of the horses depicted on the Elgin marbles and Nineveh sculptures. Their type is also found in the fecal breed of the Ukraine. As regards color, there seems a remarkable tendency to assume the Isabella, the light chestnut, and even the piebald, known

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from earliest ages. The bays and browns are the most numerous; of blacks there are a few, and of grays none. The bluish mouse color is also frequent. They persistently refuse the shelter of a stable in all kinds of weather, and always avoid the society of man. They are never observed to lie down to rest, but seem to sleep standing. Fights are frequent between the stallions of the several gangs, in which they are often nearly disabled. The young horses between two and three years old are driven from the herd by the leader, and hang in small bands upon the outskirts; and when an old or disabled mare, unable to keep up, drops behind, as sometimes happens, she at once becomes an object of greatest attraction to them, soon produces foals, and thus the nucleus of a new herd is formed.

From these observations it is plain that the horse, if left to himself for a long period of years, following the laws of natural selection, will return to the habits and appearance of the old primal stock; and the necessary inference is, that the numerous known varieties of the horse do not belong to distinct and different species, but have all one common descent from one common stock.

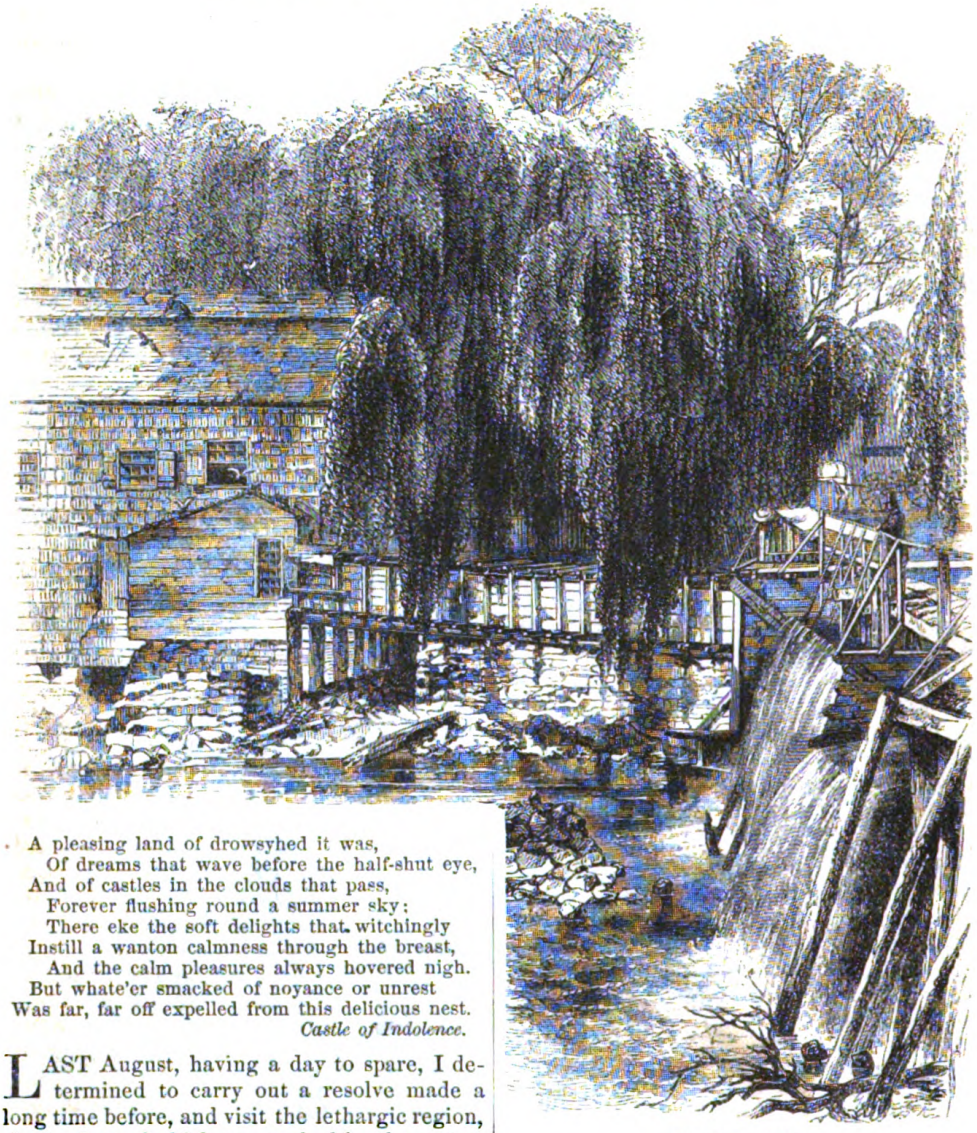
Should any reader wish to farther investigate this interesting page of Natural History; should he desire to roam the broad field of Romance, or more startling Fact; to read aright the lesson of Humanity; to moralize upon the instability and uncertainty of earthly things, or tremble at the majesty of the elements in anger, let him venture a trip to Sable Island. It is one of the strange places of creation. And when his visit is ended, and he turns a last look at its receding shores, he may perchance obtain at a single glance a comprehensive picture of the whole—a human skull bleaching on the sand, a wild horse snuffing the salt-sea breeze, and an ancient wreck surf-worn and barnacled. The single glance embodies volumes.



IN MEMORIAM.

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A REMINISCENCE OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.



THE OLD MILL.

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instill a wanton calmness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh.
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.
Castle of Indolence.

LAST August, having a day to spare, I determined to carry out a resolve made a long time before, and visit the lethargic region, the borders of which are washed by the waters of the famous Tappan Zee. An hour's ride on the deck of a steamer not very remarkable for its speed, along a river unsurpassed by the Rhine of the fatherland, and in sight of villas and country seats of great taste and beauty, brought me to Tarrytown, a Dutch village of considerable antiquity, cozily nestled among the hills, which here begin to assume proportions quite formidable. Within its boundaries Sleepy Hollow is situated.

I have always found it best in visiting a strange place to have a suitable guide—one to the manner born—full of the incident and story of the locality. Such a person, I felt sure, was to be found in a tall, gaunt-looking man whom I saw conversing very earnestly in front of the news-room of the village. His appearance was quaint in the extreme, his garments being of ancient pattern, while his genial face was marked with deep furrows, well cut in by the thorough plowing of Time.

"My friend," I said, approaching him, "I am come to view this classic neighborhood, and want some one to act as my guide. Have you, for a consideration, an hour or two to spare?"

At first I thought that my request would be met with a refusal; but after a moment's deliberation my newly-formed acquaintance announced that, if a conveyance were included in the arrangement, he would gladly accompany me. Of course I assented to the condition enforced, and, feeling delighted that I had secured the guidance of one evidently so impregnated with the very spirit of the place, speedily began to leave the village behind me.

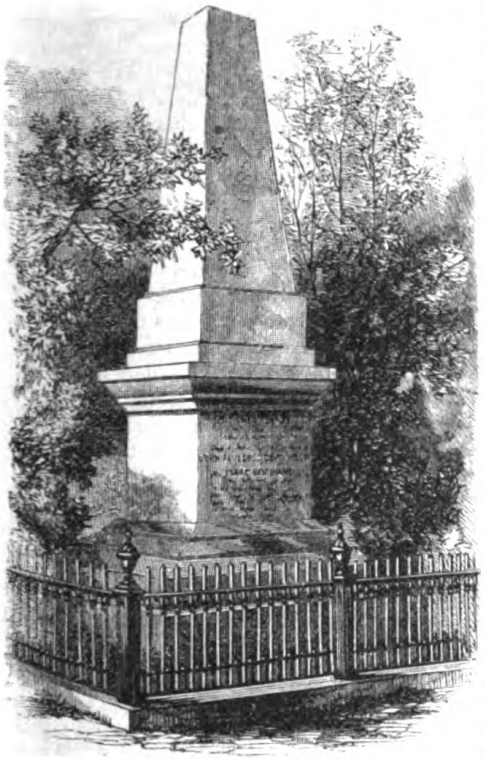
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A short ride brought us to a plain shaft of dolomite, erected by the road-side, upon which was plainly visible the following inscription:

ON THIS SPOT
The 23d day of September, 1780, the Spy,
MAJOR JOHN ANDRE,
Adjutant-General of the British Army, was captured by
JOHN PAULDING, DAVID WILLIAMS, and ISAAC VAN WART,
All natives of this county.
HISTORY HAS TOLD THE REST.

The People of Westchester County have erected this Monument, as well to commemorate a great Event, as to testify their high estimation of that Integrity and Patriotism which, rejecting every temptation, rescued the United States from most Imminent peril, by baffling the arts of a Spy and the plots of a Traitor.

DEDICATED OCTOBER 7, 1853.



THE ANDRE MONUMENT.

"This," said my cicerone, "is the first point of interest. Poor Major Andrè was captured here. On the knoll, over there, the three guardsmen were amusing themselves as they best could while they watched the road. Presently they saw him ascend the hill above us and come toward them. He was on his way from West Point to Dobb's Ferry, six miles below this, and supposed he was through the worst part of his journey; but the Fates were against him, and he was soon taken prisoner."

"But why," I inquired, "do you call him Poor Andrè. He was a spy, and had he been successful we should have been, in all probability, irreparably injured. Why then, my friend, shou'd we gloss over his offense?"

"I make, Sir," answered my companion, "a broad distinction between the spy and the traitor. The one risks all to benefit the cause which lies nearest his heart, the other does all that he can to ruin one which he professes to support. Treason, to me, ever will be odious, and I can not make light of it. But such was not the gallant Andrè's offense. He did but his duty."

My guide, I saw, was approaching a favorite hobby, and was waxing warm. I therefore changed the subject.

"Where," I asked, "are Andrè's captors buried?"

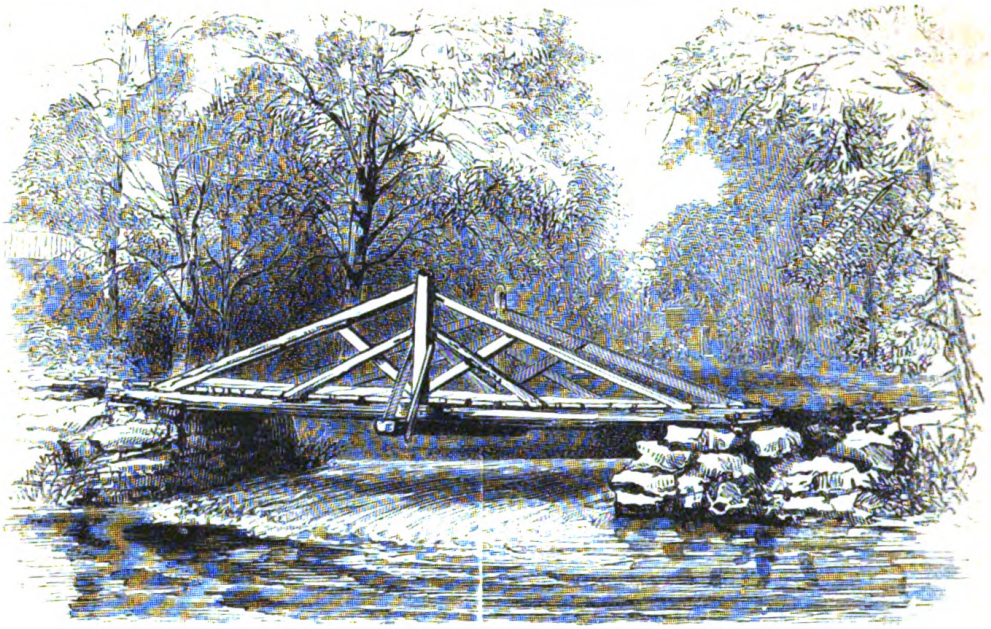
"The State of New York provided very liberally for them," he replied. "It gave each one a farm, on which he settled. Paulding is buried in the Episcopal cemetery at Peekskill; Van Wart lies among the Greenburgh hills, a few miles east of us; and Williams sleeps at Livingstone, in Schoharie County."

The spot upon which we stood was one of great natural beauty. North and south the road wound, with innumerable foldings, along beautiful residences, while here and there luxuriant maples and locusts meeting overhead formed waving arches of emerald green. On the east, the long corn leaves in a neighboring field mingled in a most soothing manner their rustling music with the quiet utterances of the brook which purled beneath our feet. On the west, the Hudson, bright with the reflection of the midsummer sun, flowed lazily toward the sea. The broad Tappan looked like a mirror, no ripple even disturbing its smoothness; while in the distance the air was full of hazy images of dream-land hills, which reached down to kiss the waters of Haverstraw Bay, that wide expanse which bold Hendrick Hudson supposed was the termination of his first upland voyage.

No wonder, I thought, that Washington Irving thanked God that he was born upon the banks of the Hudson River. No other stream, viewed apart from the prejudices which attach themselves to another nationality, can be compared with it. It is matchless, superb! What grandeur there is in the abrupt looking Palisades! how majestically they rise out of the water! And the hills, with what picturesque beauty do they slope from their summits to the water's edge! We next came to a rustic bridge which spanned a silvery brook.

"This," said my friend, "is the Pocantico, the Pockohantes of the Algonquins, the aborigines of the place. And this is the bridge alongside of which Ichabod Crane disappeared. He had been to the merry-making at Baltus Van Tassell's homestead, and was returning, when, at the spot we have just left, where Andrè was captured, then known as Wiley's swamp, he heard the strange rider. Whipping up old Gunpowder, he attempted to turn up the Bedford road, which led directly to his boarding-place; but failing in this, endeavored to gain the shelter of the church before us. As he reached the bridge he received the tremendous blow which threw him from his steed. The next morning the animal was found grazing in

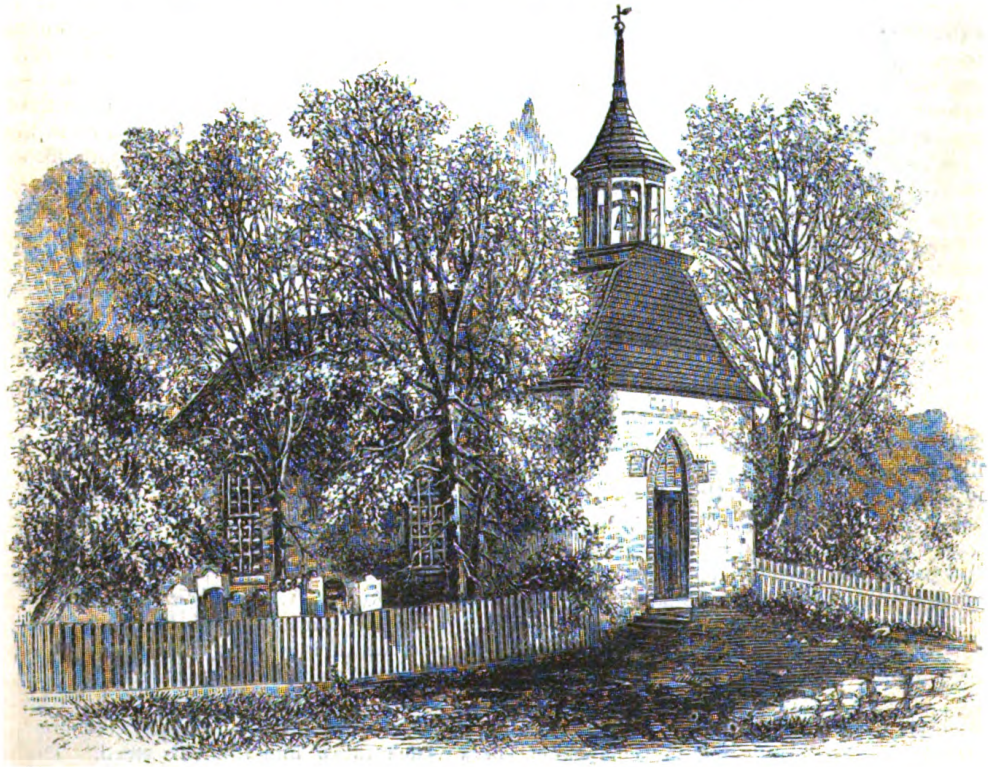
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BRIDGE OVER THE POCANTICO.

the church-yard, but Ichabod had disappeared, and was heard leading the Dutch lads and lasses in the choir, or teaching the children their lessons, no more."

This recital of my well-posted informant interested me exceedingly. I was now in the very midst of intensely classic scenes. Within a stone's-throw was the old mill, built in 1686, the capacious flume of which, slowly but surely, swallowed up the eddying waters before me; while in front, only a few paces off, stood the Dutch Church, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from "which its decent white-washed walls shone modestly forth, like Christain beauty beaming through the shades of retirement." I enjoyed the prospect vastly.



THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH.

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"Can you imagine any thing more interesting than this?" inquired my guide. "Look at the old sanctuary before you. Note how well it is built. It is full as stanch and sound as it was in 1699, the year in which it was finished."

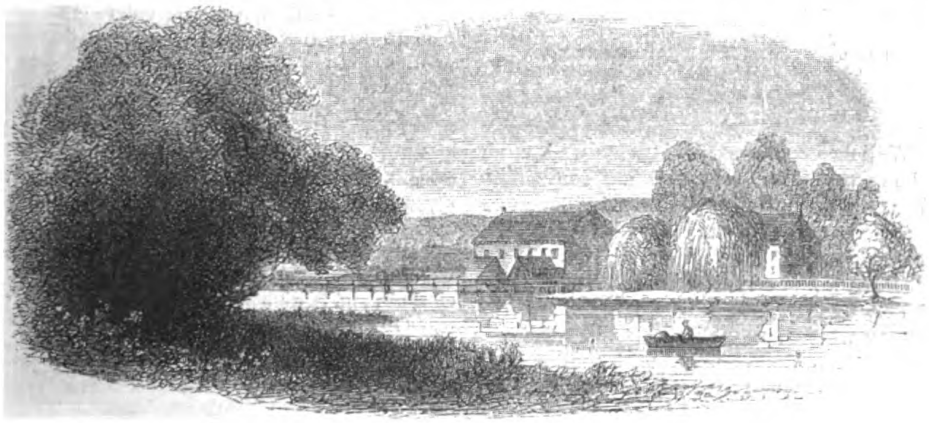
"How came it to pass," I asked, "that this edifice was placed here, so far away from the present village?"

"This was supposed to be the spot about which the settlers would centre. The river, supplying as it does ample power to turn the mill, was considered of great importance. On its bank the manor-house was accordingly located. Tradition says that when Vrederyck Vlypse, the first lord of the domain, began to build the church, he laid the foundation, and then withdrew his laborers that they might repair the damage done to the dam by a recent freshet. No sooner, though, had they finished the dam than another freshet came one night and washed it away the second time. Nothing daunted, they soon had a stronger structure erected, when lo! another freshet came and destroyed it. This discouraged the proprietor, and he was about to give up in despair, when Harry, his favorite slave, dreamed that the cause of his ill-success was the withdrawal of his men from the church. Let that be finished first, the warning said, and the dam will stand. He forthwith resumed work upon the church, and afterward built the dam, which is doing good service at this day.

"The castle, or manor-house, which you see yonder is full of associations. In 1756 Colonel George Washington, then Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces, had occasion to communicate with General Shirley, and for this purpose left his head-quarters at Winchester and traveled to Boston on horseback, attended by his aids-de-camp. On his way he stopped in New York for a few days, and while there was entertained by Mr. Beverly Robinson, between whom and himself a strong friendship existed. It happened while he was the guest of his host that he met Miss Mary Vlypse, or, as we spell it now, Phillipse, the daughter of Vrederyck Vlypse, who was born and reared here, and was deeply impressed by her rare accomplishments and beauty. My father used to tell it as a fact, well established in his day, that the young Colonel once rode up here to pay his respects to the object of his regard. However that may be, it is certain that he did stop at the castle very frequently in after-years, when the country was in the throes of the Revolution.

"A very singular story, which I recollect, illustrates well the bravery of the matrons of the times which tried men's souls. The subject of it was Mrs. Cornelia Beekman, the wife of Gerard G. Beekman, who succeeded the Vlypse family in the possession of the castle.

"Some time before the capture of André John Webb, an aid-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief, while on his way from New York to Peekskill, stopped at the castle and asked Mrs. Beekman to take charge of his valise, which contained his new uniform and a sum of gold. 'I will send for it,' he added, 'in a few days; 'but do not deliver it to any one without a written order from me.' A fortnight after his departure Mrs. Beekman saw an acquaintance, Joshua Smith, whose loyalty to the national cause was doubtful, ride up to the house and heard him ask her husband for Lieutenant Webb's valise. Mr. Beekman was about to comply with his request when his wife advanced and demanded a written order before she would relinquish her custody of it. Smith replied that he had none, the officer having had no time to write one; but added: 'You know me very well, Madam, and when I assure you that Lieutenant Webb sent me for the valise you ought not to refuse to deliver it to me, as he is in very great need of his uniform?' Mrs. Beekman had conceived a great dislike for Smith before this, his known sympathy with the royalist cause being in marked contrast to her enthusiastic devotion to the colonies, and influenced by it she determined to hold on to her charge until a written order of undoubted genuineness should compel her to surrender it. Smith was vexed at her doubts; but his entreaties had no effect on her resolution, and disappointed at the ill-success of his effort, he



VLYPSE'S CASTLE.

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rode away. The result proved that he had no authority to make the application; and it was subsequently ascertained that, at the very time of this attempt on his part to secure the uniform, Andrè was concealed in his house. After Andrè's capture the Lieutenant called in person for his valise, and bore a message from Washington, thanking Mrs. Beekman for the prudence that had prevented an occurrence which might have caused a train of disasters, for Webb and Andrè were of the same height and form; and beyond all doubt, had Smith obtained possession of the uniform, Andrè would have made his escape through the American lines."

During this narration our horses had been slowly walking up the hill, past the old church, into the cemetery, where all that is mortal of Irving lies buried. This home of the dead is most beautifully situated upon a slope which descends into the gorge of the Pocantico. Through the trees could be seen glimpses of the Hudson; while all around us were the localities which the magical pen of Diedrich Knickerbocker has made forever celebrated. Who is there, I thought, who would not like to sleep his last sleep amidst such surroundings as these?



IRVING'S GRAVE.

We shortly came to the Irving lot. What surprised me was the perfect simplicity apparent in all its appointments. Within the inclosure, ranged in two lines, are the different graves. Each has a plain head-stone of marble, on which are inscribed the name and age at death of the occupant. As will be seen the grave of Washington Irving does not differ from those of the rest of the family. The inscription simply tells that

WASHINGTON,
SON OF WILLIAM AND SARAH S. IRVING,
DIED
NOV. 28, 1859,
AGED 76 YEARS 7 MO. AND 25 DAYS.

"Well do I recollect the day that we brought his body to this place," said my companion. "What a turn-out of notables and village people there was! It was the longest funeral that I ever saw."

"Did you know him personally?" I asked.

"Yes, for years; I was an officer of this cemetery when he bought this lot. He was from the beginning charmed with the location, and always said that his body should rest here by the side of his mother. Many are the conversations I have had with him at different times."

We now passed out of the cemetery and began to view more particularly the scenery of the Hollow. Irving appears to have had a special fondness for this spot. In Wolfert's Roost he says: "And now a word or two about Sleepy Hollow, which many have rashly deemed a fanciful creation, like the Lubberland of mariners." In the Legend in the Sketch Book he thus fancifully describes it:

"From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian Chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols."

The entire region is in keeping with this pen-

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picture. One might suppose that Diedrich Knickerbocker had drawn upon his imagination for his romantic valley; but such is not the fact. I recognized the exactness of the sketch in every step that I took. A stillness, such as he describes, pervades the atmosphere. The birds appear to sing more lazily, and the bees—of which there are great numbers in the Hollow—to dart here and there, for their sweet burdens, less blithely than in other neighborhoods. The news of the outer world, the events which daily fill men's minds and often excite them to an unusual degree, are in this remote retreat seldom, if ever, heard of. Many of the inhabitants did not, I believe, at the time of my visit, know that Abraham Lincoln had fallen asleep, or that Lee had surrendered to the superior strength and strategy of Grant. I stopped by the road-side and asked a worthy matron if she knew of the successful landing of the great cable; but her emphatic Dutch denial convinced me that no tidings of its inception and successful completion had ever reached her. The Dutch characteristics of the dwellers are very marked. They still cling to the hipped roofs and far-projecting eaves of their forefathers. The damsels have, as in days of yore, bright red cheeks, and eyes roguish enough to set the hearts of the lads into great commotion.

As might be expected, in a community where the vital forces are not subject to severe drafts, the people are generally long-lived. I saw and conversed with one old man who had reached the ripe age of fourscore and ten, who inhabited the cottage where Andrè stopped to rest after his capture. He was full of anecdote and story, and took pleasure in telling me of by-gone times. He remembered well the appearance of the Father of his Country, whom he had frequently seen in his earlier years, and could talk by the hour of the Skinners and Cow-boys, the records of whose bold raids and actions had been familiar to him from his early youth.

As we journeyed through the Hollow we came across a little school-house, roughly made of boards, which was curiously perched upon a gore of land formed by a forked-shaped lane which crossed the main road. As we approached it my guide told me that it was popularly supposed to be the identical school-house which Ichabod Crane taught in, "from whence, in a drowsy summer's day, the low murmur of pupils' voices" conning over their lessons was heard of old, "like the hum of a bee-hive;" but the accuracy of the tradition he could not vouch for. We entered the school, and found the children as happy and contented as school-children usually are. One boy was pulling a dancing-jack behind the teacher's back, and a girl was drawing an animal of uncouth proportions on her slate; but these shortcomings on the part of these members of the rising generation were not peculiar to the pupils of Sleep Hollow academy only. I had been, I recollected, a boy myself once, and therefore forgave them.

After bidding the teacher and scholars of this retired institution farewell, we found ourselves in the village again. Here the drowsy feeling which possessed me while in the Hollow passed away. It appeared as if we were breathing a new atmosphere, less oppressive and fuller of oxygen than the other.

As we approached the Andrè monument from the south we saw, not far from it, the foundation of a structure evidently ecclesiastical from its shape. I asked what it was. "It is," said my *fidus Achates*, "the beginning of the Memorial Church of Washington Irving. When alive, the great author, though truly catholic in his feelings, was a devout member of the Episcopal communion, and as a remembrance of his connection with them the Episcopalians are erecting this memorial of him."

"Is it not singular," I asked, "that a memorial should take this form? Irving was but a layman, and never employed his pen in the defense of his faith. Why erect a church to him? No Dante, nor Shakspeare, much less a Cervantes, has been honored so. Louis Philippe, it is true, made Victor Hugo a peer of France, and Victoria made Macaulay a peer of the realm, and Queen Anne desired to make Jonathan Swift a bishop; but this is a tribute to the worth of literature which far surpasses them all."

"You look at it in the wrong light," rejoined my companion. "Washington Irving was not only a great writer but he was an exemplary Christian, and it seems to me quite appropriate that he should be honored by his friends and admirers by a temple erected for the worship of the living God, whom he delighted to serve. This will be a source of continual benefit to the entire community; a fountain from which will issue the solid benefits accruing to society from the active workings of an effective religious organization. What better memorial can mortal desire than this?"

I did not argue the point further, but left it to go back to the personal reminiscences of Irving, with which my companion had interested me.

"Was Irving a man of much humor in private life?" I asked.

"Very great," was the response. "No man could perceive the comical aspect of a subject quicker than he could. When he first moved into this region—I think it was about eighteen hundred and thirty-seven—he was very much annoyed by the thefts which some bold boys perpetrated upon his fruit. One tree in particular, which stood at a distance from his cottage, and which bore apples of a choice kind, was yearly stripped by them. He determined to stop their visitations by a method which was peculiar to him. Learning one day from his gardener that a squad of them were on the premises, after placing him in a certain spot and telling him what to do, he described a circuit, and from the opposite side came upon the boys unexpectedly. He having very recently

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settled in the neighborhood they were not familiar with his appearance, and went on pocketing and munching the apples with the utmost *nonchalance*.

"After surveying them a while he singled out the lad who apparently assumed the post of leader, and addressed him:

"'Boy,' he said, 'those are very poor apples. I know where there is a tree on which there is a far better kind.'

"'Where is it?' asked the wary marauder.

"'Over yonder,' rejoined Mr. Irving, indicating the direction of the cottage.

"'We are afraid the old gentleman will catch us,' replied the urchin.

"'He is not there now,' said Mr. Irving; 'you will be perfectly safe. Come with me; but do not make any noise, lest he should overhear us.'

"In a few moments the party were on the march for the new foraging ground, Mr. Irving leading. For safety's sake they advanced in single file, and sought the shelter afforded by the east side of a stout prickly hedge, which intervened between them and the house. Ere long the voice of the gardener was heard near them.

"'Be quiet,' said their leader, 'or we shall be discovered. Keep near to the hedge, every one of you.'

"Fear made them hug closely to the covert, which they imagined only concealed them from the dreaded proprietor. The thorns pricked sorely; but the greater danger which was imminent made them indifferent to the pain inflicted by them.

"Soon they approached the desired apple-tree, and as they gathered round it, saw the gardener approaching from a direction which made escape impossible.

"'Boys,' said Mr. Irving, 'this is the tree I spoke of, and I am the owner of it—Mr. Irving.'

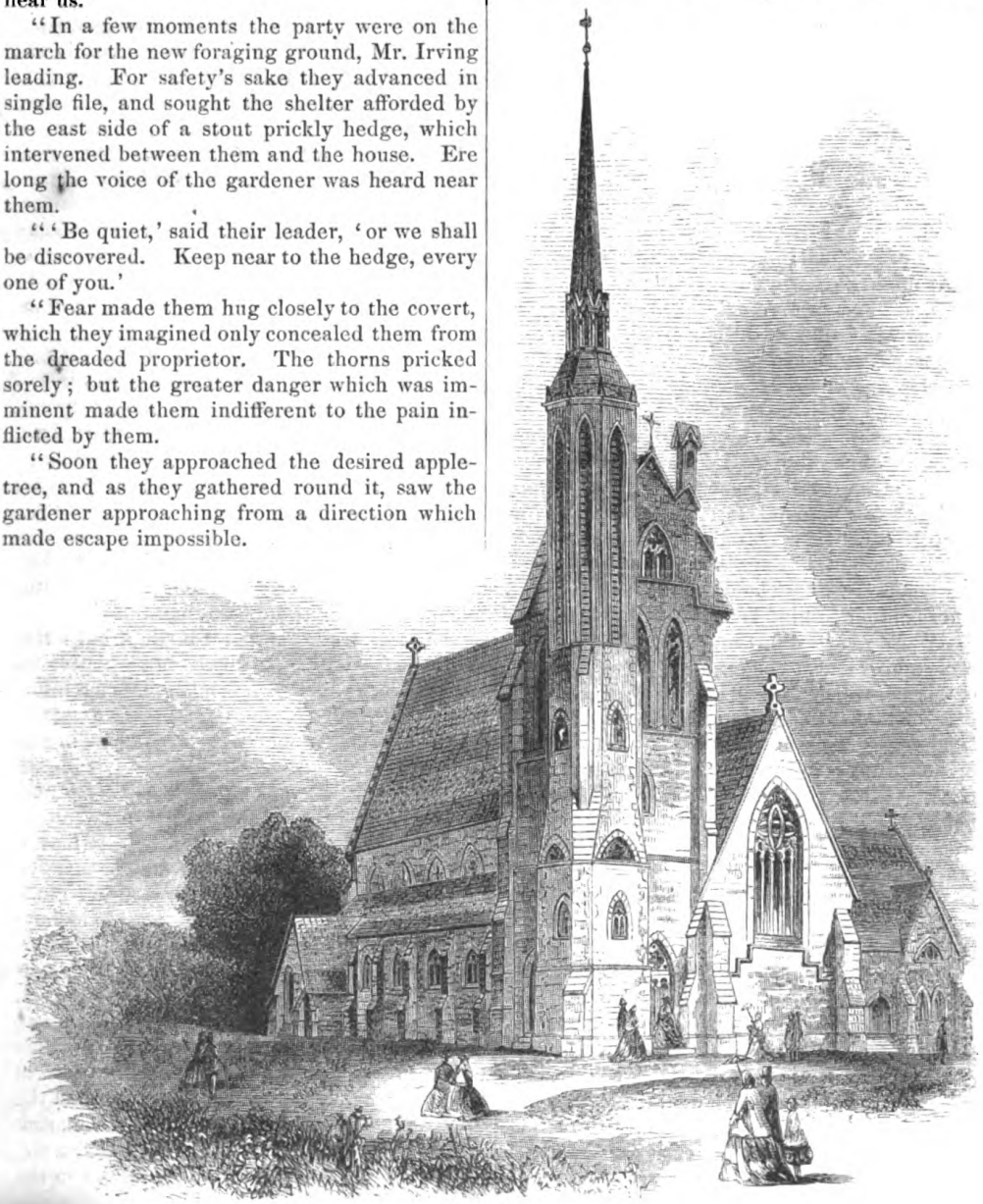
"Great fear began at once to be visible on every face.

"'Do not be afraid,' he continued, 'I shall not punish you; the prickly hedge has done that sufficiently already. I only ask that, when you want to eat my fruit, you will come to me and ask for it. I do not like to have my property taken without my permission.'

"The lad who was the ringleader in this affair told me in after-years of the details of it himself, and added that the rebuke was so thorough that he never robbed Mr. Irving's or any other apple-orchard again.

"Another story characteristic of him is current among us, to this effect:

"Many years ago, when the Episcopal church



THE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

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became too small for the increasing wants of the society, a movement was made to enlarge it. This question was under consideration at a meeting of the vestry, of which Mr. Irving was a member. One or two of the gentlemen present were in favor of building the enlarged portion of brick, the material of which the body of the edifice is composed. One or two more hoped ere long to have a new edifice of stone erected, and were therefore in favor of making the enlargement, which they alleged was to be but a temporary matter, of wood. Both parties held tenaciously to their views, and eventually the discussion, though entirely courteous, waxed warm, without any apparent possibility of its coming to a successful issue either way. At this juncture Mr. Irving, who had been sitting quietly in his chair during the contest, and who was keenly enjoying the scene, said:

"'I have listened with interest to the discussion now going on. Our friend General Webb wants the addition to be built of brick because it will correspond better with the rest of the edifice; on the other side, our friend Mr. Smith thinks it should be constructed of wood for the reason that it will be any thing but a permanent affair. Now I propose a compromise. Suppose we build it of wood and paint it to imitate brick-work, then both parties will be satisfied.'

"The question was settled as General Webb wanted it by this timely hit.

"On another occasion, in the same body, a discussion arose concerning the appointment of delegates to the diocesan convention which was soon to be held. A majority were in favor of sending new men each year, thus allowing the whole body to have eventually the opportunity of sharing in the deliberations of the council. Mr. H——, a veteran member of the vestry, was of the other way of thinking, and notwithstanding he was in the minority, held to his opinion strenuously. At the time he was declaring his views his dog, a faithful but harmless creature, by the name of Trip, lay peacefully slumbering at his feet. Trip was his master's inseparable companion, and followed him every where he went, except to church on Sunday. The return of this day he always seemed cognizant of, and never offered to accompany his master to hear the preaching. On the occasion referred to Trip was, as I have said, sleeping at his master's feet, while his master, standing erect, was advocating his position with all the eloquence he could summon to his aid. At intervals expressions of disapproval were heard from the other members, but without effect. Mr. H—— would not be put down.

"At length, an opportunity occurring, Mr. Irving, who had been listening with great patience, obtained possession of the floor, and said:

"'Mr. Chairman,—While I listen with profound respect to our friend, I claim that he has come here for the purpose, and is at this present time carrying out a preconceived plan for intimidating us, and compelling us to vote as he wishes us. He has the advantage of us. I for one desire to say something upon this subject, but am afraid to so long as he is guarded as he is by his ferocious white dog. Let him be removed from the room, and our courage will return to us again.'

"This sally was received with an outburst of hearty laughter, in which even Mr. H—— joined, and the question was at once settled as the majority desired."

With anecdotes of this nature my companion entertained me until I had left Sleepy Hollow behind and was on the steamboat wharf again. My trip had been a most delightful one, and though I dearly loved Irving before I visited the scene of his "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," yet my reverence and affection for him seemed greatly heightened by my visit to his enchanted valley. Some day I hope to behold it again.

THE BURGLARY AT FAUSTEL EVERSLEIGH.

"WELL, Biggs, what is the matter? You look important this morning."

Biggs swelled in majestic silence, deposited the muffin-dish on the table with as near an approach to emphasis as he dared, and was in the act of retreating, when the young lady standing at one of the open windows looked up from her newspaper to say:

"Aunt Dora, these burglaries are becoming quite alarming; they are traveling in our direction, I think, too; there was one at Woodthorpe only three nights ago—close to us, you know—"

The temptation to cap this piece of news quite overcame Mr. Biggs's wounded dignity, and he opened his lips and spoke.

"And one, Miss Lucy, at Willow Lodge last night, for the postman brought the news this morning with the letters."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Selwyn. "I hope poor Miss Jenkins and Miss Araminta came to no harm."

"The family, ma'am, was not molested," answered Biggs with solemnity, "but every thing the villains could lay hands on was carried off, and no traces of them hasn't been discovered up to the present moment!"

"Really, Aunt Dora, it is serious. You know we are two lone women as well as Miss Jenkins and her sister. Suppose they take a fancy to visit us next?"

"Well, Lucy, what can I do? Is the case urgent enough for me to write over to the barracks and ask Colonel Patteson to send us an agreeable captain and lieutenant, with a party of soldiers warranted sober and not given to flirting, to garrison poor old Eversleigh for a while?"

"I know you are as brave as a lion, auntie dear, but still I think this is not a laughing matter. What could you or I do—or even Biggs—"

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"The very fust thing these rascals does, Miss Lucy, when they get into a house, is to lock the men servants, if there is any, into their rooms; so that, you see—"

"Well, well, Biggs, that would be of the less consequence, as I am sure if they omitted to turn the key on you, you would do it on yourself," said Mrs. Selwyn with a twinkle in her eyes that merged into a laugh as Biggs retreated. "There, Lucy," she went on, "don't look so serious, and I will have all the plate packed up to-day and sent in a most ostentatious manner to my bankers, if that will give you peace of mind."

Miss Lucy Gresham continued to discuss her breakfast with a very half-satisfied look on her pretty face, which Mrs. Selwyn observing went on:

"And I'll tell you what I can do as well, if that is not precaution enough. You remember Jack Eversleigh? he is at home now on leave, and I'll write him a line to come down here for a week or two, with his "long sword," revolvers, and all his "bold dragoon" paraphernalia, and mount guard over two unprotected females. It will be quite in Jack's way, or would have been once upon a time. You have not forgotten Jack?"

"I don't remember him very well," answered Miss Lucy, bestowing a good deal of attention on her breakfast-cup. "Hasn't he turned out very wild? Mary Selden told me something of that sort, I think."

"'Give a dog a bad name and hang him,' my dear. It has always been the fashion in Jack's family to give the lad credit for being every thing he ought not to be, and so really to make him some things he would not otherwise have been. I don't know exactly what amount, or what kind of iniquity is comprehended in the word 'wild;' it is certain Jack has always been called a scape-grace; it is equally certain that I believe a truer gentleman, or kinder heart, does not bear her Majesty's commission to-day!"

Mrs. Selwyn's eyes sparkled, and her fair old cheek colored, as she spoke. Childless herself, she was very fond of her late husband's favorite nephew John Eversleigh, and had fought on the lad's side in many a pitched battle with prim aunts and austere father. And it must be owned that Jack was one of those who always give their friends enough to do in this way. Even Mrs. Selwyn, with all her fondness for him, could not deny that, thought Lucy Gresham, as after breakfast she wended her way down the shady avenue, on one of her accustomed errands of good-will and kindness to some of their poorer neighbors, with that invitation and the question of Jack's acceptance of the same, a great deal more present to her mind than she would have cared to own. She would have liked to believe that Jack Eversleigh was no worse than Aunt Dora thought him; she remembered quite well seeing him come to church with the Seldens once when he was staying with them last year, and she remembered, too, with a sigh, how he had certainly gone to sleep on that very occasion, when dear Mr. Lillydew's sermon was only ever such a little over the hour. Mary Selden had said he was "wild," and George Selden, who ought surely to know, being in the same regiment, had talked of Jack's being always "hard-up," whatever that might mean, and so-and-so—and Lucy sighed: she would have preferred to think her old play-fellow was not utterly reprobate, if she had been able.

It was very hard to look at him and yet hold to that opinion, Lucy was thinking, a day or two afterward, as she sat demurely silent near one of the windows, and listened to the merry talk that was going on between Mrs. Selwyn and Captain Eversleigh, newly arrived. Jack seemed mightily amused and interested on hearing in what capacity he was invited, and, on the whole, impressed Miss Gresham with the conviction that he would be rather disappointed if no burglar afforded him any means of exercising his predilection for strife and violence during his stay.

With these thoughts in her mind, it is not wonderful that Lucy's manner toward the object of them was shy and constrained to the last degree. Haughty or repellent she could not be, nature not having provided her with that double-edged weapon called "a spirit," but only a gentle heart that would fain have had kind and loving thoughts of all the world, and believed the best of every man, woman, or child with whom she came into contact. In theory, you see, poor Lucy had shaken her head and sighed over the iniquity of the world at large; but in practice, it was her feminine habit to take those with whom she came into actual contact much as they appeared, or professed themselves to be—not seldom, indeed, in her innocent and tender imaginings crediting them with virtues which I am afraid they had no claim to, out of that gentle region.

And the shyness and constraint did not deter Jack in the least from setting himself to restore, at the very first opportunity, something of the old familiar relations between himself and his little companion of long ago. He thought them both rather pretty than otherwise; but by that time Mr. Jack had privately arrived at the conviction, too, that Miss Gresham possessed the largest, softest, most innocent eyes, and the loveliest wild-rose complexion he had ever seen. Fashionable girls, fast girls, flirting girls, merry, outspoken, frank girls, Jack knew by scores, and had very likely waltzed, hunted, and talked nonsense by the mile, to very nearly the same number; a little tender, unsophisticated, ignorant girl, who shook her head at the opera, balls, and cigar-smoking generally, and yet who cried real, heart-felt tears over the capture of that incorrigible poacher and vagabond, Downy Dick, was something new and piquante; and, accordingly, he set himself to the task of cultivating amicable relations with Lucy Gresham,

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IN THE WOODS.

with a characteristic inability to admit the idea of failure, that must needs have gone far to insure success, even if Lucy had been other than she was.

Being what she was, it is not wonderful that after only two or three days' experience of Jack's pleasant qualities as a companion, in the quiet home-life of the old manor-house, Lucy had gone so far as to think that a gentleman might hunt and even smoke without being utterly reprobate; and that whatever might be comprehended in the vague term of being "hard-up," it could not be any thing very bad, and yet applied with truth to John Eversleigh. Simple faith of a guileless little heart! only it was a pity, you see, that it should have been grounded so very much on the fact of Jack's having handsome dark eyes and a pleasant smile that was always ready.

And in that companionship the days seemed to glide away like dreams, happy dreams, all too fleet in the passing. Ah! those long, sauntering walks through bright summer days, in which Jack's sportsman-like habit of observation, and upbringing in the vigorous outdoor life of an English gentleman, made him quick to see and able to point out to the little town-bred damsel a thousand natural beauties and things of interest which she would have passed by; those rides over breezy downs, among sweet green lanes and shadowy woodland paths, where wood-doves cooed in the happy silence, and squirrels scrambled higher among the scented pines, to look down with bright inquisitive eyes upon the sleek horses and their riders, as they wound along the slender pathways, with gentle footfalls all muffled and made tranquil by the last year's leaves that lay so thickly there. Ah! days, happy in the coming—in the passing—and yet destined to bear such a cruel sting when memory of them was all that was left!

As to the burglars, for whose expected incursions Captain Eversleigh's visit had been a preparation, I am inclined to think that remembrance of them retreated very much into the back-ground, though, for the first night or two, Jack diligently made tremendous and com-

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plicated arrangements for their reception in the way of revolvers, life-preservers, etc., etc. Stout-hearted old Mrs. Selwyn had never entertained any fears; Lucy somehow forgot hers in pleasanter things; and when, one night, just before retiring to bed, Aunt Dora produced from her pocket-book a packet of bank-notes, making an amount of nearly two hundred pounds, which she had received that day, and had delayed, for some reason or other, driving over to Marley to pay into her bankers, it was only Jack who looked somewhat grave over the imprudence.

"It's what Biggs would call a downright tempting of Providence, Aunt Dolly," he said, in concluding his remonstrance.

"Biggs is such an arrant coward that, I declare, if I could see my way to getting up an impromptu burglary for his sole benefit, I'm perfectly sure I should not be able to resist the temptation," remarked the old lady, as she put away the notes in a little cabinet of Japanese workmanship, of which the key was duly taken out and deposited for security, with true feminine ideas of the same, under the family Bible, which lay on its carved oaken stand in a recess.

The sun was streaming brightly upon Lucy's closed eyes the next morning, when she opened them with a start to find Aunt Dora standing by her bedside, looking a little disturbed, and much graver than her pleasant wont.

"My coming in did not wake you, Lucy," she said; "so I suppose it is not to be expected that you should have heard any thing of what took place last night, which was what I came to ask you."

"Took place last night, Aunt Dora!" repeated Lucy, starting up. "Why—but what were you going to say?"

"Only that it seems the house was really broken into last night, and the notes I left in the Japan cabinet in the tent-room taken after all. Jack is half-wild to think that he should have played the watch-dog so inefficiently. He never heard a sound, he says, and they must have passed his door as well as yours. But, Lucy, my child, don't look so terribly white and scared! No one was murdered in their beds this time; and Biggs was not even locked into his room, except by himself."

"Are you sure the money is gone? Oh! Aunt Dora, perhaps it's a mistake—a joke!" said Lucy, breathlessly, and with an inconsequence that made Mrs. Selwyn look a little impatient.

"I can not perceive the joke of losing nearly two hundred pounds; and, as for mistake, the money has been carried off—that's very certain. When Biggs came up stairs this morning he found the window in the little vestibule wide open. He told Martha, who came to me, and I went straight to the tent-room, and found the cabinet wide open and the money gone. It had been opened with the key, too, for that was in the lock. And you never heard any thing, Lucy?"

"Something woke me once—but what does Captain Eversleigh say—what does he think?"

"Say—why, that I ought not to have kept the money in the house: which is only true, as I dare say these light-fingered gentlemen who have been honoring the neighborhood lately knew quite well that yesterday was rent-day; and, as for his thoughts, he has ridden over to Marley post-haste to share them with the police. But I dare say nothing will come of that, for these people have not been detected in any one instance as yet. There, Lucy, I am sorry to have frightened the blood out of your cheeks; make haste with your toilet and come to breakfast, my dear—you look as if you wanted it, and we'll not wait for Jack."

But half an hour afterward Lucy carried the same shocked white face into the breakfast parlor with which she had listened to these tidings; and though Mrs. Selwyn laughed, and said that the occasion was not worth any thing so tragic, somehow that look never faded out of Lucy's face, but seemed to deepen as the day wore on.

Then ensued days of unwonted stir and bustle at quiet old Faustel Eversleigh; a great coming and going of members of the police force from Marley; much communing with the same on the part of Captain Eversleigh, who entered into the search for traces of the thieves with a great deal of energy and spirit, and a perfect influx of visitors to sympathize and condole. Energy and spirit were expended in vain, however, as far as the desired purpose was concerned. There was, absolutely, no clew, it seemed; and when two or three days had gone over, and wary detectives had prowled and poked over every corner of the old house, inside and out—had asked numberless questions of every member of the household, without, as Lucy fancied, seeming to pay much attention to the answers (that same fancy enabled her to reply to those that fell to her share with a great deal more ease than she had thought possible beforehand) they seemed as far off as ever.

Mrs. Selwyn declared she would rather lose the same amount of money three times told than go to the same fuss and bother to recover it; implored her nephew to let the search drop, and take no further steps in the matter; which Captain Eversleigh was, perforce, obliged to do, very unwillingly, as he said, "seeing that his leave was within a day or two of its expiry, and he must deprive his aunt of his presence, just at the very time he should have liked to think himself wanted."

There was a soft under-tone in Jack's voice when he made this remark, and he glanced as he spoke toward that silent figure, sitting in the farthest of the deep old windows with the gentle evening light falling softly on its bending head. Amidst all the bustle and occupation of the last few days Jack had not forgotten to notice how pale and silent Lucy Gresham had been, nor how the innocent brown

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eyes had worn a scared and bewildered look very foreign to their usual tranquil tenderness.

"It was natural enough, that—she was such a gentle, tender little thing—not a bit stout-hearted, nor strong-minded (none the less charming for the want, though), and, of course, her nerves had been shaken by what had happened."

Captain Eversleigh was thinking something like this as he walked over toward the window where Lucy had sat silent so long, meaning, when he reached her, to say something soothing and sympathizing, only, startled and confounded by the look that Lucy turned upon him for an instant, as he did so, that he drew back involuntarily with—

"For Heaven's sake! what can be the matter, Lucy?"

There was no answer: she had turned her face away again still more closely to the window, so that it was quite hidden; but he saw instead the strong tension of the clasp in which her hands lying in her lap were pressed together. Jack was very much amazed, but he was very much moved too. He threw a hasty glance over his shoulder to where Aunt Dora was reclining in her lounging-chair, her back conveniently toward them, then stooped down very nearly to that averted face, while he said—almost as tenderly as he felt at the instant—

"Tell me what is wrong, Lucy. Ah! if you knew—"

But that beginning was destined to remain uncompleted; for Lucy Gresham suddenly rose out of her seat, upright as a dart, white as a ghost, serene and sad as an accusing angel.

"*If* I knew! I *do* know. And now that you know I do—never, never speak to me again—for that I can not bear—and be silent!" and before Captain Eversleigh could recover from his pause of petrified astonishment Miss Gresham turned her back on him and fled from the room.

She did not appear at breakfast the next morning—the last breakfast that Jack Eversleigh would partake of for some time to come under Aunt Dora's roof. Lucy had a headache, Mrs. Selwyn explained, and begged to be excused; which intelligence Jack heard without remark, and was altogether during the progress of the meal so absent and unlike himself that Aunt Dora was privately imagining that there was a reason why he should be more sorry to say "good-by" to Faustel Eversleigh this time than had existed on former occasions.

"Well, well," thought the kind old lady, "and if Jack and Lucy have taken a fancy to one another, I don't know that either could do better; and for my part I think I would ask nothing better than that the children should marry and settle down here with me, as long as I live. I have always liked to think of Jack's having the old place when I am gone, and Lucy would make the dearest little wife in the world. I do think that Jack is smitten—and she—well, well—"

And while the old lady was dreaming of love and marriage, and dark old houses growing all humanly warm and bright in the light of the sweet story that was first told in Eden, Captain Eversleigh was indignantly intent upon these two questions:

"What the deuce could Lucy Gresham mean? What the deuce does she know?"

There was no opportunity of propounding them to Miss Gresham herself, supposing that Captain Eversleigh desired it, for up to the last minute of his stay no Lucy was visible. So his farewells had only to be made to Aunt Dora when the time arrived. They were very hearty and affectionate, like the feeling that subsisted between the two, and when Mrs. Selwyn turned in again from the portico where she had stood to see Jack drive off, she felt as if the silent house had lost something that made it a pleasant home, in that cheerful, manly presence.

It had lost something else, too, as it very soon appeared; for this pale, silent Lucy of the days and weeks succeeding Captain Eversleigh's departure was as unlike the cheerful little maiden of days gone as any thing that could well be imagined. Mrs. Selwyn's heart misgave her when she saw the girl going listlessly about her little everyday duties with that kind of laborious patience and conscientiousness so sadly indicative of the "letter" without the "spirit," and noticed the nervous tremor in which she was apt to be thrown by such slight things as the sudden opening of a door, a quick footstep, or an unexpected address. She saw these things with a little thrill of terror, remembering how slight a foundation her fancy that Jack Eversleigh cared for Lucy Gresham had been built upon, and devoutly wished a dozen times a day that she had never brought the two together, nor meddled with such a doubtful matter as match-making.

As to the lost money and the suspected burglary, that seemed a subject tabooed by both ladies with mutual consent, though not so readily allowed to drop by chance visitors, with whom a topic of conversation during the orthodox twenty minutes was too precious to be parted with lightly.

"Dear me!" said a lady one morning after the circumstances of the robbery had been succinctly detailed to her by Mrs. Selwyn, in answer to her questions. "Did it never occur to you to suspect any one in the house, my dear Mrs. Selwyn?"

"Not to me, certainly," answered Mrs. Selwyn, with a disturbed glance over at Lucy, who had moved suddenly in her chair; "for I have no servant, fortunately, whose trustworthiness has not been proved."

"That is fortunate indeed—for them," returned the lady; "but really I think I should not be very easy myself under the circumstances. Does it not strike you as suspicious,

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"WHAT OUGHT I TO DO?"

for instance, that nothing but the money should have been taken, or that the thief should have known so exactly where to put his hand upon it?"

"I don't think I should have thought so myself," answered the old lady, looking very fidgety, "but then I knew there was really little but the money to take. I had sent all the plate we don't use to my bankers some time before, and after my nephew came down Biggs always carried the rest into his room every night. As for the fact of the thieves knowing where to find the money, there was nothing very wonderful about that; no doubt the house had been watched; and, as we all remembered afterward, the windows of the room from which it was taken were wide open, and the lights burning, when I locked it into the cabinet. From that clump of rhododendrons yonder every movement of those in the room could have been seen perfectly well."

"Ah! true—well, it is very pleasant to have such confidence in those about us. And when may we hope to see Captain Eversleigh again?"

"He writes me that there is some chance of his being quartered with a detachment at Marley for a while—a piece of very unhoped-for good news."

The conversation changed; but when the visitor had been gone some minutes Mrs. Selwyn broke the silence that had lasted since then by saying:

"I am sorry that you should have heard Mrs. Sandell's charitable surmises, Lucy dear; Jack begged me not to let you know that such an idea had ever been started. He thought that, being such a timid little thing, it would only add to your uneasiness, perhaps."

"Who first entertained such an idea?" inquired Lucy, faintly.

"The detective who came over first suggested it, I think, to Jack, who imparted it to me; but, of course, I could not entertain it for a moment. Biggs certainly knew I had the money in the house; but surely the fidelity of twenty years—"

Mrs. Selwyn paused a little absently, and Lucy's voice broke passionately into the silence.

"Oh, Aunt Dora, don't suspect any one—least of all poor, good old Biggs! He never took the money—never! never! Captain Eversleigh must be sure of that; and oh! surely he would never let you think so for one instant; it would be too cruel—too wicked!"

"Why, Lucy!" said Mrs. Selwyn, looking at the girl's flushed face in some wonder. "Biggs ought to be very much obliged to you for your championship, only it is a pity there should be no more call for it. As for Jack's entertaining such a suspicion, he pooh-poohed it from the very first; so there is no occasion for all that indignation, my dear. I am not vindictive, I hope," Mrs. Selwyn went on, after a little pause, "but I would give the money over again to have the real thief brought to light, there is something so painful in the atmosphere of doubt and suspicion that surrounds an undiscovered crime.

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Don't let us talk any more of it, Lucy; we have been wise in ignoring it hitherto. Have Daisy saddled, and go for a canter over the Downs, my dear; there is a fresh wind blowing that will put all megrims to flight, I dare say."

But instead of ordering Daisy to be saddled Lucy put on her hat and mantle, and taking her solitary way out into the grounds, wandered to a spot at some distance from the house, where a pretty little brown river stole through banks all picturesquely broken and rugged, singing as it went with a happy music to which the girl had unconsciously set dreams as gentle and glad many and many a time in the bright summer days that were gone. Thoughts of them came back to her now, perhaps, all strangely and sadly mingled with the altered present; and throwing her arms forward against the moss-grown trunk of one of the old trees bending over the little river, Lucy hid her face upon them and wept passionate, despairing tears, never known before by those gentle eyes.

"What ought I to do? What is right? What is best?" she thought, with that dreadful, agonizing struggle to reconcile duty and expediency that is apt to beset those whose conscience is so tender and whose heart so gentle as poor Lucy's. "It would break Aunt Dora's heart if it came to light; and mine is breaking now, I think. What shall I do?"

But no answer came to that sad, appealing cry; the wind sighed among the trees overhead, and the leaves came shivering down at the sound, and were borne silently away on the brown water, for it was summer no longer; and never, surely, was autumn so cheerless before, Lucy thought. But joy and sadness are in the eyes which look and the ears which listen, and the fairest sunshine would have been clouded just now to Lucy Gresham's.

In fact, Lucy's eyes had seen nothing very clearly since that night, now many weeks ago, when the bank-notes were stolen from the Japanese cabinet in the tent-room; or, at least, every thing since then was distorted in the light of the utterly confounding sight they had witnessed on that occasion.

It was all before her now, as she sat with hidden face and hands clasped before her eyes; for whether poor Lucy shut her eyes or opened them they only seemed to serve her as long as she looked at one thing.

Yes; it was all before her now. How, on that horrible night, she had started from a light sleep and a happy dream to listen breathlessly to a sound in the corridor outside her door—a quiet, muffled footfall passing stealthily along, and dying away in the distance. How, when it had quite gone—had been gone minutes indeed—she had sprung from her bed, in fear that lent her for the instant all the hardihood of courage, intending to fly into Aunt Dora's room; and how, as she opened the door, she saw with her own eyes—ah, Heaven, yes!—in the broad summer moonlight that lit up all the corridor from end to end with its solemn splendor, John Eversleigh—kind Aunt Dora's dearly-loved nephew—coming out of the tent-room, with the little fanciful, ivory-clasped box that held the bank-notes in his hand! How, in the wonder, the terror, the incredulity with which she looked on this sight, she had shrunk back into the room, and had listened to that muffled footfall coming quietly back past her door, past Aunt Dora's, till it died away again out of the corridor. Then the poor child had crept back into her bed, had turned her face down upon the pillow so as to shut out the fair moonlight, and repeated over and over again, with a piteous persistence in the words, "I have been dreaming; it was a dream; nothing so horrible *could* be true!" trying so to stifle thought and drown conviction, till suddenly she raised her head, joyful, trembling, melted to thankful tears, in the light of the blessed inspiration that suddenly flashed upon her mind. "It was a joke—a practical joke—this abduction of the bank-notes—done just to give Aunt Dora a little fright and a little warning! How foolish not to have guessed that at once! Of course the money would be restored, and confession made the next morning, when Aunt Dora had been thoroughly well frightened." In the tremulous thankfulness of this relief Lucy sank into the sleep from which Aunt Dora had wakened her that morning.

How poor Lucy's hope that "it was all a joke" had fluctuated through the after proceedings, and had finally faded away altogether, would have been a pitiful thing to see, if any one could have had a clew by which to trace it! Now she had almost forgotten that the cloud which had enshrouded her since that night had ever been temporarily lightened by that idea. Ah no! every thing was wretched—the world a miserable place, people inconceivably wicked, and those happiest and best off who had been laid to rest once for all under the church-yard daisies. Poor little Lucy! This, her first practical encounter with absolute, outcrying evil, had done the work of years, as, indeed, it always does on natures so tender and innocent.

She rose up now, after a while, and walked slowly homeward; so slowly that it was dark when she reached the house, and quite dark in the drawing-room when she opened the door and entered quietly.

As she did so the familiar tones of a rich, manly voice reached her, that she would have known among hundreds, and that she recognized now with a great bound of the heart.

Yes; there, surely enough, standing in the full blaze of the fire-light, was Jack Eversleigh, laughing and chatting with Aunt Dora as if there were no such things as care, or trouble, or wrong-doing in all this work-a-day world. He stopped short, though, as the door opened and Lucy entered, coming forward the next minute with, perhaps, ever so little constraint in his manner as he held out his hand. Lucy

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half extended hers; but, ah! no, her hand must never lie in that large cordial grasp again! She drew it back, and, bowing low, Jack turned easily away to his former place, and resumed his talk, while Lucy sank down trembling into a seat where the shadows gathered most thickly, and almost hid her from view.

Aunt Dora was certainly in the best of moods and spirits (she was auguring favorably for the success of her pet plan and the happiness of Lucy, you see, in this sudden reappearance of Jack Eversleigh), and as for her nephew, his momentary embarrassment had left no palpable traces behind.

"How can he laugh? How can he talk so lightly as he does?" thought the poor child, cowering among the shadows, with a kind of sorrowful, indignant wonder. "How dare he come here? Is it possible that he did not understand me?—that I did not speak plainly enough?"

She hid her face, and shrank down still more closely in her corner. And still the merry talk and laughter went on by the fire-place.

"*Apropos* of scrapes, Jack," Mrs. Selwyn said, presently, "how long is it since you walked into one in your sleep?"

Jack Eversleigh laughed, and colored a little.

"Oh! ever so many years now—so many that I hope that proponsity and I have parted company for good and all. It used to cause me no end of bother, though, at one time. You remember the—"

And here Captain Eversleigh broke off, to stare in boundless surprise at the little figure starting from that dark corner with clasped hands and eager, pallid face.

"A sleep-walker! Do you walk in your sleep? Oh! if it were possible that—Aunt Dora—the bank-notes!—the money that was taken!" cried out poor Lucy, breathless, and shaking in every limb.

"The bank-notes, Lucy!—what an idea! Certainly, Jack had a queer habit of walking in his sleep, and doing strange things in a state of somnolency; but I don't suppose—"

"But I saw him, Aunt Dora!—I saw him! Oh! if I had only known—only guessed! I am so happy—so very, very thankful!" And here Lucy sank down in a burst of tears that came fresh from her very heart.

"You saw me!" repeated the young man, looking from Aunt Dora to that crouching, weeping little figure, with an expression of bewilderment; "why did you not say so, then, and save all the bother?"

"I thought you knew what you were doing, and meant to do it. How could I know?" sobbed Lucy.

"Thought that I deliberately and of my own will possessed myself of money that did not belong to me!" said Jack, with involuntary haughtiness. But the next instant his sense of the ridiculous overpowered him, and he burst into a laugh so hearty and prolonged that Aunt Dora joined in it, till the tears streamed down her face; and even poor Lucy was fain to echo it, at the dire and imminent risk of becoming hysterical.

"Poor, dear Lucy," said Mrs. Selwyn, presently, between her gasps for breath—"so you have really been thinking that Jack played the part of burglar that night! That explains so many things. My poor child! There, I will not laugh any more, if I can help it; but, for Heaven's sake! tell us all about it, for I own I don't see the thing quite clearly yet."

And so the whole story had to be gone over, or rather dragged into light by questions; for now such deep, overpowering shame beset Lucy—such a keen perception of the fact that John Eversleigh must of necessity and for evermore hold her in abhorrence—that she was well-nigh speechless.

And Jack, being really a chivalrous and generous-hearted fellow, seeing all the pain and shame in the poor little face, and desirous of sparing it to the uttermost, suppressed whatever feeling he might have had in the matter, after that one involuntary burst, and listened, with good-natured amusement, to the relation of his own exploit.

"I wish you could enlighten me as to what I did with the money, for, on my word, I have never set waking eyes on it. At least, I remember now thinking that it would be a good joke to improvise a burglary, just for Aunt Dora's amusement (you suggested the idea yourself, ma'am, please to recollect); but what on earth became of the money? Did I go straight back into my room, I wonder?"

"No; down stairs, I think," said Lucy, faintly.

"The open window in the vestibule, Jack; how is that to be accounted for? Ah! I have it. Do you remember the little summer-house on the other side of the shrubbery? There's a sliding panel that conceals a recess in it, and many a time you have hidden my keys and work-bag there, when you were a boy. Jack, I will wager half the money that you put it there!"

Which, on examination, turned out to be the case. There lay the little ivory-clasped box, containing the roll of bank-notes, never touched since Mrs. Selwyn's hand had placed them in it; and so the mystery of the "Burglary at Faustel Eversleigh" was a mystery no longer; though in years to come it became a story that Aunt Dora was never tired of telling to the little bright-eyed listeners round her chair, who called the hero and heroine "papa" and "mamma."

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THE WORK OF SALVATION.

SOMETIMES in mid-winter comes a day so bright and warm we throw open the windows and invite in all outdoors; from the florist's round the corner ethereal odors troop in, and the chill chamber becomes as suggestive of violet beds as Emmet's grave in St. Paul's church-yard.

It came to pass that the old gentleman and the young lady, who secretly made such a time of ascending a flight of stairs and taking their places with the audience assembled from week to week, and even oftener, for the expounding of high spiritual matters, finally were reckoned among the regular attendants and the convinced hearers assembled in that place. Great was the rejoicing among the brethren.

This was the day that had come to Mr. John Hancock. His fears and anxiety, his watching and waiting for the life that was lost to him, he one morning ceased, yes, *almost* ceased, to feel. She over whom he mourned as doubly lost to him was given back, and he looked up to heaven, with eyes not free of tears indeed; for this restoration was not, he owned to himself, that which he had looked and longed for, but with resignation, and even thankfulness, and toward his fellows of earth with increased sympathy and gentleness, if that was possible; there was now but one thing more—he had only to perfect his improvements, and he should be ready to go.

Ready indeed at any moment! He had not heard without understanding the story of the Flood, of Nineveh, Pompeii—ready! for there was Tom Harvey who understood his aims. Still, if he *could* be allowed to perfect his own inventions—one likes to finish his work, it seems as necessary as to do one's own breathing.

The young lady who invariably accompanied the old gentleman was supposed to be his daughter by those who merely saw them come and go—known to be so by others who understood that these two were the "celebrated photographer" Hancock, and his no less celebrated assistant in business who painted on porcelain and ivory.

These conferences with mediums, this entrance to the invisible world, was brought about through the portrait painter Goldsmith, who produced such wonderful likenesses of the dead-alive, painted under spiritualistic influences. He was a man whose word had weight with Hancock and Miss Agnes; they reckoned themselves his debtors, and, indeed, in the matter of business, he had served them many a good turn; the income Miss Agnes derived from the miniature copies she made of his remarkable portraits was constantly increasing, while Hancock traced the better part of his business in town to the influence of this artist's commendation. Indeed, whether they acknowledged it or not, he was the rock on which they planted themselves when they decided to remain in town and forego the patronage they were accustomed to find in their country travels

Goldsmith had said something to Miss Agnes one day that made the way to the Hall of Interview very clear and open to her. It was a remark concerning monomaniacs whose minds had been restored to their true balance, whose lives had been made happy by the recovery, through ordained media, of their lost beloved ones.

It was a hint, a suggestion, the delicacy of the stroke made its effectiveness.

So these two were numbered finally among inquirers; and to Hancock, ere long, was vouchsafed the comfort of communications which proved him to be no longer a prisoner of time but a freeman in the universe.

Facts became more momentous when, one day, Mr. Goldsmith procured a portrait which Hancock and Agnes were compelled to verify as Hamlet and his father's ghost.

The effect produced by this addition to the "home circle" was startling. Goldsmith had the uncheerful gratitude of Hancock to manage; but that was not so difficult as the something else he had to deal with in Miss Agnes, though it took neither form of words nor of action.

How far did she believe, how far hope, nay, how far did she fear, when she saw the portrait of her mother, denizen of another world, between which and our own falls the black drapery of death?

There on the wall it hung, and there it was to hang—Madonna never worshiped by true saint as the vision by the photographer.

There on the wall it hung, a beautiful fascination, not without its terrors to the eye and the heart of Agnes.

To both it was a mystery—to each a mystery with how deep a difference! One surrendered to it; fain would the other have surrendered also. But she approached it with a questioning of heart that at least equaled the awe of her gaze. Goldsmith saw this, and he was a young man who honored Miss Agnes.

There was another artist, not so notable as the painter, who worshiped the ground Hancock walked on, and adored Miss Agnes. A youth as "brave as Cæsar, and as meek as Moses," who set all the spiritual business down, profanely, as so much humbug, and derived not the slightest satisfaction from contemplation of the evident benefit the serious and sad-hued autumn life of Hancock was receiving from his delectable communications.

This was Tom Harvey, the chemist, who was so materially assisting Hancock in the execution of his improvements. He and Hancock had been working unawares along in the same track for some time, when he went into the photographer's back-room one day to make an experiment, and the fact came out.

The two men looked at each other as surprised as men could look on ascertaining, each in regard to himself, that he was not the original he had supposed.

"Thou must bleed for me," says the philosopher. On this basis their friendship rested.

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Harvey was not slow in performing the gracious feat of surrender. He asked a question or two, rather, it seemed, from interest in the subject than from any impulse of self-interest. Hot-headed youth though he was, he really manifested no eagerness to establish his priority of idea, and he threw himself into Hancock's service, silencing his own right, calling, and what was better, feeling it to be no more than that of an interloper.

He had his reward. He became the trusted friend of old Hancock, and of Hancock the younger, who, in her way, was equal to the colaborers in enthusiasm, though the fact was demonstrated in a way that would have suggested a doubt in some minds equivalent to that of the savage who, touching fire, thought it ice. They would have seen in the white light of her fire the glitter of an iceberg.

John Hancock was a slightly-built, white-haired, white-bearded man, a slender insignificant, who worked on so quietly by day, or by night, as it happened, that he might have been busy turning the scientific world upside down in the next room and you never have guessed it.

His daughter surpassed him in height. In person she was commanding, yet the most timid child brought by happy mother to have her picture taken was speedily set at ease by her, and felt the soothing comfort of her most benignant presence.

Such a woman as she, introduced suddenly into the presence of Hancock, would have disturbed and annoyed him, not by offensive self-assertion, but by a sense of the impassable space between them. He would have found it impossible to work with her. But he had never surveyed her from a distance. They had grown together in their unworldly ways, in knowledge, grace, and godliness.

Goldsmith, who was the rage, and often quoted as authority, said, "I call Miss Hancock an artist;" and as he called himself one, they, of course, stood on a level: but he had the consciousness of patronage, and there was no denying that in her interest he liberally dispensed it.

Tom Harvey, musing on such words as these, became indignant, and wondered what right Goldsmith had to say any thing about the lady any way—to touch her with his eyes even—or to form any opinion whatever in regard to her.

"With all this confounded nonsense about the spirits, their mediums, and rappings, they're in a fair way of getting the devil well-stirred up about their affairs," he said to himself. "Haven't they as much as they can attend to already, I'd like to know? I liked Goldsmith better when he kept to his sketches and nature. But now he's a liar, and he knows it, and that's the worst of it."

But when he had gone as far as this in his reflections, Harvey checked himself. Goldsmith and he had been boys together, and each had fought his way with tolerable manfulness into the scene of activity called the world. For this reason the chemist persuaded himself that he had no right to interfere, even in thought, with the sources of Hancock's happiness. And then, besides, he was in doubt about Miss Agnes.

The friends had separated without formality, but very decidedly, at the point where Goldsmith took up his remarkable business of painting the faces of dwellers in invisible worlds. Very decidedly, yet not as the foolish do, with words sharper than swords.

And lo! they met again in Mr. Hancock's work-shop; both so much interested in the business being done there, and the parties who were doing it. Whatever had been instrumental in producing it, society or success, Goldsmith and Harvey saw with perfect distinctness the change which had taken place in each other within a few months, and a gladiatorial feeling intensified their observation.

Goldsmith had personal superiorities which Harvey noticed with a chill as he looked from him to Miss Hancock. He towered like a second Saul above this group of friends, and had a kingly look of beauty and of pride, if not of power. When one is overtopped by inches it depends on his philosophy and his genius whether he shall be overwhelmed by them.

Of his own personality it was quite evident that Hancock took no thought whatever. Could the same be said of Miss Agnes? That was the question Tom Harvey asked himself when he stood in the midst of this select company, and was conscious that when the miniature painter looked at Goldsmith she looked up—and down when she turned to himself.

The feeling of which the chemist became aware when he discovered the kind of sympathy existing between the three was, as I have said, not agreeable. Hateful feelings entered into it; jealousy, for instance. But if his faith in Goldsmith had been greater he would have trampled on this jealousy—he was man enough to do it.

As it was he held himself in silence, because in doubt, concerning his friend of old time.

If Goldsmith himself were under a delusion, jealousy avaunt! they stood then on equal ground, and the prize was for him who should win it. But if, in the deft exercise of any generally unknown law of physics, he was practicing on the loving and the credulous heart of another, tampering with the precious things of the Holy Place—do we remember what Andrew Johnson said in that famous speech of his in the old time of the war, when the question was what should be done with traitors?

The fire that sent these words booming over the land till the mountains of New England and Nevada echoed them, would have been an understood power in the heart of Harvey.

So he ascended into a Watch Tower.

"Man never is, but always to be, blest."

Success in his experiments, proved theories, the near prospect of a professorship should he desire it, ability to extend a helping hand to some who had smiled on him as he climbed on

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his rough way—he had called himself, as he passed from step to step, content. Content! the nearest word to happiness. But now he was *dis*-content, the nearest word to unhappiness.

While he is considering how he, wretched man, shall deliver himself from his bondage, let us stroll down the pleasant path by which the photographer has ascended to his present commanding position. Commanding position—yes, surely! Such was David's when he stood where he could sling his stone at the giant; such was Samson's when he swung the jaw-bone of an ass; such was Aaron's when he lifted up his rod; such Cain's, indeed, with the club in his hand, and such John Hancock's with his photograph implements.

Freedom to breathe and to think; does not he who has fought his way to a place where it is possible to do both occupy a commanding position?

One afternoon a poor man stood before the counter of a village shop and meditated briskly.

Several small packages were lying before him, and he was doubting whether he should add to his stock of purchases the mechanical assistant which he had been expecting, and greatly desiring, to purchase all the past year, saving here and there by a pinch that cost a pang until he should have laid aside the necessary sum.

When he entered the shop this doubt had no existence; indeed, his very business in Durham was to examine and secure this most desirable assistant. But now, with money in his pocket sufficient for the purchase, behold a child playing behind the counter with a "crying baby," and a woman in attendance with a wife's ring on her finger, changed the course of his wishes and the current of his purpose.

He thought of the child at home; of the woman at home, and having begun his purchases in this variety shop on their account, he ended it also with a thought of them. The few chemicals he had bought must suffice. He inquired the cost of the "crying baby;" it was a novelty among toys, and the price was high. He shook his head, but finally, as one does a thing in a desperate, blind way, so he.

He walked out of the shop without looking to the right hand or the left when he had settled his account. He had done the thing he must, and preferred not to think about it—where was the use? How happy the little girl would be over the crying baby, in its coarse, white shirt and night-cap; and what a companion for her in her little bed! What would her mother think? He avoided that question. While he was busy avoiding it he happened to look back toward the shop-window he was passing; a sudden expression of relief enlivened his face; he went in and bought a plain gold ring; that done, he appeared again on the sidewalk, looked hurriedly about him, and then walked on to the dépôt at a quickened pace. He was none too soon. The conductor had given his final warning, the wheels were beginning their mighty roll; he jumped on board, found a seat for himself, and was a small thing to look at for one that could feel so much, when all was done. There are systems of worlds ignored by us which complete their cycles and fulfil their destiny; the microscope gives to them range, authority, dignity. If John Hancock, with his great name, was a microscopic man, the merest wayfarer, a citizen without the highest rights of citizenship, having no local habitation, a stranger and a pilgrim in the land, he had within the last hour given evidence of the justice with which he might lay claim to the Rights of Man.

Humanity had outweighed interest. Little Agnes was perhaps about to die. She had passed a restless, feverish night. He would not have left her on any account, but his business was at a stand-still because his stock of certain necessary chemicals was exhausted, and work was waiting; he dared not put off his patrons. Besides Mary had counseled him—and to whose care might a child be intrusted if not to that of her own mother?

Still he had his misgivings; and now that he had nothing to do but sit still and think of them, it seemed to him that the engine dragged itself along the road which passed through Yale. He had been from home, however, but two hours. The third would see him bending over the child again.

If Agnes was only on gaining ground he should to-morrow more than make up for the loss of a whole day, for a day given to aught besides work was a lost day to him—what right had he to rest? What right has an omnibus horse to drop down in the street and actually *die*, while a dozen passengers, having paid their fare, wait, astonished at the default? Death would need to take John Hancock by surprise, or he would never find him.

At Yale, a mere station on the line, he left the train, and without noticing the fact that he was the only passenger who did so, or even perceiving the quiet of the place as contrasted with the Babel of the small town he had visited, which must have impressed any person less preoccupied, he hurried down the road to a car drawn a short distance from the track—a long, narrow, yellow car.

As soon as it was revealed to him by a bend in the road he became easier in his mind, and did not walk so fast, but began to investigate the contents of his pockets to make sure that nothing was left behind. Then, as he looked at the brown paper parcel in his hand, he smiled a rueful smile, and his heart thrilled at thought of the dainty pink parcel inside of the coarse gray one. He seemed to see some resemblance between himself and the child in the external wrap and the interior beauty, for the doll had a most beautiful face, on account of which a blessing fell on the maker.

Ascending the step of the car he stood a moment looking through the glass over the door on his little world within.

John Hancock had even at this time passed

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his youth. Many a turn, indeed, had he taken since. His sandy hair was getting white, and he was bald. It would seem that never, since in the pride of his youthful heart he bought him a swallow-tailed coat of green, had he changed the same for a more modern garment. You might have discerned on inspection almost every color of the rainbow in that coat.

He opened the door of the car cautiously, slowly, and when he had looked within he entered, closing it behind him. For the first time since he went away he coughed.

His cough brought the woman from the recess beyond the curtain.

"How is the little girl?" was his first question.

"Bad."

"Not worse?"

"Burnt up with fever, and splitting herself coughing."

"Is she awake?"

"Has he come back?" asked a quick, sharp voice—a child's, unnatural though the tone was. It thrilled the heart of John. He strode on behind the curtain without asking further questions.

"He's come, and somebody else—Aggy may guess who," said he, and down he went on his knees by the child's bed, a narrow shelf closely calculated in the dimensions thereof, and fitted to its place as a berth in a canal boat. As he spoke he produced the parcel.

"Somebody to sleep with Aggy—and won't take up too much room," said he. "That's a pretty good string," and he looked thoughtfully at the cord which secured the parcel.

"Cut it," said the autocrat on the shelf. The string was cut accordingly, and the gray wrap removed. There remained then the pink. Hancock looked as excited as the child, when, on giving it a pinch, it answered with a squeak.

"Here's another little girl come to live with us," said he, and he gave it into the hands of the marveling child. Oh, how she looked as he turned his eyes on her, and from her to her mother!

The little face was white as a lily—and worse than white—it was pale, and under her eyes were deep purple rings, and the brown curls on her forehead were heavy with baleful damp. The fever had now passed.

"I have given her a pleasure," said John to himself, and a soft light streamed through the gloom of his inner life; then seeing how impatient the trembling fingers were striving to remove the tissue, he assisted them.

The next instant Agnes folded her arms around the doll. She had hardly glanced at it when she hid its face and her own; it was plain to see nothing but death should part these two.

"So," said the mother, and she looked at John in a grave, surprised, and doubting way, touched more tenderly, it was evident, than she was often touched by any thing in life.

Her voice reminded him, his fingers trembled in his vest pocket, he hesitated a moment, but his will did not. He drew forth the plain gold ring he had purchased in town.

"Mary," said he, "here it is, and time you had it."

She had waited seven years for this ring, and now he who should have put it on her finger had not done so—only this man, John Hancock, her cousin, in some remote degree.

"You must be getting rich," said she.

Indifferent as her voice sounded, the woman's eyes flashed, and she did not look at John. She put the ring on her finger, however, and he breathed easier than he had for many a day.

"The doctor was along and looked in. He's sure Aggy will be about less'n a week," she said; and John looked so well pleased, and so grateful, that she seemed to be fascinated by the expression of his face. He was a study to her. At last she said, "Where is the instrument you bought for the picture-taking?"

He opened his empty hands, shook his head, and smiled.

"Couldn't you find it?"

He shook his head again. It seemed for a moment that she gave him credit for the statement. Then a change came over her, as over the rough hills when the soft mist envelops them. There was a relenting look in her eyes—a relenting tone in her voice.

"You ain't to be trusted out of sight with a sixpence," said she. "After all your slaving and hoarding you'll end where you began."

He made no reply, but secretly he winced at those words. She was only like the rest of the world, measuring progress by success, man by money.

He took an orange from his pocket, rolled it in his hands and laughed. He would not argue that point with Mary—he had fought so long with himself he felt too weary to proclaim war with any other creature.

"That's for Agnes," said he, gayly, looking toward the shelf on which the child was lying. But there came no response from that quarter. Agnes was sound asleep, still as the crying baby in her arms.

"I'd like a little something myself," said he, turning to the woman.

His words were an act of courtesy, for his impulse was to look into his cupboard and help himself. But if he did not allow her to serve him what excuse was she to give herself for continuing under his roof? broken bones and measles seemed to *her* insufficient.

She took the orange and laid it beside her little girl, and went into the rear of the car; but the next moment came back with a letter which she gave to Mr. Hancock.

He was exceedingly surprised thereat, as was easy to be seen; she saw it, and was perhaps also a little apprehensive as to what the contents of the letter might be, for she turned away from him immediately, and made herself busy preparing his supper.

When she brought a waiter a few minutes after and placed it on the stand with supper for

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two, she saw John Hancock sitting at the foot of the child's bed, his legs crossed, his head bent, his eyes on the opened sheet, which was a telegraphic communication forwarded to him by his old friend in Scottsville, to whose care it had been addressed.

She stood still and waited till he should speak, and she wondered at him, for never had she seen him so cut down as now.

He gave the letter to her without a word. At last she said:

"So Aunty's gone! You will have to go to the funeral, John."

"Dead and buried," said he—"it was sent ten days ago—following me about."

"So it was," said she, consulting the date.

"I can't do any thing for her now. God knows I wanted to, and tried, and wasn't ever let."

His head sunk lower on his breast when the steady little fire of hope that burned in his heart had, by this reverse, been put out. The extinguishment left its marked result in his attitude, and in the entire expression of the man. His form looked older, sadder, more cadaverous; his eyes paler, his shoulders still more drooping. "Some men," said he, losing himself, that noble self to which he had desperately clung as he fared from bad to worse—"some men are born to this kind of luck; I've never had any other."

"It seems so," said she, with a good deal of feeling in her voice. At times, indeed how often, she had thought lightly of John! In her young and giddy days she had looked upon him as a weak, feeble man, but now in this time of his calamity and grief she considered him an angel. Her sympathy, it seemed, was not the best thing for him. He turned upon her in a way so unexpected that she was startled by it.

"I let another man have *you*," said he, "when I knew he wasn't my equal for knowing how to take care of a woman. He could talk better than I could, but he didn't feel more. That was a hard one. Then I let mother go with Larcom, because I was proud and mad at her in my heart for thinking that a son-in-law was better than a son. If I had been her I would 'a stayed by one that loved me, and helped to eat his last crust. But I know she was agin being a burden—only it looked as if she had a suspicion I wasn't equal to carrying out what I had undertook....."

"Have you any paper there? I'll write to Larcom and tell him the telegraph followed us round till it found me—too late as usual. By the time he answers it and asks for money for the expenses I shall have some, you know."

There was a mixture of simplicity, pride and pain, hope and doubt, in Hancock's face as he looked up at the woman before him. She turned away in haste from the contemplation of it as she had done before, saying to herself, "You poor old child—you are an angel, John, and no mistake!"

"Do eat something," said she to him. "If you don't I'll run away. I won't stay here and see you turning to a ghost before my eyes. What are you going to work on, if you don't eat?"

It was the only argument to which he would listen; he must eat to live that he might work.

"If it wasn't for you here, Mary, and little Ag, I would give it up; I would indeed!"

"I know that; but I *don't* know"—she stopped there.

"You don't know what?" said he.

"The end of it all."

"Who does?"

She could not say. Weak man that he was, Hancock had somehow conveyed to her mind a sense of mysterious strength and knowledge that was lodged within him, and now that he disavowed it she was lost indeed.

"Who does?" he repeated, as one should speak who had at last concluded to drop from his tired shoulders the burden of the world. "A day at a time is enough. I never thought so before. I've been in the habit of reckoning a long time ahead; I never expected any thing to come to me right away. It was always something far off. God knows I haven't put myself on Him for—"

"Where is God?" asked little Agnes from her shelf.

"I don't know, child, where He is."

"I want to ask Him something."

"Ask Him, then," said the mother. "He can answer from one place well's another. I've heard so," said she, in a lower voice to John. "But I don't know about it. They tell children so; and it's no harm to believe it."

"I believe it," said John, reverently; "but I am not a beggar. It's a different thing, a child's asking. We let them have their way pretty generally."

"I am going to ask Him to keep me here with papa, John," said Agnes. "I don't want to get well and go away."

"What'll you do about me then?" asked Mary.

The child looked at her mother with serious eyes that saw her in all her beauty of flesh and blood—strong flesh and fiery blood. She seemed to be studying the expression of the dark eyes underneath the straight brows, the broad chest, the grace of the figure that seemed to bend toward her. She saw her as she stood there in Mr. Hancock's car, and as she had elsewhere beheld her, on flying steeds encircled by gaping crowds of applauding men and women; these portraitures were in the apprehension of the conscious woman as well as in the vision of the reflecting child, and she waited as if for doom, until the little creature said:

"It isn't me that's going to do it, you know. If I ask Him maybe He will, and maybe He won't."

"You had better let all that alone," said the mother, hurriedly, and she dared not look at the silent spectator and listener opposite.

"Am I getting well?" asked Agnes.

"You are on your feet—just as good, and in

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every body's way, bothering John out of his life. He can't take his tea in peace, tired as he is, on your account."

John turned toward the bed: the child saw his face, and that he smiled.

"If any body sends another letter here it sha'n't come in," said she.

He felt a contraction of the heart; there was no use of trying to conceal any thing from Agnes.

"When I am up all the time may I help you make pictures?" she asked.

"You shall," he answered; "I'll teach you. When you're grown up you can make money for yourself and your mother—it's a good trade. I'll set you up in business myself," he continued, with more spirit; then he added, in a lower voice, looking at the child's mother, as if he would persuade her of so unlikely an event: "I've got a long while to do it in; it's another thing to promise for one that's young. Mother was growing older all the time; it's another thing to promise for a child."

So he had returned to life again with hope.

There was a good deal of work to be done in Yale; and, supplied with his chemicals, and consoling himself for the want of the improvement as only a philosopher could, Hancock went on with his business.

A letter reached him from Larcom just as he was beginning to talk about leaving the place, and the son had the satisfaction of paying the expenses of his mother's funeral. He had a terribly pleasing sense of proprietorship in that coffin under ground.

What effect had all this patience, humility, and labor on handsome Mary? As day by day she saw the working of heavenly graces in the storm-battered temple of Hancock's life, "awful was the watching-place"—"awful what she saw from thence."

Hancock missed her one morning. She was gone so long that at last he began to be troubled.

Agnes was playing about with her doll in the car, but, if he had noticed it, watching him with a feline narrowness meanwhile.

At last he said,

"Where's your mother, Agnes?"

She looked at him until her silence compelled him to look at her; then he saw a kind of intelligence in her face that made him shudder.

"Don't you know?" said she.

"Do you? Well, where now?"

"She has gone away."

The thing that he had most feared had fallen upon him. He felt that he could not ask another question.

"She is coming back," said the child, whose sport was suddenly ended when she saw the look of wrath and pain on Hancock's face. "She has gone to tend to something. She said she would come back pretty quick, and I wasn't to trouble you, but to help you." Agnes said all this because she had been charged to say it, but then she began to cry.

"How soon will she come? Don't cry. You *shall* help me. You *don't* trouble me. I couldn't get on without you." These consolations were uttered as the truths presented themselves to him, one by one. Then he asked again: "When is she coming back?"

"Pretty soon," she said; but Agnes seemed suddenly to understand how little comfort was to be drawn from this indefinite promise.

"How did she go?" asked John, his voice as heavy as that in which she had spoken the last words.

"In the cars, you know; we are to wait, she said."

"Wait! she knew I was all ready to start off; that I've only been staying on from day to day for a week back. I've taken every face in this county, I believe, and all the dogs and cats besides. That's what she said herself."

"She didn't mean wait here. She said to go on and she'd come too."

It was by no rapid operation that the next thought was evolved from the brain of John Hancock. Many an hour passed before he said to himself, "It'll be outlawed in a year, that marriage will be. She's gone to find him.. He's more to her, that ruffian is, than this child here. I'll keep the poor thing. It's the best of Mary. She may go. But she'll never get Agnes out of my hands—never!"

As he said that a sickening conviction that Mary intended to desert little Agnes entered his heart. The thought filled him with anguish. All the pitiful, gentle feelings the knightly spirit had cherished seemed to change. It was true! the worst that had ever been said about the silly girl. He had wronged his mother, his dead mother, who judged Mary, he now saw, with the wisdom of a woman, and not the folly of a man. *He* knew nothing—he had never known any thing. Idiots and knaves had taken advantage of him all his days. The poor, crushed spirit hated itself because of its weakness, despised itself for its humanity, and turned upon the child with stern determinations which were executed with gentlest loving-kindness.

Next, his impulse was to go in search of Mary—to fly in pursuit of her, bane of his life though she had been—and to save her—save her in spite of herself—save her from what? if he but knew!

In his far-off youth when he dreamed over her strange, wild beauty, seeking the while for work in a sphere above him where he saw rewards were, did he think of her love as of something also to be won? Perhaps not. People said that love for her had done him mischief—he did not feel it so; but when she ran away with a rope-dancer, who, in turn, deserted her, and justified thus the hard prophets among the elders, he discovered many things in regard to himself.

It happened about the time of her first flight that Hancock fell in with a man who called himself a photographer, and he was in need of an assistant. The man called himself a traveling artist. Hancock's native place had become

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hateful to him; and so these two went up and down the country in their car—a sort of triumphal chariot it proved, in its way—and made pictures of living men and women. Hancock was the successor of his partner when he died.

He kept to the road and the business. Why? He followed in the train of circuses and traveling theatres, and was seen much oftener in such places of entertainment than might have been expected naturally of a man so grave and sad. Why? Thinking of Mary.

One day his long anxiety, his watching and waiting, was rewarded. He approached a tent in time to see a child brought out and laid upon the grass. Then a woman came and bent over it, and cried for help. The child was Agnes—the woman was Mary: help was at hand—John Hancock! It reads like a fiction, but truth is stranger than fiction, and this remark is not original with the writer.

Paint and tinsel could not so disguise this Mary that Hancock's eyes should doubt on whom they gazed. There was no surgeon at hand, and the child was seriously hurt. The car was near—its owner hospitably opened the door—the place was shady, and all outdoors was scorched by the midsummer sun. The woman herself took up her child, carried her into the car, and the little moaning sufferer, who had miscalculated distances in leaping through the hoops as the horses dashed around the arena, and had fallen and broken her arm, was laid in her pretty white gauze dress, now much tumbled and crushed, on a box over which poor Hancock had hastily spread his coat.

John had discovered Mary, and she was not long in discovering him.

It was evident that the little girl could not go on with the troupe, neither could she be left alone with the stranger who so suddenly found a woman and child on his hands. But the managers would have been less ready to supply their horsewoman's place had the photographer been less generous in buying off the performers. Mary and little Agnes therefore staid while the circus went on. Before the broken bones were fairly knit together Agnes was sick, in orthodox manner, of measles.

And now the mother had absconded; 'tis a bad word—but the fact looked bad.

How many times had she declared to Hancock that she hated the life she had lived, and vowed that she would never return to her dangerous business: he was convinced that its honors had no charm for her; but how was she going to earn her living? Long that thought troubled him. "I'll just go on," he said to himself at last. "There's no use of expecting or looking. She *won't* look for Agnes's father. She *don't* expect him to support her, and she won't let me. She has that ring on her finger. She knows what it means. It keeps her a wife, though I gave it to her. All she has been through will keep the poor dear safe. I don't feel afraid."

Then he *did* fear! The fact was confirmed by his apparent denial of it. But in spite of the fear a sense of rest fell upon him that was unknown before. He brightened up "sensibly"—he chose out for himself a route that should show the little girl fair summer scenes, and many a pleasant ramble did they take up the hill-sides, and along river-courses, and through the fields and lanes of the great garden of the country. Never did creature enter with more intelligent satisfaction, wisdom, love, into the life of another than Agnes into his.

Her mother had said to her when she went away, "Take good care of him till I come back," and the words having fairly entered into the girl's heart went no more out.

It was the most natural thing for her to *wish* to serve him—not only in housekeeping labors, which were not heavy: so like birds they lived, hopping, as it were, from bough to bough, finding here a worm and there a fly, and beyond sweet fruits enough—but in his heart also, she would help him there.

So he let her play with his colors, and she learned to use them, and, neither of them exactly knowing how it was done, she at last sat down to her work and was steady and patient in pursuing it as John Hancock himself.

Of course 'tis the old story over again. Patience made her a good colorist, Nature at the outset having bestowed upon her a discriminating eye, and her tints and touches gave John almost as much joy, and excited in him quite as much wonder, as the improvements he made in his branch of the business occasioned in her.

So they went their circuit, year after year—patrons became prejudiced in their favor, and their appearance was always hailed with welcome.

Children became young men and young women—then they brought in turn their lovers and their children for portraiture. It ceased to be a question with Hancock how long this would go on—it would probably go on forever.

But every summer when he began his wanderings—for in the winter they took lodgings in some large town, and opened "a gallery"—(no, my friends, it did not rival Brady's)—as often as he saw the birds building their nests, the trees in leaf, the flowers in bloom, the skies in summer shine, his hope revived, and waxed in solemn beauty, and he watched the maturing life of Agnes, thinking of the good God who had left her in his charge, and who would surely, *surely* in His own time, restore the lost darling to them again.

Inconstancy, distraction, division of heart, was with him a matter simply impossible. Am I singing a madrigal? Oh, ye poets of love and sorrow, this tale is true—too true, I almost think, to tell. The young artist was the old artist's daughter—the daughter of his spirit. He called her so when he spoke of her—when he thought of her the same. He had never loved but one, that one was her mother—he was bearing the Cross of Love!

There came a time, as the years rolled on,

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when it became impossible for these wayfarers to go about the country as they had done in blithe spring and summer time. Hancock was unfit to endure the fatigues of journeying. Agnes was first to discover this, and she persuaded him to hazard the loss of their country patronage.

He shook his head when she first proposed that they should remain where they were. More than one reason he had for his argument that such a course would be unwise; he left unspoken the most cogent—the loss that was hazarded by giving up the summer tour was to him not, in fact, a loss of patrons. He remembered that once he had found Mary as he went on from place to place. His experiences were in the habit of repeating themselves—this one had not yet done so!

But finally he yielded to the advice of Agnes. If there was to be a restoration, a recovery, a reunion, God would find out the way for achieving it, and the thought of rest, as Agnes developed it, had an increasing charm to him.

It was after the settlement of these crowned heads in their palace, "Home of the Wanderers" they tell us the word signifies, kings of old time having been nomadic in character as well as habit, that Goldsmith and Harvey, as business men, made the acquaintance of Hancock and Agnes. The kinds of friendship which had succeeded the acquaintance the reader understands. Each of these young men had by services rendered won the love of the guileless old man.

Goldsmith had come first. He had seen and admired some of the work done by Miss Agnes. He was able to instruct her in many matters concerning her art whereof she was in profoundest ignorance. He brought her an order one day—she was to copy on ivory a portrait he had painted for the parents of a lost child. The commission was given at a time when things looked dark to Agnes, and she was doubting whether she had given the right counsel in the matter of country travel and summer work on the road. She could never forget it. Mr. Goldsmith stood that day in so favorable a light that he might well congratulate himself, and he did; for he saw that he had served her, and he knew how such a woman is apt to regard the lightest deed of kindness.

The many and surprisingly remunerative orders he had since been able to procure for Agnes strengthened his influence, specially with Hancock, who moreover regarded him with an awe which no words could express; for to him had been revealed that vision which now brightened his heart and justified the fidelity of his heart—the portrait of Mary.

Harvey he saw in a light more human and homely; perhaps he was regarded more tenderly than Goldsmith, who was to be thought of with reverence and never dissociated from his work.

Never dissociated from his work! Harvey did not accept that decision. He was in an invariable state of wonder when he thought of Goldsmith, and he thought of him quite as often as it was well for him to think of a man in whom he had lost confidence. Wonder and doubt was not a state of mind in which he could quietly rest. He liked not that Goldsmith should consider himself a patron—he liked still less that he should be so considered. He wondered if Miss Agnes was the best miniature painter in town, and of *that* he had no doubt, of course—why the most important orders invariably came to her through Goldsmith. He doubted the spiritual business, as has been stated already, from beginning to end. Whatever the mystery undeveloped might be he was sure that Goldsmith had not reached the heart of it—he was not spiritual enough—not intellectual enough—not man enough—not angel enough. A man judged a man, and a man was found wanting.

Now and then a word or a look dropped from Harvey which made the heart of Agnes beat faster; or her nerves proved uncontrollable and were thrilled. Sometimes her eyes flashed with questioning, sometimes with displeasure. It was a discourteous word, a discrediting look: she never saw that Goldsmith winced under either—but she herself winced.

One day the chemist had been occupied with Hancock for an hour making experiments, and the latter had thrown himself on a lounge in his laboratory to await results.

He fell asleep in a moment, and this was by no means an unusual effect of a momentary cessation from labor. Indeed, it sometimes seemed to those who watched him with chief interest that he only needed to perfect his improvements, and he would instantly lay down his life.

The door between the laboratory and Miss Hancock's room stood open, as it usually did, and Harvey passed out of one apartment into the other, and had no sooner done so than she called him by a look to her table. As he came near she rose. Her face had a rare expression. If Harvey had eyes he would both exult and feel exalted when he saw it.

She had taken from a drawer as he entered a port-folio, and was opening it when he came and stood beside her. She wanted sympathy, and he was the one of whom she asked it, and not because he chanced to be nearest.

"There he is," said she, opening a thin drawing-book and pointing to the page.

See how human beings in the greatest hours serve each other! Harvey was not by nature obtuse, yet he said,

"Who is *he?*" belittled at the moment by a suspicion which he did not for a long time after forget and could only remember with shame.

"Do you ask?" she answered; and she would have closed the book if he had not forcibly laid his hand upon it.

"I do not ask;" and she had seen a battle and one slain while she looked on him for a moment.

The picture—it was in water colors—repre-

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sented a temple. All that white marble, polished, glistening, wrought into slender columns and arches, unadorned, may signify, was signified; all that climbing roses in perfect bud or glorious bloom, or passion-flowers, white lilies, ivy, fragrant blue violets, can symbolize in their pure types, was symbolized by them. The temple's dome was the blue sky without a fleck of cloud—the windows were free of stained interceptors of light, the soft winds entered freely—there was only beauty, purity, love here, and the Cross, Love's fortress, Love's tower, Love's impregnable defense, lifted up and to be seen of all. The temple had no visible occupant—Silence was there and the Unseen Spirit. No need that the artist should write, where she had not written, the Temple of the Holy One.

"You understand him? That is the reason I showed it to you," said Agnes; "and so—" she hesitated, "let him believe what he believes."

Tom Harvey fairly blushed as she, saying these words, closed the book and the port-folio.

"You are zealous for the truth," she said, perceiving his confusion—"so am I; but *let him alone.*"

She had understood him then through the tormenting days and weeks past, and there was now no possibility of his misunderstanding her.

"I had rather be the idiot I should be if I did not understand you than have your confidence given me in this way," said he, "as if on compulsion."

For a moment Agnes stood looking at him in doubt and surprise; then she in turn blushed and said, proudly, answering something within herself as well as his words:

"I can not afford to anger his best friend and my friend. Are you going to take it that way?" You would not have my confidence if I did not choose to give it. I can protect him from impostors who have ill-will toward him; but I will not take away his great happiness.....except to give him a greater!.....He has had so much hard truth to deal with I am only grateful that the iron should be covered up.....But every thing that you have discovered in this business I can bear to know—yes, and *should* know."

Harvey was dumb.

"I can not bear that you should deceive me," she said, waiting still.

"I would no sooner attempt to deceive you than I would my Maker," said he, speaking with a difficulty that was apparent. "I could not, and I would not."

Because she could not command another word, Agnes sat down at her table and seemed to resume her work. If you had gone into her room just then you would have seen a diligent artist and a grave-faced visitor, who was probably ordering a picture—so much good would your two eyes have done you.

Harvey walked twice across the room—he stood at the window and looked down into the street; turning about he approached the table, all the heart of the man was in his eyes as he waited for a moment looking at Agnes; then he said, hazarding all on a word:

"Miss Hancock, I believe she lives. Do you wish me to find her?"

I leave the reader to consider what must have passed through the mind, heart, spirit of Agnes as she answered, "Yes."

"I will do it."

From that moment an agony of suspense that had in it quite as much of the fear and dread as the hope of success enveloped each. "Harvey is the best fellow I have ever seen," said old Hancock to Agnes that night, and as he said it, he looked at the girl with eyes that fain would have read her heart. The experiments had ended successfully; and thenceforth, he said, durable, time-defying pictures would be possible, and the discovery should be free to every man—it was one of general interest, and no one should pay a price for *his* labor in discovering a natural law. That was the way he reasoned, and Agnes never differed from him—least of all was she in the mood to do it now when her soul melted within her at the remembrance of the words which had passed between herself and Harvey that day.

Harvey's impulse, when he left Hancock's gallery, was to go to Goldsmith and say to him at once:

"Where is the woman you have painted? Talk sense. You know you have been humbugging—you have had a pattern to paint after; I want to see it."

But that was an impulse only a fool would act on. His next thought was: "All is fair in love and war—if I can get back to where I used to be—there was a time when I knew all that Goldsmith knew about his affairs."

But that was an impulse only a knave would indulge.

No; he was going to fight a battle with Goldsmith, and if he didn't hoist the colors of an enemy, neither would he give the Judas kiss.

He looked about for his old friend the next day in places where he thought he would be likely to find him, but he did not find him. He did not, thus incited, turn his seeking into a search; he preferred that the business should unfold itself as he now felt persuaded that it would do. But when day after day passed, and Goldsmith neither crossed his path nor was any where to be seen or even found—for he now began to look for him—Harvey went to his studio, and behold it was closed; a card on the door stated that the artist would be absent through the month.

"Goldsmith is out of town," he said to Hancock.

"Yes," answered the old man, "he has gone to the mountains, I believe; he got tired out in the winter, work was so pressing, and the change of season don't seem to have relieved him. But, Harvey, I tell you what," said the old man, in a whisper, "a man could afford to be worn out doing such work as he does."

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"Well, I don't know," Harvey answered; "it isn't pleasant to be worn out by any thing. I don't believe I'm a born worker, like you or Miss Agnes. Any way, if I were put to the test, I wouldn't choose such work as he does as a means of opening the way for myself out of the world. Honestly, I believe there's just as much supernaturalism in my art as there is in his."

Hancock looked very grave at that bold proclamation of heretical opinion.

"I hope you'll never know for yourself all I know about it," said he.

"The kingdom of heaven would open for you without his help, I reckon," answered Harvey. "Excuse me; I've no business to talk this way to you. I wouldn't if Miss Agnes were any where about. I didn't come here to talk any way, but to say good-by. I've had a call. I'm going to make an analysis for an old friend of my father's. He thinks I will discover the elixir of life, I believe, from the way he writes. I wish you were going with me—it's only forty miles. Come! say you will—you and Miss Agnes."

Any thing more improbable than acceptance of this invitation was not to be thought of; yet no sooner had Harvey uttered it than he seemed to see a necessity for the unpremeditated utterance, and to feel a determination that it should be accepted. It was getting to be dreadful in the town. There was no work doing, and no zeal for work. The thermometer varied between 90° and 100°. The very mention of hills and springs seemed to inspire one with fresh courage to go on breathing. And it was clear to Harvey that Mr. Hancock, at the word country, had seen a vision—the expression in his eyes, as he looked at Harvey, was what completely decided the latter.

"You will be running up there one day and back the next. I know how you make a journey. What will you do with such a stiff old fellow as I am for company?"

"I'll show you," answered Harvey. "We go all but ten miles by rail; there we meet a coach-and-four; fine road, ascending all the way; view fine—tip-top! We leave at five in the morning—arrive at seven. Capital baths there; and Mr. Boston is a man who never runs down nor flags a bit, even at 200°. He has failed three times in business, and has now a handsome fortune, and don't owe a dollar. He began by wheeling dirt on a canal embankment. Will be president yet, for aught I know—is *now*, I believe, of the Imperial Spring Company. You will live five years longer for the sight of him."

"We are getting to be pretty slow here," said Hancock, not insensible to the inspiration of Harvey's speech. "I know the change would be a good one for Aggy."

"For all of us. And we haven't had the trouble of thinking about the business; it has managed itself for us."

"Well, so it has," said Hancock; "and we'll go. When Agnes comes back I'll tell her that we are going to the country again." As he spoke those last words he seemed as joyful over the prospect as a child.

Distinguished good fortune awaited Harvey at the end of his trip, as well as attended him through it. Not the least of satisfactions was it that he should be associated in the mind of Mr. Hancock with his return to the country.

The party arrived at Ingham, congratulating themselves on the sudden exodus they had made, having dwelt on every feature of the scenes through which they passed with admiring eyes. It was a flat country indeed. The green fields were bordered in some instances with maples and elms; here and there on a wide flat a clump of chestnuts might be seen; milk-weed and elder-berry bushes were in bloom; fields of red clover scented the air; cattle looked content; the birds were busy flying about, and *singing*, neither Hancock nor Agnes could doubt, though they did not hear them—the rushing train and shrieking engine was all they heard; and through the entire trip they did not often attempt to exchange even a word with one another.

These simple country pictures, exposed one after another to their eyes, filled them more than once—sometimes almost to overflowing—with grateful moisture. How pleasing to Him who made the earth so fair must be the happy appreciation it always has of the purest and best hearts! So, in view of the trip, observing how his friends were affected by it, Harvey could not but consider it a success.

And then he found his father's friend awaiting him at the station, with a long face which he was destined to shorten.

A chemist of considerable reputation had taken his departure the evening before, having analyzed the new spring to the chief proprietor's great dissatisfaction—there was no iron in it!

It was indeed hardly reasonable to expect that there would be. There was no iron in the other pools around which the miserable of every age were thronging; what sensible business man would indulge the hope that a fourth should contain *all* the healing properties of which minerals are known to be possessed?

The good fortune in store for Harvey was, that, applying his tests within ten minutes after their arrival, he declared for iron. Mr. Boston's face seemed to hint at a miracle-worker, as he stood looking at Tom and waiting his word.

He had met the lad, as he called him, at the stage office on his arrival, and disburdened himself at once by saying that he had come too late, for the convention was over; but when Harvey understood by this that Mr. De Wolf had merely gone away, he answered, "I've had one bout with Mr. De Wolf already. Where is the spring?" meeting squarely by his question the wish of Mr. Boston, who, when he saw how he came attended, had begun to calculate the number of minutes it would probably take to dispose of the old man and young lady, and set Harvey free to go about his business.

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You and I would have been more thoughtful of others. We would have been influenced by the necessity, which even Mr. Boston had calculated upon, of securing a room and refreshment for our fellow-travelers, whom we had enticed from their beds to endure the heat and dust of forty miles. But Harvey had at present but one idea; he knew it was but seven o'clock, he saw that his companions looked refreshed and happy; and so he asked, with an inconsiderateness some women would doubtless have remembered long against him, "Where is the spring?" For he knew, of course, that Mr. Boston being Mr. Boston would lead the way to it at once, and not content himself with merely making a geographical report.

In fact, Harvey need not disturb himself about his companions; they seemed to be as much interested in the spring as he was, and followed Mr. Boston with quite as much readiness as he did, through a grove of chestnut-trees between two hills, where, from a cleft in the solid rock, welled the new fountain of life.

"De Wolf is a fool," said Harvey. Those were his first words after sipping the waters of which Mr. Boston had given him an overflowing cup.

"I knew that," said the proprietor. "I as good as told him so. I think he understood what I meant."

"There's hardly any thing *but* iron in that spring," said Harvey.

"Look at those stones!" responded Boston. "I wish you could have heard his way of accounting for that rust. Such a damned rigmarole. I hope you may be cut off, Tom, before you know as much as he does, if you do have to go in your prime." Mr. Boston looked at Miss Agnes and nodded, and laughed at his remark till the chestnut-wood seemed making merry along with him. Then he gave her a cup of his elixir, and served the old gentleman, and smiled all around. He was a stout, active, cheery man, with the roundest face and the bluest eyes, and the reaction from his recent disappointing interview with the great chemist was evident in every inch of him.

Harvey's friends as well as himself were his guests, of course. It now occurred to him that they might not share his enthusiasm in regard to springs, or at least at the termination of their morning trip they might need other refreshment besides mineral water. "Come down to the house and I'll see Mrs. Jones," said he, and then he began to talk the spring over again, saying that after breakfast they would proceed to business in a regular scientific way; have the water amply tested, so that some statement might be prepared (at once!) for the public. He believed in advertising. Meanwhile as he talked he led the way to "the house," which, being reached, proved to be one of the great mammoth inns of Ingham.

"Tell Mrs. Jones I must see her a moment," he said to the first waiter they met, as they entered the hall.

They sat down and waited; after that they stood up, and walked about, and waited; to him it seemed that the delay was unconscionable, inexcusable.

"If she knew about that iron in the spring she'd come fast enough.

> 'For though on pleasure she is bent
> She has a frugal mind,'"

said he. Still she did not come.

Another servant was presently hailed and dispatched on the same errand, with the same result.

"The house is running over, you know," said Mr. Boston. "Fifty people were sent away from here yesterday. They have crammed in till they couldn't do it any longer, fact! *You* might have sent for Mrs. Jones all day without seeing her, being strangers; but I thought I'd have better luck, perhaps she thinks I have a trap set for her. Come, follow me; we can't wait all day. I'll see what can be done."

As he spoke he started for the hall with the air of a man accustomed to walk over obstacles and have his way. Tom followed him. Agnes and Mr. Hancock, of course, did remain behind.

There was the great drawing-room with its gay carpet, its piano, its lounges and easy-chairs, its many windows, its chandeliers, and its innocent, peaceable preparations for terrible mass-meetings; there were the long passages and the little bedrooms filled to overflowing—they passed through and beyond, Agnes silently beside Mr. Hancock; Harvey chatting with his father's old friend, and not one of them knew whither—not even the leader. But Mr. Boston *seemed* to know; for after they had passed through a corridor which connected the upper story of a small detached building with the great house, he knocked at a door which stood half open and said, laughing:

"This is her own room. She will see that she can't get rid of us when she finds us here in force."

A step was heard crossing the apartment in response to his knock, and then they all saw something standing before the door. It was not difficult for Mr. Boston to discern that this something was a young gentleman, who looked as if he had been disturbed in some work by these invaders, and was not altogether well pleased thereat.

But the others—it was easy for them too, after a moment in which dust seemed to have been thrown into their eyes, to discover that this something was a somebody—in fact, it was Mr. Goldsmith.

The amazement on all their faces was responded to by the more than confusion, the terror of his.

Mr. Boston was going to say, "Is Mrs. Jones within?" and indeed did say it, but nobody seemed to hear him, for Harvey exclaimed:

"You here, Goldsmith!" with an astonishment in his voice that seemed to express much more weight than the wonder that was in Han-

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cock's recognition and that of Miss Agnes. He was, indeed, the last person they had expected to meet in that place; but it was nothing so very remarkable after all that he should be there.

Goldsmith met his friends with less cordiality than might have been expected.

Mr. Boston, who knew him, said:

"I can't find Mrs. Jones, and these friends don't know where to rest the soles of their feet; so I have brought them over here, hoping to find her."

"She has given up this room to me," said Goldsmith, "the house was so crowded."

"Well, it's her parlor yet," said Boston, not well pleased by the young gentleman's manner of conveying information—"let us in;" and without more ado he walked in, and Harvey followed him.

Goldsmith stood looking at them in mute dismay for an instant. He then turned about, saying that he'd look for Mrs. Jones, and went off; and he did not come back again.

When Boston thanked him, and began to look about h[illegible], he felt his arm grasped with a kind of force by Harvey, which made him conscious that something had happened or was going to happen.

"You go after him and find her, or we may wait here all day. *He* won't send her, you may depend."

Harvey said this on the authority of the single hurried glance he had cast about the room, which evidently Goldsmith had been using as a studio.

He had glanced around him as the other occupants of the apartment also were doing; but they did not see quite with his eyes, and he perceived that also. He was in a strait then, he wished that they did—if they had though, what would he have done with them?

His first impulse unquestionably was to hurry his party out of Mrs. Jones's parlor; but it was too late for that. Having come in, having crossed the threshold even, the consequences must follow. On one wall Agnes saw her miniatures, hung upon a back-ground of crimson cloth; on another, Mr. Hancock saw his portrait and that of Agnes. These last were evidently the work of Mr. Goldsmith—portraits, not of spirits but of mortal flesh, and well executed.

It was a surprise to the old man to see them there—that Goldsmith should have painted Agnes was not a wonder; but how could it be possible that any mortal should want his face portrayed and hung up within daily sight?

Agnes was more than astonished or amazed—she was terrified by what she saw. Her patrons were not many, it seemed, but one. Goldsmith, of course!

Goldsmith! she looked at Harvey. She remembered the occasions on which some of those orders had been brought her; the times when they had proved a release from anxiety, when fortune was proving fickle; the honesty, the frankness with which she had expressed her gladness to him that her work was considered desirable; the gratitude she had acknowledged to him for the generosity of his praise to others, of which, however, she felt herself to be wholly unworthy.

If he had taken all this trouble, incurred all this expense, merely that it might be easier for her father and herself to meet the cost of living, she was ready to sink under the weight of obligation thus ignorantly incurred.

With this sense came indignant self-accusation that she had accepted these orders—trusted his mere word, been content to know nothing further concerning her work than that it satisfied those for whom it was done.

Harvey must have guessed the course her thoughts would take, for he came to her where she stood fronting her work, and said:

"He was employed by one person all along. It seems to me that I can guess who that person was. We must know soon. I am glad the secret is coming out."

He spoke so loftily, with such strength, so courageously, that Agnes felt her own spirit buoyed up and sustained, even at the moment when all things seemed about to fall into confusion around her. The strength of their hearts was as the test so suddenly proposed to them—in a moment all their thought was for Hancock; and when the next instant they heard the strong, cheery voice of Mr. Boston talking with Mrs. Jones in the corridor about De Wolf and the spring, Harvey exclaimed, "The Lord help us!" in a way that was certainly answered.

Hancock was looking toward the door—so were they all—as she came. Mr. Boston had paused at the threshold for her to enter, and she entered; but, having done so, she stood and gazed on the group within, as if her eyes were never again to be withdrawn from them.

Probably by no gradual process could the mind of John Hancock have been enlightened, as now by a flash it was enlightened, without justifying in the last degree the anxieties of those to whom the work was committed. Harvey would not have dared the danger of this moment, into which he had so unwittingly introduced his friends, but there they were; there was no retreat; and, indeed, who would have thought or wished for retreat in that great moment when the rewards of a lifetime of manful hoping fell thus unexpectedly into the hands of John Hancock?

Mr. Boston stopped in the midst of his speech and looked from Mrs. Jones to Harvey. The single word—the exclaimed name which broke from the old man's lips—the suddenness with which the strong-headed business woman, whom he had considered as the best manager he ever met, was surrounded by tenderness, homage, tears, and made to blossom in her desert life as a rose, effectually silenced him.

Harvey, after the moment of astounded observation in which Mr. Boston stood looking from one member of the little group to another,

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managed to draw him one side, and they found themselves in the corridor.

"Your Mrs. Jones is the young lady's mother and the old gentleman's cousin, I believe," said Harvey; and he said other things besides, not so afraid to trust his own tongue as to let Boston find his. It wasn't possible, however, to prevent that finding long.

"You astonish me!" said Mr. Boston. "You don't tell me so! It's a miracle—nearly. Well, Sir," he continued, more composedly, "there was some occasion for all this mystery, I expect; but if your old gentleman is a saint I can tell you she's one. I never thought of it before, but she is. I expect it explains a good many things—a family turning up. I've thought her a pretty sharp reckoner sometimes, to tell the truth, being a widow, and no expenses of any 'count. She's as honest and clear in her accounts as the sun is in his. There isn't a lazy hair in her head. I've known her ever since I was a young fellow working on the canal. She kept house for a set of us in the Bush. I got her here when this house wanted a head. Lord bless you! she might have changed her name a dozen times, and was a fool, I told her often enough, for not doing it. But she's rich enough, now that there's iron in that spring. I made her invest in it; tried to get her to take more shares, but she declared she'd put in all she had. I didn't half believe her; but it made me trouble enough to think she had done so much when De Wolf said there wasn't iron. That young artist—that Goldsmith—where is he?"

Mr. Boston had now for the first time noticed his absence. "He ought to be here. She took care of him through the small-pox. I always wondered what she made so much of that long-haired chap for. He was a good enough fellow too. I like him. We're all humbugs, more or less."

A hand touched Harvey's shoulder while he stood and let Mr. Boston run on, occasionally enlightening him where he was least patiently in the dark. He turned and saw Agnes.

"Come and speak to my mother," said she.

Harvey followed her. There was great joy in the heaven of those true hearts that day. The old gentleman, Hancock, did not die of it; neither did he say, "Lord, now let thy servant depart, since my eyes have seen thy salvation." He lived; lived to rejoice over the best of all his improvements; lived to see young Harvey Mary's son; and he believed, in dying, that between him and Mary and Agnes the separation would be no more real than it had been while living.

His large charity regarded Goldsmith, who had gone out from their presence to return to it no more, with friendly kindness, and he believed him to be, to the last, neither in art nor in religion, an impostor, but simply an agent who had rendered service—as let us hope that we do also, all of us (alas for us if we do not!)—"better than he knew."

GILBERT CHARLES STUART.

AN English embassador by the name of Jackson, a short time before leaving home, called at the studio of Benjamin West.

"I am going abroad," said Mr. Jackson, "and wish to have my portrait painted—what artist would you recommend?"

"Where are you going?" inquired Mr. West.

"To the United States," was the reply.

"Then, Sir," responded West, emphatically, "you will *there* find the best portrait painter in the world, and his name is Gilbert Stuart."

A man of eccentric genius was this gifted artist—who was christened Gilbert Charles Stuart, but is commonly known as simply Gilbert Stuart—a man whose superior talents, generous disposition, extraordinary colloquial powers, and thorough acquaintance with his art, command our admiration, however we may regret the imprudences of his life.

A few years before the death of Stuart two artists from Philadelphia visited him at his residence in Boston. While sitting with him, engaged in conversation, one of the artists asked him for a pinch of snuff from his ample box, out of which he was profusely supplying himself.

"I will give it to you," replied Stuart, "but I advise you not to take it. Snuff-taking is a pernicious, vile, dirty habit."

"But your practice contradicts your precept, Mr. Stuart," returned the somewhat chagrined artist, rather stiffly.

"Sir, *I* can't help it," retorted Stuart. "Shall I tell you a story? I was once traveling in an English stage-coach; it was full inside and outside, and an extra passenger packed into a sort of basket behind, which contained the baggage. The night was dark, and coachee contrived to overturn us all. We scrambled up, and finding, on examination, that our own arms and legs were whole, some one thought of the poor creature in the basket with the baggage. He was found, apparently senseless, and his neck twisted awry. One of the passengers, having heard that any dislocation might be remedied if promptly attended to, seized on the supposed corpse with a determination to untwist the man's neck, and set his head straight on his shoulders. Accordingly, with an iron grasp, he clutched him by the head, and began pulling and twisting by main force. He appeared to succeed miraculously in restoring life, for the dead man no sooner experienced the first wrench than he roared vociferously, 'Let me alone! let me alone! I am not hurt! I was born so!' Gentlemen," added Stuart, taking at the same time an enormous pinch of snuff, "I was *born* so—I was born in a snuff-mill!"

And this was substantially if not literally true—his father being a manufacturer of snuff in Narraganset, Rhode Island, where Gilbert was born in 1754.

This habit of snuff-taking clung to him through life, and was indulged in to a very injurious extent. He was accustomed, at times, to carry

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with him two enormous boxes of this fancied luxury. A friend meeting him one day, Stuart offered him a pinch from each.

"What is the difference?" inquired his friend, hesitating before the open boxes.

"Oh," replied Mr. Stuart, "one box is common, and one superior; the first is for common, everyday acquaintances, the second, for particular friends; therefore, take you a pinch of the best."

One day a gentleman, having engaged to dine with Stuart, went early to his house and found the artist had not returned from his morning walk. As he sat waiting for him in his studio, suddenly Stuart entered in a state of great agitation, and passing his guest hastily, without taking any notice of him, he went to a closet and took out a bundle. From the bundle he took some tobacco, a grater, and a sieve; and with trembling nerves succeeded in manufacturing some of the precious article, of which he hastily took a large dose. His nerves seemed to be quieted immediately, and turning to his guest, he greeted him cordially, exclaiming:

"What a wonderful effect a pinch of snuff has upon a man's spirits!"

Alas! he had become so enslaved by this habit that, having forgotten that morning to replenish his snuff-box, he was wholly unmanned by the loss of his accustomed stimulus.

The following anecdote, related of Stuart, finely illustrates his flow of spirits and his conversational powers. He was traveling in England in a stage-coach with some gentlemen, who were strangers to him, but all were sociable and lively. The party stopped to dine at an inn, and after dinner, the conversation being animated and various, Stuart became conspicuous in it, not only for his wit and humor, but for his correct judgment, rapid thought, and apt phrases. The curiosity of his companions was aroused, and with Yankee-like inquisitiveness, they desired to know *who* and *what* he was.

Mr. Stuart, with a grave face, and in a serious tone of voice, replied that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair.

"Oh! you are a hairdresser, then," returned one of the company, with a somewhat derogatory stare.

"What! do I look like a barber?" demanded the *incognito* artist, sternly.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," replied the subdued cockney; "but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to inquire what you are, then?"

"Why sometimes I brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and adjust his cravat."

"Oh, you are a valet, then, to some nobleman."

"A valet!" retorted Stuart, with mock indignation; "indeed, Sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen."

"Ah! you are a tailor!"

"Tailor! do you take me for a tailor? I'll assure you I never handled a goose other than a roasted one."

By this time the joke was beginning to be fully appreciated, and the whole company were in a roar of laughter.

"What in the world are you, then?" demanded another gentleman, taking up the office of interlocutor.

"I will tell you," said Stuart, with great apparent sincerity; "be assured all I have told you is strictly true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust cravats, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, *at your service!*"

"Oho! a boot and shoe maker, after all!" contemptuously returned the questioner.

"Guess again, gentlemen," continued Stuart, good-humoredly. "I never handled boot or shoe but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true."

"We may as well give up guessing; it is of no use."

The fun-loving painter, checking his own laughter, which was on the point of bursting forth, and stimulating a fresh flow of spirits by a huge pinch of snuff, said, gravely, as if bringing the matter to a satisfactory conclusion:

"Now, gentlemen, I will not play the fool with you any longer, but will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by *making faces.*"

He then screwed up his countenance and twisted his features in a manner the most skillful clown might have envied.

When the loud peals of laughter had subsided the company, with one accord, declared that they "had all the while suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre;" they all "knew he must be a comedian by profession." But when Stuart coolly informed them that he never was on the stage, and very rarely inside of a play-house, their chagrin and astonishment equaled their previous merriment.

"Gentlemen," said Stuart to his companions, as he was about to leave them, "you will find all I have said in regard to my various employments is comprised in these few words: I am a portrait painter. If you will call upon me at York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair *à la mode*, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boats or shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and *make faces* for you."

While taking a parting glass at the inn the gentlemen begged leave to inquire of the artist in what part of England he was born. He told them he was not born in England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales.

"Where then?" persisted the English Yankees.

"I was born in Narraganset," replied Stuart.

"And where is that?"

"Six miles from Pottawoone, and ten from Poppasquash, and about four miles west of Connonicut, and not far from the spot where the famous battle with the warlike Pequots was fought," was the instant reply.

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"In what part of the East Indies is that, Sir?" inquired a pompous Englishman.

"East Indies, my dear Sir! It is in the State of Rhode Island, between Massachusetts and the Connecticut River."

And with this novel lesson in geography Gilbert Stuart took leave of his traveling companions.

When the youthful painter found himself friendless and penniless in the great metropolis of London his musical abilities, which were of a high order, afforded him temporary means of support. By chance he obtained the situation of organist in a church, and thus was enabled to pursue his studies as a painter.

Benjamin West, then in the midst of his successful career, received him as a pupil and took him into his own family. Stuart always regarded him as his benefactor, though he was not blind to his defects as a portrait painter.

"My old master," said he, "never *could* paint a portrait."

On one occasion an order having been received for His Majesty's likeness, West was busily employed upon another picture.

"Stuart," said he, "it is a pity to make His Majesty sit again; there is the portrait of him you painted; let me have it for Lord ——; I will retouch it, and it will do well enough."

"Well enough!" indignantly thought the young artist; "you might be civil when you ask a favor;" but he only said, "Very well, Sir," and the picture was carried to West's room, and he commenced working upon it. He painted all that day, and Stuart saw that he was puzzled. The next morning he said:

"Stuart, have you got your pallet set?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Stuart.

"Well, you can soon set another; let me have the one you prepared for yourself; I can't satisfy myself with that head."

In the afternoon the pupil, on going into his master's room, found him still hard at work,

"Stuart," said he, "I don't know how it is, but you have a way of managing your tints unlike any body else—here, take the pallet, and finish the head."

"I can't, Sir," replied the younger artist.

"You can't?"

"Indeed, Sir, I can not as it is; but let it stand till to-morrow morning, and get dry, and I will go over it with all my heart."

"The next morning," said Stuart himself, in relating this incident, "I went into his room bright and early, and by half past nine had finished the head. That done, Rafe, Mr. West's son, and I began to fence. I had just driven Rafe up to the wall, with his back to one of his father's best pictures, when the old gentleman, as neat as wax, with his hair powdered, his white silk stockings, and yellow morocco slippers, popped into the room, looking as if he had stepped out of a bandbox. We had made so much noise that we did not hear him open the door. 'There you dog,' I was saying to Rafe, 'there, I have you, and nothing but your background *relieves* you.' The old gentleman could not help smiling at my technical joke; but soon, looking very stern, he said:

"'Mr. Stuart, is this the way you use me?'

"'Why, what is the matter?' said I; 'I have neither hurt the boy nor the back-ground.'

"'Sir,' returned West, 'when you knew that I had promised that the picture of His Majesty should be finished to-day, thus to be neglecting me and your promise! How can you answer it to me or yourself?"

"'Do not condemn me without examining the easel,' I said. 'I have finished the portrait, Sir; please to look at it.'

"He did so; complimented it highly, and I had ample revenge for his 'It will do well enough.'"

On one occasion, when Stuart was painting at his easel, he amused a friend who stood by, watching his magic touch, by relating the following incident:

"I used very often to provoke my good old master, though, Heaven knows, without intending it. One day Trumbull and I went into his room, and little suspecting he was within hearing, I began to lecture upon his pictures, particularly upon the one then on his easel. I was a giddy, foolish fellow then. He had commenced the portrait of a child, and he had a way of making curly hair by a flourish of his brush, thus, like a figure three.

"'Here, Trumbull,' said I, 'do you want to learn how to paint hair? There it is, my boy! Our master figures out a head of hair like a sum in arithmetic. Let us see—we may tell how many guineas he is to have for this head by simple addition: three and three make six, and three are nine, and three are twelve—'

"How much the sum would have amounted to I can't tell, for just then, in stalked the master, with pallet-knife and pallet, and put to flight my calculations. He had all the while been in the color closet adjoining his room.

"'Very well, Mr. Stuart,' said West—he always *mistered* me when he was angry—'very well indeed.'

"You may believe that I looked foolish enough, and he gave me a pretty sharp lecture, without my making any reply. But when the head was finished there were no *figure threes* in the hair."

While Stuart was a pupil of West's, the famous Dr. Johnson called one morning to converse with Mr. West about American affairs. After a while Mr. West remarked that he had a young American studying with him from whom he might derive some information, and introduced Stuart. The conversation continued, the young artist being invited to take a part in it; when suddenly Dr. Johnson, observing to West that the young man spoke very good English, turned to Stuart, and rudely asked him where he learned it.

"Sir," replied Stuart, promptly, "I can better tell you where I did not learn it; it was not from your Dictionary."

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Johnson seemed aware of his own incivility, and was not offended at the answer.

As a portrait painter perhaps none stand higher among American artists than Gilbert Stuart. In London he became popular and successful. But he was a stranger to prudence, and lived in splendor. It is well known that Stuart painted a portrait of General Washington, which is regarded as the standard likeness. It was his admiration of this great man, and his earnest desire to paint his portrait, that drew him to his native land in the midst of his successful career abroad.

The artist was not satisfied with his first attempt. He was accustomed by his conversational powers to draw out the minds of his sitters, that he might catch their best expression to impress upon the canvas. But Washington's mind was busy within, and it was not easy to draw it out. Yet the second effort was eminently successful. The original portrait, of which only the head is finished, is now in possession of the Boston Athenæum. A full length of Washington was soon afterward painted by Stuart for the Pennsylvania Academy, and later still the one which now adorns Faneuil Hall.

The circumstances which caused Stuart to be employed to paint this latter picture are amusing, though possibly exaggerated by the artist, who himself gave publicity to them.

"A little, pert young man" called on Stuart and addressed him thus:

"You are Mr. Stuart, Sir, the great painter?"

"My name is Stuart, Sir," was the quiet reply.

"And my name is Winstanley, Sir; you have heard of me?"

"Not that I recollect, Sir," was the cool rejoinder.

"No?" exclaimed the self-important visitor. "Well, Mr. Stuart, I have been copying your full-length Washington. I have made a number of copies. I have now six that I have brought on to Philadelphia. I have got a room in the State-house, and I have put them up. But before I show them to the public and offer them for sale I have a proposal to make to you."

"Go on, Sir," said Stuart, stiffly.

"It would enhance their value, you know, if I could say that you had given them the last touch. Now, Sir, all you have to do is to ride to town and give each of them a tap, you know, with your riding-switch—just so, you know."

Stuart, who had been profusely supplying himself with Scotch snuff, here shut the box and deliberately placed it on the table.

"And we will share the amount of the sale," continued Winstanley.

"Did you ever hear that I was a swindler?" sternly demanded Stuart.

"Oh! you mistake, Sir," returned the astounded visitor. "You know—"

The painter drew himself up to his full height, his athletic figure and sarcastic face adding force to his words:

"You will please to walk down stairs, Sir, very quickly, or I shall throw you out of the window."

The would-be speculator, seeing that the action was likely to be suited to the word, chose to make a hasty retreat by way of the stairs.

Sometime afterward Winstanley borrowed of a wealthy Boston merchant five hundred dollars, leaving as security one of his own full-length portraits of Washington, which he represented as having been painted by Stuart. The borrower never made his appearance again; and the merchant, who was really no judge of painting, offered the picture for sale; but finding no purchaser, presented it to the city, and it was hung in Faneuil Hall. Not long afterward a public meeting was held there, and a political opponent of the merchant, knowing the story of the painting, related it, to the great amusement of the audience. The news spread through the city, and the chagrined merchant scarcely escaped public ridicule. His friends suggested that the only thing to be done now was for him to get Mr. Stuart to paint a Washington for the city. A delegation waited upon the artist, inquiring if he would undertake the work.

"Certainly, gentlemen," replied Stuart.

"Will you do it immediately?"

"Yes, immediately."

"And what will be the price?"

"Six hundred dollars," was the reply.

In a few weeks the portrait was finished and placed in Faneuil Hall, where it still remains.

The last head Stuart ever painted was that of John Quincy Adams; but even in the midst of his work death laid his hand on him—then an old man of seventy-four—and it was never entirely completed.

Stuart remarked in regard to his own artistic studies, "I will not follow any master. I wish to find out what Nature is for myself, and see her with my *own eyes*." To a young artist who was studying one of his portraits he said: "Elevate your mind as much as you can; but while you have Nature before you as a model paint what you see, and look with your own eyes."

It was by following out such principles that Stuart painted portraits worthy of the praise once bestowed on his portrait of a Boston gentleman:

"*It is a living man, looking directly at you.*"

VINE LANE.

I

PRESENCE of Diana! what a gush of delicious odors saluted the passers-by! Frank Oaks had inaugurated the summer-time in old Custom-house Place.

That was a most unique spot—that same Custom-house Place. Was, I say; for it has taken its place among the memories of long ago. It seems a little odd, though, to talk about the "long ago" of any thing man's hand built, in the heart of a young city like Chicago. But Mr. "Festus" Bailey says we should count time by heart-throbs; and while time is in fact counted in that city by a clock in the court-

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house steeple it does seem to my heart as if a half-century had gone by since that quaint and picturesque and bustling nest of little old buildings vanished from the scene. A huge brick building—a commonplace monster with a Mansard roof—stands on the spot where those two or three dozens of wooden houses in former times grew gay with the spring sun, and the daily crowd from the post-office and to the post-office streamed through the narrow passage hour on hour. There is also a dry, everyday Custom-house Place, so-called, somewhere in that vicinity, I am told, but it is not the old place where Frank Oaks had his flower-store years ago; it is not the Custom-house Place of story.

Frank stood in the open door of his little store, this bright morning in the latter part of April, and looked out. Across the way (it was perhaps half a dozen paces across that narrow way, spanned with arching sign-boards) the luxuriantly mustached and brilliantly breast-pinned door-keeper of the fat woman and the skeleton man was bawling his seductive speech amidst his flapping pictures. The blear-eyed oddity in the broad-brimmed hat was sleepily crying his "morning pa*purze*." Up and down, on either side the way, flowers, fruit, quaint images, and specimens of stock-in-trade were displayed out-o'-doors. Every shop-door was open to let in the balmy air. The two news-rooms had their wonted throngs. The rival jewelers tapped away at watches in their rival windows; the engraver plied his tools in his; the auctioneer was already shouting himself hoarse over his petty wares; the two beer saloons were alive with custom; from the two cigar stores came the voice of lounging; the hatter was busy with his blocks; an old gentleman lingered at the book-stall; the female dealer in hosiery and the female dealer in gentlemen's linen stood in their respective doors and chatted, woman fashion; the painter's wife was singing at her housework up stairs; the bookbinders whistling at their work; the shoemaker's hammer rattled upon his last; the proprietor of the shooting gallery was industriously practicing upon his own targets—

"Stop, stop! are you cataloguing the town?"

No, my dear Sir, or Madam, I am merely naming a small part of what Frank Oaks saw and heard within the hive-like limits of that narrow place, less than two hundred feet in extent (I have been on ships twice as long, to say nothing of the *Great Eastern*), through which flowed the steady tide of people in the early morning.

Who could pass Frank Oaks's bower of bloom and perfume unconscious? All day long the tide flowed past, and people stopped to smell, to admire, to ask questions, to buy. Ladies carried away pots in triumph, and our young friend's flowers found new homes in all the four quarters of the town, bringing blessing wherever they came, as flowers always do. Throughout the day Frank was as busy as a bee in his scented bower, and the roll of bills in his vest pocket biggened and bettered. The boy Bill, who was his only assistant in the little store, nearly walked his weary legs off in going of errands with pots. And the six o'clock hour brought a fresh throng in home-going artisans and work-women, who must take the post-office in their way, for some of them got a letter once a year or so.

Happy six o'clock hour, which releases so much weary humanity from its long day of labor! Happy hour for many a broad-breasted man who goes home to wife and children, and whom the tenpenny flower-pot makes thrice welcome there. Happier hour for many a worn, wan woman—many a pale-faced girl, come out from noisome work-rooms like prisons. Work-rooms under-ground, dark and dank, where thin fingers stitch upon rich cloaks for rich buyers; work-rooms in garrets, where scores of young girls sit in the enforced silence of a prison-like discipline, with curtained windows to prevent them from looking out, as if they were so many felons. There are such work-rooms in that city, for I have seen them.

And what pale face among them all but brightens at the sight of flowers?

"What is the price of this?" asked a weary girl, pointing to a large rose-geranium glorious with blooms—a queenly plant.

Frank Oaks looked at the questioner, and with the one quick glance saw that she was a poor working-girl, and that she had a face of wonderful loveliness. He answered by taking off a third of the price, and was glad he had done so when he saw the girl draw out a little porte-monnaie and extract the precise change, leaving emptiness behind.

She took up the pot and started to go.

"Let me carry it for you," said Frank, "as far as I go in your direction."

"Oh, I live quite near," said the girl, hesitatingly.

But Frank had the pot in his hand and was moving off. What possessed him to go off with that pot the boy Bill could by no means tell. He was not wont to be so polite to strangers.

The two walked down Madison Street, down Clark, across the bridge, and the girl, at every street-crossing, looked to see her companion turn off and give her the pot. He walked resolutely on, however, talking cheerfully, and wondering in his soul how far off the average sewing-girls considered "quite near." But at last she stopped before a rusty-looking house in the north division, and said,

"Here is my boarding-place."

So he surrendered the pot, got a sweet smile and a musical "Thank you" as his reward, and turned back toward his little store, whistling as he went. Apparently he did not whistle for want of thought; for, as he turned into Madison Street again, he said to himself, as if in winding up a long train of reflection,

"I'm my own master, and I'll marry whom I please."

Could it be possible that Frank Oaks had tumbled headlong in love with a pretty face?

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But then, it was such a remarkably pretty face!—not the face of a girl with a vapid, inane soul—the face of one who could do and dare something, for all it was so gentle a face, and there was such a plaintive light in the brown eyes—a face with its sweetness hallowed by sorrow and suffering, and speaking of a soul whose beauty was the beauty of inborn holiness.

Perhaps Frank Oaks could not have expressed all this in words; but he felt it. He could not have expressed, perhaps, what it was in a rare and beautiful flower that touched his heart and won him; but he felt it just as positively as you or I. His was a broad, candid, generous nature, which could not love unworthily, if left to itself to love where it would; and when he felt the sunshine of that matchless face he was warmed by it to his heart's core.

The six o'clock hour of the following day found Frank Oaks watching with eager interest for the passing of the owner of the face. He did not watch in vain. She came; and what was better still, she looked at the young florist with the eyes of recognition. Frank moved forward as if to speak, and the girl stopped.

"How is the geranium?" he asked.

"It was pretty well, thank you, when I left it this morning," she answered, cheerily. "I gave it its breakfast before I went away—dew, sprinkled from my finger-tips—and I shall feed it again when I get home."

"I think it's a pretty good one," said Frank. "I'll replace it if it dies. Here is another just as handsome."

"Yes."

She bent over it lovingly, and then ran her eye over the other plants.

"What a beautiful lemon-tree!" said she.

"Splendid!" said Frank; and breaking off the finest blossom that grew upon it he offered it to her.

She took it with delighted thanks; and the young man's face glowed with a peculiar satisfaction as he saw her put it to her lips before she had turned the corner of the place. But she did not imagine he was gazing after her, of course.

At the six o'clock hour of the next day she came again and got another flower, and the scene was repeated day after day. In fact, six P.M. soon got to be the most important hour of the twenty-four with our florist. The single flower became a knot of flowers after a little while; and the knot of flowers gradually crept into a bouquet as the days went by; and by the middle of June the bouquet had increased to the most magnificent proportions.

Love grew as rapidly as did the bouquets between these young people. Frank had occasionally walked as far as the bridge with her at first. Then she asked him to come some time and see how beautifully the geranium throve. He went one evening, when he found she had a room-mate—a woman whose erysipelatous face was not fair to look upon, and did not please our fastidious hero somehow, though he said nothing. He went again and again, and the pimpled face looked ever more sour and forbidding, and he could not like it, and did not. And, by littles and littles, he found out all about the owner of that *other* face—the face he loved; how she was an orphan, the daughter of respectable New England parents, who had brought her here, and died and left her penniless; how she made paper-boxes in a shop in Lake Street; and how her name was Lovina Lane. This item, which I put last, was one of the earliest he learned.

"Father and mother used to call me Vine," said she.

"May I call you Vine?" he asked.

"I shall be glad if you will," was her unaffected answer.

At last the bouquets got so very big that they could get no bigger without getting ridiculous; and as this matter of constant growth in his gifts seemed to be necessary to Frank's happiness, he saw no better way to get out of his quandary than to some day offer her his hand as an adjunct of the inadequate bouquet.

He had no doubt at all that she would take his hand, you see. *Firstly*, he argued, Did she not love him? Yes, he was quite sure of that. *Secondly*, Was she not poor, and alone in the world? Yes, save that she seemed to have a too intimate companion in the pimpled Miss Scratchley, her room-mate, whose face, as has already been recorded, Frank did not like—and just *because* he did not like, he never felt at liberty to make a subject of conversation with Vine. *Thirdly*, Was he not well-to-do, and himself an orphan, with a pleasant home on the edge of the city, where his nurseries were? Yes, again—

But while the offer still lingered unmade, the passings-by of sweet Vine Lane ceased suddenly.

One dreary hour of six o'clock came and went—another dreary hour of six o'clock came and went—a third came and went; and, without waiting for a fourth, Frank armed himself with a perfect haystack of a bouquet, and started that very evening for the cheap boarding-house in the north division.

"Poor girl!" he muttered to himself as he walked along, "I noticed there was something wrong with her for several days gone. But she wouldn't tell me. And now she's sick, poor child! What if she should die?"

A tug came screaming down the river with a ship at that instant; the bridge whirled on its centre; and as he thought "What if she should die?" Frank's head seemed to whirl faster than ten thousand bridges, and, I believe, he would have tumbled headlong into the sudden yawning abyss had not a friendly hand caught him and steadied him.

"That big bouquet nearly threw you off your balance, didn't it, my young friend?" said the rescuer, jocularly.

"You're very good," said Frank, wiping his forehead; "I'm very much obliged to you, Sir."

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"Oh, not at all."

The bridge closed, and he rushed over with the crowd. Half walking, half running, he made his way to the boarding-house; knocked; asked for Miss Lane.

He had debated whether he should be refused admittance to her if she were so sick as to be confined to her bed; and he had resolved to dispute the point strenuously if it were made necessary, for he felt in his heart that Vine would never refuse to see *him;* and if he were refused by any one else it should go for nothing, or for some of Miss Scratchley's work.

But the reply to his question was this:

"Miss Lane is gone."

"Gone!" He steadied himself against the door-post. "Not dead?"

"Dead? No, Sir. She's gone away. Went last Thursday."

"Where to?"

"I don't know, Sir. Perhaps Mrs. Morey 'll know. Would you like to see her?"

"Yes."

He went in and sat down, and Mrs. Morey came.

"Oh, you're the young gent as sells flowers," said Mrs. Morey, a red-faced Englishwoman. "Mr. Hoaks?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Miss Lane left a letter for you. I was to have delivered it; but re'lly we've been so busy —I'll fetch it."

She brought it, and he took its meaning at a sweep of his eyes:

"DEAR FRIEND"—it said—"dearest friend: you have been so good to me! How can I forgive myself for going away without telling you? But another was interested in the secret—and though it has often been very near my lips, very heavy on my heart, when I have been with you, I did not tell you, because I had promised not to tell. Even now I can not tell you much, for the promise still in part binds me. But I can tell you this: I am gone away to enter upon a new career of existence—in one of those spheres of action where only there is promise for me—one of the few where *women* can rise to honor by virtue of industry and talent. Our friendship has been very sweet. I can never forget it, nor you; but as I bid you this long good-by I feel as if duty urged me away from you—and urged me besides to say, what it breaks my heart to say—*forget me.*

"Kind, true friend, I shall bear you always in my heart—I shall pray for you, and never forget you while life is mine. Farewell. VINE."

"Is Miss Scratchley here?" asked Frank.

"Miss Scratchley and Miss Lane went away together," said Mrs. Morey.

"Ah, they did!" said Frank, a flood of light breaking over his mind—not the light that cheers —only the light that shows.

Poor Frank! he picked up his big bouquet, and started for home.

When he got to the river he leaned over the hand-rail of the bridge and dropped the flowers down into the darkness, where the slimy river-water crawled and stank.

"To think that she should leave me so! Oh, my Vine, my Vine!"

One big sigh heaved like a billow off the broad breast, and he walked away with sturdy footfall homeward.

The summer passed, the little flower-store in Custom-house Place was closed, and the winter came in with prairie-sweeping storms. Frank Oaks lived alone at his home on the edge of the city, and his heart ached more than was good for it.

It is a man's duty to get over a thing like this. Admitted freely. It is also a man's positive duty to get over the consumption. But how if a man can't? Sometimes he can't. If you pish at that, and say he always can get over a love-born ailment, I say I give you credit for trying to tell the truth, and failing to tell it for want of proper data.

II.

The primary reason why Vine Lane had run away without telling Frank Oaks what she was going to do was, that she had determined to go upon the stage. Even the surprising craft of Miss Ann Scratchley would hardly have been able to extract such a promise from Vine, I feel satisfied, had the new sphere she was entering been one which is less severely estimated by the respectable world generally.

She had built an air-castle that was very grand, had this little Vine; and no tongue can tell the facile readiness with which Miss Scratchley helped on the erection of that structure.

Miss Scratchley had once been a supernumerary at M'Vicker's Theatre in Chicago, but had been dropped from the list because her face was so extraordinarily pimpled, and her figure so ungainly, that she was fit for nothing but the witch-scene in Macbeth; and Western theatres do not serve up Macbeth every night. But Miss Scratchley's stage-fever was a chronic affair, apparently, and would not be cured. Looking upon Vine's pretty face, and learning the yearning ambition which dwelt in the girl's heart to rise in some sphere of high endeavor, Miss Scratchley perceived her clay ready to her hands, plastic, needing but skillful manipulation to be converted into untold gold. So she began dextrously to fan the flame in Vine's breast, and to lead her by slow but sure degrees to that point where she could be trusted to accept Miss Scratchley's proposal. Miss Scratchley's proposal was this:

"A theatrical partnership between us two. You to contribute your beauty, your talents, and your education; them is *your* capital. I to contribute my theatrical experience, my acquaintance with the secrets of the profession, and my little all. We will take theatrical names—half the actors has fancy names—and will procure an engagement together."

"Not here!" cried Vine.

"No—not here; and every thing must be kep' a secret. You mustn't tell a soul. I won't either. And whatever salaries we get we will divide the money equal between us. I do not say I any ways expect to get as much salary as you will. You will rise rapidly, for you have

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got talent and an air, and your pay will soon be bigger than mine. But it is no more than fair we should share equal, for I am embarking my little all in the speculation—all I have saved up in ten scrimping years—and if we lose I am ruined. But we won't lose, and we shall both be made. And this partnership betwixt us to continue, fast bind fast find, for five years."

I do not say that Miss Scratchley uttered all this at a single speech. It was brought forward little by little; and little by little the clay was moulded into the required shape—until at last the two left the city in the way they did.

One loving look at our little Vine before she goes. It is a rough way she is venturing upon; not of the cleanest. But it will not be an easy thing to tarnish the fine gold of that nature—not an easy thing to profane the pure shrine on which Frank Oaks has laid his love. It is well that the girl already loves; for sore temptations enter by that road when the heart is fallow ground. This and her innate purity are Vine's armor. She may not be the wisest in her judgment—not the best calculated in any such way to deal with a cruel and a wicked world; but her repulsion of vice is as instinctive as her repulsion of vulgarity.

For the rest Miss Scratchley is at her elbow.

They went to Cincinnati. There Miss Scratchley sought an engagement for this histrionic firm. The manager of Pike's Opera House was pleased with Vine's face, and magnanimously put her on his list of supernumeraries at a salary barely sufficient to pay her board.

"Always have to commence at the bottom round of the ladder in our profession, Miss," said he.

Miss Scratchley he would none of. The disappointed Ann was forced to accept this dispensation in lieu of a better, and meantime kept her faculties on the alert for that better.

Poor Vine! What a position was this for a girl who had been reared as she had been—whose heart was so pure, whose modesty so genuine! How she blushed—clear to her fingertips—when she found herself on that first night—her grand *début* into that new "sphere of action!"—standing with naked shoulders, and a dress that fell only to her knees, in the broad glare of those thousand lights! If the stage had opened and swallowed her then and there she would have been glad. Should she rush off?—should she fly from the spot forever? Alas! she dared not do that! A surly man stood in the wing watching her, among the rest of his supernumeraries—the captain of those cohorts. So she remained—hid herself and her exposed feet as well as she could behind her neighbors—and suffered nameless tortures in her soul.

Poor, proud Vine! She would not let Miss Scratchley see her tears as they walked together to their boarding-house through the lonely streets at midnight, and the young girl shrank in terror at every strange noise that broke the silence.

Miss Scratchley understood pretty well what Vine's manner meant. She thought it best to ask no questions.

This went on a week or two. The unemployed member of the firm counted her dwindling funds with trepidation.

"Good news, Maude!" cried Miss Scratchley, one night as they left the stage-door of the theatre to walk home.

Miss Scratchley called her Maude because that was the name under which poor Vine was hiding: Maude Montmorency. Miss Scratchley thought it beautiful, and Vine deferred to her superior judgment. Miss Scratchley had provided herself also with a name; one was as cheap as another, she reasoned, and she chose that of Imogene De Courcy—partly because it sounded a little like Scratchley, she said.

"I have found a better engagement for you," she went on, "and for me too. Salary for us both together equal to four times what we're getting now."

"At what theatre?"

"At the Jupiter Hall."

"Oh, no, no!" cried poor Vine, in terror at the fate before her. "Not there, Ann! I can not go there!"

However, Miss Scratchley succeeded in talking her into it. Vine would be a lady there—not a poor, trodden-on "supe."

"You will have your own way there, and be the admiration of all eyes. Nobody sees you at all at that big theatre."

"Enough see me," murmured Vine, who had not yet accustomed herself to the scant apparel.

"You will be the leading lady in all the pieces," Miss Scratchley continued. "They are not very heavy, and you can do it. And I shall be on with you in every piece. After all what does it matter where you play? Talent will make a hovel a throne!"

And with this concluding sentence Miss Scratchley felt that she had said a thing that would have awakened tremendous applause among the critical gods of the Jupiter Hall.

Vine did not yield until she had suffered a deal of talking to; but as she did yield at last the amount of it was the same.

"It may prove a stepping-stone," said the unhappy girl.

To tell the truth, Vine was unhappy continually. She could not help feeling a certain sense of degradation; she had not been bred in this atmosphere, and the tutelage of the theatre was rough. How much she thought of Frank Oaks, abandoned so unkindly, who can tell—how much her heart ached on that account? As much as his, perhaps.

Yet in that air-castle that she had built with Miss Scratchley's assistance Frank's place had been by no means left out of the plans. "He will be proud of me some day," Vine thought; and if he married her (and if he did not marry her the castle tumbled in ruin headlong!) he would not be marrying a penniless orphan who could bring him no dowry.

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As if the heart that beats purity with every pulsation—the sweet spirit "that bends but does not break"—and the beautiful face, on which health set its rose and alabaster seal, were not dowry enough for a florist's wife! Or for any man's wife.

So Vine went to the Jupiter Hall—I beg pardon—Miss Maude Montmorency went there.

After a week or two the manager of that intellectual resort found he was giving his patrons too large a dose of the drama. They wanted more warbling and more pirouetting. He communicated his troubles to Miss Scratchley—pardon once more—Miss De Courcy—and told her Miss Montmorency must either sing or dance.

"If she can dance now," said the manager, "I'll raise her pay."

Miss Scratchley's heart almost stopped its beating. Vine dance! Vine!

"Oh *no!*" said Miss Scratchley, gasping; "*she* wouldn't dance."

"Then she must sing," said the man.

"Perhaps she will sing," Miss Scratchley answered.

Another struggle—Vine's march to fame and fortune seemed to be little else than a series of shovings forward at the hands of the determined Miss Ann Scratchley—and Vine made her début as a cantatrice. She had had no special musical culture—sang as well as your daughter or mine, perhaps.

But as a cantatrice Vine was a great success. Her voice soared in a cloud of tobacco smoke, it is true, but tumultuous expressions of joy arose from the unwashed who were under that cloud. Miss De Courcy was in ecstasies, and Miss Montmorency became a star.

Engagements were soon made with the managers of similar entertainments elsewhere, and the *artistes* traveled. Eastward, from city to city, they wended their way, and in the following winter they reached New York, where Miss Montmorency sang an engagement at a formerly well-known resort in Broadway. Her success was less marked there, for some unknown reason—perhaps her face was too pure and too grave for New York's unwashed (Vine never let a smile wreathe her lips when she sang)—and the westward march was taken up. Miss Scratchley, of course, arranged the engagements. At Detroit she announced to Vine that their next place was Chicago.

Vine resisted feebly, but there was no help for it. Truth to tell, the savings of this artistic copartnership were yet in the future. Between cheating managers and heavy expenses in thus gadding about there was barely enough in the exchequer at this time to defray expenses to Chicago.

During all these months poor Vine had been steadily losing health—steadily fading. The roses still bloomed in her cheeks under the hateful gaslights of the nightly-dreaded concert-room, for Miss Scratchley insisted upon paint; but the once round shoulders were sadly thinned, the face was grown peakish, the eyes had lost their old lustre. The manager of the Chicago establishment was dissatisfied with the personal appearance of his new star, but he trusted to the voice. Alas! at this juncture the voice failed. The cantatrice had wholly lost her power over the souls of the unwashed. The engagement was canceled, and the two professionals were back at their starting-point, no richer than when they left it.

No richer? Ah, if that were the worst! Miss Scratchley's "little all" was swallowed up, and Vine was a helpless invalid.

III.

With the spring sunshine again Frank Oaks threw wide the door of his little flower-store in old Custom-house Place. Again the gush of perfume greeted the tide of passers. Again the boy Bill watered the pots and ran weary lengths of errand. But Frank, who last year whistled like a bird all day among his flowers, whistled no more. His heart had not done aching yet.

Daily as the hour of six o'clock came the young man went inside his store and hid himself behind his lemon-tree, looking out upon the passing throng in silence; while the voice of the court-house bell, booming the hour from its steeple-hung height, fell like a knell upon his ear.

How he watched through his lemon-tree the faces of the workwomen as they passed! But no sweet Vine strayed that way.

One night, at that hour—or rather later, for the bell had long ceased striking, and Frank had come out from behind the lemon-tree—a woman, in a rusty shawl, and with a lunch-basket on her arm, stopped at his stand and priced a rose-geranium. Frank thought he knew the face, but he did not immediately complete the recognition; for it was Miss Scratchley's face, and it was not so pimply as of yore. Besides, he had never seen her with her head covered by a bonnet.

She took out a porte-monnaie to pay for the geranium, and handed Frank a dollar bill. A quick flush ran over our hero's face. It was the porte-monnaie he recognized—Vine's old porte-monnaie—and recognition of Miss Scratchley followed.

"Come inside, ma'am," said Frank, "and I'll make the change. Right in here, ma'am;" and he motioned her into his little back room.

She went in. He shut the door and locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

Miss Scratchley sniffed her nose and rubbed it, but was otherwise outwardly calm.

"Where is Miss Lane?" demanded Frank, with the air of a man who stood ready to do a dreadful deed if he were trifled with.

"She is at Mrs. Morey's," said Miss Scratchley.

"What!" cried Frank. He had not expected that. "Then she has come back?"

"Yes, Sir; been back nigh two months."

"She has never passed by here," said he, incredulous.

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"No, Sir; she's too sick to be out."

"Sick! Vine sick! Why haven't you been here to tell me before?"

"I was expressly forbid, Sir. I didn't come here to tell you now, but you has locked me up in this little back-room, and what can I do? You wrung it from me, Sir."

Frank looked Miss Scratchley steadily in the face a moment, as if he suspected her of lying. Then he opened the door and let her out.

"Is that for her?" he asked, pointing to the geranium.

"Yes, Sir."

He gave her back the dollar bill unbroken.

"Take it to her, and tell her I shall be over to see her to-night—inside of half an hour—as quick as I can leave the store."

Miss Scratchley took the pot, thanked him, said she would obey, and then departed. Frank immediately followed her. He by no means trusted her yet. He kept her carefully within sight, following her down Clark Street, over the bridge, and never missing her till he saw her enter Mrs. Morey's boarding-house. Then he pulled out his watch, and gave her ten minutes in which to deliver his message and prepare the sick girl before he entered the house too.

Disdaining the offices of Mrs. Morey's maid-servant, he went in without knocking, strode up stairs to her well-remembered room—which in the summer that was gone he had kept blooming like a bower with his bouquets—and rapped upon the door. It was opened by a German with a monstrous pipe in his mouth.

Frank stood aghast.

"Isn't this Miss Lane's room?" said he.

"Nein, 'sist mein room," said the hearty Teuton, with an air that seemed to say, You're just as welcome, though. "Miss Lane," he said aloud, "dat be's de sick voman, eh?"

"Yes."

"Das ist oop stair, somevere. I dunno vich room. I know'd dere vas a sick voman oop dere *some*-vere, 'cause de oder voman—vas ist?—de Miss Scratch—she ass me not play on mein tr-r-rombone so moch."

Frank was half-way up the stairs before this speech was ended; and behold Miss Scratchley stood at the head of the flight. She motioned him to an open door, shut it after him as he entered, and took herself off down the stairs.

Poor Vine sat propped up by pillows in her bed—paler than ever, thinner than ever—her brown eyes filled with the excitement of his sudden coming. She had been asking herself before he came in, "What shall I say to him? what shall I say?" and when her eyes fell upon his face she said "*Frank!*"

The next moment her arms were about his neck, and she was murmuring, "Dear, dear Frank! I am so glad to see you!"

"Two months!" he uttered, looking in her eyes, "and no word to me!"

"I *could* not let you know, Frank. I felt too guilty. I did not deserve to see you again. How can you forgive me, after what I did?"

"I would forgive you if you had torn my heart out," said he.

She put her face against the heart, and kissed the cloth that covered it.

A half-hour later Miss Scratchley rapped at the door, and came in, being bidden. She glanced once at Vine's glad face, and then went and sat down by herself, with the air of a culprit.

"Miss Scratchley," said Frank, "Vine has been telling me all about it. She wants me to forgive you, and I do it; for though you led her wrong, you've proved yourself a true friend when she needed one."

"I should have died but for her," whispered Vine.

"But she is going to change her habits now, Miss Scratchley. She is going to live in the country, in the capacity of a—of a wife. Country air will right her."

"Oh dear, I am so glad!" uttered Miss Scratchley, and pulled out her handkerchief and began to cry.

"It will be rather lonesome here for you, won't it?" said Frank, who thought Vine somehow necessary to the happiness of any one who knew her.

"Dreadful!" said Miss Scratchley, simply, and very much in earnest.

"But you'll get used to it, I dare say," said the wretch.

"Never. But I'll try to," was the unhappy woman's response; and then she added, "Never!" again.

"Yes, *I* tried to get used to it," said Frank, "when you took her away from me. I should have got used to it in forty or fifty years, I dare say."

("Don't, dear Frank!" murmured Vine, her hand in his.)

"Well, there, cheer up, Miss Scratchley," said he. "I couldn't have the heart to take her away from you. It makes me feel bad to see you cry. Please stop it. We'll fix a place for you at our house if you'll take it."

"Oh!—oh!—*dear!* *Will* you?" cried the little woman, every pimple on her face shining with joy.

"Will you take it?"

"I will, Sir," said Miss Scratchley; "heart and soul I will. I'll work my legs off to be by her."

The pure air at the nurseries, and the love that, like mercy, blesses those who give and those who receive, did their own work for Vine. There is no happier wife—there are no rosier cheeks—in all the Western country, than those which Frank Oaks loves so well. A curly-headed youngster with big brown eyes toddles about the premises, and picks the flowers, and gets his pudgy little feet into the beds, and does all manner of mischief; but Miss Scratchley, who adores the urchin, never tires of standing between the little Frank and his proud father's wrath; and the mischief somehow ends with

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kisses and quiet laughter, as pretty much every thing does in that house.

Some very estimable people insist that all stories should have a specified moral. I should think the moral was plain enough in this case.

Moral: Don't mix flowers and love; it is apt to superinduce heart-ache.

GOOD LOOKS.

PEOPLE'S notions of beauty differ. Tamerlane's wife, who had no nose, was thought a belle by her contemporaries. A patrician of Venice had a scurvy little proboscis, and that was held of itself a sufficient disqualification for the doge's cap and ring. Cicero admired the squinting eye, such as Greek sculptors often gave to Venus; and Minerva was sometimes figured with a complexion as dusky as any gipsy wife. Some of the Greeks held blue eyes to be hideous, and Dioscorides tells us they had an art—the same practiced, perhaps, centuries afterward at Donnybrook fair—of making them black. Hunchbacks have had their admirers, who contend that the dorsal curvature is the true line of beauty, and that the hump, so far from being a deformity, "as dull fools suppose," is in itself a graceful ornament, seeing that, in its outline, it approximates the figure so many illustrious objects in nature assume—to wit, the sun, the terrestrial globe, the span above us of aerial blue, the head of man, seat of his intellect and organ of his will.

Still, however much men may differ in their conceptions of the beautiful, certain it is that whatever they esteem beautiful invariably engages their affections and provokes their desires. They invariably recognize its claims to consideration, and, by the very constitution of their minds, are prone to associate its presence with every thing that is good, pure, and virtuous. Suetonius tells us that, at all periods of his life and health, Augustus was beautiful, and owed to his good looks his uniform good fortune. We know that he took unusual care to preserve his personal appearance; for, to guard himself against the deteriorating influences of atmospheric changes, he would clothe himself with such a vast variety of garments as that it was popularly said he carried the wardrobe of a family upon his single back. Alexander Severus was so anxious to delay the approach of decrepitude, with its attendant crow's-feet and wrinkles, and retain as long as might be the bloom and beauty of youthfulness and vigor, that, although free from all gluttonous propensities whatever, he would devour a whole hare daily; for the consumption of hare's flesh was, in his days, accounted a sovereign antidote for the withering effects of time, and an efficient prophylactic against the damaging consequences of old age. The warlike emperor was well aware how much his outward man contributed to his influence, and acted a wise part accordingly in seeking to preserve in its freshness what Shakspeare irreverently enough calls the "muddy vesture of decay." These are antique examples; some may be cited belonging to more recent times, in which the possession of beauty is esteemed a kind of merit.

Without referring to the well-known anecdote of Baptista Porta having dedicated one of his first works to the Cardinal d'Este merely, as he says, because the Cardinal was a good-looking fellow, we find a Parliament of Edward IV. thinking it neither unbecoming their dignity nor that of the king, in an address of both Houses to the throne, to advert to the "beauté of person that it have pleased Almighty God to bless you (with);" and we also find the grave Lord Burghley, himself comely even in old age if he be limned aright in the canvas which has descended to us, in writing to his son Robert Cecil, then Secretary of State, respecting some new judges about to be made, observing, "As for choice of Baron (of the Exchequer), I think Serjeant Heale able both for learning, wealth, and strength of body to continue, being also a *personable man, which I wish to be regarded in choice of such officers of publick service.*" And the queen, his mistress, was of exactly the same mind, as Sir Robert Naunton, a contemporary writer, remarks. "The queen," he says, "in this had much of her father; for, excepting some few of her kindred, and some few that had handsome wits in crooked bodies, she always took personage in the way of her election, for the people hath it to this day in proverb, 'King Harry loved a man.'"

Like her father, Elizabeth was careful to admit into her household none but those, says Osborne, of "stature and birth," and positively refused the services of a gentleman in these respects well qualified to attend her only because one of his jaws was deficient of a tooth! Her successor, James I., as Lord Thomas Howard once wrote from the court of Sir John Harington, "dwelt on good looks and handsome accoutrements. Eighteen servants," he adds, "were lately discharged, and many more will be discarded who are not to his liking in these matters." The celebrated Lord Derby too (the one who was beheaded at Bolton), in his "Advice to his Son," is careful to remark: "It is very handsome to have comely men to serve you." Of slender build himself, James disliked corpulency in others. He would say of a stout and burly divine that "fat men were apt to make lean sermons," while he would certainly have promoted Dr. Bennet to the episcopal bench, had he not already attained that honor, on account merely of his agreeable exterior, remarking of the Doctor that if he, the king, "were to choose a bishop by his aspect, he would certainly choose him of all men he had seen for a grave, reverent, and *pleasing* countenance." There is a story told of the Emperor Henry IV. of Germany going once into a church where a remarkably ugly-looking priest officiated; so ugly was he that the emperor wondered within himself whether God could possibly accept services rendered by so ill-favored a ministrant. The im-

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perial meditations were, however, interrupted by the priest's boy mumbling, almost unintelligibly, the versicle in the 100th Psalm, "*Ipse nos fecerit, et non ipsi nos* (It is He that hath made us, not we ourselves)," whereupon the priest reproved the acolyte for his indistinct and defective enunciation, and repeated himself in a clear and sonorous voice the Psalmist's words, which the emperor took as a real if undesigned rebuke to his own uncharitable thoughts; so when the service was ended he made himself known to the priest, on whom some time afterward he conferred the honors of the mitre and crosier. Still, however unprepossessing the aspect of this priest may have been, the Church of Rome, as is well known—following therein the spirit of the Mosaic law (Leviticus, xxi. 17)—invariably refuses her orders to such as are physically deformed or exhibit any outward hideousness.

Indeed, throughout the Middle Ages it was a prevalent belief that the ugliness of the wicked—and the wicked were ever ugly—was in precise proportion to their wickedness, and so the Spirit of Evil himself was ever pictured as abominably hideous and revoltingly frightful; very unlike the "not less than archangel ruined," as his outward presentment is portrayed by Milton. "As ugly as sin," "diabolically hideous," are phrases to be found in other languages besides our own. In the same way virtue and goodness, the attributes of the saint, the characteristics of the angel, are habitually linked, both in idea and expression, with either majestic charms or enchanting loveliness. "As beautiful as an angel," "seraphic beauty," are modes of expression familiar to our lips; and furthermore, it is usual enough, when the desire is to convey approbation of a certain line of conduct, to say such conduct was "decidedly handsome." Hereby we discover the connection which unconsciously, perhaps, subsists in our minds between things which are true, honest, and just, and things which are lovely.

The Thracians, we read, were accustomed to shed tears on the birth of a child; and if we are to credit M. Bouchet, a learned etymologist, the child itself exhibits no less regret on its appearance in a world of which yet it knows nothing. Indeed, according to M. Bonnet, its first articulate expression is a reproach on our first parents, but for whom its birth would have been impossible; the boys, as he says, crying *A*, *A*, indicative of their indignation against Adam, and the girls whining *E*, *E*, their feeble invective against Eve. The tears of the Thracians are, in our opinion, susceptible of easy explanation, bearing in mind the innate repugnance of mankind to ugliness. The Thracian wept with apprehension that the red-faced, flabby, dabby baby might possibly in its growth exhibit itself as unattractive and uninviting as it was at its beginning; and the squalls of the newly-arrived innocents may be referred to their consciousness that they are making their début into life with an exterior decidedly unbecoming, if not actually repulsive. Madame de Bourignon is said to have been so hideous when born that the notion was seriously entertained of smothering her, and thus spare her a life of contempt, of scornful pity, and crushing humiliation.

Of course, people who set up for philosophers, especially those to whom Nature has acted the part rather of the step-mother than the nursing mother, affect to underrate the importance of a shapely figure and agreeable visage, and have many a well-worn proverb, such as "Beauty is but skin deep," "Handsome is that handsome does," and the like, to vindicate their opinions, or console them in their misfortune. Mr. Hay, however, a wealthy Sussex gentleman of the last century, who wooed the Muses without much success, and had a seat in Parliament to boot, was as misshapen a dwarf as any that of old made sport in royal or baronial halls. In his *Essay on Deformity* he frankly admits, while he ingeniously palliates, the disadvantages which belong to an uncomely exterior. "Bodily deformity," he says, "is very rare; and therefore a person so distinguished has ill-luck in a lottery where there are a thousand prizes to one blank. Among the 558 gentlemen in the House of Commons I am the only one that is so. Thanks to my worthy constituents, who never objected to my person, and I hope never to give them cause to object to my behavior. They are not like a venal borough, of which there goes a story that, although they never took exceptions to any man's character, they once rejected the best bidder because he was a negro." The sarcasm here is unmerited, inasmuch as the negro owed his rejection to the opinion, well-founded or not, that nigritude was only a synonym for intense ugliness; and the venal borough, although in its immorality it bent a good deal too much to the *virtus-post-nummos* doctrine, and was less solicitous about a candidate's principles than the state of his purse, still was not so deeply plunged in iniquity as to believe *quærenda pecunia primum*, for they scorned the bribe when it was tendered them by uncouth hands. True that Fuller had before this affirmed that the black man was God's image, only cut in ebony instead of ivory; but the constituency Mr. Hay would stigmatize with illiberality thought the negro an ugly-looking fellow, and so, in spite of his "yellow persuaders," declined to have aught to do with him.

When Job Ben Solomon, an African chief, was in England, he visited Dr. Watts, who, with more curiosity than politeness, inquired how it chanced he and his countrymen were black, when, in common with Europeans, they were descended from Adam, a white man? The retort was immediate and incisive: "Adam white! How know you Adam white? we tink Adam black; how came you white?" Now, there are writers on æsthetics who, in defiance of popular prejudice, maintain that black is the normal hue of men's complexion, and that the "pale faces" of Europe must have passed through some process of degeneration before they acquired the pallor they now exhibit. Ethnologists teach

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that in the course of time, and when exposed to certain climatic influences, the dusky races of mankind generally become fairer, while of the reverse no instance is known. There is a strong presumption, then, that our first parents had more of the sable than the brunette in their complexions, and, for aught we know, might have rivaled Sambo himself in the depth of his ebon hue. To no imputation of a lack of beauty can the negro, on account of his color, be fairly held obnoxious, while it becomes doubtful whether we of the white families of humanity have not ourselves degenerated from the original condition of the species as it existed "when Adam delved and Eve span." It is doubtful, then, whether, with all his good intentions, Dr. Beddoe was not attempting to do his blackamoor servant an actual disservice in endeavoring to bleach his dingy "pickers and stealers" by steeping them in a strong solution of muriatic acid oxygenized.

The glory of man, says an authority not to be disputed, is in his strength, and we may safely affirm that the glory of woman is in her beauty; and just as a man, when natural strength is denied to him in the fullness he desires, resorts to artificial means for supplying the defect, so does woman endeavor to redress the injustice and counteract the parsimony of Nature by a recourse to the ingenuities of art—the innocent deceptions of the toilet-table and the wardrobe. Of course there are some who, on one ground or another, will object to this practical mendacity, not the less real because it finds no expression in words; but such cynicism may be dismissed with contempt. It arises, in nine times out of ten, from that base and wretched jealousy of woman's influence which too often haunts the masculine heart, and whose bitterness can only be exceeded by its impotence. Could there be any thing more contemptible than the bill of indictment which Euripides preferred against Jove for having sent woman into the world only to reduce man to bondage with her charms; as though the poor hen-pecked deity was not himself as much a slave to beauty as any terrestrial mortal, and did not pass his miserable days under the thumb of all the pretty goddesses in Olympus? Milton did not hold it unbecoming the dignity of manhood to pen the puling lines,

> But yet I see the tenor of man's woe
> Holds on the same from woman to begin;

and Aristophanes—that scoffer at excellence, that contemner of virtue—while in his *Lysistratus* he affirms that there is no living with woman—palpably because of her caprice, adds, with unwonted candor, that there is no living without her—plainly because of her charms. A like sentiment, if we may credit Aulus Gellius, was given expression to in a speech of the censor, Metellus Numidicus, one of the duties of whose office required him to persuade the citizens to marry for the benefit of the commonwealth. Yet do we find him indorsing the vulgar scandals to which woman had been long exposed at the hands of those who had been struggling against a yoke from which they could not release themselves. "If, Romans," quoth the mordant orator, "we could do without a wife, we should all be free from that source of vexation; but as Nature has so ordered it that we can not live without them happily, or without them at all, we had"—for that is his real meaning—"best take our physic like sensible men."

Men of these convictions are, of course, averse to every thing that tends to enhance the power under whose oppression they groan; and perhaps Mrs. Dorothy Tearsheet never displayed more palpably the depth of her affection for her corpulent lover, when on parting she exclaimed, "Prove that I ever dress myself handsome till thy return!" The looking-glass, one of the choicest pieces of artillery in woman's arsenal, was loudly denounced by Clemens Alexandrinus. The old father—if we may with propriety ascribe that title to a celibate—asserts that every woman who looks in the glass violates a divine commandment, for she makes an image of herself for idolatrous purposes. But the Egyptian mistakes the matter widely if he supposes it is the woman that is the idolator. Take it at the very worst, woman commits no idolatry herself: she does not worship her own reflected loveliness—she only gives opportunity for others to do so; she is but the occasion of idolatry to others, but does not herself share in the sin. One of Lalage's tresses wandered astray, and Lalage, luckless damsel, knew naught of her misfortune until she had consulted her glass, and ascertained a recalcitrant pin falling from its rightful place had disturbed the position of the ringlet. So although, by-the-way, Martial might just as well have kept the matter to himself, Lalage, in a moment of not unnatural vexation, cast her polished mirror on the floor, which shivered into a thousand fragments. The act was foolish enough, but Lalage well knew what important weapons a woman's hair supplies her in her career of conquest; how much it contributes to those good looks which compensate her in the lack of physical vigor on which man founds his title to dominion. Indeed, there was a time when feminine tresses were supposed to possess certain strange magical qualities: pluck (if you dare) some hairs from the head of a pretty woman when her coiffure is in process of arrangement, and consign them at once to the fire, and from out the flame will crawl noxious, noisome adders, ready no doubt to avenge on you "the rape of the lock."

There was no portion of their toilet on which Roman ladies bestowed more pains than the disposition of their hair. Gray hair was with them, as with others, an abomination, and a sort of soap, called *pilæ mattiacæ*, was imported from Germany by way of remedy for this disfigurement whenever it occurred. False hair of a light hue was also imported from the same country for such as nature had dealt stingily by in the matter of "capillary attraction;" but, as is the case with the belles of modern Italy, *la*

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chevelure rouge, or what, in allusion to the old tradition respecting Judas's hair, Rosalind calls "the dissembling color," was the hue the most in vogue.* Perhaps, however, there is some exaggeration in this, and that a deep shade of auburn was that to which preference was given; for while Martial compares beautiful hair to the color of the golden field-mouse, he classes fiery-hued locks with cloven feet and blear eyes, inquiring, in the true spirit of one who detects the harmony of good looks and good deeds, whether such as are thus endowed can possibly be honest? To be without hair was of old ever esteemed a ground for reproach, and learned doctors tell us that the origin of the priestly tonsure was derived from an insult passed upon St. Peter at Antioch when they shaved his head "*like a fool's*."

Baptista Porta, who fills an honorable place among the early physiognomists, demonstrated that, great as the difference which subsists between mankind and brute-kind, the relationship between them is nearer than is generally suspected, and that beauty is nigher akin to the beast than most people suppose. In most of our species, especially in such of them as in any way had rendered themselves conspicuous among their fellow-men, he detected certain facial characteristics which they possessed in common with the lower animals, tracing, for instance, a close resemblance between the lineaments of the divine Plato and the countenance of a setter dog. "Many human faces" (Baptista Porta thought that almost all) "have a striking resemblance to particular animals," says Francis Grose in his *Rules for Drawing Caricatures*. "Hogarth has given some instances of these resemblances: one in the 'Gate of Calais,' where two old fish-women are pointing out their likeness to a flat-fish; another in the portrait of the 'Russian Hercules,' where, under the figure of a bear, he has preserved the lineaments of his poetical antagonist"—Charles Churchill. Le Brun, the painter, adopted Baptista Porta's physiognomical doctrine, and gave it practical expression by preparing a series of studies of human heads with their corresponding types in the bestial creation, and from a comparison of the two he believed a general law could be deduced, whereby it would be possible to determine, at sight, the disposition and temperament both of the man and his representative among the brutes. Were either of them timid or audacious, savage or placable, he thought it could be ascertained without difficulty at a glance. He considered the token of courage to be the little protuberance over the nose; in proportion to its size, small or great, was the animal daring or fearful. All great men, and all great animals, he believed to be eminent in the matter of nose—the eagle and Julius Cæsar, to wit; and a fine swelling proboscis was, in his mind, the invariable accompaniment of elevation of thought and grandeur of conception, and thus did both Aristotle and Baptista Porta also think of the straight nose blunt at its termination, "tower-shaped," as Sir Thomas Browne phrases it. Noses, we know, are of all varieties: Grose divides them into the angular, the aquiline or Roman, the parrot's beak, the straight or Grecian, the bulbous or bottled, the turned-up or snub, and the mixed or broken; each of which supply the indication of its owner's character, as, by some persons, the chin is supposed to do. But the better opinion is, that the chin affords a far less reliable index to character than the nose, being less marked and less numerous in its varieties. Indeed, with the exception of the double, the nut-cracker, and the cucumber chin, there is nothing specially remarkable in this feature of the face. Far otherwise with the nose, of which Napoleon Bonaparte was accustomed to say that he generally found a long nose, such as that we have been mentioning, associated with a long head, an admission the more singular as his own nasal development was a striking contradiction to his rule.

When Le Brun propounded the theory, of which he was rather the expositor than the author, the inquiry grew current in Parisian society, Who is your beast? Flatterers said there could be no doubt, especially having regard to the nose, judged by Le Brun's standard, that the Prince de Condé had for his congener nose a beast of the very first rank, at once strong, fierce, gentle, placable, terrible in power, but withal full of amenity, courtesy, and graciousness. Mirabeau, on the other hand, with his amplitude of hair, his expansive and expressive countenance to which the small nose had lent a singular appearance, his massive jaws and shaggy eyebrows, all suggestive of both Power and Will, what inferior (if inferior) animal could he recall to the mind but the lion of terrible paw and deep-depending mane?

Putting aside all fanciful speculations, there is no doubt that in every age the belief has been common that the inward and informing spirit of man has found expression outward in the peculiarities of his corporeal structure, and that in a large measure the body images the moral and intellectual qualities of the immaterial essence with which it is instinct. Madame de Staël thinks this was the case with the ancients in an eminent degree—that with them "there was a more intimate union between the physical and moral faculties than at present." This will be a consolation to some of us to whom the mirror exists as a perpetual reproach. Had we lived in heroic times the world, which knows nothing of us but our outside, would have been

* Writers who profess conversance with the subject affirm that, for men, chestnut or a deep shade of blonde are the most becoming, as these are ever found associated with intelligence, sagacity, and the possession of high moral qualities. The best of brothers, Castor and Pollux, the kindest of husbands, Menelaus, were ever depicted with hair of either hue. As far as men are concerned, Aristotle thinks the color of their hair is of little consequence; any color will do, provided the hair be not straight, for that is the sure indication of timidity and cowardice. Ajax had curly locks, and so had Cimon, and Augustus's ringlets are well known.

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enabled from that to detect those esoteric excellences with which, alas! none are acquainted save our familiars and intimates. Good looks are, no doubt, good things, but even in looks which require another adjective than good a difference is observable, as is well expounded by Grose. "Ugliness," he says, "according to our local idea, may be divided into genteel and vulgar. The difference between these kinds of ugliness seems to be that the former is positive or redundant, the latter wanting or negative. Convex faces, prominent features, and large aquiline noses, though differing much from beauty, still give an air of dignity to their owners; whereas concave faces, flat, snub, or broken noses always stamp a meanness and vulgarity. The one seems to have passed through the limits of beauty, the other never to have arrived at them."

THE TWENTY-THIRD OF JULY.

FRITZ HEINTZELMAN, at the age of sixteen, was seized with the epidemic of emigration; and gathering together what few kreutzers he might, he left his native hamlet in the heart of Germany and sought the western shores of the New World.

The fates used Fritz unkindly from the first. He had lost both parents in his childhood, and had scrambled up the height of his present years by whatever chance stepping-stones presented themselves; he had been forced to leave his fatherland through sheer wretchedness of condition, and on his way across the ocean he suffered shipwreck—shipwreck from which he escaped, as the sailors said, by the skin of his teeth, and with very little, be it said, beyond that skin. He had, fortunately, nothing left to lose at Castle Garden. But what of that? This was the country where you picked up great silver half-dollars for the stooping; he stepped on shore, from the gangway plank of the ship that had rescued the passengers on the wreck, far more lightly than he would have done if he had jingled a hundred guineas in his tattered pockets.

But once in the busy thoroughfares he found no place to look for the half-dollars on the pavement; and, moreover, the throngs there before him must have already picked them all up; and for a week, living on what he could catch, he rambled through the streets seeking work.

There was, of course, then, in the true Fritz luck, no work for him to be had; he knew barely a word of English; he failed to find any one acquainted with his own dialect. When people, by gesticulation and stray foreign sentences, made him understand that if he wanted work he must go into the country, he mildly showed them the bare palms of his hands, signifying that he had not the wherewithal to go; then they would look at his stout, long legs and stalwart body—and Fritz would look too, in a kind of pride to think only how well he could labor if he could but find the labor to perform, but as to getting out of that great city with them it was the last thing in his head.

Matters went on in this discouraging way till Fritz was very hungry—he had found no friends, no employment, no money, no food; he had condescended to beg, and had been repulsed. Footsore, and heartsore, and famished, he was stumbling on his way across a bridge, when the idea seized him that since he could not sustain life he was not bound to endure it: the dark water flowed so pleasantly under him — how sweetly it would sing him to sleep! His heavy heart would sink him quick like lead; and then the dear rest, and no waking to pain and hunger and despair.

But Fritz was young, and life looks fair to the young in spite of every ill, they have such treasures of unexhausted strength with which to meet it—tears sprung to the eyes of Fritz as if in pity of himself. He was going; he was determined now upon that—in a few moments those dark waters should flow on singing above his head; but, just for this last breath or two, he leaned his head upon his arms there at the bridge-side and sobbed aloud. There were not many passers-by at that time; if there had been, so little notice had Fritz ever received that he would not have expected any of them to accost him or perceive him. He was alone and wretched, and going out of the world.

When, therefore, a hand was laid upon his broad shoulder, not heavily—for it was a slight hand though a man's, but lingeringly—Fritz started as though he had been discovered in attempting the life of another than himself.

"What are you doing, my lad?" asked the stranger. And on being answered by a grumble of Teutonic gutturals, repeated his question in a kind of German which, if not the native dialect of Fritz, was one whose import he could gather with but little difficulty. His country's tongue once more! Listening to it, broken and disguised though it might be on the stranger's lips, was like stepping on the shores of the dear fatherland at last after all this foolish exile and trouble. In a transport he turned suddenly, and seizing the hand that had lain upon his shoulder kissed it again and again, and wet and covered it with tears.

"There, there!" said the stranger, recovering his property, with a shyness unused to such expression, and hesitating as he spoke, that he might furbish up whatever foreign speech he had. "My name is Isaiah Thornly. I live in Barkburn. There's a German settlement near there. You're out of work? A stranger here? About giving up? I see. You come with me." And taking Fritz's shoulder again, he broke loose from the constraint of his few German scraps by exclaiming in pure American: "Come along now. I'll fix your flint!"

And Fritz, provided that night with a good supper and a comfortable lodging, on the next day started with Mr. Thornly for Barkburn, to become a laborer upon his new friend's farm in consideration of board and clothes, and a small

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monthly stipend that in his unaccustomed eyes resembled the riches of the East.

Once established, then, in his lately found home Fritz worked with a will the whole day long, as if, full of gratitude, he would show his deliverer that he not only had not lost by his goodness, not only stood as well by it, but that he had gained immeasurably—gained by the sum of another hand, another head, another heart! So industrious, skillful, and capable of turning his hand to every thing, he plodded along by day; and by night amused himself with the children, carved them toys, nursed little baby on his arm, and drank his mug of lager beer, and went to bed in peace with all the world—only to be up with the day, and to resume the same routine, to all appearance happier than a king.

But not content with helping on the farm, Fritz was ambitious of more distinction yet; he aspired to assist Mrs. Thornly upon her indoor labors. In the nooning, when another would have lain on his back in the sun, Fritz was in the dairy taking the dasher out of her tired hand and bringing in ten minutes the butter for which she had churned an hour; or just when the pan of apples seemed to be as interminable as the widow's cruse, Fritz would come along, and whipping out that sharp and wicked-looking knife of his, would put his hand in with such vigor as soon to leave nothing but a pile of parings before her; or when the warm, inviting evenings came, and one might like to take a little stroll along the lanes, or go into the village a half-mile away for a trifle of shopping, or run over to a neighbor's for a bit of gossip to warm one's heart with—then Fritz himself would go and hunt up her bonnet and shawl and present them to the mistress, and take Stephen and Jack off and hear their prayers, or pretend to hear them, and put them to bed, and rock little baby in his cradle afterward till long past the time for his mug of lager and his heavy, happy slumbers.

If Fritz had not a great deal of English, he had a modicum of common-sense; and though it may have been that the desire to be of service to his employer entered largely into these voluntary house-duties of his, yet there must also have been a motive in the purpose of averting Mrs. Thornly's evil offices; for doubtless he had perceived on first entering the house that Mrs. Thornly made him an unwelcome guest, disliked his foreign speech, his harsh voice, feared his great frame, his sturdy limbs, his sledge-hammer fist, objected to him altogether with whatever force her feeble nature held.

But let Fritz do what he would, Mrs. Thornly was not to be appeased, and at last a fancy took shape in her weak little head that grew insupportable to her; she believed that in all these apparent kindnesses Fritz had ulterior purposes, and she saw in every thing he did the nefarious design of winning her favor wickedly.

One night with tears Mrs. Thornly uncovered this notable discovery of hers to her husband. Mr. Thornly laughed at her. That enraged her. Then it was either Fritz must leave the house or she should. In vain her husband ridiculed, argued, expostulated—either Fritz must go or she should. Of course Fritz went.

But before Fritz went a little scene took place. When the young man understood what had been done, and by some keen sense or other divined who had done it, he turned upon Mrs. Thornly with blazing eyes, and, seizing hold of her wrist, said in broken and confused language: "You turn from me the heart I love, the man who saved me, I adore. If it was not woman, woman, I do kill you!" He was terrific, with his great heaving shoulders, his bearded, darkening face, and the blazing eyes. Mrs. Thornly screamed and hid her face, and Mr. Thornly wrenched away Fritz's hand, and in sudden, thoughtless anger struck him. The dark color left the face of Fritz in an instant; it was white as ashes; he caught the hand in the air, swung Mr. Thornly round about like a feather, and flung him into a seat across the room. Then he went. But pausing at the gate at foot of the little garden, he bowed his head and wept as he had wept that night upon the bridge, and called his master's name aloud with all endearments, and cursed his mistress. He was like some great, faithful dog; the blow had only made him love the man better; but then, every time that he thought of that man's wife tearing from him his only friend in all the broad, lonely, desolate land, the one he loved so well, he snarled and snapped his teeth.

After this the face of man was a hateful thing to Fritz. As to going among his compatriots of the German settlement, he would remain silent, with his native tongue unheard forever, first. So, in the course of events, Fritz settled down as hostler of the village inn, where the face of man did not trouble him much, and where he became tolerably familiar with the face of beast. Here, too, with nothing to occupy his poor mind, with no ambitions, hopes, or pleasures, he sought consolation in his mug of lager, and filled it oftener and drained it deeper than he had ever done before, so that night after night he faltered off to bed on his hay-mow, stupid and sogged, and lay till morning stretched in drunken sleep. Still this was hardly habitual as yet. Once or twice, though, when the beer was more potent than usual, or, brooding on his wrongs, his brain was in a more excited condition, he had flourished round the house in a furious fashion with the improvised weapon of an axe or pitchfork in hand, occasioning the liveliest terror to every spectator, and much subsequent disgrace to himself. It was during such a paroxysm that Mr. Thornly was sent for to pacify Fritz, and having come once, as if no more reconciliation were needed, he after that dropped in occasionally and brightened the days for his old servitor as much as might be; and as Fritz's services were cheap, and these more troublesome escapades were seldom, he was not so unfortunate as lose his situation a second time in consequence of them. Nevertheless, it was in these stages of

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madness and fierceness that Fritz was heard to utter fearful threats upon Mrs. Thornly, indulging his imagination with the atrocities that might be perpetrated upon her. He was not of sufficient delicacy of character to recognize that whatever injured her injured her husband. He desired simple vengeance; and when the raging fit was on him he wreaked it in direct imprecations of evil for her personally, through her children, and through every other avenue by which she might be reached that his angry and vindictive spirit could imagine. The broken, blundering speech in which he avowed these fell designs added a double portion to their horror in the hearer's ears.

But notwithstanding such mischances poor Fritz was no more of a wretch than he had ever been. Many a time when the Thornly children had appeared in the village had he treated them to sweets, to long drinks of soda-water, to rides upon some sober steed from his stalls, at whose bridle-rein he walked himself. To be sure, in relation to the latter he had been known to declare that he had hoped the horse would throw the child and put an end to him, so that his mother should kiss him no more; but any one might have believed him or not as they chose, who had ever seen him meet the one he had always called "little baby," now grown large enough to toddle out of sight of home in neglected moments, take it up in his arms and caress it, saying, tenderly, "Mit you fader's ein, mit you fader's ein," and carrying it within sight of the garden gate, when he would set it down and skulk away as if he had committed a deed worth being ashamed of.

Once in a while, however, as has been said, Fritz experienced a satisfaction such as some lover feels at the seldom sight of his mistress. This was when Mr. Thornly, happening to be in the village, and coming round the inn-yard, spent half an hour or so in chatting with him while he groomed his horses, for he and Fritz had established a kind of lingo easily understood by one another. Lately, too, Mr. Thornly was seen there more than had been customary with him; he had business at the Barkburn Bank which some time since had lent him money on a mortgage of his place—a mortgage whose term was just about expiring; he looked haggard, his clothes were shabby, and he refreshed himself at the bar as had not been his wont. Mrs. Thornly complained to her intimate neighbor of this—that "Thornly had got some ridiculous notion into his head about coming to want, or dying in the poor-house, or something of the kind—she didn't know!" One day Mr. Thornly, sitting on the horse-block in the inn-yard, and all alone with Fritz, exclaimed, "There, there, Fritz, make haste and tie up that white horse! The beast makes me feel as if I looked death in the face. Death and the White Horse. I feel, Fritz," added he, in a little while—"I feel as if I should take my life!"

"No, no, master mine," had ejaculated Fritz, "the good God forbid!"

"When I look at my wife, when I look at the children," said Mr. Thornly, "the innocent little children, and wonder, wonder what is going to become of them, I feel as if I must take my life!"

"This arm," said Fritz, "this right arm shall take care of them."

But Mr. Thornly only shook his head disconsolately. Thereupon an idea dawned over Fritz, an idea which must have been born of more wit than he had exercised of late. He comprehended what was the trouble with Mr. Thornly, and suggested to him that he should do no less than brush himself up, look gay and prosperous, and borrow money of any wealthy acquaintance he might have in the city not very far away—then he could pay the Barkburn Bank, which so much preferred hazardous speculations to safe investments on poor men's lands, by which means he would save the farm that was to pass out of his hands unless redeemed at the specified time, and could then execute a new mortgage to the benefit of his supposed friend in the city, one running for such a term of years as would give him time to pay it off in full. This, or rather something that suggested this, was what Fritz proposed to Mr. Thornly, who brightened at first, then grew doubtful, but finally mounted his horse. It was a long ride to the city there; if he went at once he could not get home till all the family were in bed and asleep. So he struck spurs to the gray—an ancient edifice of bones, looking as if it had become the color of a ruin by reason of long usage and much weather-staining—and galloped away.

On the edge of that evening, it was the 23d of July, as he had afterward cause to remember, Fritz left the inn-yard and the village, and with a little basket in hand sought the wood upon the outskirts in order to pick a kind of berry growing there. He sauntered along, gathering and eating, and between whiles listening. It had rung nine, and still he sauntered there in the bright moonlight that fell through the open spaces of the wood; and still he listened, when at last the soft tread of a horse's hoofs on the dead leaves and fallen pine needles reached him in a measured recurrence, and before long he saw Mr. Thornly pacing his horse along and bewildering him with a jerking hand on the bridle and a reeling weight in the saddle. He stopped his horse at sight of Fritz, and asked him in a loud and angry tone why he was dogging him in this way through the wood, accompanying his question with such objurgations as may have alarmed Fritz for his master's safety, it is possible—supposing that now he had money about him and that by some accident he had been drinking.

Fritz was right in both suppositions. An old friend, who had won more of this world's prizes than he had done, relying on Mr. Thornly's honesty, had furnished him with the required sum of money upon his note, no great affair to him, though all the world to Mr. Thornly; and having sealed the bargain with a bumper, the

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new and happy debtor had taken another by way of stirrup-cup on his departure, and at the half-way house, where he had staid to feed and water the gray, stimulated by the previous draughts, he had fortified himself with one or two more, which, however harmless in effect on another man, had wrought his already fevered and enfeebled brain to an unnatural tension. Fritz, however, succeeded in calming him somewhat, and when he had effected this, he asked Mr. Thornly how successful his journey might have been. For reply Mr. Thornly brought forth the great envelope containing the bank-bills, and, snatching them out, proceeded to flaunt them before the face and eyes of Fritz like trophies, in a wild and triumphant way. The wind caught some of them from his loose grasp as he flourished them, and frolicking in the edges a minute bore them away, so that with difficulty Fritz could regain them, and perhaps would not have done so at all but for the twigs among which they caught after he had trodden and retrodden the spot where they played with him. "Thou art not fit to be trusted with them to-night, master!" said Fritz, gently. "Give them to me, that I may take them to mistress for you!" With a glimmering of sense in his half-crazy head, Mr. Thornly did as he was bidden, and Fritz walked on at the gray's head, quieting his master still as best he could. Nor after Mr. Thornly had entered and bolted the door, and left the horse to be put up by Fritz or to stay where he was, did Fritz go away at once, but hung around the place uneasily and like a rambling ghost, till the wheeling moon had fronted the arc of morning. But when he did go, a swifter creature never ran, a whiter face never saw moonlight, wilder words never disturbed midnight air.

That next morning, when it was time for all the inmates of the inn to wake from their slumbers, Fritz was found with his face buried in a mug of lager beer and making himself furious as he had sometimes done before, though at a different hour.

"Haven't you been asleep to-night, Fritz?" asked one.

"Nein, nein!" he answered.

"What, then, what have you been doing? Drinking?"

Fritz took another draught in response; it finished his business, he inaugurated his rioting around the place from garret to cellar straightway, and raged and raved madly with half-intelligible utterances that it froze one with horror to hear, if hearing haply any understood. It was too much for mortal flesh of landlord to bear—Fritz was dismissed the house that day. In half-awaking remorse, and all in a strange, hot agitation, recalled by many afterward, he made up his little bundle and left the town, and by daybreak was twenty miles to the west of the place, entirely sobered, and walking still as if he wished to put the breadth of the continent between himself and Barkburn.

Three mornings afterward a neighbor, not having seen any thing of them, on going over to inquire concerning the Thornly's, at their house, found his feet and his voice alike failing him. Mrs. Thornly and the three children were all dead in their beds, murdered and butchered, while the murderer had reserved for the husband and father such more dreadful death that he had been disposed of in a hidden place.

The whole town was up in arms. The teeth of all Barkburn chattered. Who could have done such a deed? What demon was there in the midst of them? What enemy had Mr. Thornly? Who in the world was safe henceforth? Was there any justice in the land or any God in heaven if the murderer remained undiscovered? Each man, each woman, each child, felt it imperative to aid in searching the mystery; every detail of the Thornly house and housekeeping was known; the least scratch, or crease, or wrinkle in the dead children's hands was noted; the very cattle starving in the sheds were objects of interest; the old gray, still unsaddled and neighing round the yard, had a story to tell; the mother murdered as she slept, with one arm across her youngest child; the little children dreaming with smiles upon their lips that had not time to leave them before the surprising knife drew its red way through their throats—all these things were rehearsed and dilated on, till, as if the horrid deed were insufficient in itself, the garniture of surmises, and kindled feeling, and burning indignation became more horrid yet.

It was finally agreed upon, before that sun had set, that Mr. Thornly had been waylaid and robbed and murdered in the wood, where the trampled moss and grass and broken twigs gave their testimony to that effect, and that the monster had then finished his brutality upon the helpless sleeping household.

It would be impossible to say of the early suspicion who first breathed it, how it spread abroad, or why it was ever hazarded at all; but, as if by simultaneous action of mind, it grew to be that there was not a soul in all Barkburn but believed, by the weight of insurmountable evidence, that Fritz Heintzelman, and he alone, could tell the truth about that dark night's deeds.

The telegraph had aroused the country too, and wherever a newspaper was unfolded the dreadful details were published to the day, and vengeance demanded on the guilty wretch. Fritz Heintzelman's name became "common in the public mouth," and the poor facts of his appearance were familiar to the stranger a thousand miles away. Had Fritz himself been able to read one noon, when, bent with fatigue, he limped into a way-side tavern, and took his seat, and called for beer, pushing away the paper that lay on the table before him, his eyes might have started from their sockets, and he could well have cursed that day when Mr. Thornly saved him from the restful death of the river.

"Have you heard of the horrible affair at Barkburn, Sir?" asked the host of the little tavern, bringing the beer.

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"Hein?" asked Fritz, looking up stupidly.

"The horrible murder at Barkburn! They say that one Fritz Heintzelman—"

But here Fritz rose with an oath, and setting down the untouched beer, stalked out, leaving the host with gaping mouth behind him. And when Fritz had quite disappeared the worthy host shook his head once or twice at such a singular proceeding, as if he wished to shake up an idea to the top where it could be gotten hold of, snatched the paper to peruse the items of the fugitive's appearance, and with eager eyes read that the supposed murderer stood some six feet in stature, though his broad shoulders were bent as if with labor; that his face was nearly covered with a dark and heavy beard; that he had deep-set gray eyes under bushy brows that made one line across his face; that these eyes had the appearance of a slight cast, owing to a transverse scar across the cheek; that his hair, a shade lighter than his beard, curled closely to his head; that he had an air at once stupid and ferocious; and that when last seen he wore a blouse of blue, and overalls, and a linen cap.

The host re-read all these items; recalled the stupid stranger, with his dark beard and lighter curling hair, as if the sun had blanched it; with the slight cast in his eyes that, however vacant they might be, made them seem sinister in expression; compared the description of costume with the stranger's blue blouse and linen cap; above all, recalled the staring scar, the mark of some severe cut; and within an hour news was darting through the wires that Fritz Heintzelman had stopped at the wayside tavern of Rocheville, and had taken the turnpike to Dunbury City.

As, white with dust and lame with travel, Fritz entered Dunbury City that night, a little tatterdemalion was crying his news in a voice worthy of larger lungs:

"Yere's y'xtra five o'clock! Last 'counts of the Barkburn murder! P'lice on track of Fritz Heintzelman, murderer!"

"Was ist dat you say mit me?" asked Fritz at last, stopping the urchin in a kind of imbecile terror, aware of something terrible, but unable to get it through his brain.

"Paper, Sir?"

Just then a hand from either side was laid lightly on Fritz's arms, closing down like a vice; before he saw them two handcuffs were upon his wrists, and he was arrested for the murder of Mr. Thornly and the Thornly family.

If any proof of his guilt had been wanting it was supplied by the search, when the money lent to Mr. Thornly on that 23d of July was found intact upon the person of Fritz himself.

It was of no use for Fritz to aver, as he did, when he saw the gleaming of the officers' eyes while they handled the parcel, that he was no thief—that he had forgotten he had it; the more he said the more certain seemed to grow the evidence of his guilt. "He gave it me to take care for him der night little baby was kilt. Ah, mein Gott! dese eyes saw them." The officers counseled him to hold his tongue, and roughly hustled him off, conscious that no treatment was bad enough for such a wretch; and fast as feet could travel they carried their murderer back to Barkburn and the scene of his crimes.

It was just as the funeral cortége of the unfortunate beings so suddenly thrust out of existence defiled along the highway to the barren village church-yard that the wagon containing Fritz and the officers drove into town. By what was intended for a refinement of cruelty it was drawn up beside the way until the four sable hearses should pass by in the full view of Fritz. He bore it stolidly at first, but when the wind partially lifted the heavy, sombre curtains of the last one, containing little baby as he might suppose, he broke down with choking sobs. "It becomes you! becomes you!" muttered one of the officers, with difficulty keeping his hands off him.

"Only four," said another; "only four. They haven't found him yet, then."

"Who? Mr. Thornly? Our friend here will tell us where to look when the lawyers once get foul of him, I reckon." And thereat they drove on, turning down a lane, lest the people should scent the game and tear it from them. But with these words Fritz looked hurriedly up at them.

"They do not then find the master?" he asked, in his half intelligible way.

"No," vouchsafed one of the men. "They will, though, with your help, lad."

The troubled, clod-like face was all perplexed for a moment with thought; then it brightened—if any one had taken the pains to look at it they would have seen—with a strange light of devotion, of love, of determination; but it was growing dark, they were driving through the unfrequented by-ways, no one cared for any expression his face might have this moment, nor so much as glanced at it; and in a few minutes he was safely lodged in Barkburn Jail, and the populace, among whom the news had spread like wild-fire, were howling outside the gates as wolves howl for their prey.

It so happened that a Court was to sit at Barkburn immediately—in fact, the Court was the sole importance of the place, a stagnant little hole enough except when lawyers and ladies, judges and clients, showmen and ground-nut vendors stirred its surfaces. And thus, without the delay of a single month, while the feeling was still at white heat, the prisoner, Fritz Heintzelman, was brought to trial. It was no easy task to fetch him into the court-room, so fierce was the crowd outside, so wild to take justice into their own hands; no easy task to get him away—the throng, or another, still there and clamoring. Fritz surveyed them without a shudder, in a coolness that seemed some sheer beastly stupidity. "Got to die," said he. "They only kill."

The Court, of course, had awarded counsel to Fritz; but even to his legal advisers he did not deign a single further word. They could not

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but take his guilt for granted; for however much they might assure him that they wished to befriend him—that it rested with himself to prove an *alibi* by telling where he had been on that fearful night of the twenty-third of July—he still remained silent. Even when they found interpreters so that they could make sure that the prisoner comprehended them, the event was the same. The only defense they could establish was, that Fritz Heintzelman was devoid of human instincts, incapable of moral discrimination, a mere brute, no more amenable to human and moral laws than a chimpanzee. On the other hand, the evidence against him was satisfactory to those most revengefully inclined. He had been known to go out, with a basket for berries, into the woods through which Mr. Thornly was to pass; he had brought home no berries; but his voice had been heard in loud altercation later there in the wood—his voice being peculiar and unmistakable. It was testified that a certain sum of money had been loaned that day to Mr. Thornly; Mr. Thornly had been traced as far as the half-way house that night, with the money still in his possession; there were the appearances, though slight, of a struggle in one spot of the woods, slight struggle being necessary to overcome a man of Mr. Thornly's size and strength; the horse would seem to have subsequently wandered home from that place without a rider, being found grazing in the yard, but still saddled and bridled. Fritz Heintzelman had not returned to the inn till long past midnight, and his blouse had next day been observed to be somewhat stained either with blood or juice of the berries; while his wild, half-incoherent ravings under the influence of liquor during that morning had become quite intelligible by the light of the discovery of the Thornly murders. When to this was put in evidence the fear and detestation that Mrs. Thornly, feeling for him, had expressed to various acquaintance, and there was added the fact of the fearful threats that the prisoner had so many times been heard to utter against Mrs. Thornly, and the fact of his flight, and that of the money found upon him, and his unguarded exclamation to the officers showing that he had at least seen the murdered family—joining all this to his determined silence, not a doubt existed in the mind of any as to his guilt.

Fritz sat there looking listlessly about the court-room, perhaps partially understanding what was said and done, perhaps not at all, but apparently aware that death was his doom, and as he could not avoid it, it made no matter. One reporter mentioned his brutal look, another his stolidity, another rehearsed the item that he breakfasted in his cell of mornings with a wicked appetite; no one saw any thing good or noble in his poor face, nor any spark of the fellow-feeling that makes us all akin. It would not have been strange if, overlooking all these hostile faces, and remembering the rubs and knocks that had forever fallen to his share, a hatred of mankind had at that time filled the heart of Fritz Heintzelman and gazed out of his eyes upon the throng beneath him—the throng no less murderously disposed toward him than they believed him to have been toward others.

When all was done the Judge summed up the testimony in an able and elaborate statement, which, so potent seemed the bare facts, was after all full as much an argument as any thing said by the attorneys—so much an argument, indeed, that, as a great advocate said, he might have been successfully indicted for it. Fritz heard it all as if it concerned another person—nay, as if it were an imaginary case concerning some cipher. The room was filled to overflowing; an audience had even scrambled up without and heard a portion of the proceedings through the open windows, whence more than one wrathful citizen had shaken an angry fist at the careless wretch who murdered and gave no more thought to his atrocity than if he had crushed flies.

The jury were just rising to go through the form of retiring when another stir in the place attracted the attention of first one and then another, until the whole court-room, judge, jury, counsel, audience, turned and stared aghast; and women shrieked and fainted, and men held their breath as if they confronted one returning from the dead.

It was the sheriff himself who, having been called out a few moments before, now cleared the way; and behind him were men bringing in a chair and carrying it to the witness-box, and a white, cold, little shrunken thing, shivering away from the light of day, was reclining in the chair among its pillows—still more dead than alive; but every one who saw the face knew the man. There was the silence of death in the great room.

After some legal preliminaries the testimony of the new-comer was admitted to be given as he chose to give it; and, on being sworn, he essayed to speak. His voice was little more than a husky whisper—an articulate death-rattle—but you could have heard a breath in that still place.

In all this time Fritz, sitting there indifferently, with his hanging head, had not once looked up.

"My name," whispered the witness, "is Isaiah Thornly.

Fritz started as if stung by an electric shock, turned to his master, and would have sprung to him had he been able, with a wild, joyful cry. But at a glance of his eye he grew silent as a statue.

"I once rendered the prisoner, Fritz Heintzelman—in whose place I myself should stand—a great service. He has followed me faithfully from that day—he would have died here, in my stead, if I had not come. But I was ill, and knew nothing—till just now; then I heard them as they talked beside me; I told the good woman who took me in my name—and here I am."

The Judge seemed about to interrupt him here; but, apparently, on second thoughts, deemed it

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necessary to let the feeble breath whisper out its story as it could. Mr. Thornly continued: "I have been in trouble of late, my farm was mortgaged—I saw no way of meeting the payment whose term had expired. I saw my family—soon to be—reduced to starvation—my little children suffering—beggars." He paused, and could not go on until they had given him some cordial drops. "I say I saw all this. It was with me night and day. It was my haunting thought. I feared I was getting mad. When I heard my boys saying their prayers at night—" He stopped again as if he would have cried out, but did not. It was pain to listen to the pants that broke up his words as he resumed. "When I heard them, it rose before me like a ghost up out of a grave, what was to become of them—every terrible chance of life seemed possible for them—I felt their poor little feet treading bare over snowy roads—I saw them blue and pinched—and aching—with hunger. Oh! when I lay down at night, when I rose at morning, the sight of my wife's eyes cut me to the heart and made me wild, as I thought of—every thing lost—the farm—perhaps even me—and she outcast—cold charity—temptation and trial. More than once I looked at them all—and thought—how kind the hand that should release them from life and evil—want—woe. Fritz Heintzelman knew my state of mind; he suggested to me to borrow money. I did so. He walked out to meet me that night—in the wood. Perhaps I had—drank—a little, I don't know. He found me half-crazed with that, or with the reaction from my long torment. I had a dim idea that I was wrong—I gave him the money to keep. He led me home. I think he must have staid round the place then still. I went in. They were all asleep. I went and looked at them—feeling so glad. At my wife with the baby on her arm. At Jack and Steve. I was so glad that they were safe once more, and had a home. Then I felt for the money; it was gone; that made me furious a moment—but directly I remembered that—I had given it to Fritz to keep for me. And then I looked at them again—and the old fear and terror rushed over me. I could not get away from it. And I thought if things should ever come to such a pass again—and having been once—why not again? And it seemed as if I could not let them live to meet it—as if I could not live myself. Only a moment—no pain—and then eternal rest. I suppose I was insane—I suppose I was insane—only I remember it all. A drawer was open. I saw something glitter there. It was my razor. I took—took it up—and drew the edge—finer than a hair—it could not hurt them in the least—and no more trouble. I remember lifting my arm, I remember the shudder she gave, opening her blue eyes; but I had done that; the rest must follow. Then it seems to me I was just touching myself, something warm was spurting over me, when I heard Fritz's voice, and saw him breaking through a window. I made haste—but he seized my arm—he snatched the razor—he turned to the children—and I leaped from him, and ran out of the house along the field and up the river-bank. A widow woman who lives on the farm of Low Acres, an untraveled spot, found me—she knows little of what goes on in the outside world—it was only last night—waking from a stupor—that I heard her talking of this trial, concerning which she knew but little—and with his name it rushed over me—and here I am. You can hang me if you choose. I hope, I hope you will. For, unless you do, I shall have lost them here and hereafter too! Only make haste—for, as you see, I am dying."

He was indeed. When he ceased speaking, and abandoned the unnatural exertion he had made, his eyes wandered idly round him as if he could no longer direct them, his head fell a little upon one side, and he was dead.

Nobody could have held Fritz Heintzelman then if any body had tried. He had broken all bounds, and was kneeling at his master's chair imploring him to look up, to speak. But in a moment he rose calmly as of old. They had called it brutality before; now they called it phlegm. "No," said he. "It is the best. It is the best."

The ceremony of the law had long since been abandoned there—it could be no otherwise in listening to that man's recital breaking through all rules of testimony. Now there was only such brief return to it as was required to pronounce the prisoner Not Guilty.

They carried Fritz out of the court-house in their arms. The crowd cheered him till the ringing heavens were hoarse. They would have spread his way with flowers, have feasted him, have lauded him, have endowed him, have given him any ovation. But as he had repelled them before so he repelled them now. For months and years it seemed as if his heart were broken within him; but youth is elastic, and time, in making him an American citizen, and bringing him other loves and ambitions, bridged over this black gap and chasm in his life. And then he could no longer hinder the generous atonements that were loaded upon him, and rising degree by degree, to-day there is no more respected an individual in that region—an overseer of the poor and director of the Barkburn Bank, to which a poor farmer or struggling mechanic never applies in vain for discount on his paper—than this same Fritz Heintzelman.

JONES'S IMPUDENCE.

I PROPOSE to consider the case of—yes, my *friend* Jones. Jones troubles my mind much. I like him, and yet I am of those who judge "a man should know his place and keep it." By all his intimate acquaintance, indeed, Jones is highly esteemed. The man's sole fault appears to be his extraordinary impudence. I can think of no one who has a finer sense of honor than he. Meanness is altogether foreign to his nature. His integrity is beyond question, his simplicity truly admirable. His generosity of

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temperament is highly praised by many upon whom he has conferred unasked favors. He would be famed amidst his circle for his entire want of selfishness did he not wear his virtue in his sleeve. It has yet been brought to light that he has deprived himself of what most would call necessaries in order that luxuries might be provided a feeble mother. With such rectitude as this is rarely found united such charity for the failings of others.

In the more manly virtues, fortitude, courage, energy, he— But I weary the reader with my enthusiastic praise, and I omit further extension of the catalogue of his noble qualities. I have said enough to show he is worthy of any man's friendship. He has, moreover, wit and intelligence. His conversation often charms me.

Jones is an artist by profession. My purchase of one of his pictures made us acquainted. It was a small and unpretentious work hung below the line at the Academy exhibition. I descried in it, nevertheless, a sincerity of feeling and conscientious painstaking that commended it to me. In the painter I found a middle-sized man, of a homely cast of features, in which a keen gray eye was alone attractive. He was extremely ill-clad. Every thing about him denoted that his struggle with life was a hard one. His age was seemingly twenty-four or five.

I respect much encouragers of youthful talent, and like to consider myself one of them. I have patronized not a few young artists. I smiled benignly upon Jones, and declared that I saw signs of great promise in his production. To my astonishment he did not treat me with that degree of deference I was accustomed to receive from such as he. He looked me frankly and fully in the eyes, as he replied he himself considered it his best work. There was not a particle of awe in his manner, no timid shrinking as if he had a doubt of pleasing me. He seemed to regard me purely as a man and a brother. That a mere poverty-stricken aspirant for fame should so act toward a capitalist did not, I must confess, impress me favorably toward him. I am always, however, inclined to pardon much to artists. They are a class of men who are obliged by the nature of their profession to do their own thinking, and eccentricity is to be expected among them. I was only led, therefore, to resolve to exalt myself more greatly in his eyes, and forthwith spoke of my desire to give him a commission or two. I was answered simply that he would be happy to see me at his studio, and straightway invited me to visit him in the sixth story of the building 999½ Broadway.

Thus was Jones's extraordinary impudence first manifested to me.

I was rightly indignant. I, a man of fifty, a merchant of high standing in the community, whose real estate alone was worth some hundred thousands, the father of four of the finest girls in the city, I to be treated as a mere equal by the lean, threadbare youngster before me! As to years alone he might have been my son. I, whose wife was a leader of fashion on the Avenue! I, the favored guest of the proudest circles, invited by an unknown dauber to visit him in his garret! The fellow was of a verity ignorant of his place. I could, of course, afford to be magnanimous. I smiled internally at his presumption, and, being really interested in such an abnormal specimen of humanity, contented myself with no other rebuke than a sarcastic bow, and the intimation that I would do myself the honor of calling upon him at his earliest convenience. Jones never winced, but making a respectful bow departed from my side. I saw him a moment after conversing with a long-haired brother professional, as seemingly unconscious of any condescension I had paid him as if I had never existed.

Now how would my head book-keeper have behaved under similar circumstances?—a man, too, whose salary is three thousand dollars per annum, while Jones, I know, realizes scarcely seven hundred. Binks—an estimable man he is—would have been agitated in every feature with pleasure, and, meeting a fellow-official, would have assumed an arrogant air befitting the occasion. I had it; Jones was conceited—all artists are—he imagined himself a great painter. Again I looked at him. I like to study human nature, and am also a literary amateur. Letters are my pastime. To my fondness for them is due this account. I looked at Jones again, I repeat, and his manner unsettled my conviction. Jones was unquestionably a puzzler! I determined to act upon the sarcasm with which I had concluded our conversation. I would visit him.

A small room, with discolored walls, hung all over with studies of foliage, of rocks and mountains, of skies and river-scenery, presented itself to my gaze. Here and there was a canvas which bore as yet no mark of the brush, while others showed skill in composition, and exhibited all the appearance of a finished painting. Three common wooden chairs, a tattered lounge, and a cheap easel comprised the remainder of the furniture, with the exception of a dingy green screen, which, like the walls, was profusely ornamented with sketches in oil and lead-pencil. Jones, clad in a ragged dressing-gown, outstretched his hand as I entered.

His confounded impudence again! Such was his manner, however, that in a dazed state, forgetting the rebuke due his insolence, I extended my own digits. It was astonishing that the ill-clad fellow before me could so impress a man of the world, used to all varieties of the human family. As with awkwardness, arising from a consciousness of defeat, I seated myself in a proffered chair my countenance underwent a series of expressions before the calm gaze of Jones. I was at first impelled to a stern look of dignity. The frown had, however, scarcely begun to contract my eyebrows before I felt myself acting ridiculously—Jones seemed so unconscious of any offense rendered. My bewil-

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derment now made me avert my eyes in a hesitant look about the room, and I suppose my agitation must have manifested itself more absurdly, for I saw an irrepressible smile hovering over Jones's lips. My emotions were perhaps similar to that of a lover before his mistress when upon the eve of proposal. That such a conceited youngster should so affect me was too much! That hardly-concealed smile!—why, I actually amused him! I determined at once to establish myself on my proper footing.

"You have often wealthy visitors, I suppose, Sir?" was my harsh remark—it seems now to me a contemptible one.

"No, Sir. I believe you are the first gentleman answering to that description my poor studio has seen. A frame-maker occasionally calls; and, like all Bohemians, I see sometimes a dun. I do my best, however, not to be ultra-Bohemian as to that." Thus responded Jones, mildly and courteously.

Courteously? Was it so? Would not his proper courtesy have been rightly shown by signs of humility? I so judged.

"Well, Sir, I must say that, for a man—" I was desirous of giving him a savage declaration of his inferiority to me, but I could not finish my sentence. Jones looked up at me with such a peculiar expression in his eyes that I was compelled to stop. In what consisted the power of that expression? Was it rage?—was it surprise? I could not declare. I tried afterward to analyze my own feelings. It really appeared to me that I was oppressed by a sense of my own inferiority—the conviction that I stood on infirm ground, and that I would assuredly meet with a conqueror should I offer battle.

It was all to no purpose my determination to put Jones down. Jones was triumphant; I must so consider him for the moment at all events. The fellow was a fool; did not know any better; was placed in an unusual position, and did the best his ignorance allowed. Answer a fool according to his folly. No one was looking on whose ill opinion could injure me. Instead of leaving (my only other resource) I would humor Jones.

Of course it was easy for me, in view of the object of my visit, to ask to see the artist's portfolio of sketches, and it as well as his productions on the walls were examined amidst an animated conversation. The man's mind was wonderfully full for one so young. He had read much and thought deeply. I could not consider him a fool. In fact, I was continually contradicting myself in all opinions concerning him. I had never met before such a man as he. He did not seem conceited—and I tried him severely then, giving my sentiments on his work in a caustic style, which I rarely indulge in. Often, when my denunciations were loudest (I still remembered his impudence!), he, without attempting the faintest excuse, would chime in with my remarks, and acknowledge he was ashamed of the subject criticised. When by extravagant praise I tried to draw him into vain expressions, I was always foiled by his simplicity and knowledge of his profession. He was just to himself, and merely wanted justice from others as to his artistic ability.

It is usual with me to find among painters the greatest ignorance on matters not directly connected with their profession. Theirs is an absorbing pursuit; to achieve success in it is to be a one-idead man: Jones was an exception to this rule also. I commented upon it to him, and he observed that he doubtless would have been a better artist had his mind run more in one channel; but that he had felt that higher than mere professional matters claimed every man's attention. A man himself among others, the consideration of various relations was of greater value to himself than worldly success, and he was by nature compelled to regard his practice of art as secondary to his own manhood. I thought him somewhat transcendental in his views, but was exceedingly interested in them, and not a little astonished by certain of his observations. He propounded many puzzling questions to me, and I was so puzzled in every way that I now remember little of our conversation but its effects.

Well, my visit ended in my giving him three commissions—a noontide effect, a moonlight effect, and a marine view. As I bid him good-day he had the impudence to say he would be most happy to see me again soon; that he enjoyed my society much. Before I knew what I was doing I had expressed my satisfaction at the amount of pleasure I had received, and ended by inviting him to my house—a picture-gallery, etc.

As I descended the sixth flight of stairs the thought of what I had done burst upon me. What would my wife say? I shuddered, and yet I laughed. Jones's impudence was magnificent. I had been fairly enslaved by it. I brought to mind Cæsar and Napoleon, and wondered if impudence were not genius.

Three days after, at half past eight in the evening, Kalves, my footman, threw open the door of my drawing-room and announced "Mr. Richard Jones!" Was it possible? Had I really set no time for the visit of that indomitable painter? Had I actually extended to him a cordial and general invitation to call upon me, the same as I would to Chancellor Allgreek or Professor Oddman? My wife was totally unprepared for his appearance, I had entirely forgotten my friend of the sixth story by the time I had reached home. Circumstances had shut out all memory of his eccentricity ever since. My four accomplished and fashionable daughters would be shocked by his vulgar impudence; and present with us, too, was the celebrated Oleander, whose last volume of poems were the world's talk. How would his refined nature endure such odious contact?

In the hurry of the moment I ejaculated to my companions, "A young artist who will make his way yet!" when the figure of Jones was presented, arrayed in the usual threadbare coat,

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and furthermore adorned by a pair of cheap gloves.

Jones advanced smilingly and easily up to me, and my intention of requesting him to sit in the back parlor for a few moments until I could attend to him was at once abandoned. With him came his influence. I succumbed. It was his first visit, I was convinced, into "good society," and curious to see how great his "genius" was, I introduced him to the assembled party.

Any other man in his position, gifted with the ordinary sentiments of humanity, would, I know, have exhibited some hesitancy as he saluted the brilliant, and in part scornful, circle. He surely could not but feel that he had made a mistake, that he was not entirely welcome. Not a trace of embarrassment was visible in his manner, and he seated himself on a chair near my eldest daughter. When unobserved she threw a look at me which made me pity Jones. His mistake, however, was in some degree mine, and as a gentleman I could not forbear rendering him all the assistance I could to make him feel comfortable. Yet I supposed, of course, that he would act as though he knew himself more fit to be an observer than the observed. His conduct for the first few moments justified my opinion. He was quite silent, and after a few pleasant remarks passed him by my wife he was left to himself.

Oleander is a gentleman of fortune as well as a poet. He is a decided aristocrat. He is one of many Americans on whom the traditions of the Old World have greater influence than the noble spirit of progress which characterizes our own institutions. In an imaginative being, however, such as he, I consider this less reprehensible. The past must ever have a halo which the present has not. He was mounted on his hobby as Jones entered the room, and, I could perceive, was intensely disgusted at his appearance and the air of equality with which he shook hands with him. Jones must have seen it too, but it was altogether insufficient to disturb his serenity; and yet Oleander is a "great" man. He has been addressing many of his late poems to my eldest daughter, whom he regards with the most refined affection. To this, somewhat, I attributed his manifestations of impatience as Jones seated himself beside her, and, apparently unconscious of the poor figure he cut, made some pleasant observation.

As soon as sufficient civilities had been paid "the painter," Oleander, ignoring his presence, saw fit to take up his discourse at the point where it had been broken off, and launched into a glorification of the feudal ages:

"In that bright star of olden time the people held their proper place. They were the rightful slaves of their noble masters. That deference was paid station which its merits accorded. Nobility was transmitted from father to son, and no aspiring demagogue could seat himself beside it. Churls were churls then—by themselves and all others so regarded."

Jones here interrupted the flow of eloquence by saying, "You forget, Sir, that in that 'golden era' all the more noble professions were degraded beside that of arms; the physician was but an apothecary; the learned man of science despised or dreaded as a wizard; poets themselves, instead of divinely-inspired teachers, were looked upon as mere servants."

This was outrageously impudent of Jones. Confound the fellow! who was he? A miserable dauber, who could hardly support himself! My wife gave me a supplicating look. My eldest daughter frowned and bit her lips; my youngest laughed softly to herself. There was an awful pause, and then Oleander, without reply, in calm disdain proceeded. I could yet see he was enraged, and knowing his sarcastic power, felt sure the presumptuous Jones would at length be brought to his proper level.

The system of caste was further lauded. Oleander went more remotely into history and extolled the ancient Egyptians. "Among them," he observed, "was carefully studied the natural fitness of things. The carpenter's son must be a carpenter, the plowman's a plowman. Among them were not seen parents toiling hard and depriving themselves of comforts in order that their children might reach another and a higher position. No children despised their parents in that their education, their accustomed circumstances, unfitted them for the circle in which their offspring moved."

He talked splendidly, and we all thought Jones completely annihilated. Every word uttered was a stab at the youngster's insolence. How elegantly it was done too! Oleander had never impressed us more favorably. My wife and daughters interchanged looks of ill-concealed satisfaction. No one of us glanced in Jones's direction out of pity for his extreme discomfiture. Imagine, then, our astonishment when, in a firm and dignified tone, that individual again interrupted our esteemed friend's oratory:

"As a philosopher, Sir, you are, I must suppose, inclined to honor those who love the truth. You will oblige me by throwing more light upon what you have just uttered. It appears to me that the laws of God are higher than those of man; that where He gave talent He meant it should be used. No one, I believe, can deny that the common people have produced the greatest geniuses. What would not mankind have lost had they been compelled by law to devote themselves exclusively to the parental profession!"

Jones spoke well—there was no question of that. But then what impudence! I never saw the gentlemanly exterior of Oleander so discomposed. He turned pale with indignation and bit his lips before he responded, in a frigid tone:

"I know of no better illustration, Sir, of the truth of my remarks than yourself. I bid you good-evening." He glanced at the clock upon the mantle, and added, gayly: "Yes, ladies, your pleasant converse has delayed me many

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minutes beyond the time set for an appointment elsewhere." And bowing himself out of the room he was gone.

Jones, the indomitable, had, however, opportunity to declare to him that a gentleman did not know what a verbal insult was; he cared merely for the truth concerning himself. My youngest daughter now asked him for his opinion on a book of engravings just published, and he seated himself beside her to examine them.

I was lost in a reverie for some moments, and then invited Mr. Jones to visit my collection of paintings. My daughter Emma accompanied us. I had intended to give the young man some fatherly advice, but her presence prevented it. Would I have been able to do so had she not been with us? I really doubt it, so self-possessed was he with all his impudence. Had Oleander maintained his supremacy? or had Jones—? I looked at his ill-clad figure. I thought of his position in society. I wondered—and well I might. My enthusiasm for art, however, soon absorbed my mind. In an animated and learned conversation with my protégé (?) I again forgot myself, and, bidding him good-by, cordially invited him again to visit me.

"Why, George, how could you?" asked my wife, indignantly.

"The impudent little wretch!" exclaimed my eldest daughter.

"He's shockingly vulgar!" declared both Elizabeth and Matilda.

"Oh, pa, I think he's so funny!" laughed Emma, my youngest.

How could so much impudence be joined with such good sense was that which puzzled me.

I saw Jones two or three times after this before I felt in myself the ability to speak to him as I desired, and as my natural kindly feeling prompted me. At last the occasion came. At the private view of the National Academy I was so inspired. A friend was about to present Jones to the great Splatterdash—an historical painter of renown. That worthy bowed stiffly and contemptuously as Jones advanced, whereupon he incontinently turned upon his heel and walked away, leaving the famed artist in a state of rage too gigantic for description. I saw the whole scene, and meeting Jones instantly after addressed him:

"My young friend, you will surely not refuse advice from a man like me, old enough to be your father."

"Certainly not, Sir. I have every reason to respect you. Your opinions will be listened to gladly. If I prove them correct I shall be happy to adopt them."

"Well, I have observed what has just passed. It appears to me you do not sufficiently study what is customary. No one knows better the worth of your heart and mind than myself, but from a man in your position—you have no name, you are poor—the world expects greater deference. It adjudges impudence the absence of that deference."

"I know the world, Sir, only when it is right. I have long ago convinced myself I should not know how to act should I yield myself to the opinions of others. It would be making of myself a shuttle-cock to innumerable battle-doors. Study, reflection, the exercise of reason, are guides that alone have helped me in my onward course through life. Should I give them up I would be compelled to consider myself a fool. I would be a fool. I honor distinction and I honor wealth, but only as they should be honored. Possession of those advantages often proves ability, but possession of them does not necessarily exact servility from others. A great man, Sir, does not wish the marks of respect so much as respect itself. A great man respects others. It is the duty of a gentleman to prove himself one. That Splatterdash did not regard me in my proper light. I took the only course I knew to make him acquainted with his error. I could not have respected myself had I acted differently. He may be a great artist, but he is not a noble man. I no sooner saw his manner toward me than I perceived I understood the gentlemanly character better than he did. I, exalted to his station, could not so act toward a poorer brother. Such pride as his is meanness of soul. The nobility of a man is much greater than the nobility of a painter He is above me in small things. I am above him in great."

What could I say to such a tirade as this? His impassioned manner, his flashing eye elevated his stature and gave dignity to his ill-clad form. The man before me was not the man whom five minutes before I had accosted. I had no advice to offer him. Luckily for me a mutual friend came up at this juncture, and my reply was not necessitated.

All this happened two years ago. Yesterday I had another instance of Jones's impudence. With a bland smile, a firm yet respectful manner, he solicited of me the hand of my favorite, my youngest daughter Emma. She it is to whom the only heir of the great Crœsus has been paying the most impassioned addresses—my most beautiful, my most loving!

"Well, Jones, really I—"

"Sir, I have a certainty now of three thousand a year, and I—"

"Oh, pa, I love him so much!"

That magnetic eye was upon me. How could I refuse?

"Well, well; bless you, my children, bless you!"

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THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS.

CHAPTER I.

MOVING TO TEXAS.

THIS gentleman whom we see riding toward us along this forest road is Mr. Morton McRobert, late of Virginia. He wears, you see, a broad-brimmed woolen hat, that is to protect him from the sun, and because no amount of crushing in traveling will injure it. As he rides nearer to us you can see under the rim of his hat enough of his face to read therein cheerfulness, sincerity, and quiet determination. You can know that it is not to preaching that he is going, by the copperas-colored clothes he wears—worn for hard service and not for show. Yes, the horse he rides is a good one, as you notice—strong, spirited, with small, sharp-pointed ears in incessant motion. Black Bob is his name.

But let horse and rider pass on, for we hear the sound of coming wheels behind him, and we want to see who it is. And while the sound draws nearer along the winding of the sandy road among the trees, just a word or two about Mr. McRobert. It would have been in strict accordance with Texas usage if we had stopped him when we had first met him and proceeded thus:

"Good-morning, Sir."

"Good-morning," he would have replied.

"Moving, I reckon?"

"Yes, Sir, I believe so."

"What State are you from?"

"Virginia."

Then if you happened to be from Virginia too you would instantly ask, "Ah, indeed! What county?" And if you happened to be from the same or bordering counties there would be no telling where the conversation would end—not until you ascertained the degree of your relationship to him, if it took three hours. If you were not from Virginia you would only ask, taking less interest in him, "I say, stranger, what did you leave *for?*"

Nor in the early days of Texas would a mover to the State have been astonished, scarce displeased, at the question. Many came then to Texas on account of frauds or murders committed by them. Of these some continued their evil courses in their new home, and soon perished by intemperance or the bowie-knife. But very many turned over a new leaf altogether, refunded ultimately all they owed, and lived many a long year afterward prosperous in cattle and lands, respected and happy. Criminals rarely fly to Texas now. They are more certainly caught and carried back than if they had concealed themselves in the cellars of their own city. Emigration to Texas now is larger than ever before, but of a character, in general, entirely different.

Now if Mr. McRobert had been one of the refugees from justice, in answer to any such question he would have said, "Oh, well, yes, I had some difficulties in the neighborhood where I lived." The word "difficulties" embraced every thing—theft, forgery, assassination.

However, I hardly think any one would have questioned Mr. McRobert as closely as was usual in the case of strangers. It is astonishing how much of his character, good or bad, a man carries in his face; and there was an aspect of dignity and self-respect in the very countenance and bearing of this gentleman that would have repressed all impertinence. If he had answered, however, he would have told that he had been once a wealthy planter in Virginia. I do not think he would have detailed to any one the manner in which he had been swindled out of his property by the base treachery of one whom he had greatly esteemed and loved. This was a part of his past experience which he never alluded to, hardly even in his own family; which he thought of even as little as possible. It is not necessary to enter into any detail just here. The result was, that Mr. McRobert had been rapidly reduced from wealth to almost poverty.

His coming to Texas happened in this way: Years before, his brother Frank, warm-hearted but wayward, had gone to Texas, had fought in all its early wars with Indians and Mexicans, had settled there, and had become extravagantly attached to the country. Remaining, so far as was known, unmarried, all he seemed to care for was Texas and his brother Morton's family. "A letter from Uncle Frank!" by any one returning from the post-office, was an announcement always hailed with special pleasure.

Now, it so happened that very soon after his heavy loss such a letter was announced one morning in the family. Uncle Frank had often urged his brother to move to Texas. In this letter, though he had heard nothing of his brother's loss, he urged the same thing with more force than ever before. He even made a special offer. He had "located"—that is, had picked out and legally secured—a league of fine land on the Colorado River, which he offered to his brother as a free gift in case he would move to Texas. To show how much he was in earnest, whole-souled Uncle Frank had actually inclosed the patent to the land, with its broad red seal and the transfer indorsed on the back of the broad parchment.

The morning the letter came Mr. McRobert had risen from a night of sleepless anxiety as to the future. At family worship he had besought Divine direction as to his plans, and it was when the family were at breakfast that Hark, the black man, brought in the large letter in its huge brown envelope, and laid it on the table. It really seemed a providence, a direct reply to prayer, a flash of light upon a dark spot.

Venable, the eldest boy, read the letter aloud. It was full of descriptions of the health, fertility, beauty, prosperity of Texas, and urgent were

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Uncle Frank's entreaties that the family would come out. He even spoke very disrespectfully of Old Virginia, in comparison with the "New Dominion," as he styled Texas. He offered, from his large herds, to give his brother "a start," as he called it, of cows and horses; offered to help him build a cabin; offered him "any thing and every thing" if he would only come out. No one of the family had ever had such an idea. Texas? As well move to Kamtschatka! But the first thought of father and mother was a providence! Just as they were cut to the soul by the treachery of a friend, here was the warm heart and hand of a brother; just as their estate had slipped from them and they knew not what to do, another and much larger estate lay there upon the table among the breakfast things in that parchment, if they would have it! And this is the blessed case of the child of God. Here was their Father in Heaven, with his left hand permitting them to be so afflicted in Virginia, but with his right hand, at the same instant, touching the heart and prompting the hand of Uncle Frank far away in Texas, and all to bring about, as I think we will see, the greater good and happiness of the family than if He had permitted events to roll on in their usual channel. Christians read, in their own experience as well as in Scripture, that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

The same divine hand that laid that letter on the table that morning touched, at the same instant, the heart of the family to accept his providence thus manifested. When Venable had finished reading the letter it was a settled matter that they would remove to Texas. No one said so, but all felt that it was settled. William was only six years old—eight years younger than Venable—yet he expressed the feeling of the whole table when, at last, he burst out, the first to break the silence: "Oh, I am so glad we are going to Texas!" Bessie did not say any thing, of course, as she was not yet four years old; but whatever delighted "Brother Will" delighted her.

One person, however, did speak about it—in fact, speak about nothing else henceforth—and that was Rohamma. She had just brought in a plate of hot batter-cakes. She did not wait to hear any thing said after the letter was read. Hurrying into the kitchen she caught Hark, her husband, somewhat roughly by the shoulder, and exclaimed:

"All done now! we gwine to Texas, you nigger! What you bring that letter for?"

Her opinion of the matter Scip, too, well knew long before night. A more thoroughly spanked negro child was not in all Virginia. For some days she waited on table with solemn, silent protest on her face. In addition to her perpetual bewailment of the matter over her wash-tub and ovens, she ventured once, and only once, to utter her sentiments and all her sentiments one day when with her mistress engaged in packing.

Poor Rohamma! Texas was to her Indians and Mexicans and wild beasts and poor white folks, and all that was horrible to imagine. She would almost rather have died than go. And, the fact is, so felt her mistress too, although she endeavored to conceal it. Rohamma did not look at her "Miss 'Manda" as she expressed all her horror and protest against Texas. But when she had finished her mistress turned to her from the trunk over which she was kneeling, and said, quietly:

"Rohamma, we are going to Texas; that is settled. But if you don't want to go, very well; your Mass Morton will leave you and Hark and Scip here. Colonel Jones is anxious to get you all. You needn't go if you don't want to."

The "girl" glanced up at the pale, anxious face and tearful eyes of her mistress, laid down the folded sheets she was handing, and burst into tears; they had been babies together—never apart.

"Law! Miss 'Manda," she sobbed, "you *know* I won't stay. Texas is drefful, but if the fam'ly *must* go, I go too!"

A long, long time it took; weeks of confusion and getting ready and leave-taking. It was only at the last day that Uncle George made his appearance on the scene. A wealthy planter, and living in an adjoining county, he had held himself hitherto aloof from his brother in his misfortune. When he found him actually starting for Texas—driven partly by feeling and a great deal more by what people would say, for, to the neighborhood, going to Texas was the falling down a tremendous precipice—he endeavored to interpose. It was too late.

"But, at least, don't take the children with you to such a country," he urged. "It's no place for them, at any rate. Leave them on my place for a time, any how; they'll be at home with their cousins there. You are certain to come back to Virginia. Don't take them. Amanda had better stay too. If you must go, why go and see how you like the country by yourself first."

No; Mr. McRobert's mind was now made up. The offer, which once would have been gladly accepted, was made too late. And so, before the neighbors could fairly believe it, the McRobert family were gone.

They could have gone by sea to New Orleans, and so to Galveston; but Mrs. McRobert had a peculiar horror of the sea, and so the journey is made overland.

All this time Mr. McRobert has ridden on past us, and we are waiting to see what follows him. Here they come toiling along in the deep sand. An open barouche first, drawn by a pair of strong mules. That is right. Never take horses to draw on a long journey; mules are far the best on every account. That is Venable you see on the front-seat driving. That is Bessie beside him. She insisted on sitting there, rather than by her mother on the back-seat, that she might see every thing. Let the carriage roll by. Here comes a wagon with four mules behind. That is Hark walking and

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driving. To keep up with the carriage is his business. The wagon is strong, blue, well covered, and packed with trunks and camping things. I see Rohamma and Scip are riding inside; they walk sometimes, but ride when tired. After the wagon comes William, on his white pony; "Slow" he calls him, just because he thinks he is the fastest pony, when put at it, that ever trotted.

And this is the order of travel ever since they left Virginia, and now here they are entering, after several weeks of travel, upon Western Texas. Mr. McRobert rides before to buy corn, or to fix upon a good camping-place for the night, or to have the ferry-boat ready when a river is to be crossed. Will rides behind to pick up any thing that may be dropped from the carriage or wagon, and to bring up the rear generally. Scip by himself, or Rohamma with Bessie, in walking, are very apt to loiter behind, and Will's business is to keep them up. Sometimes Venable changes with Will or with his father. Mrs. McRobert often walks, or even rides on horseback or in the wagon for a change.

Twenty miles a day is all they aim to make; sometimes it is less, sometimes more than this, as the camping-places happen to fit. Grass for the animals, wood for the camp-fire, water for cooking and drinking, are the requisites. Arrived at such a spot about sundown, the carriage and wagon are arranged to the windward side, both to escape danger from the sparks and to keep off the wind. The animals are unharnessed and fed with corn, and afterward well rubbed down by Hark, and tethered out to graze —all night if they will. Meanwhile Mr. McRobert and Venable have taken the tent out of the wagon and put it up—on sloping ground, if possible, in case it should rain. Then a huge log is cut and rolled to the mouth of the tent, and an enormous fire built against it by Scip.

All this time Will has attended to his pony, Slow, and assisted his mother. As to Rohamma, by the time all are ready for it, she has supper ready on the roaring fire. The fare is far coarser than was ever placed on their table in Virginia; but appetite? not one but eats with a relish never known before; not one but seems twenty pounds fatter since starting. Two members of the family enjoy it especially—Duke and Snap—the one Venable's big mastiff, the other Will's pet terrier; they were trotting under the wagon when we first met the family, and this is the reason we did not see them before.

But all are tired enough when supper is over; so Mr. McRobert reads a passage from his pocket Bible, and all kneel down while he thanks their heavenly Father for the events of the day, and commends the beloved little group to His unsleeping care during the night. Then to bed. The boys always sleep in the tent, their parents in the wagon; while the servants sleep upon the ground on their blankets, with their feet to the fire, the soundest of all. Notwithstanding their travel, Duke and Snap seem to be up and around all night, seeing that all is right. Often enough Hark is roused at night by their furious barking to drive off some intruding hog or cow. Once or twice Hark found that they had treed an opossum near the camp, and next morning it was broiling on the coals for all who would partake.

By early dawn all are up and dressed, refreshed by their sleep in the open air, that sweetest of all sleep. A rapid breakfast, a quick stowing away of every thing, a crack of Hark's whip, and soon the smouldering camp-fire remains the only memento that the spot had been the family's home for a night. At noon there is a short halt for an hour or so, for a hasty snack upon the grass beside the grazing mules.

On Saturday afternoons an early halt is always made, the camp fixed with more care than usual, and the Sabbath spent in rest according to the commandment. Pleasant Sabbaths, too, upon which all looked back long after with pleasure as they had anticipated them during the travel of the week with joy. The animals are well rubbed and fed, and permitted to graze all day. In the morning there is family worship, and the singing of sweet, familiar hymns beneath the forest trees, the elder children memorizing hymns or verses from Scripture, or reading as they reclined upon the clean grass. None enjoyed the day more than the servants—singing together their camp-meeting songs, or carding their heads with wool cards, or sleeping soundly beneath the wagon. It was a day of enjoyment, of rest to all; even Duke and Snap appreciated it, lying at their ease in the sun.

And so day succeeded day, and week succeeded week. Every day something new. Now the harness would break in some severe tug up hill, or a swingle-tree would snap in two, or a particularly bad stretch of road would occur where all would have to walk, or it would rain, or a halt had to be made at the road-side shop while mending was done, or a village was passed through, where small purchases had to be made and innumerable questions had to be answered.

It was on the 3d day of March the family left Loiterwater, the name of their place in Virginia; and on the night of the 6th of May Mr. McRobert told them at supper that by that time next day they might reach the Colorado River, somewhere near their future home. Next day all were up before light, and an exciting time it was, as, indeed, it had been for a week past.

The whole aspect of the country since they had crossed the Brazos was entirely unlike any thing they had ever seen before. Only occasionally would they pass through a belt of post-oaks or a bottom of pecan-trees. For the most part the hard, smooth road wound over the rollings of the prairie. Bessie fairly screamed with joy when she beheld the vast expanse actually splendid with innumerable flowers, especially blue and red, set off in deep green grass as the sky is with stars. A buoyancy of spirits, an excitement, a positive exhilaration possessed every

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one. The pure, clear air was inhaled like the drinking of wine. As Mr. and Mrs. McRobert said to one another, the singular feeling experienced was more like a return of the exquisite joy of childhood than any thing else; and even the children thought their parents seemed younger and happier than they had ever known them. Venable could hardly attend to his driving. Will was almost wild, darting now to the right, now to the left of the road, to gather some particularly bright flowers for Bessie.

When the first drove of deer was seen grazing off to the left, even Venable shouted till he was almost hoarse. But when a huge rabbit jumped up almost from under the hoofs of Black Bob, ran a few steps, and then stopped and sat looking at them with such droll ears, nearly a foot long, even Duke and Snap were too much astonished to pursue. As to Will, off he shot after it on Slow, calling on the dogs until recalled from the hopeless chase by his father. And so on all day; for there was too much eagerness to stop to dine.

About the middle of the afternoon a range of blue mountains hemmed them in upon the left, one peak towering above the rest, and at their base was a dense valley of timber, through which they could catch the silver gleam of the Colorado. But the attention of the family was now diverted by seeing a horseman galloping toward them across the prairie from the mountains. It was a singular, alarming object. A heavy wool hat came almost entirely over his bearded face; a buckskin suit heavily fringed, a gun before him on the saddle, where hung a coil of rope; a wild, rough pony under him completed his appearance. And it increased their alarm when they saw him gallop right up to their father on the road before them in the distance, rein up his horse, leap off, unhook the coil of rope from the pommel of the saddle and throw it on the ground, then actually seize hold upon and tear their father from his saddle! In the midst of the consternation of the family little Bessie, who had been looking eagerly on, lisped out, "I expeth thath my Uncle Frank!" The alarm was changed to joy; and from every lip rang the cry, "Oh, Uncle Frank, Uncle Frank!"

CHAPTER II.

GETTING A LITTLE FIXED.

It was Uncle Frank sure enough! He had received his brother's letter announcing their coming, and for two weeks past he had been watching out for them from the top of Pilot Knob. By dark he had them safe and sound inside his house. "Harkal," he called it, meaning thereby the Spanish "*jacal*"—the Mexican name for a "cabin."

The children long remembered this as by far the most exciting night of their lives. They could not realize it. Only a little while ago in Virginia, which now seemed far, far away; now in Texas, and actually seated under Uncle Frank's roof, around the huge fire-place. They could hardly talk for looking around. There were the rough log walls, with near a dozen guns of various sorts supported on wooden pegs along them, while all kinds of twisted powder-horns and shot-pouches made out of spotted skins hung beside. Then there was the queer "puncheon" floor and the odd wooden chairs and stools; singular-shaped gourds hung by a thong around the middle with a cob stuck in the mouth; spears with curious iron heads, which they afterward learned were to "jig" fish with; nets to trap partridges; large knives in skin sheaths, and dozens of other things new to them.

Then there was Francisco, their uncle's Mexican servant-boy, blowing at the coffee-pot on the hearth and baking flat cakes, which Uncle Frank called "torteyas"—a name which they afterward found was spelled *tortillas*. He was the first Mexican they had ever seen, and they eyed him suspiciously.

Above all there was Uncle Frank. Such a beard, and such a dress, and so radiant with joy and welcome. They were almost afraid of him except Bessie, and she had climbed upon his knees as soon as he sat down, and, with a child's (and above all a girl-child's) instinctive knowledge of character, loved him dearly from the start. Henceforth papa and mamma might almost bid good-by to her, she was "Uncle Frank's girl."

Such cups and saucers too when they sat down to table—no two cups or plates or dishes alike. And the broiled venison—shot that day specially for them, Uncle Frank said; and the great dish of wild honey beside it; and the nice fresh butter, and the buttermilk in a big wash-pitcher; and the hot, crisp tortillas—the children, and their parents too, hardly ever made so hearty a meal. Only they could hardly eat for talking, asking, and answering a hundred questions. Only Bessie kept silent, watching Uncle Frank. She saw him drink one cup of coffee and then another. But when Francisco brought the coffee-pot, boiling from the fire, to fill his cup a third time she could hold in no longer:

"Oh, Uncle Frank, you'll be thick, you drinkth too *muth* coffee!"

All laughed, and Uncle Frank said, "Why, Bess, coffee is what I live on. Folks in Texas drink coffee all day when they can get it. The pot's always on the hearth, and it's never cold when any body's on the ranche—*ranche* means here, at home."

In fact, all were happy; but no one more so than their host. He seemed overflowing with joy. When they first sat down to table his brother had said: "If you please, brother," and had asked a blessing.

"That's the first time a blessing has ever been asked in this house," said Uncle Frank. "It seems like Virginia itself. Don't you remember, Morton, how father used always to ask blessing in your very words; and to return thanks too? And mother, when father was away at

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Richmond, would always put her hands together and say blessing in his place? How it all comes back to me! I have been mighty wild, I know. Never mind, that's all past; I take another trail from to-night."

And after supper it was at Uncle Frank's own request that his brother read a chapter and offered a prayer. He thanked God for having led them safely through their journey; for permitting the sons of sainted parents to meet after so many years. He entreated His blessing upon them in all things in the new life they were entering upon. There were tears in more eyes than one when they arose from their knees. But even then Venable could not but notice the astonished, frightened look of Francisco, standing by the door. No wonder. It was the first time the Mexican had ever seen Protestant worship. It was something entirely new to him.

Bright and early the children were up and out next morning. The broad landscape, the sparkling air, the wind blowing as if they were out at sea—all was new and exhilarating. There was Francisco too, just starting off with a coil of singular-looking rope on one arm and a bucket on the other. The children answered his smiling "*Buenas Dias!*" with the same salutation, only in English—"Good-morning!"

"Why, what is this?" said Will, touching, as they walked along, the rope—a hide cut into strips.

"Lariat," replied the Mexican. "That," continued he, pointing to another rope hanging on the branch of a mesquit-tree they were passing, and made of hair nicely twisted together—"that *cabris*."

"But what are you going to do with your lariat?"

By this time they had reached a rude rail pen, in which were near a dozen calves. Without replying Francisco let down the bars and admitted one of the impatient cows standing without. But before the calf could reach its mother a noose, thrown by the skillful Francisco, was around its neck, and the other end of the lariat run around a tree in the pen. The calf was permitted to suck for a minute or so, then the tightened rope held it struggling nearer the tree, while Francisco, first pouring water from the bucket over his hands, proceeded to milk. Only about a pint was obtained, and the same process had to be gone through with all the cows before the bucket was filled.

"I say, Francisco, you must teach me how to throw the lariat," said Venable, as they walked toward the house.

The Mexican laughed, and nodded. Notwithstanding his black eyes and hair and swarthy color, and outlandish, broad-brimmed, high-crowned black hat, the children felt far more at ease in regard to him than they had done the night before.

"See here," said Francisco; and handing the milk-bucket to Venable he pointed to a broken-off limb projecting from a mesquit-tree some thirty feet off, and with a swift hurl of his hand the noosed end of the lariat was around it in a moment, while the other end remained in his grasp. "You try," he continued; and running to the tree he disengaged the lariat, coiled it again, and placed it in the hand of his companion.

Venable *did* try his best, but at the first throw the noose did not reach half-way to the tree. At the next it went that far, but did not come within five feet of the tree even, falling to one side. At the next throw the whole lariat flew out of his hand far over the top of the tree, amidst the hearty laughter of all.

"Never mind—try every day—learn at last," said Francisco as they proceeded to the house, and the boys both resolved that learn they would, if effort and patience could accomplish it. Meanwhile they began to look up somewhat to the Mexican, who seemed only about the same age as Venable. But they did not dream of half he could do, as they were soon to learn.

"Now," said Uncle Frank, as they sat at table after breakfast, "what I propose is this: while sister Amanda and Bessie and Will rest themselves, suppose, Morton, that you and Venable take a ride with me—not on horseback but in the boat; it's down at the bank, not a hundred yards from the house. We can look around a little. What do you say?"

Mr. McRobert and Venable willingly consented. After seeing that their animals had been securely tethered out to graze on the rich mesquit grass growing abundantly around, and of which they seemed to eat greedily, and yielding to the earnest entreaty of Will to go with them, they started. Uncle Frank first said a few words to Francisco, who nodded and said, "*Si, si, Señor*," with a profusion of singular gestures with his fingers which struck Will as particularly funny.

"What did he say *see, see* for, uncle, and twist his fingers so for?" inquired he, as they walked on.

"Oh, *si, si* is Spanish for yes; and as to his fingers, Mexicans talk with them—five tongues on every hand, and one in their mouth"—replied his uncle. "You'll understand it all, Will, after a while."

In a few moments the whole party were embarked in the skiff and out upon the broad, clear river. It was a large, strong-built boat, nicely painted, and the name *Dolores* painted on the stern and on each side of the prow.

"Who was Dolores, uncle?" asked Will as they glided along.

"Not now—I'll tell you some of these days. Pshaw, why did I forget it!" replied his uncle, a little hastily, and there was a something in his tone that made all regret that the question had been asked.

"Ah, stop! I like to have forgotten," said Uncle Frank. Laying his oars down he took a tin cup from under the seat, dipped it in the river, washed it well, then filled it with water, and handed it to his brother.

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"Thank you, I'm not thirsty," said Mr. McRobert.

"Never mind, please drink; and you, Venable, and you too, Will. That's right. That'll do."

"But why did you want us to drink?" asked his brother.

"I'll tell you to-night. Steer, will you, if you please; there's a paddle in the bottom, Morton. I want to steer down stream toward the other bank."

As they sped rapidly along under the vigorous strokes of their uncle's oars the children exclaimed with delight every moment at the transparency of the water and the beauty of the scenery. A flock of mallard ducks flew so close over their heads that they could see the beautiful green of their necks and the very black of their eyes.

"Oh, if I only had a gun here!" said Venable.

"Yes, and knew how to hit," said Will.

"I'll see that you both learn to do that well enough before long," said their uncle. "I have got a good rifle for you at the harkal, Venable, and a double-barrel shot-gun for you, Will. I can't think what made me forget to give them to you before we left."

"Oh, uncle! thank you, thank you!" said both the delighted boys in a breath.

"It's often been with me no deer no supper. Mrs. Necessity was the old lady that taught me how to shoot," said their uncle. "And now I think I can hit in less than ten yards of a doe's foreshoulder when I try hard. Throw us a little more into the bank, Morton—that's it."

"Oh, see—yonder's another river!" exclaimed both of the boys, as the thick undergrowth of the river-bank directly opposite them on the other side parted suddenly as they sped down the river and revealed a beautiful stream almost as wide as the Colorado, on which they floated, of bluer water, flowing at right angles into the Colorado from among dense forest trees drooping over on each side.

"That? that isn't a river," replied their uncle; "that's a spring-branch. The head of it is only a hundred yards or so up out of the side of that high hill you see there."

"Who ever heard of such a spring?" said their father, amidst the exclamation of the boys, "it seems a hundred times too much water to come from a dozen springs! What is its name?"

"The San Hieronymo. Every thing is a *San*-Something in this country. That means *Saint*. There is the San Gabriel, the San Marcos—beautiful streams not sixty miles from here—San Pedro Springs, San Antonio River, and town too. Then there's the Brazos River; its full name was *Brazos de Dios*—the arms of God. There's the Trinity River too. Corpus Christi is the name of a town on the Gulf. And so of a hundred other streams or towns. However little religion the old Spaniards had in their hearts and hands, they had plenty of it, in this way, on their tongues. The names—the Trinity for instance—shock one at first in such common use. You soon get accustomed to it, and think of it only as a river. Besides, the old names are giving way to new ones as Americans come in."

"Some of the names in Texas can hardly be an improvement upon the old," said his brother. "Let me see; we crossed Muddy and Brushy and Dry Creeks, I remember."

"And through the towns of Bucksnort and Scrougeabout and Hog-eye, you remember, papa?" cried Venable.

"Yes, and mamma bought a doll for Bessie in Split-skull. And Hark told me," continued Will, "that he heard talk of a place called Lick-skillet."

"There are names worse than those," interrupted his uncle. "But never mind that now; I want to land here under this bluff. Catch those willows, Venable. "Hold on to the willows!"—you'll know what that phrase means first time you are adrift out here on the river when it is booming. That's it. Now look out you don't light on a rattlesnake when you jump out!"

Thus saying, the Texan led the way by a winding path until the party found themselves standing at last upon the summit of a bluff towering some fifty feet above the river. From where they stood the whole country on the other side of the river lay open before them, as in a picture.

"Now here's a view I wanted you to look at, Morton," said his brother. "You see where the San Hieronymo enters the Colorado, about half a mile up the river yonder. Trace it along by its timber as it circles inland under the base of the mountains. That high point about a mile from the river, where you see that thick grove of big live-oaks, is where the water bursts up from under the mountain. A splendid building-place that—plenty of water, wood, and rock for building; besides being high and shady. The mountain is just right to keep off the northers, while the south is open to let in the summer breeze up the valley. Back of the grove you see the country rolls up the mountains into the cedar brakes; cedar enough there to fence in all Texas. Coming on down to the right is open prairie, rich as cream, ready and anxious for the plow, good for wheat, corn, cotton, any thing. Come on farther to the right; that thick pecan forest is all river bottom. There's a little tract of land worth looking at—one or two miles river front, stretching I don't know how many miles back! Well, what do you think of your land?"

"*My* land! you do not mean to say—"

"Yes, it is," said his brother Frank, interrupting him; "that's *your* league. It's more than a league; it's a league and a *labor*—four thousand six hundred acres in one body."

"My dear brother," said Mr. McRobert, after a moment's silence, and in a faltering voice, "how can I thank you? I assure you—"

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"Thanks!" said his brother, impetuously. "When I ran away to Texas, and George and all were dead against me as a good-for-nothing scamp, didn't you stand up for me with father and the rest? And you can't have forgotten that five hundred you mailed me when I was so hard-up after the fight at San Jacinto. That is the league Texas gave me because I was in that fight. I bought the next league to it on the other side of the San Hieronymo with part of the money you sent me, improved it, and got a stock of cattle with the rest. So you may well regard it as your land—bought with your own dollars; only this is a better league for you than the one my ranche is on. And if you *do* owe me any thing, you have more than paid it up by coming out to Texas to live beside me."

"And you had not heard about the conduct of Watkins when you wrote?" asked his brother.

"O! couldn't I pick him off his horse with a rifle beautifully if he was only at all in range!" replied the Texan. "But no, I didn't hear of it till your last letter. Only Hark, Rohamma, and Scip left out of near one hundred hands! However, since it's brought you to Texas I don't object."

"It was hard at first," said his brother; "but I had no hostile feelings toward the man. I ought not to have indorsed for him. However, I did the best I could under the circumstances. I am not a Fatalist, but I am satisfied it will all be right in the end—I am satisfied of it," he repeated, warmly. "There's no such thing as Chance in my religion; it is Providence—a wise and loving and special Providence—I believe in. Each day I am to do the very best I can, according to the very best of my judgment at the time; and that it will all be right in the end I am sure of it, and *feel* sure of it."

During this time the party had descended to the river, entered the boat, and pushed off.

"I don't at all fancy rowing all the way back home up-stream," said the younger brother. "We'll land on the other side and ride home. I see Francisco is there with the horses."

Climbing up the opposite bank, at which they speedily arrived, they left the boat to be rowed back by Francisco, while they mounted the horses he had brought. There was Black Bob and Slow for Mr. Morton McRobert and Will, and two mustangs for Venable and his uncle. The boys now, for the first time, noticed closely the Texan fittings for the animals. The bridles were particularly strong, with immense curb-bits, Uncle Frank's bridle being heavily plated with silver stars, with which his saddle also was plentifully adorned.

"I got the bridle and saddle at San Jacinto," said Uncle Frank, as they rode homeward. "It belonged to one of the Mexican officers killed there."

"But what do people use such big wooden stirrups and such great spurs for?" asked Venable.

"Oh, the stirrups and saddle and rider go together," replied his uncle. "You are obliged to have such stirrups and mud-leathers in going through chaparral after stock, or your legs would be badly torn. The saddle is so deep, with such a high pommel—horn, we call it—so that a man can keep his seat when his mustang pitches, or when he has roped any thing. As to spurs, they must be severe to manage these vicious horses with. Mine are not larger than a dollar. I have seen them as large as a saucer, and jingling with bells."

Thus conversing they wound their way through a forest of pecans, live-oaks, wild plum, hackberry, prickly ash, and other trees, gay with the foliage and flowers of the season. Passing around the head of the San Hieronomo, the boys asking and the uncle answering a hundred questions, they were soon home again. As they arrived the active Francisco had just come up from the bank of the river, accompanied by Hark bearing a bucket of river-water for cooking. Taking a gourdful of it in his hand their host entered the house and offered it to Mrs. McRobert, who thanked him and drank a little.

"Now, Bessie," said her uncle to his little niece, as she climbed into his lap, "take a good drink from this gourd; it's nice cool water, and I'll catch a horned frog for you, first I see."

Bessie complied, and her uncle handed the gourd back to Hark.

"But why on earth did you make us all drink Colorado water for, uncle?" burst forth Will.

"Simply because when once you have drunk Colorado water, nowhere else can you ever live again as long as you live but in Texas. You may laugh," he continued, "but it's a solemn fact, never known to fail."

These last words were not lost on Hark as he passed out of the door with the bucket. He had drank at the river himself, that could not be undone. There was only one course left. In two minutes Scip had, under compulsion, swallowed a gourdful.

"What you make de chile drink for, man? He no want it?" inquired the unsuspecting Rohamma, who stood near by hanging out her washing.

"Drink some y'rself and I tell you," replied her husband. But it was not until after long entreaty that she would consent, and then suspiciously, and after much prying in the gourd, she permitted a small quantity to pass her lips. Almost before she had done so her eye caught the triumphant look of her husband, and she hesitated suspiciously and inquiringly in the act of swallowing.

"Too late now, gal!" cried he. "Yah! yah! yah! Mass Frank say, when folks once drunk Colorado water dey nebber can lebe Texas—nebber, nebber again!"

With a look of horror and disgust the woman spat out the water on the ground as if it were poison, spat and spat again, wiping her lips energetically with her apron.

"I nebber swallered a drop—but I nebber forgive you, nebber—you see if I do. Lib in dis here Texas? Nebber see ole Virginny again?

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I'd raffer die right here, now right off! Texas! Eugh!" with utter disgust. But as she spoke a shade of dismay suddenly deepened the darkness of her face. She had forgot. That very morning on the river bank, washing, she had taken one, two, three hearty drinks. It was too late!

"Well," she groaned, "de will above be done! Any how, I ha'n't long to lib, I hope," and with a load on her heart she turned into the log-kitchen to prepare dinner for the hungry husband.

Poor Rohamma! Many a heart beside thine has yearned in Texas after its old home. Woman, especially, recoils from the life of the frontier. Bravely has many a young wife, just brought to Texas by her husband in pursuit of fortune, struggled between her love for him and her desperate yearning back to her kindred and the scenes and companions of her girlhood in the old States. Bitter tears wept in a husband's absence have been stoutly chased away before his return by determined smiles, summer showers driven away by the shining of the sun. Far more painful is it when, in the turns of fortune, the aged mother is brought to Texas, leaving all her heart among the graves and the friends of her lifetime. It is only young trees that bear transplanting to a new soil. And yet, strange to say, let bride or matron or any other settler in Texas only actually return to the old States, I know not why it is, whether the *glamour* of the West is on them, or whether the witchery *was* in the water they drank, their old home is home to them no longer. Old friends, old haunts, old occupations have lost their charm—there is a sense of uneasiness. The yearning to get back to the West becomes a craving, a passion. Once back again in Texas nothing more is said of returning to the old States. It is singular, but it is the invariable fact. Texans call it "the Mustang feeling." My own pet private theory is this: Adam and Eve lived before the Fall in a fresh, new world. An old, settled state of things is utterly unlike this. The yearning back to the West, when once resided in, is the sleeping Adam and Eve feeling yet in the bones an instinctive longing back toward Eden.

CHAPTER III.

AN EXCURSION AND AN ACCIDENT.

It was Saturday when the party made the little voyage of discovery just mentioned. The rest of the afternoon was spent in getting all things ready for a quiet Sabbath. But before they went to rest that night, after full discussion, it was determined, bright and early on Monday morning, to go to the tract in a body and select a building spot.

Mr. McRobert, like a sensible man, always consulted with his wife in all his plans. Even the children were freely admitted, on all proper occasions, to express themselves; but the father remained the executive, with full veto power too. And herein was found the secret of the singularly strong attachment of the members of the family to each other; and the joyful, hearty, and intelligent interest taken by all, even by Bessie—as far as that is concerned, even by the servants—in all the family plans.

The Sabbath came, and was spent, as the McRoberts always spent their Sabbaths—except that they had no church to go to as in Virginia, and so had to make a church for the day of Uncle Frank's harkal. As usual all, even the servants, were scrupulously clean and arrayed in their best. At breakfast Uncle Frank could not suppress an exclamation of surprise and pleasure at the "Sunday appearance," as he called it, of all. As to little Bessie, in her red dress and morocco shoes and neat little collar and rosy, shining face and smoothly-parted hair and demure look, she seemed ten times sweeter than ever.

"Well, this does look like Virginia!" exclaimed their host. "It's the first time I've seen Sunday in Texas for years."

Immediately after breakfast he disappeared into his own room. When he reappeared you would hardly have known him. He had shaved—at least a little—and scissored his luxuriant beard that he left, and hair, and had changed his check-shirt for one of linen, and had donned a broadcloth suit fished up from the forgotten depths of his trunk. Francisco had blacked his boots for him, the first time the Mexican had ever done such a thing, under Hark's instruction. Handsome, sincere, genial before in appearance, he now seemed even more so—a little sun-burnt, that was all. Bessie fairly danced around him, clapping her hands with glee.

"Well, yes, I do feel more like a Virginian and a gentleman," said he. "Texas is the thing! all we have got to do is to Virginianize it a little."

After an early breakfast on Monday morning the whole party repaired in the carriage and on horseback to the spring-head of the San Hieronymo. If nature had arranged the whole place just to be a home it could not have been better done. In truth the God of nature, their heavenly Father, *had* arranged the place at the creation of the world in love to this family—knowing that it would, when its day came, settle just there. And in this He showed no more forethought and affection for this particular family than He has for all who fear and love him. In no sense was Mr. McRobert other than a strong-minded, sensible man; yet that very thought flashed upon him as he walked with his family over the place.

There was an elevation, commanding a full view of the river and all the valley open far to the south, and crowned with magnificent live-oaks, the very spot for a house. Off, not sixty yards to the left, was the spring—a monster spring. It gushed out right from under the mountain cold and clear, sixty-two feet across, and from ten to twenty feet deep. As the chil-

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dren stood on the rocky banks they could see the very bottom, and fish of all sizes floating leisurely far down, it was so transparent. It was not a spring, in fact—it was rather a river flowing under the mountain and breaking out there. For drinking, for washing clothes, for fishing, what could be more convenient! and for bathing, you could hardly hold yourself on the bank from jumping in. Then there was the mountain towering up on the north side, under which the house beside the spring could nestle like a chicken under a hen, while the northers were whistling over all the world besides. There was the open prairie for their cattle and for cultivation to the east, the vast river valley extending south.

"Now the first thing to be done," said Uncle Frank, as the whole party sat down together on the clean rock near the spring, breathless from rambling about, and exclaiming with wonder and delight—"the first thing to be done here I found in the Bible yesterday. I'm sorry to say it's the first time I have opened my Bible for a long time—one mother put in my trunk when I came to Texas; but I happened on this yesterday, and it's sound sense as well as Scripture: 'Prepare thy work without, and make it fit for thyself in the field; and afterward build thine house.' Yes, you must fix for planting first, and then build. Now it happens first-rate—I've had a Dutchman up in the cedar brake for I don't know how many months cutting rails. I paid him in land. Brother Morton, you and I and Venable must take the wagon and mules up there to-morrow and begin hauling rails."

"But how about the plowing?" inquired his brother.

"Oh, I have had another Dutchman breaking up the prairie all last winter, poor fellow! I paid *him* in cattle; but he was snake-bit, and died before he could get them up. But Hark will have to plow it over again with a long bull-tongue. I have oxen out on grass that we can get up to do that while we are hauling rails."

"How long will it take us?" asked his brother.

"Not long; it's down hill all the way from the brake. You won't need but a small patch, for garden things and a little corn—almost too late even for that. What with your building and fixing and fencing it will be full next winter before you will be ready to put in any thing like a crop. You ought to have been here six months ago."

"People use cedar altogether for fencing here, do they not?" inquired his brother.

"Hereabout they do. Once fence your land well with cedar and that work's done for your lifetime. Your fence may catch fire and burn up from the prairie, but it can never rot. Some people plant osage orange—*bois d'arc* ('bow dark') they call it—for a hedge. Further west they throw up a ridge by digging a deep ditch, and plant prickly pears thick on top of the ridge. Others wattle in dog-wood into posts. But cedar is far best when you can get it. Compensation of nature, as philosophers call it: wood is tolerably scarce here, but then it lasts forever, what you have."

"What a singular species of cactus!" exclaimed Mrs. McRobert, who had rambled off to one side; "it is as large and round as one's head; and what a beautiful cream-colored blossom it has! And here is another kind still, all in little lobes, a flower at the end of each, growing right out of the rocks!"

"That is the Turk's-head cactus," said Uncle Frank, as all hurried to the spot. "You'll find plenty of it hereabout. The switch cactus grows only in the sandy river-bottom; it can be trained to run twenty feet long, not thicker than your finger. It is singular," he continued, "how every thing in this country has thorns. There's the mesquit-tree—nothing but thorns. Yonder is a chaparral-bush—every twig and every leaf covered with thorns. A little later it's loaded with delicious currants. The plan is to put a sheet on the ground under it, and beat off the fruit into the sheet with a stick."

"They have given out lately," said his brother, "that the gum of the mesquit has all the properties of gum-Arabic, and far better for medicinal use."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the Texan. "A grove of them looks more like a deserted apple-orchard in winter than any thing else. They make a hot fire, and that's all the use I've had of them. But I was talking of thorns. The farther west you go the worse it is. The very grass is covered with thorns. As to the plate-cactus, it grows as large as a house almost—many plates twenty inches across. When range is poor stock-keepers rake them on a fire and burn off the prickles so that the cattle can eat them. Cattle often are choked to death trying to eat them with thorns still on. As to their beautiful red pears, three of them are certain to give a man a chill. They split open the plates and use them for poultices, sometimes, I believe. Nothing's made in vain, I suppose. The very frogs have thorns all over the back and head. Here is one I put in my pocket for Bessie. Oh, you needn't be afraid of it; it's clean, and as harmless as can be. The children are hardly ever without them in their pockets or bosoms, and you can pick them up any hour of the day any where. They say they live on ants and other vermin. But what use their horns are I can't imagine; *some* use, you may be certain."

"What do you call that, uncle?" said Venable, as they passed through a belt of prairie on their way home, pointing to a singular-looking sort of tree.

"Thorns again, you see," replied his uncle. "We call that the Spanish bayonet. It's one of the aloë species. You see it's like the trunk of a tree, with ten thousand spikes like, only larger than, bayonets, growing out on every side from the ground up. I'd just as lief be speared by a ranchero at once as thrown from a mustang against them. The points are keener than a needle. I knew a lady who had one growing

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in the yard, who put a spool on the end of every bayonet, to keep her children from being hurt. The tree was odd enough looking before."

"And what use is it, uncle?" asked Will.

"Why, I suppose if any one was to plant them close together they could make an awful fence. But if you noticed, as we passed it, a long, blue sheath had shot up a yard above the circle of bayonets. Soon that sheath will burst open into a hundred pure white blooms—it's the grandest flower in the world—perfumes the whole prairie. The magnificent flower, standing white and gorgeous above all the bayonets, and growing out from the bayonets, always reminds me of happiness after trouble."

"Or heaven after earth," added his sister. "But I did not think you were so romantic, Frank."

"Do you see those flowers?" asked the Texan, stopping with the party, and waving his hand toward the prairie, that rolled from his feet away off north and east to the horizon, brilliant, actually dazzling to the eye, as the sun shone upon it, with flowers. "Once in riding over that prairie to the San Gabriel my horse fell lame just as I started. I was obliged to go, so I walked leading him. Just for the curiosity of it I began, as I walked, to pick and count the different kinds of flowers I passed. I went on to a hundred and twenty-three, and stopped it, tired out. This," he added, taking a small five-leaved flower out of the hand of Bessie, which was loaded as well as her apron with flowers — "this is the Texas star; it always bends to the north; you had better look at it well, boys, in case you get lost—the compass flower some people call it. It's about the only flower whose name I know. But the cattle are rapidly destroying the flowers—they are all disappearing as emigration comes in."

"Speaking of emigration," said his brother, "I have been told that there are kinds of animals that keep in advance of emigration."

"Yes," replied his brother; "soon as an Indian sees a bee he knows it's time for him to be leaving. It's the same with squirrels. I have seen them crossing the Brazos westward in shoals. They had a story that a ferryman there was kept busy a week ferrying them over—a flat load every time. Same with quails—they were never known till white people began to come to the country."

"I do believe this is hoarhound," said Mrs. McRobert, stopping by the edge of a thick vegetation near the yard.

"Yes," said Uncle Frank, "they say it comes in with settlement too. There's enough of it—and sage, too—growing around here to doctor a city. The castor-oil plant, too—*Palmi Christi*, as it is called. I had not improved this place a year before it was growing twenty feet high all around the yard and the stables. Nature must think there's going to be lots of children raised here, I thought, when I first saw it, with plenty of green water-melons to make them sick. Then there's the cockle-burr too. Texas never heard of such a thing until it began to be plowed. It seemed seed sown at the fall, only waiting for man to come to spring right up and make good the curse, 'Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth—in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.' There's the milk-weed, too, and the old Virginia Jimpson weed that has sprung up here since the Indians left, and I don't know what all."

But here the speaker was interrupted by the screams of Rohamma running from the house toward them: "Oh, Mass Morton! Oh, Miss 'Manda! snake-bit! snake-bit! Mass Will, snake-bit!"

Sure enough Will was not with the party. Going on ahead of them to the house, he had been searching for bait for fishing among some old logs in the field beyond, and now made his appearance with Rohamma, holding out his hand bleeding. Quite a scene of consternation followed, in the midst of which Will explained that in thrusting his hand under a log to roll it over for grubs, he had felt a severe pain in his finger, and as he drew it out a ground rattlesnake had attempted to glide away—which, however, with the aid of Scip, he had killed. Scip himself was lamed for the time by a violent blow from a pair of tongs in the hands of Rohamma, endeavoring to aid in killing the reptile. Even before he reached them the wound had turned blue and the arm had begun to swell—sure sign of the virulent poison. Will bore it like a man, but was as ashy pale as his frightened mother; while little Bess made the air vocal with her cries. Meanwhile Uncle Frank had darted into the house, and now returned with one of the gourds which had been hanging in the house and a tin cup.

"Here, Will!" he said, pressing the full cup on the boy, "drink this—drink all of it, as fast as you can!"

"But what is it, uncle?" inquired Will.

"You never mind what it is," replied his uncle. "It's whisky. I've put some sugar in it—drink! drink! never be afraid; it won't hurt you. Pour out another cup for him, Venable; drink it too! Never mind how it burns your throat!"

"Your hartshorn, Amanda! Where is it?" asked her husband; and in a few moments a rag wet with hartshorn was applied to the wounds, for the fang of the snake had passed entirely through the base of the middle finger of the left hand, making a hole on each side.

"Have you any brandy?" asked Mr. McRobert.

"Only some brandy fruit," replied his wife.

"The very thing!" said Uncle Frank; and in a few moments Rohamma had produced and opened the jar.

Under the urgency of all Will ate, nothing loth, peach after peach; swallowing down, with many a wry face, the whisky pressed upon him continually by his uncle. He had already swallowed enough to intoxicate a grown man, yet it did not affect him in the least.

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"Now if he was a whisky-drinker this remedy wouldn't do the least good," argued his uncle; "but, as it is, he's safe now."

Sure enough, in a few hours his trouble seemed over. For a few days he could not use his hand or arm easily, but this soon passed off, and in time his adventure was forgotten. Brandy peaches, however, he declared he had eaten enough of to last him the rest of his life. He could never be induced to eat one again—and of whisky he had a special abhorrence.

"One day," said Uncle Frank, as they sat at dinner, "I had, what you, Morton, would call, I suppose, a special providence happen to me. I was riding through the thickest part of the Yegua Bottom. I had often gone the road before, knew it as well as I do the way to San Hieronymo Spring, but I got lost. As I stumbled about in the forest I chanced upon a faint trail, and followed it up till it led me to a little cabin in the deepest part of the woods. Before I could get to the door a woman heard my horse's hoofs and came running out as if she was crazy.

"'Thank God! thank God!' she said. 'What is good for a snake-bite, mister? Get off quick! What is good for a snake-bite? My boy's bit, my boy's bit! What is good for it? Quick, mister, quick!'

"I jumped off, went in, found a little four-year-old of a boy lying on the bed badly bitten just above the ankle-joint. There he lay, the wound blue, the leg dreadfully swollen. The father was off to the port with the wagon; nobody there but that poor mother with her only child. What with fright and what with ignorance she didn't know what on earth to do. If you believe me, the poor creature had put on a pot full of wild hoarhound and was boiling *that* to make him drink; it was the only thing like medicine she had or could guess at. It's well I came, and just then too; in two hours he would have been far enough gone beyond the best doctor that ever lived. I had a flask of whisky in my saddle-bags and kept the mouth of it between his lips, the end tilted up, while his mother was tying a rag full of wet salt to the wound; and that was about the only thing she *did* have. In a little time my flask was empty, and Charley, as she called him, was safe and sound asleep. I had hard work to get away from that woman. 'I had given up every thing,' she said, 'and was just praying to God to help me when I heard you coming. How did you happen to be passing such an out-of-the-way place as this, and just in the nick of time? It was God that sent you. Oh bless Him, bless Him, bless Him!' she exclaimed, looking upward, her hands clasped and her eyes streaming with tears. She made me stay till she could cook something for me, then put me in the road and off I rode, and I do believe to this day she almost believes I was an angel sent that way—a singular sort of angel! However, I was mighty glad I happened to lose my road."

"And you remember Steuben Brown you were telling me about yesterday, uncle?" said Venable.

"How was that?" inquired his father.

"Oh, it is only a little matter that happened a few years ago down the river," said the Texan. "Mr. Brown was out a little, looking up some hogs he had, and Steuben with him—Steuben was just about the age of Will here. On a sudden the Indians were on them. Brown had his boy on the horse before him. He put spurs to his animal, and might have got off safe, but he was looking around at the Comanches as he loped off, and a limb of one of these live-oaks struck him full in the breast. The Indians had riddled him with arrows before he could even begin to try to get up."

"But about Steuben, uncle?" interrupted Will.

"Well, he wasn't hurt. In double-quick time the Indians had caught the horse, and off they went. As soon as they struck the prairie they made the little fellow run before them, his father's scalp hanging round his neck, the blood trickling down. Whenever he would halt an Indian would prick him on with a spear. At night they would give him only what they threw away to eat, treating the child worse than a white man ever treats a dog. A day or two after starting one of them pounded some rock into fine bits. Taking a handful of the pieces, he stripped off Steuben's shoes and stockings, rolled up his breeches, and rubbed the flint into the child's legs and feet till they were all one sore. This was to keep him from escaping. They were pushing on for Santa Fé, but just before they got there the poor little fellow dropped, gave out. They thought he was as good as dead, and left him lying where he fell, half in half out of a water hole in the prairie. It chanced—it happened—it providenced, if you say so—that a company of traders going from Santa Fé turned considerably out of their road to water just at that hole. He was so small, and in a dead faint, lying there stark naked, starved, and cut to pieces from head to foot, they never would have noticed him if they had not come right to the hole to water. As it was, in four months he was in his mother's arms, alive and well. That is what you people call a special providence, is it not?"

"Every providence is a special providence," replied his brother. "If Charley had died there alone by himself with his mother, or if Steuben had died before the traders came, it would have been equally the providence, the special providence of God. Good and bad, nothing happens but according to the will of the Almighty. He has special love and care in afflicting us as in blessing us. The way is to see him in *every thing:* when we are prospered to rejoice in it as from *Him;* when we are afflicted to submit cheerfully to it as equally from the same all-wise and loving Friend."

"I must tell you a little thing about Will, Frank," said Mrs. McRobert—Will had before this gone out. "One day his father took him

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out hunting, when he was only four years old. They went some distance in the woods. His father told him to stand still by a certain tree while he went off to get a shot at some doves. But the birds flew up, or something, and his father had to go still further on. Will became alarmed and began to call, but his father—not to frighten the birds—would not answer. At last he ceased to call, and his father coming back saw the little fellow on his knees on the ground, his hands clasped above his head, exclaiming, 'O God, please bring pa back! please bring pa back!' His earthly father having failed him, he had turned to his heavenly."

"Oh, ma, tell uncle what Will said about laughing with his legs!" said Venable.

"That's not to the point of what we are talking about, Venable," replied his mother; "but it's only this: One day, when Will was not three years old, he was making a great noise in the room, dancing and jumping. 'Why, what are you doing, Will?' said I. 'Oh,' he replied, 'I'm so happy! and I'm only laughing with my legs!'"

"Bessie's my pet!" said her uncle. "Wonder if *she* ever said a smart thing in her life?"

"All her smartness is to come yet, uncle," replied Venable. "But this morning Hark killed the hog you told him to before breakfast. Just before we sat down to table Bessie came out to where I was staking out Slow, and said, 'Bubber, oh! Bubber, I thaw a gotht to-day!' 'A ghost!' said I, 'what was it?' 'Oh, it wath the gotht of the hog Hark killed; Rohamma wath cooking ith gotht!'"

"However," said Mr. McRobert, rising, "we have no more time to hear about the children. Suppose we ride this afternoon up into the Cedar Brake."

THE LAST DAY ON THE PORCH.

I.—MORNING.

BRIGHT, beautiful, sunny, and summery. A lawn well shaded (front yard they called it when it was laid out sixty years ago), but not so well shaded as to shut out all the brightness of the day. Here and there a sun-patch brightens the green and heightens the shadows. Just now, over the level land, the rising sun has point-blank range under the trees, and the old man's feet, as he sits on the porch, are in the sun while his face is in the shadow. A nice old face he has, old Farmer Jones; and we read in it that eighty years in the world have neither saddened his heart nor damped his spirits, though the weakness of his body confesses to the full fourscore.

As the sun changes in its daily round various places under the shady canopy come in for their share of its beams; and the thrifty grass and flowers and shrubs are witness to the wisdom of those who planned, and of those who have kept up, the pleasant old homestead. Here a few blows of the axe, and there the setting of a new tree, have kept the equilibrium of light and shade. Trees grow wonderfully fast with those who understand how to plant, and how to nourish them; and superfluous limbs or whole cumberers of the ground can be spared without regret. The planners and the maintainers of the old place are the same. The old gentleman who sits on the porch with his chair tilted against the wall ("r'aring back" as somebody calls the attitude, in a figure borrowed from a rearing horse), that same old gentleman built the house. The two chair-legs which, in his favorite posture, are expected to bear his whole weight, and which have fulfilled that expectation since the time before you and I were born, have nearly found their way through the oak-flooring of the porch. And the "rung" between the two front-legs is worn to the thinness of a lath by the old gentleman's shoe soles. They put better stock, and more of it, in the old time into houses and into furniture than they do now. For Farmer Jones would break down a "cottage chair" of modern date in less than a week. In this old chair, for the summer days of sixty years, he has taken his seat; in early life at evening only, later in years during the heat of noon. Now his day's work is little more than to find his way to this shady nook, and sit, wind, weather, and rheumatism permitting, from morn till noon, from noon till night. Once he could read, though never very extensively or very critically. Now he is content with such scraps of the daily intelligence as his family find worth communicating, or he deems worth inquiring after. But to Farmer Jones the last brood of poultry, the color of the last calf or colt, and the prices of "truck" on the last market-day, are of more consequence than politics at home or wars in Europe.

Farmer Jones has never abdicated his post; but considers himself *paterfamilias*, with all the honors to that grade pertaining. And his old wife is still here, and is at this moment moving in busy idleness somewhere about the plantation. Two generations of her successors relieve her of all actual labor; but still she imagines that she is ever so busy, and, like her good man, never so important—a charming delusion of old age. A fountain of youth to the aged is this participation in the busy concerns of their successors. He is neither wise nor kind who would deprive them of it.

Old women are often better preserved than their old mates. While Farmer Jones sits and thinks, the Madam is bustling around with the little steps of age, proud in the fancy that she is still of some use in the world. Loom, and spinning-wheel, and wool and flax, have long been pushed aside, though from the attic all the appliances of ancient housewifery might still be produced. "Store goods" have taken the place of home manufactures, and even candles, yielding to petroleum, burn no more; and the ancient days of "dipping" come no longer, with their unctuous fun. The title "spinster" still remains in legal documents; but the actual spinster, who made it a point of pre-matrimonial

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conscience to spin and weave her own sheets and toweling and ticking, is classed with the fossils that lived before the flood. Housekeeping now no longer includes the replenishing of the heavy and well-filled "press." So Ma'am Jones has nothing to do for pastime but to knit; and knit she does with all diligence. Her good man's feet would perish in any but long hose from her needles. And she has "well-saved hose" enough for herself, to carry her comfortably through another threescore years and ten. Every bed in the house has a "better quilt," the work of her busy fingers, knit in shell-work, and in scroll-work, and all kinds of work. Every easy-chair (some of them uneasy enough) has its "tidy." She even attempted to fit one for *that* chair on the porch. But when her old husband's carelessness had repeatedly converted it into a foot-mat, she indignantly reclaimed it, raveled it out, and knit it over for another use. The great personal inconvenience of the rebellion to her was the rise in the price of knitting-cotton. But the dear lady, like thousands more, scraped lint in war time, and found constant employment in soldiers' woolen socks.

A Jersey farm-house, and a Jersey sun; one is of the coziest, the other of the hottest. There are few fantastic cottages in the primitive districts; but men and women have managed to be born in those plain houses, to live long and to die in them, with quite the average degree of comfort and with more than the average of peace. Farmer Jones thinks his the nicest and most home-like house in the State. If long acquaintance and close attention should embolden him to say so, he has the right. In sixty years he has not slept out of that house sixty times. Nor will he sleep out of it till he is carried out over the porch for his long, last rest.

Knitting-needle posts has that porch, and a concave roof, modeled, it would appear, from the section of an egg-shell. "It turns the rain," says Farmer Jones. As to shade from the sun, the porch roof has no need to furnish that. For the trees are so arranged that though the sun's rays may strike in turn on all other places they never find the roof of the little porch. And the green moss of sixty years rejoices in a perpetual dampness and shadow. Only in the morning, as we have said, do the sun-darts find their way under the trees at point-blank range; and the very cracks and crevices seem to blink with astonishment, and the shoes of Farmer Jones cast queer shadows under his chair.

Morning bright! And here comes a morning face to match, a lovely, laughing little pet of the fourth generation, Farmer Jones's grandchild's daughter. She knows that she is welcome. Even the old dog, Watch, who lies at the Farmer's feet, too lazy to rise, beats a noisy greeting on the floor with his tail. Little Pet has climbed up on the old man's knees; and a charming picture they make, as her smooth apple cheeks nestle against his wrinkles.

The old man's mind is wonderfully busy to-day, and every thing he sees and feels suggests the past. As he hugs the little child to his heart his thoughts run back to the time when he, a child, rested on the breast of his grandfather, gone to his rest fifty years ago. Does this child think of him as he thought when a child? Does he seem so *very* old? And did *his* grandfather feel as he now does, hugging that little one?

Farmer Jones looks up, and his thoughts take refuge from these questionings among the trees. He remembers when they were saplings, and what a deal of pains he took to persuade them to grow straight. Nay, he remembers an older generation of trees which were here before. And some of them were of that iron kind, the locust. And he cut them for posts for the paling; and those posts still stand firm, "good as they ever were," thinks Farmer Jones, "and I so shaky!"

The mowing machine is doing its thorough but noisy work on the broad fields opposite. Farmer Jones can remember when grass-seed was repudiated as the craziest of "book-farming," and the only grass or grazing was the natural growth of the meadows and the low lands. He can tell you why farms on the lazy, noxious creeks were preferred. It was because the uplands would graze no cattle; and people compromised with the chills and fever for the sake of milk and butter. And he well remembers with what toil the hay was mowed, and spread, and made, and how the maidens took their turns in the hay-field.

But the memory of the old meadow has a charm for Farmer Jones. For his eyes fill as he recalls the morning in the hay-harvest when he first dared to hint his love to her who has been his companion in life's journey for threescore years. The graceful figure is before him, the downcast eye, the rosy blush—

"Come, child, you have plagued grandfather long enough," said a blithe maiden, as she bustled out and took the well-contented Pet from his arms—though not without some resistance and more outcry. "Such a strange look as grandfather gave me out of his eyes!" she said, as she entered the kitchen with her captive. She did not know how the old man's thoughts were busied; nor how for the instant in his reverie he was young again, and took her for the apparition of his young love!

II.—NOON.

The billowy wheat, like a yellow sea, with multitudinous summer waves, drifts the thoughts of Farmer Jones back to the time when a scanty crop of the coarser rye was all that he could hope from diligent farming. The maize, glistening in green, an army with banners, stands close as a Grecian phalanx, where once a few acres of corn, in scattered hills, of dwarfish growth, required weary days of patient hand-hoeing. Now the light plow slips through as if to man and horse the work were the merest pastime. So over the whole surface of his farm of a hundred

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acres his review extends. And he smiles as he remembers that off his father's farm of five hundred acres the crops were not more than a fifth of what he gets from his hundred; and that fifth was more than he could with profit convey to the market.

He smiles, and yet it is with a slight feeling of mortification as he recalls how he contended, step by step, against the innovations which have converted the old waste into a garden, and made the fields to stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing. New neighbors have come in and tempted him to sell the surplus acres, without which he once thought he could not keep from the poor-house. With every sale the remainder, like the leaves of the Sibyl, become more valuable, and, by better culture, more profitable. From the sales of lands and the growing profits of crops he has educated his boys fit for judges, and his girls for queens; and there is still left an unknown balance in securities in the county bank, in bond, in mortgage, in farm utensils, and in a well-stocked barn-yard. All the boys are "started in life;" one son, as his deputy in name but principal in fact, on the homestead; the others away, as their tastes led them. But this is still "home," and all his children are frequent visitors, though they have roamed the world around, and astonish their father with tales of California and of Ind.

Thus day after day has the old man sat and dreamed the honest dreams of a life well-spent, the recollections in his well-earned ease of years of toil. Every day his chair has ground its way farther and farther through the oaken floor, but he takes no more note of that than of the wear of his own frame, gradual but sure. No need had he of books, when, as he sat, he could read his own life, and the story of every child, and the history of all the years, in the familiar objects which surrounded him. He indeed could

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

The broad, straight turnpike road runs before his door. He well remembers when a narrow, devious way wound like a lazy brook along: avoiding here a barn; there paying legal respect to a lime-tree directly in its path; and there again making a sharp corner to leave a fence in its angular integrity. Once a weary wagon on wooden bolsters instead of springs plowed occasionally along through the sand. Now there was scarce an interval between the various vehicles, from market wagons (among wagons like the *Great Eastern* among ships) down to the lightest and most fairy-like things on wheels.

And city carriages, once kept away by deep sand and heavy wheeling, now seek the tempting turnpike for their drives.

High noon, and there is a lull in the travel. The flies drone lazily; the very dust is too conscious of the heat to rise; and the leaves on the trees droop listlessly. The old man, in a doze, is dreaming of the time when a trip to town with eggs and butter, and a few articles of heavier "truck" for ballast, was a weary day's work, lengthened by early rising and late getting home.

The rattle of quick wheels, the chatter of merry voices, the inquiring bark of old Watch, the screaming and gabbling of the poultry, hens, and turkeys, and all, and the multifarious sounds of a farm-yard alarmed, wake the old man from his slumber.

"What on earth is the matter now?" says Farmer Jones.

"Father's come, father's come, father and Uncle Tom!" is shouted in answer from the gate. Old Watch, the dog, is satisfied with the reply and subsides into silence. In a moment more Farmer Jones's two "boys," one of fifty and the other of forty-five, have him by the hand. He greets them heartily, but looks abstractedly after their horses, which are being led to the stables, and wonders how they could buy such light "creeters," which could not stand the plow an hour. The hens cease cackling, the old gobbler is silent, and the momentary confusion is stilled in universal acquiescence; except that old Watch, the dog, can not satisfy himself with the smell of the city boots, which have not at all the fertile odor to which he is accustomed. And little Pet, the child, stands apart with her thumb in her mouth, sulky at being neglected, and puzzled at the assortment of kindred and affinity, fathers and grandfathers, and great-grandfathers. But the farmer-boy, aged fifty-seven, has come up from his work, and the happy family go in to dinner.

III.—EVENING.

A long summer noon of rest follows dinner—rest to every body except the women, who are clashing and clattering in the kitchen over the piles of dishes. It was easier for them, says Farmer Jones, when a big pan or two held the "boiled vittles," and pewter platters had not been superseded by delf. But the women, we fancy, would scarce consent to go back to that practice of the "good old times." They appreciate neatness and comfort.

All the others are resting, and the women soon will be. The horses and mules are munching in the stalls, the pigs lay prone, triple-cased in mud; the cows are ruminating in the shade, or up to their bodies in water if they can find it. The dog is as near asleep on the porch as the flies will suffer, waiting for his master; and little Pet is spread out on the rug inside the door, her cheeks rosy with health and heat, and her fresh lips breathing out ambrosia. But her dreams are a little troubled. That last bit of pie haunts her. She thinks, just as she is about to eat it, it changes to a father, and then a grandfather, and then a great-great-great-grandfather. She kicks, and, rubbing her eyes, awakes just as Farmer Jones comes stumping through to find his way to the porch again, and to wonder at people's laziness. When he was young he is sure it was not so; and the sum-

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mers were hotter then, and the winters were colder when he was a boy. Heigh-ho, Farmer Jones! That is the old story that your father told and his father before him. The new helps which every generation brings, in the form of machinery, give each successive race more rest, and, relieving the body, confer upon the mind more and more of activity. So always mote it be! till our descendants find a time when wood, and iron, and steam, and electricity, shall give human muscles perpetual holiday!

And now the rays of the westering sun begin to fall vertically on the hoping earth, the thirsty earth, which longs for the evening dews. The mowing-machine has resumed its clatter, the horse-rake has begun its sweeping, and mounds of fragrant hay cast their perfume on the air. Farmer Jones wonders that people can be in such a hurry with their "hauling in." In his time it was never so. But he forgets that, being without the potent helps which the present farmers have, the old ones could not have harvested quick if they would.

The old man takes his accustomed place upon the porch again. He settles down with more dead weight into the chair than he was won't to do, and he has less alacrity in tilting back to the native American position. His feet are raised to their perch, one by one, with more effort; and when he is fixed at last he wonders now, sometimes, how he shall get on his feet again. To-day the wonder is greater. He is dreadful stiff, he says. "It was that hearty dinner."

And it was a hearty dinner, and never to be forgotten—hearty not merely in the matter of meat and drink, though of that there was enough—hearty not only in the enjoyment of these good things, though all, from Farmer Jones down to little Pet, partook their share; and Watch, at his master's elbow, was not forgotten.

But it was hearty in the outgush of affection; it was hearty in the eloquence of love in old Farmer Jones, who seemed to have renewed his youth; it was hearty in the reverent and worshipful affection of grandmother, who, to the latest hour, loved, honored, and obeyed, as she had promised to do over sixty years ago; it was hearty in the thoughtful care of the younger for their elders; it was hearty in the love of God, acted rather than obtrusively declared, for it was spoken in the thankful eyes of all who said Amen! to the grace of Farmer Jones.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory," said the elder son, as they walked forth.

"When it is found in the way of righteousness," answered the next.

"As I am sure our father's is," the youngest added.

And they took their way over the fields, to tell and to hear what had been done on the old home-farm, and what still remained to do.

"Great plans those boys are contriving," said Farmer Jones, as he watched them from the porch. "But boys will be boys." Very proud was Farmer Jones of his sons, though inwardly resolved to cross-question them at tea-time, and to convict them out of their own mouths of folly in all they had been scheming.

Yet he must confess that something had been done. When these "boys" *were* boys trees all around bounded a narrow view. Now, here and there only a copse dotted the immediate landscape, while in the distance stood the bit of forest which Farmer Jones had resolutely preserved for winter fuel, allowing one-twentieth only to be cut in every year, that in twenty years they might begin again at the first cut, according to the old traditionary practice.

But of all the trees the old man's eye rested oftenest and most complacently on one nearest the porch. He had planted it on the very morning after the home-coming with his young bride. Then with two fingers she had held it straight while he filled in the earth. It had grown beyond all the rest, and its broad limbs cast the shadow under which he sat with honest yet grateful pride. "Every thing did always grow that she touched," he said. And just then, as always at the same hour she did, grandmother came to look at him, in her spruce after-dinner cap.

"Do you think I'm in my dotage? To be sure I recollect, and never can forget while you put me in mind of it every day."

"You never will grow wise and staid," he said; "you are the silly, little young thing that you always were!" And he gently drew her to him, nothing loth, and kissed the roots of her gray hair; carefully respecting the frills of the spotless cap. Away she trotted; and Farmer Jones forgot himself, and closed his eyes on the tree of his bridal troth.

IV.—NIGHT.

The threatening clouds gather, and the distant lightning drops its fiery lines on the black horizon. Hurry! hurry! people all! For the first commotion among the trees whispers of the coming tempest; and little eddies of dust begin to dance, and the earliest dead foliage of summer to rustle along the path. Hay must be housed, and windows closed, and numberless things cared for, before the coming storm. The "boys" are hastening homeward, but stop, in the glee of youth, to help pitch on the hay. Hurry! Hurry up the loaded wagon! There, it is safely housed.

Quick with the kine that their creamy treasure be not wasted. Now all is done, and grandmother has finished her hunt for eggs. The whole family turn to the house for shelter, just as the first heavy drops come, in big plashes, on their heads.

What ails the dog? A long and piteous howl comes from the porch; a howl eloquent of surprise and terror. And as they draw near they hear the voice of little Pet: "Grandpa! up! up! it begins to rain! Up! you must go in, for grandma says so!" But Farmer Jones will never rise from his seat again. The faithful

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chair is crushed at last, and the floor has given way. None know at what moment the stroke of death fell upon him. But the last summons has reached him at a fitting time; just as he had "counted up his mercies" and thanked the God who had been his guardian ever since he leaned on his mother's breasts.

They bear him indoors, and hastily prepare a couch upon the floor. The windows are opened wide, for all are agasp for air.

A thunder crash, and with it sheets of fire which wrap them as a mantle. And all the world outside may be traced in black lines on the fiery ground; but THE TREE nearest the porch shines in green and brilliant gold. Grandmother has turned her head on her husband's breast; but he rises in the death-struggle, "There, wife, there!" and they sink down together.

Crash again! and the old tree is riven from the topmost point down to the earth. All are stunned and thrown to the ground with cries of God have mercy! But they must rise; and lights are brought, for the dark night has closed in on the storm. The clouds deluge the earth with rain, and a horror of great darkness is upon them. But the thunder peals no more.

Farmer Jones is dead. His faithful old wife looks up with a wild, earnest look as they whisper. She *knows* that when they open the earth for his last rest where he lieth she will lie.

And so it proved. Under the shadow of the old church, where they worshiped, bride and bridegroom, sixty years ago, is a stone with this legend:

LOVELY AND PLEASANT IN THEIR LIVES,
IN DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED.

All are sad, but not sorrowful, as those without hope; and time will soon reconcile them to the death which waited till there seemed no longer reason for delay. Little Pet looks fearful, and clings close to her mother when the sky is overcast. Time, too, will remove her wayward fears. But when she comes to be a grandmother, if she does not startle her young listeners with weird fancies and strange tales, then are there no such things as early impressions and the traces of childish terrors.

The old dog drooped and died. They found him one morning stiff at the root of the blasted tree, and there they buried him. The tree is felled and worked up, every scrap, into memorials of the couple who began life with its youth and died when the tree died. They lived long and saw good days, and their children call them blessed.

DRIFTING.

ALL over the banks the wild vines crept,
With shining pansies and tangled weeds,
And close to the margin the lily slept,
Nodding the while 'mid the thick-set reeds
That ever replied to the wind with a sigh,
While over them hung the dragon-fly.

Adown the stream 'twixt the reedy shores,
Where the silvery willows in clusters grew,
We floated onward with idle oars
Under a heaven of perfect blue:
And ever above us the clouds went by,
Milky white in the azure sky.

Sometimes the wandering winds would bring
The scent of clover from either side;
Sometimes a bird, unseen, would sing
As we drifted along on the voiceless tide;
Or sometimes a silvery minnow leap
Where the reeds and lilies were wrapt in sleep.

Noiselessly parted our sharpened prow
The purple waves of the beautiful stream;
Ah! well I remember even now
How, in a kind of lotus dream,
We floated on past the reedy shores
Of that silent river with idle oars.

The sun hung low in a crimson sky,
Ever since noon had we drifted along;
Now the sober twilight was drawing nigh;
The wood-bird was singing her vesper song;
And myriad voices of insects filled
The reedy shores, where all else was stilled.

Never a stray breath stirred the reeds,
Never a shudder over them crept;
Motionless all were the pansies and weeds—
The cream-white lilies entrancéd slept;
And the willows, flushed with the sun's last gleam,
Hung listlessly over the voiceless stream.

Quickly the sweet day drew to a close,
On a sudden the great sun seemed to swoon;
Over the eastern hill-tops rose,
Red and swollen, the harvest moon;
And the twilight lingered, sombre and brown,
Till the solemn night on swift wings came down.

We are drifting still, but Life is the stream
Down which we pass on our certain way,
Sometimes at night, with no friendly gleam,
And sometimes on through the perfect day;
But in shadow or sunshine I know that we
Are drifting out toward the open sea.

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SANTA ROSA OF LIMA.

"IT never rains in Lima;" but there had been cold, damp, palpable mists called *garuas* for days, and the sun had not been visible except momentarily for weeks. The streets were pasty with mud, and the sidewalks were slimed all over as if with dark-colored tallow in a state of semi-liquescence. The walls of the first-floor rooms dripped with damp. Boots and shoes were mottled green and yellow with mould. Inkstands sprouted luxuriant crops of feathery fungus. The sheets and towels were moist; and the knobs of doors and the very forks and spoons, fresh from the kitchen, were clammy. Juan and Antonia appeared with swollen and bandaged faces and complained of *dolores* in every limb; while their worthy employers winced under flying twinges which they considered themselves too young to suspect of being rheumatism, and tried to deceive themselves by calling neuralgia.

Now there are no fire-places in Lima, and only the poor device of brasiers, wherewith to drive off the damp. So one has the alternative of becoming morsy like a cypress-tree in a Southern swamp, or risking asphyxia from carbonic acid gas. No wonder the last of the Incas was elated when he heard that the Spaniards had established their capital on the banks of the Rimac, in a spot reeking with vapors, and where the usually-beneficent sun refuses to shine for half the year.

The morning of the 30th of August, however, broke bright and clear, and its rays brought light and cheerfulness into the dreary vaults within which we had been immured for weeks, meditating upon the justifiability of suicide. The buzzards, which are the city scavengers and sanitary police of Lima, instead of stalking gloomily along the fetid *azequias* in the middle of the streets, now repaired to the tops of the buildings, and in long rows and with outspread wings, waited patiently for the sun to dry their mildewed feathers. Juan and Antonia stretched themselves in the warmest part of the corridor to catch every ray of caloric reflected from its walls as a means of driving the *dolores* from their tortured bones.

The bells of the churches, which had sounded before as if suffering with severe catarrh, now pealed out clear and joyously—and all the more loudly and joyously because this was the fiesta of Santa Rosa, the *patrona* of Lima and the Americas, whose anniversary is celebrated with a pomp befitting her distinction as the only female ever canonized in America. She was a native of Lima, and there she lived and there she died. No wonder, then, that her shrines are richer, her jewels more costly, and the ceremonies in her honor more showy than those vouchsafed to any of the multitudinous saints, male and female, whose names jostle each other in the Romish calendar.

But before beginning to talk of Santa Rosa, we must premise that Lima was the richest, the most bigoted, perhaps it would be safe to say, the most profligate of all the seats of Spanish vice-regal power in America. No other capital could compete with it in the number of its churches and convents, and the munificence of their endowment. The Inquisition had there a scope and power such as it never possessed in Mexico or Santa Fé. During its existence no less than fifty-nine persons were burned alive in the *Plaza de la Inquisicion*, where now stands the fine bronze statue of Bolivar, and which is called to-day *Plaza de la Independencia*. There were eighteen others burned there *en estatua;* that is to say, represented by figures or effigies —a mode to which probably the originals had least objection. Nine unfortunates died in advance, and so only their bones were consumed; while eighty-six suffered confiscation of their property, and four hundred and fifty-eight were beaten with whips.

Now Lima has a cathedral and seventy-six churches in a population little, if at all, exceeding one hundred thousand souls. The cathedral was founded by Francisco Pizarro, the Conqueror of Peru, and the original edifice cost $594,000. Owing to earthquakes and other retarding causes it was ninety years in building. The present structure was raised on the ruins of the first, destroyed in 1746, and is as imposing in appearance as it is unsubstantial in fact. It contains many paintings of merit, and among them one of *Veronica* by Murillo. In the vaults beneath are shown what are alleged to be the remains of Pizarro. The church and convent of San Francisco are said to have cost $15,000,000, and to have had a corresponding endowment. This single convent once had nearly as many inmates as are now contained in all the religious establishments of the city, where, it is estimated, there are at present only 1736 priests, monks, and nuns—a sad falling off from the 6000 said to have existed in the earlier half of the last century! In all the various churches, convents, and monasteries (we are bound to be statistical for the nonce), there are celebrated annually 449 *fiestas* or festivals, and there are chanted 39,607 masses, of which 19,506 are paid for by endowments. We must not forget to mention that there are in Lima no less than eighty-one private chapels, duly "licensed," wherein the proprietors may do worship at their leisure, and with gratifying exclusiveness, at the small cost of $14 50 each.

We have mentioned Santa Rosa as the patron saint of Lima, and it would naturally be supposed that she is the richest. But *Nuestra Señora del Rosario*, one of the *Avatars* of the Virgin, has, or had, a personal endowment far greater. Her altar and its adornments comprised 1475 pounds of gold and silver, and her jewels embraced 1406 diamonds, 620 rubies, 1179 emeralds, 121 fine pearls, besides amethysts, topazes, and other less costly gems. She could have appeared with becoming effulgence in the presence of a queen or empress; and she is reputed rich still. But even among the

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faithful the genuineness of the diamonds in her tiara may be questioned with, at most, a deprecatory shrug of the shoulder.

Apart from Sundays there are observed, with equal strictness, no less than forty-eight *fiestas*, or days wherein it is enjoined by the Church, or established by custom, that no secular work shall be performed, and on which days the public offices are supposed to be closed. The disarrangement of business and demoralization of industry consequent on this waste of time can scarcely be computed. Drunkenness and dissipation are fostered by idleness, which finds its pretext in religion, and the day succeeding the *fiesta* is oftenest taken up in the process of convalescence, which, in turn, is pleaded as an excuse for lack of energy and efficiency. Public necessity and the requirements of civilization have consequently encroached somewhat on old customs and rules, and the *fiesta*, be it Sunday or otherwise, is generally observed only as a half holiday; that is to say, many of the shops, etc., are kept open until noon. This relieves somewhat the burdens imposed by superstition and custom. The days of the *fiestas* of "Santa Rosa, Nuestra Señora de las Mercedes" (the Patrona of the army of Peru), however, admit of no curtailment, but must be faithfully observed, under penalty of popular displeasure, if not of intervention by the police.

Santa Rosa de Santa Maria, who, before her beatification, bore the name of Isabel Flores, was born in Lima in the year 1586, and died there in 1617. Her parents, to use the popular biographical formula, "were poor but honest." Her sanctity was manifested early, and when she was only six years of age she did voluntary penance and consecrated herself to God, taking with supernatural prescience an oath of perpetual virginity. She underwent the ordeal of examination by the fathers of the Church, to whom her devotion became known through popular report at the age of sixteen, and was admitted to consecrated orders. When the French, English, and other pirates, who infested the Pacific coast, burned Casma, sacked Santa, and threatened every sea-port and principal town of Peru, she prayed that they might reach Lima, so that she might show them by her example how a Peruvian virgin might suffer outrage and cruelty—resigned and humble, relying on her faith, and dying with the exclamation, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" But her aspirations in this respect were disappointed. The pirates never reached Lima, and Santa Rosa died, at the age of thirty-one years, "in the odor of sanctity," leaving behind her a name for humility, patience, charity, and good works which exacted the reverence of all, and led priests and people, Church and State, archbishop and viceroy, to ask for her, at Rome, the honors of canonization. It is said that when her merits and claims were urged on the Pope he exclaimed, "A virgin in Lima! I should as soon expect a shower of roses from Heaven as to find in America a *criolla* of such virtue and sanctity!" On the instant—so runs the legend—the ceiling opened, and the Pope found himself standing knee-deep in a bed of roses of celestial origin. He comprehended the significance of the miracle, and in 1671, fifty years after the death of the Virgin of Lima, she was canonized, and declared *Patrona*, not alone of her native city but of all America.

The day of the *fiesta* of Santa Rosa, as we have already said, broke bright and clear. The bells of the churches rang out joyfully, and the streets were gay with the gaudy dresses of *Cholas* and *Sambitas*, hastening, with their more sombre-robed white sisters, to the special masses said on this anniversary in the cathedral and the leading churches. At ten o'clock the booming of cannon announced that the effigy of Santa Rosa had started from its shrine in the church of Santo Domingo, and was on its way to the cathedral, where the civil and military authorities were assembled to do her reverence.

It must be premised that the Saints in Lima make promenades on stated occasions, and exchange visits with ceremonial exactness. San Pedro sometimes calls on San Augustin, and passes the night with him in his own temple, where they are stationed fronting each other, one on each side of the great altar. It is said that bread and wine are placed on a table between them, so that during the weary night the duties of hospitality may not be neglected.

Santa Rosa is not without her social qualities, and relishes a call on her sisters when her *fiesta* comes round. The line of march is always duly announced in advance, and every one knows through what streets she will pass, and in what churches she will call. So that the faithful have ample time to congregate in the latter, and lookers-on have opportunity to diplomatize among friends and acquaintances for balconies or windows on the shaded side of the savory streets through which the *Patrona* of America takes her promenade. We were fortunate enough to secure a balcony to ourselves, in the Cala de los Plateros, at a point about midway in the itinerary.

Santa Rosa entered the cathedral with more than feminine exactness at the appointed hour, under a musketry salute from the soldiers drawn up in the plaza. Precisely what happened inside the cathedral I am unable to say, for the crush in the churches on such occasions is too great to be lightly encountered. It was past one o'clock, after patient waiting for more than an hour in our especial balcony, before the file of soldiers and the band of music, heading the procession of the Saint, showed themselves in the street of the Plateros.

While waiting we had ample opportunities of observing the freaks and fancies of a sight-seeing crowd in Lima. Every one, old and young, was in his best, and all the boys were rich in fire-crackers and spiteful little *cohetas* that only rose as high as the house-tops, and were not at all particular about driving into windows and balconies. Why they should be let off in the

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daytime will probably be a puzzling question for American youth. We can only say it is *cosa de España*, the "custom of the country." Little hustling fights come off now and then, with generally no more serious consequence than the plunging of one or other of the combatants into the foul *azequia*.

Immediately in front of us was a tall structure of canes, a cross between a Chinese pagoda and a Gothic church, and which we soon discovered was an elaborate *feu d'artifice*, connecting by what appeared to be thin cords, with a series of gaudy paper globes suspended by ropes across the street.

Now if there be a thing in the world utterly incomprehensible to the Spanish-American mind, it is a procession; that is to say, an orderly assembly of people walking in file with even step and observing the cadences of the music. The procession of Santa Rosa was no exception to the huddle and confusion that characterize all the processions, secular or religious, that are to be seen in Lima, Mexico, or Guatemala. The soldiers that headed it, and the band of music that followed, preserved some semblance of order; but the rest was a surging, tumultuous crowd, in the centre of which, tossing like a ship in a tempestuous sea, was the ark on which was borne the effigy of the *Patrona* of all the Americas.

Imagine a long and rather broad table or platform covered with scarlet velvet, studded with golden stars, edged heavily with bullion fringe, and falling on every side to the very ground. In the centre of this, standing on a silver globe supported by a low pedestal, was the figure of Santa Rosa, of full size, bearing on her head a golden crown blazing with jewels, beneath which her glossy curling hair of intensest black streamed down almost to her heels. Her dress was of blue velvet, crusted and stiff with gems and gold, spreading outward like an inverted Δ, and faced with white satin. In one hand was held a golden cross, and the other, loaded with jewels, was lifted as if in benediction. Her face was in the rosiest style of modern French wax-work, and looked in the bright light as if newly colored and varnished. Two angels, standing behind the figure, held a crimson canopy supported by golden rods over her head. The whole apparatus was carried on the shoulders of relays of stalwart *cholos* and negroes, who were concealed beneath the velvet covering of the platform, and who dodged out and under, wiping their perspiring and glistening faces and clamoring for *pisco* whenever the Saint halted, which she did at every corner and the middle of every square.

Following the music were a number of men smoking cigars, with which they lighted the *cohetas* that it was their exclusive business to let off from stores of the same carried in the arms of attendants, thus keeping up an irregular fusillade. A score or so of little girls in white and tinsel and crowned with flowers, designed to represent angels, came next; but the rush and crush was so great that the spirits of darkness, in the shape of stalwart *chola* or negro nurses, were fain to rush in to protect them and soothe the frightened babes, who, on the whole, made very sorry and slobbering representations of the angelic hosts. Immediately in front of the platform were devotees swinging censers, or trying to do so, but with poor success, among the thronging, disorderly mass that crowded around them. Many, and by no means saintly, were their objurgations, and more than one persistent intruder got a cracking blow on his head from the silver censers.

The procession stopped in front of us in a condition that can only be described as "a mess." The wonderful Chino-Gothico structure was let off, and fizzed and banged, and threw out a cloud of smoke and a fearful odor of damp powder, driving the ladies from the balconies, while the *gamins* and *cholos* shouted and shrieked (there is no *hurrah* in Spanish), and lent the whole power of their lungs to augment the hubbub. By-and-by the structure fizzed and banged itself out, leaving only a blackened frame-work of canes, which the negroes caught up and trotted away with adown the street, where there was a perspective of similar noisy and sulphurous contrivances. The ladies emerged from their retreats and resumed their places, and Santa Rosa recommenced her *paseo*. Just as she got under the paper globes, the object of which we could not before divine, they suddenly exploded with a loud report, scattering bushels of roses over the Saint and the platform on which she stood. We thought this the most interesting and satisfactory part of the performance, and speculated on the value of the adornments of the effigy until the motley crowd drifted away in the direction of San Augustin.

It may be satisfactory to a portion of our readers to know that a capitalist of our party who had the benefit of an opera glass in forming his estimates was heard to say that he was willing "to advance Santa Rosa a hundred thousand dollars on her wardrobe, in case she should ever find herself in need of ready money." The *Guia de los Forasteros* tells us authoritatively that the silver adornments of the altar and litter of Santa Rosa amount in weight to 31,000 ounces, or about a ton, equal to $40,000 in value.

Anciently the procession of Santa Rosa was a much more formal affair. The standards of the various provinces of Peru, with the arms of their various capitals, were carried before her image, while the *lomeros* or mountaineers came down in great numbers, bearing bouquets and wreaths of flowers. But in common with all the ceremonies of the Church in Lima those in honor of Santa Rosa have degenerated, and the press of the capital calls openly for the abolition of all processions of the Saints as absurd and debasing in their character and tendencies. None of them have the least solemnity, and only give pretexts for getting together a mob of people and for burning a quantity of coarse powder. A Lima writer says of them: "They are marked

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by no acts of devotion or demonstration of respect, but a certain effrontery or *abandon* which is offensive in any public exhibition, but especially in a ceremony purporting to be religious. Laughter, jests, and conversation free and often licentious, are not happy features in a congregation of people, got together for any object."

During the procession of San Augustin, owing to the stumbling of one of its bearers, the effigy of the saint fell over, revealing only an attenuated frame-work of canes beneath his rich robes, whereupon the crowd shouted boisterously, "All head and no body!" which ejaculation was quickly put in a couplet and chanted during the remainder of the performance.

Peru is no exception to the rest of Spanish America in this, that the Church fails to meet the requirements of emancipated intelligence, or to satisfy the religious aspirations of its best and most exemplary men. The churches are chiefly frequented by women, while among their fathers, husbands, and brothers religious observances receive little more than toleration. All agree that the Church needs reform, but they see no way of effecting it, and seek to excuse their listlessness by accepting, as a matter of course, that "it is good for the *plebe*" or populace—with whom, however, it is a pretext, excuse, or consolation, but never a restraint.

The decline of the power and influence of the Church in Lima, since the independence, is only imperfectly indicated by the fact that within that period ten convents and monasteries, having endowments to the amount of $1,000,000, have been suppressed and their edifices and sites dedicated to other purposes. . A high school occupies the convent of Guadeloupe; the college of San Marcos has taken possession of the greater portion of the grand cloisters of San Francisco; that of San Carlos has supplanted the Jesuits; San Juan de Dios is a railway station, and the principal market of the city stands where once was the convent of Santa Catalina. The bigotry of the people has given away in a greater relative degree than these facts would indicate, and marriages are now as frequent in Lima between Catholics and Protestants as in any part of the world, in proportion to their respective numbers. The archbishop has formally recognized all marriages celebrated by the diplomatic representatives of Protestant countries. There is a Protestant church and congregation in the capital and another in Callao, and the Protestant cemetery at Bella Vista is respected equally with the Catholic cemetery in its neighborhood.

Conventual restrictions are far less rigid than before, and are becoming less so every day. In some of the convents, however, as in that of Santa Rosa, the exclusion of its inmates from the world is complete, and access next to impossible, except to those who enter its doors never to return.

This convent was founded by royal *cedula* in 1704, the number of nuns being fixed at thirty-three, who were to assume the dress of the Dominicans, and observe the rules of San Augustin. Four hundred thousand dollars were raised for its endowment, apart from gifts of buildings, jewels, etc. A lady, wife of General Galdames, contributed upward of $130,000 to the establishment, reserving only for herself and her descendants the privilege of naming a single nun who should be permitted to enter without payment of the "dot" or dowry. Its first prioress was the daughter of the Viceroy Monclora, who escaped from the vice-regal palace during the night to assume the habit of the *Patrona* of Lima.

Entrance to any of the convents is prohibited to men, except the confessor, who usually combines the character of priest and physician; and access is equally denied to women, except when in "a delicate condition" they happen to fix their minds on that object. It is assumed that, under these circumstances, they must be indulged in every wish and whim for prudential reasons. But even then it is requisite to make formal application to the archbishop, who considers the case; and if satisfied that the request should be complied with, issues a formal order to that effect, and names, as a general rule, the confessor of the convent to accompany the applicant. The concession was made, for the first time in many years, to myself.

It should be premised, however, that the following papers, lawfully stamped, had taken due and formal course previous to the visit:

"*Ilustrisimos Señor, el Arzobispo de Lima:*

"Doña ——, resident of this capital, appears in this manner before you, and, with due respect, sets forth:

"That she is a Roman Catholic, citizen of the United States of North America; that she is in this city with her husband —— of the United States; that she wishes to become acquainted with the monastic institutions of her sex in Lima, unknown in the United States, although all religions enjoy there complete toleration. Being unable to fulfill her desire, except by your permission, she appeals to your kindness to concede to her the privilege to visit the convent of Santa Rosa, in company with two respectable ladies of this city who have hospitably entertained her, and who will accompany her to facilitate her communication with those she seeks to visit. For these reasons she appeals to your charity, illustrious Sir, to concede the request which she now respectfully makes."

To this request, in due time, came the following response:

"Archiepiscopal Palace, Lima.

"In view of the solicitation of Señora Doña ——, and attending to the reasons therein set forth to us, and to those not expressed, I concede permission to the aforesaid Señora Doña ——, and to her *only*, to visit the Convent of Santa Rosa, and to enter its cloisters, but without any companions whatever, and without remaining there longer than necessary, and to this end I designate the Cura, rector of the parish of Santa Ana, to accompany her in her visit.

"By order of the archbishop, my superior."

It was on a morning as bright and clear as that which had ushered in the day of the Fiesta of Santa Rosa, that Señor T——, the gentleman who had undertaken the negotiations at the archiepiscopal palace, appeared at the Legation to accompany us to the doors of the convent, which were to open to me, on presentation of the somewhat portentous pass of the excel-

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lent archbishop, who is one of the most venerable, as he certainly is the richest, man in Peru. Our course led us from the Calle de Coca up the street of Botica de San Pedro, or "Shop of Saint Peter," to the corner of the Street of Pilita (or "Little Fountain") de Santa Rosa, all the way by the side of one of the *azequias*, or open sewers, which run through every street intersecting the city from east to west. Nothing can be more offensive to sight and smell than these *azequias*, which receive most of the filth and garbage from the town. Buzzards line them on both sides, or, taking up the *rôle* of aquatic birds, wade along their course, struggling for whatever bit of offal there may be floating in the current. The sidewalks are narrow, so narrow that two people can not walk abreast. The houses have few windows on the street, and the shops on the ground-floor receive light and air only through their open doors. Here is a tailor's shop; the *patron* or principal occupies a chair; but most of his assistants or apprentices sit on the bare earthen floor. Next to it is a *picanteria*, or cook-shop, wherein are served *picantes*, or dishes in which, whatever other elements there may be, *aji*, or red pepper, predominates, and which are certainly appetizing in odor. It is not best to be critical on the score of cleanliness in Lima.

We are jostled, very nearly something worse, by two-score donkeys, with panniers holding bricks or lime. They prefer trotting along with their unshod feet on the sidewalk rather than over the cobble-stones of the highway. Señor T——, who carries a big cane, fortunately stations himself chivalrously in front, and turns aside the assinine array. But next comes a stalwart *cholo*, with a sort of box on his head full of cakes and sweetmeats, made by the denizens of some convent and bearing its name, the quality of which he announces at the top of his voice, while whirling his head in an indiscriminate manner, dangerous to the passer-by, who may be obliged to look for his hat in the gutter. A little further on, the narrow sidewalk is obstructed by piles of what appear to be alabaster blocks of uniform size, but varying tints, white, yellow, and pink. These are cubes of mineral salt, cut from cliffs of the same in the interior. At the corner is a fountain where a dozen *cholas* or *sambas* are jostling to see which shall first fill her *cantero*, or jar, and who force us into the street.

Finally we reach the street of the Pilita de Santa Rosa. A huge door opens into a high square room, paved with stones sloping to the middle. A low stone bench runs around it, cold and damp. The walls are hung with rude paintings, dim and mildewed, among which is one, archaic in style, bearing the name of Santa Rosa. In one corner is a turn-table, so arranged that things may be sent in and out without exposing the interior ever so slightly. A bottle, a bunch of vegetables, a little package of fire-wood, and a basket of fruit are passed in, and a dish of cakes or sweetmeats is at the same time passed out. A lady, dressed in black, with a lustrous-eyed little girl at her side, asks for some inmate, and then plants herself patiently on the cold stone bench, draws the brightly-dressed little girl to her side, and sits still and silent as a statue. She has sent a message to a daughter or sister within and awaits a reply, perhaps the opportunity of exchanging a word or two with her through the veil of the wicket. The turn-table is constantly in motion. An old man, ragged enough and forlorn, comes up, fumbles a while in his dilapidated pockets, takes out an orange and a chirimoya, puts them on the table, gives two smart raps with his knuckles on the board, which promptly whirls them out of sight. The old man crosses himself, bows to us, and goes his way. Has he a daughter within?

The excellent Cura of Santa Ana did not keep us waiting long. A man of fifty, robust, with a clear complexion and rosy cheeks, not suggestive of midnight vigils, and with the air and bearing of a *caballero* as he is, he saluted me gracefully, and his friend, Señor T——, cordially. Apologizing for being a few minutes behind time, he led the way to a heavy door opening out of the stone-paved ante-room, and gave a peculiar rap, which was responded to by a withdrawing of bolts and a rattling of chains, indicative of the strictness with which the devotees of Santa Rosa guard their sanctuary.

I entered with the Cura, and the heavy door of Santa Rosa closed behind me with a sepulchral reverberation. For the moment I comprehended how it must sound to those who heard it close with a full consciousness that neither in life nor death it would open for them again. The door led to a narrow passage, paved with stones, long, damp, and dark, with no light except the uncertain horizontal reflections which streamed in from an open court at its further extremity. Coming from the blaze of day I was for the moment so blinded that I did not make out the figures of eight or ten nuns, dressed in black and deeply veiled, until the clear voice of the Cura announced:

"Mothers, here is the child of the Church, whom its visible authority permits to visit you."

I felt a soft hand pressed into mine, and a low voice said, "Come, daughter, with us."

A few steps brought us into the outer court-yard of the convent, surrounded by a broad Moresque corridor, with a fountain in the centre and full of shrubs and flowers, mostly roses, for which, in respect of variety, beauty, and abundance, Lima is without rival. From the arches depended cages of birds, chiefly canaries, which chirped and sang in gay competition with the melodious plash of the falling waters.

Inside the corridor, the roof of which was a quaint arabesque of wood-work, brilliantly painted, the dreary succession of plain doors leading to the cells of the nuns was relieved by intermediate paintings of various dates and merit, representing how the dead were raised, the wounded healed, the sick cured, and the lost restored through the intercession of Santa Rosa.

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Here I had time and opportunity to survey my companions, at the head of whom was one who constantly tinkled a small silver bell. This, as I afterward ascertained, was as a warning to the mothers—the inmates here are called *mothers*, not *sisters*—not to emerge from their cells while the visitor is passing. They were eight in number, a commission or committee, the Cura explained, deputed to conduct me through the convent.

I may here say that the "mothers" are all women of original high social position, and who have each brought an endowment of $3000 to the convent. They are exempt from all except religious service, and are waited on by lay-sisters, less fortunate than themselves, who, bringing no money into the establishment, are obliged to serve their more favored associates.

I was first conducted into the room in which it is alleged Santa Rosa died. It is small and dark, hung round with life-size pictures of the Saint, representing the various scenes of her life; her first communion, having her luxuriant hair cut off, because it was a thing of admiration and might stimulate pride; her penitences, and her death. On the spot where she died reposes a figure of herself, and on an altar in the same room are personal relics of the holy woman. Among them a finger nail.

Further on we came to a spacious marble bath for the nuns. Next we went to the chapel of the convent, not large, but tasteful, with splendid altars covered with rich and elaborate embroideries, the work of the nuns, whose position in the building on all public occasions is behind a close grating, through which they may see, but which the strongest eye fails to penetrate from the outside. There were several nuns in my escort who for forty years had had no other glimpses of the world which they had abjured than those they had caught through these inexorable bars. One or two had entered here while yet Peru was a dependency of Spain, and while Lima was the seat of the most brilliant and lavish of the vice-regal courts.

From the chapel I was conducted to the room of the Lady Superior, a tall woman, graceful in her simple garb, who received me with much courtliness. The apartment was scantily but neatly furnished. The bed in the corner was daintily neat, with a spotless coverlet and snowy curtains. An altar-piece against the wall supported a cross of ebony set in silver, and before it, on the brick floor, was spread a rug on which the devotee might kneel. The Lady Superior expressed surprise that I should speak Spanish, and asked many *naïve* questions about my country and its society. I need not say that geography and a knowledge of history are not among the highest of the accomplishments of the "mothers" of Santa Rosa. Not because they do not possess that spirit of inquiry so lauded in man, but contemned in woman as "feminine curiosity."

A little conversation soon made every one at her ease, and the little party became really sociable; so much so that I ventured to ask the Mother Superior to remove her veil.

"Ah, my child," she said, "it is against our rules. Besides, I am neither young nor pretty!"

I took up her hand, which was plump and soft and white, and expressed some doubt as to her statement. There was something of pleased consciousness, and probably a trace of vanity, in the manner in which her fair, white hand was withdrawn and concealed beneath her veil.

I asked if any of the sisters were as young as myself, and was told, "Yes," but with the complimentary assurance that "None were as pretty." I preferred to pronounce on the question myself, and persisted that really I could not think of leaving the convent with no more individualized impression of its inmates than that afforded by a series of long black veils. The Cura was consulted, and after some delay the sister regarded as youngest and prettiest was allowed to throw back her veil, but only for a moment, revealing the oval, colorless face, large black eyes, intense black hair, and the general typical features of the Limeñas. She was not over twenty, and notwithstanding some dental defects was really beautiful, as a faint blush rose to her cheeks under, I fear, my too steady gaze. A moment after the veil fell, never probably to be raised again before one not dedicated to the same shrine with its wearer.

I was troubled at the moment with a slight cough, which seemed to excite the sympathy of one of the nuns who had been most chatty and communicative, and who had kept close to my side from the moment of my entrance. She said she had had such a cough once, and had been given over to die; but as a last resource she had been sent up into the mountains to Tarma, the air of which is regarded as a specific against consumption. Here she had prayed to Santa Rosa for her restoration, which came speedily, and now she was back again in perfect health—"benedictions on the holy Santa Rosa!" The Cura, who is the physician as well as spiritual adviser of the convent, and who had attended her in his former capacity, rallied her a little about a still lurking desire to again get out into the world—a suggestion which she warmly repelled, being, as she said, "now doubly convinced that there was no happiness comparable with the calm and elevated content of conventual life."

Before leaving, delicate cakes and *dulces*, all made in the convent by the lay-sisters, were served, and the Mother Superior hung around my neck an elaborately-worked Agnus Dei, which not only had been made with her own hands, but which had been suspended, to give it especial sanctity, around the neck of the figure of Santa Rosa in the room where she died. This, she said, would be a comfort to me and a protection from the dangers of the long sea-journey to my native land. She added that the Sisters of Santa Rosa would all offer up for me a prayer morning and evening. With this assurance, tenderly spoken, I commenced my re-

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turn. The sun was bright in the court, and the fountain flashed and plashed among the shrubs and flowers, while the canaries piped cheerfully as we entered the corridor again. The noise, however, was only sufficient to make the solemn calm and silence palpable, and I comprehended how, with isolation and such surroundings, and after long and rapt contemplation of religious things, the human mind might be worked into a trance which is as akin to perfect repose as sleep is to death.

The "Mothers" followed me to the massive door and stood there, with folded hands in attitude of prayer, as the heavy bars were withdrawn and I passed out of their sight forever. When it closed I felt the involuntary pang which attends separation from friends, and hardly noticed the somewhat querulous "Well, I hope you have had a good time of it?" uttered by Ursa Major, who had been "cooling his heels," as he irreverently said, on the cold, damp pavement of the ante-room of the convent, "for two mortal hours."

A few moments after reaching home some of the dependents of the convent appeared with trays of cakes and *dulces*, and sticks of incense, as a last *secuendo* or memorial from the Sisters of Santa Rosa.

JOHN BRIGHT.

WEDNESDAY afternoon is, during the session of the British Parliament, in a certain sense, a consecrated time. Parliament sits five days of the week; of these Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday are the regular days in which practical John Bull attends to his practical affairs. On these days Parliament meets at four of the afternoon; goes through some technical matters; launches the order of the day. It then puts up some garrulous fellow who is known to hold an inevitable speech, to relieve himself of the same, while the members —with some respect for a quorum—go out continuously to dine in the dining-room connected with the building. After this the Commons return to their work in that post-prandial and conservative frame of mind which is essential to John Bull's affairs. It would be little short of revolutionary for England to permit any but after-dinner legislation; and there are not wanting political philosophers in Westminster Hall who indulge in full-paunched speculations as to the degree in which American radicalism is fed by the unfed condition in which the Congressmen meet at the Capitol in Washington. But Wednesday is the day on which Parliament has what is called a morning session; that is, it meets on that day at noon, and adjourns in time for the members to go home to a six o'clock dinner, if they are unfashionable enough to dine so early. And it has gradually become a habit to throw upon this Wednesday all those discussions, bills, etc., which John Bull holds to be impracticable and purely theoretical. If any one desires to know what visions English visionaries are indulging, let him obtain a seat—it will not be very difficult—in the Stranger's Gallery on Wednesday afternoon. Radicals who dream of abolishing capital punishment, or primogeniture, or have other wild Utopian projects, are accommodated by genial Premiers on these Wednesdays. So long as a project is supported by such a minority that it can not get beyond that morning session nobody is disturbed by it. The Treasury Bench dozes through the debate, which goes on dreamily under the perpetual twilight of the Hall, as if it were occurring in that Lotos-land where it is "always afternoon." True, all the great measures which are the ruling facts of England to-day were once Wednesday fancies; and there is a secret belief in every Englishman's breast that on those same afternoons the future policy and history of England are taking shape. But the governmental motto of the Eastern Hemisphere is "*Apres nous le deluge*," and so the visionaries are indulged, despite some misgivings.

On one of the Wednesday afternoons of the last session of Parliament there occurred a most significant and picturesque incident. The subject of the abolition of the law of primogeniture had been brought forward, in the form of a carefully-prepared bill; and though there was a thin House, it was evident that the advocates of that measure of reform had resolved to make an unusually strong push to carry it. As speech after speech came from the Radicals, and the flagrant injustice of a law by which one child was so often made rich while the rest of the family were beggared was put in most forcible terms, the House began to wake up, and the practical men began to feel very uneasy. Mr. Gladstone whispered to Sir George Grey, and Sir George—looking rather miserable—scanned the benches of his friends to see who could be put forward to defend the Constitution in this particular, ending his glance by catching a serene and subtle smile from Mr. Mill, which fell full upon his discomfort and very much intensified it. The Tories began to scent the Government's embarrassment, the source of which was that none of the Ministers present had come prepared to meet such an unusually obstinate siege as the dreamers were making, and none of them was well enough read up in the law of primogeniture and its history to resist the carefully-digested positions of the other side.

It was not that Mr. Gladstone and his friends were apprehensive that the proposition to abolish the laws of primogeniture would pass the House, nor even that they would have cared very particularly if it should; but it was one which every Ministry is under the necessity of resisting until it has a large enough party to take it beyond the Wednesday phase; and their present misery was that they were likely to make themselves ridiculous, and Disraeli and his friends happy, by a wretchedly weak and inadequate defense of a British institution. Their Attorney-General, Sir Roundell Palmer, was at that moment engaged in the Courts in

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a most important case: he was resisting the claim of Mrs. Ryves to be a Princess Royal of England—a claim which involved the legitimacy of Queen Victoria! There is no doubt that the Queen and her family were exceedingly anxious while this trial lasted; as well they might be, who knew even so much as they did about the habits of their immediate ancestors; and that the Attorney-General was required to watch and conduct the case with extreme care. It was, however, necessary that he should be notified to come at once into the House of Commons to meet and answer John Bright.

Sir Roundell Palmer came in straight from the court-room, without even having had time to change his costume; so he walked up habited in the hideous wig and gown with which he had just been vindicating royal legitimacy and the innocence of the Georges, and took his place to defend the ancient rights of primogeniture, against which John Bright was leveling one of the most ponderous of the many hard blows which he has dealt against the defenses of the indefensible—which in England are the strongliest built of all defenses, as indeed they have need to be.

At that moment I suppose it would have been impossible to find two figures more exactly representative of the political forces struggling in Great Britain than those two men. One might almost have imagined that the genius of England was devising for that afternoon a masque of her Past and her Future. Sir Roundell Palmer, Knight, whose very name is a reminiscence of the Crusades, whose face and form are the average of the filtrated and thinned-out Norman, wearing the wig and gown of a past epoch to defend the appropriate traditional laws of the same epoch, was, to his very finger-tips, a type of antiquated, out-grown, bloodless England.

To any who have seen and heard John Bright I need not say how completely the voice, manner, physique, and entire character of the great English Middle Class are, as it were, incarnate in him. His very name is more that of the English Radical than "Felix Holt." In his plain black citizen's dress, well-built, standing squarely, handsome, with clear-cut features, with voice sound to the faintest tone of it, every sentence that he uttered was as a strong and solid piece of granite. Without any haste or trouble, with perfect certainty of conviction, he built up and buttressed his argument against the laws of primogeniture, so that there could not have been, by any possibility, a single person present who did not see the entire injustice of those laws, and the positive truth of every position which the Coming England assumed toward the Crumbling England.

Sir Roundell's wig and gown replied. They gave no argument at all. "We are; we intend to remain as long as we can." The fourth article of the wondrous creed discovered by Teufelsdröckh is—"There is safety in a swallow-tail." So argued wig and gown: if you find the English people wearing swallow-tails or primogeniture laws, be sure, gentlemen, that there were good, honestly-selfish reasons for the original adoption of such tails and laws. Are Englishmen in the habit of doing things for no advantage at all to property? Then beware how you touch any thing adopted for an advantage until you are sure that no further advantage can be got out of it. Justice? Every thing is just that is for England's advantage. This—freely rendered, I admit—was Sir Roundell's defense of primogeniture; which, however, was neatly begowned and bewigged with precedent and learned citation.

What such a man as John Bright said against the same I need not quote here, where my object is to present the man, and not any particular debate. But there was one thing with which he incidentally startled the House of Commons which deserves mention. When, in the full thunder of his denunciation of that spirit of injustice which gave all the wealth of a man dying intestate to the eldest son — injuring him as much as it wronged the younger—he quoted a son of a nobleman as having said to him, "I think we younger sons are treated damned badly!" This sentence, containing a word which it is unparliamentary even to quote in either House of Parliament, was uttered by the sturdy Quaker with so much gravity, and it was such a natural part of what he was saying, that it was only after a minute or two that the members began to bethink them that Mr. Bright had been saying something unusual and not altogether proper. But all sat still, and the orator went on without interruption to the end.

A noisy Tory Irishman—Whiteside—then alluded to the singular and unusual language which had been used by the member for Birmingham; but he saw a smile on the face of the House which looked as if it might blossom to a laugh, and dropped the matter. A leading man in the House—Disraeli, I think—said to Mr. Mill afterward that there were but two men in Parliament from whom the use of such a phrase would have been tolerated: John Bright and the Bishop of Oxford.

To my mind this humorous criticism of Disraeli's—for the truth of which I have the best authority—is also pregnant. I believe it expresses the exact position of John Bright before the Commons of England, and the secret of his strength. As it would be felt that in every phrase, however casual, which such a Church-possessed prelate as the Bishop of Oxford could utter before the Parliament there would be found, not a private but a Church utterance, so every sentence of John Bright is referred beyond the man to certain seething elements working among the people. John Bright is indeed hated in Parliament by a majority of it, and hated with an intensity that is cowardly. He is hated not only because he is a remorseless enemy of that which a majority in Parliament treasures most—with precisely that hatred which in America an old slaveholder felt for an aboli-

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tionist; but also because he has no appreciation for the sentiments which, with so many others, covers the mouldering institutions of England as mosses and lichens cover her ruined castles. In every unjust institution John Bright can see only the wrong it would preserve; though, if it would only consent to die at once, I doubt he would be willing to scatter some flowers (and he has rare ones at his command) on its coffin. Nevertheless, any thing he might say would be listened to and borne as from the prelate of the people, the priest of the Altar of Labor, and also as from a man of absolute loyalty to his cause. A writer, utterly opposed to John Bright's opinions, once spoke of him with a kind of angry homage as a lurid volcano; and it is evident that his every utterance in England is received by the upper classes with an alarm somewhat similar to that with which a volcanic eruption might be viewed by neighboring villagers, who have no time to think of the finer clusters that in after-years grow from the lava-fields. They never appeal to him; they never try to persuade him to pause, to alter, to retract; but regard him as an elemental necessity, a mysterious providential danger to be avoided as well as they can. There is no doubt whatever, in my mind, that there is a considerable proportion of the upper classes who in their hearts would be glad to have a special prayer for deliverance from the dangers of John Bright's influence inserted in the regular Church Service, and who already slip in an anathema for him next to the prayer for the Queen.

It seems to me that I have seen a considerable growth and increase of this feeling toward Mr. Bright during the last few years; but if so it is only the counterpart of the increase of his bitter and religious hatred toward the institutions he is resolved to overthrow. Evidently there were many who supposed that when John Bright got the power to advance his cause he would not care to press it, or at least that he would press it in a conservative way; it was supposed that when he had won the victory he would divide it with old Whigs, if not Tories. During all the last great debate on the Reform Bill Gladstone and many others tried to persuade the Tories that large numbers of the working-classes were conservatives, and brought forward many election statistics to show that the admission of such to the franchise would not alter the political balance of the House. But beyond all these fair-seeming promises and statistics the Tories and Whigs read their answer on the face of John Bright. There were no evasions nor subtleties on it. As he sat there they saw him to be what one of their speakers by a curious impulse pronounced him, "the future government of England;" and his expression said, plainly, "Gentlemen, I have waited long, and I am ready to wait longer; and the reason I do not care to conceal from you: Haste and Thoroughness do not go together; and I am waiting for a Substance, not a Shadow. You see as well as I do that my victory is won, though not yet formulized, and you begin to be apprehensive that I mean to claim every possible result of it. Your apprehensions are perfectly correct: of all the edifices of injustice be you sure not one stone shall be left upon another."

This man is absolutely free from that egotism which, with politicians, is content with a nominal success, or a personal one. His entire history, indeed, has been the perpetual success of his cause, secured by an accumulation of hatred for himself. Every great measure which England has passed within the last thirty years has been a triumph for John Bright; but the men who boast most loudly about England's repeal of Corn-Laws, her Free Trade, and the like, turn white with rage whenever they see the man who, more than any other now living, is associated with those victories. It is not the Corn-Laws of the past that the Tories of to-day wish to defend, but those of the present. They all believe in Reform "ez fur away ez" 1832. But John Bright is a man who, though he can turn his head when he wishes, has his eyes in front. He declines to spend his strength on stuffed snake-skins, but can see Pharaoh, Pharisee, Slave-driver, and Corn-Law tyrant under the gold and gems of their newest skin.

A very intelligent American, who lately heard Mr. Bright speak in Birmingham, found much in his look and style of oratory which resembled Daniel Webster; but although, in some respects, a comparison between the two may well be made, there never were two men who more diverged in that *morale* of the intellect which enables men to discriminate between surface and substance. While Webster could stand in Faneuil Hall and defend any George the Third who happened to be reigning at Washington, or could take off his hat beside Plymouth Rock with one hand while with the other he upheld any modern Archbishop Parker who might be persecuting the Brewsters and Bradfords among his constituents, John Bright lives under an abiding perception of the continuity of the great cause of Humanity. The belief in perpetual inspiration, which has grown with him from a Quaker doctrine to a profound and habitual reverence for his own convictions, has helped to train in him that vigorous instinct by which he interprets the present by the past, and recognizes old friends or foes with whatever new faces. He ever feels the cloud of witnesses around him.

In the late great Reform demonstration at Birmingham there was a very striking incident illustrative of this feeling. There is in that city a place called Newhall Hill, where, in the year 1832, the largest meeting which perhaps occurred during all the agitation of those years met to petition the House of Lords to pass the Reform Bill which is now the law. Two hundred thousand persons are said to have been present on that occasion, and they had there repeated after a speaker these words: "In unbroken faith, through every peril and trial and

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privation, we devote ourselves and our children to our country's cause!" Those men were entering upon dark and perilous times, and it was in the spirit of that consecration that they conquered. Since then Newhall Hill, which thirty-four years ago was an open space of twelve acres, has been built over by the growth of the city. But all the fine mansions cleared away before the vision of John Bright as the great Reform procession of 1866, with its quarter of a million of men, passed that way. When the carriage in which he was seated came to the main street which runs over Newhall Hill, Mr. Bright called to the driver to stop; he then leaped up on the seat of the carriage, and, without uttering a single word, pointed to the hill, his glowing eye steadily following his pointing finger. The vast crowd caught his thought as if by an electric flash, and for many moments their plaudits were like the rolling of mighty waves, when deep calleth unto deep.

It will not be wondered that a man who feels himself to be one of a great procession of the loyal and just, marching on from age to age to rescue the Holy Places of Humanity, should have the temperament of a poet. Were it not that we have all fallen upon times too sad and full of wrong for humane spirits to rise into song, John Bright might have been a true poet; and even now I can yet remember, in each one of the many speeches which I have heard from him, some passage or passages which were worthy of John Milton. I quote one such passage here—not because it is the best, but because I have it by me:

"I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. There is no man in England who is less likely to speak irreverently of the Crown and Monarchy of England than I am; but crowns, coronets, mitres, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies, and a huge empire are, in my view, all trifles light as air, and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation, in every country, dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there in the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of government."

It perhaps requires that such passages as these should be associated in the mind with the simple grandeur of Mr. Bright's delivery. As an orator, although almost never pathetic, he is very impressive; and in each address there is at least some one point where he is electric. I was in the House of Commons during the late Reform debate when he said to the Opposition: "You may succeed in delaying or in defeating this Bill; you may overthrow the present Government; but there will still remain the people of England to be met, and the great question of Reform to be considered and settled." A more profound sensation than that with which this quietly-uttered remark was received I have rarely witnessed in a public assembly.

But in humor Mr. Bright has not his equal among English speakers. His humor has struck me as being a mixture of drollery, love of symbols, and kindliness. Although he often utters very stern denunciations, they are generally applied to the principles he believes false or the political parties whom he believes unjust; but when he has to single out individual opponents his kindliness leads him to transform them as it were into something that he need not hurt by poking, while all are laughing at it. In the late debate, his representing the English Copperhead, Mr. Horsemann, as repairing to a political cave of Adullam, and inviting thither all the distressed and the discontented, was so exactly descriptive of the annoyance and disgust of Horsemann at the bringing forward of a Reform Bill, and the sulkiness with which, followed by other conservative Whigs, he abandoned the Government, that it became the joke of the debate, and the entire party of Whig Secessionists were, and have been since, spoken of by all parties as "Adullamites." So in answering the speeches of Mr. Horsemann and Mr. Lowe, who were both representing this third party, the "Adullamites," nothing could have been more graphic than his describing his difficulty in saying which of the two was the party's head, by the figure of one of those wretched little dogs, so covered with long hair that one can hardly say which is head and which is tail. Little shaggy terrier dogs are now held up on the ends of poles in Reform demonstrations, so completely has this delineation of their chief opponents pleased the populace. In his great speech of August 27, at Birmingham, the power of his humor was displayed in a passage concerning Mr. Lowe, which, by-the-by, the reporters for the London press mangled a little. It must be remembered that Mr. Lowe is the Member of Parliament for Calne, that he was once very liberal, and that he has of late years received his election through the influence of the late Marquis of Lansdowne over his tenants, who are the chief electors of that "pocket-borough." Alluding to Mr. Lowe as a Member of the House "who has now no constituency, or whose sole constituent is now no longer here to participate in the strife of politics," though, he presumed, "another constituent acts and reigns in his stead"—Mr. Bright continued thus: "Now, if I quote any thing that Mr. Lowe said"—here there were many groans and hisses for Mr. Lowe—"understand me that I wish to bring no charge against him whatsoever. He has spent some years in Australia, and probably has voyaged round the world; and I don't deny him the right to voyage round the world of politics, and to cast anchor in any port that may be pleasant to him. I merely intend to quote something that he said; and I quote it because when it was said it was received with rapturous

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enthusiasm by that great party who are the supporters of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli." When, after this, the extract from Mr. Lowe, which Mr. Bright read, began with the words—"I have had some opportunities of knowing some constituencies in this country"—the memory of the Member for Calne's sole and now defunct constituent came over the crowd, and the laugh that for some minutes had been fermenting in it, now burst out in explosive and long-continued laughter. Charles Lamb could hardly have arranged the little absurdities of Mr. Lowe's position and language with more art.

And indeed Mr. Bright is an artist. There is evidence in all of his speeches that he is a careful student of the best English thinkers and writers, and especially that he is familiar with the graceful and artful beauties of the early English poets. No man in Parliament has made so many apt quotations from the old English masters of lyric verse. But, at the same time, I do not know another man whose addresses, artistic as they are, fall from him so ruddy and warm. There is no cold, elaborated invective, no ornamented poison-cups, no sign of the chisel. His preparation extends only to the general arrangement of his argument, and the illustration of his leading points; if any thing or any person is to be struck by lightning it must be from a spontaneous storm. But when such a storm does arise it is fearful. At the Birmingham meeting, to which I have several times referred, there was one sentence at which the multitude shuddered, as much under the manner as the matter of it. It was this:

"I say that the accession to office of Lord Derby is a declaration of war against the working-classes ....You may work, you may pay taxes, you may serve in the army and fight—seventy thousand or more of your brethren are now living under the burning sun of India, and twice as many more are serving in the ranks in different parts of the world—and you, the great body of the people from whom these men are drawn, are not considered worthy to do so simple an act as to give a vote in your own great town for your present or for any future members. You are to have no vote; you are to have no share in the Government; the country that you live in is not to be your country."

Every word in that passage was flashed through the United Kingdom immediately; and on Tuesday, the 28th of August, Lord Derby awoke to find that England was streaming around as if by a general thaw and dissolution. The London *Times* was down on its hands and knees, declaring that extension of suffrage was a foregone conclusion, and that it was only in the interest of a fuller extension that it and other liberals had thrown out the late Reform Bill. The *Pall Mall Gazette* made a more graceful surrender. And the *Economist* (which opposed the Reform Bill, and which represents all the brain that there is on 'Change) came out and warned Lord Derby that he would be compelled to introduce a Reform Bill in the next session of Parliament—that he would unquestionably bring in an unacceptable one—and that he would have to go under. The *Saturday Review* declared that the struggle has come, and intimates that the only escape from the England of Mr. Bright is such an escape as France has made. It is now Democracy or Absolutism. I believe that there is no other instance in history where a single sentence of a single speech produced such a tremendous and instantaneous effect upon a great nation.

Personally Mr. Bright is a most genial and friendly gentleman, full of a certain blended delicacy and manliness which are very winning. He is at once blunt and courteous; he never lacks tact, but at the same time will get his testimony out in any company if there be need of it. He has always a number of good stories and witticisms, which no one ever heard before. There never was a better Club-man, though he goes to the Reform Club alone, and to that, I believe, but rarely—for he works hard. He has no trace of asceticism; he can enjoy a cigar with friends, and can play a good game at billiards. He is as free from egotism, personally, as I have said he is politically. He once passed an evening in the company of the man who of all others holds views most antagonistic to his—Thomas Carlyle—but no storm arose; a fact which those who know Carlyle will account almost a miracle. Mr. Bright never speaks to ventilate his own opinions, nor to prove his courage. It has seemed to some of the great reformer's friends that the heavy sorrows which have fallen upon him—first the loss of Cobden, and soon afterward of his brother-in-law, Samuel Lucas—one of the purest and stanchest of reformers—have gone deeper than the frost they have sprinkled on his hair. He is to be met with less often in drawing-rooms, perhaps, and his brow may be a trifle less smooth; but in his public life there has been of late a more intense and concentrated power; and since the introduction of the Russell-Gladstone Reform Bill he seems to me to have been doing both his own and Cobden's work. It was apparent in his last speech in Parliament, and more particularly in his last appearance at Birmingham, that the imminent triumph of Suffrage Reform has cost him as much in health as the triumph of the Corn-Law Repeal did, and his friends are insisting that he shall consider it his public duty to "rest and be thankful." Nevertheless, if "man is immortal till his work is done," there is no reason for any apprehension about John Bright; he is still vigorous, and, as Cobden said, has two or three good Reform bills in him yet. There is yet on him the unbroken seal of one

> "Solemnly elected,
> With gifts and graces eminently adorned,
> To some great work."

Passing out of the House of Commons one night—it was after midnight—very much stirred by the speeches for Reform to which I had just been listening from John Bright, and others of the sturdy band who sit with him below the gangway—men who have as yet found no gov-

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ernment behind which they can fully stand—I paused for a while before the fine fresco of the Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers which adorns the wall of the lobby of the House, and at the moment the very faces of those Pilgrims seemed to me to resemble those of the men to whose appeals and warnings I had been listening. The great charge which the Tories and Adullamites had been hurling at them was—"You wish to Americanize our institutions!" The Reformers had been brave enough not to deny this. I reflected that the emigration of the Plymouth Pilgrims was really a grand scheme for Americanizing English Institutions. In old Winslow's "Briefe Narration" we read that those earnest men, then exiles in Leyden, felt it "grievous to live from under the protection of the State of England"—that country in which they had been so persecuted—and that they began to hope that "God would be pleased to discover some place for them, though in America, where they might exemplarily show their tender countrymen, no less burdened than themselves, where they might live and comfortably subsist, being freed from anti-Christian bondage, *and might keep their names and nation.*" That is, it was a New England—a larger, freer, juster England—that those Pilgrims sought and found; and it is a New England that John Bright and his comrades are seeking and will find. They are in no respect like Americans; but they seem to me to be the very men with whom, as Carlyle said, "the soul passed into America." The free, large thought of John Robinson still utters itself when Mill speaks; stout Miles Standish will never die while Baines or Taylor lives; and Bradford and Brewster seem both to live again in John Bright. The presence of such an array of powerful reformers in England just now is a writing on the wall which the dwellers in the cave and the idolaters of its fossils are beginning to understand. "Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues." As a wing implies air, or a fin water, such men as are now agitating this country imply and prefigure a New England.

JOHN ECCLESTON'S THANKSGIVING.

I.

THE November night was settling down darkly and coldly when John Eccleston came out from the little dingy office where he had just finished his day's work. His day's work! It was an odd phrase to apply to John Eccleston, because in no way did labor of any kind ever seem to have any fit connection with him. And now as he emerged from the low lintel, after three years of this dull servitude, it appeared to fit him as little as it had three years before, when life with him was at its highest ebb of ease and pleasure.

Looking at him, you thought of him, "to endless pleasure heir," so bright, and blithe, and full of gracious youth did he appear; and now as he came out of the little dingy office, though his garments were slightly rough of texture, and certainly wanting in fashionable freshness and finish, yet his air was that of a debonair gentleman, and he hummed lightly a strain from Der Freischutz, as if only last night he had come from some stately feast where the horns and harps had set the enchanted hours to music. But it was many, many nights, so many that he had ceased to count them, since John Eccleston had sat at a feast and listened to festal music; and even now, as he hums the brilliant aria with that debonair manner, he is thinking very sadly and sorrowfully of a small home where nothing brilliant ever enters save it may be his own brilliant presence.

He observes the holiday merriment, and hears the gay laughter about him as he enters upon the wider thoroughfares, and he thinks painfully and bitterly how far away it all is from him; and then some one steps out of a splendid shop, and says to a passing friend: "See, I have bought this lovely little *Como* of Valsi's for Alice. It's Alice's birthday this Thanksgiving, you see, and I wanted something specially rare."

A fresh pang struck John Eccleston as he heard. He knew of another Alice, whose birthday came upon this Thanksgiving too, and he had nothing to give her, not even one of those pretty-colored lithographs hanging in the window there, and this man talking so happily with his friend could carry home Valsi's lovely Lake of Como. How late it was since he, too, could have carried home to his Alice the most expensive work of art! Still, with these sad and bitter thoughts, he kept on humming unconsciously that strain of Der Freischutz, and looking, as I think he ever must look whatever betide, the brilliant, gracious gentleman. And looking thus, he caught the observation of a gentleman who was walking down the street.

"What! is it you, Eccleston? I haven't seen you for an age. Where have you kept yourself?"

And saying this, he joined him with a hearty eagerness of manner which bespoke real pleasure at the meeting. Turning the corner of a street, they came upon a house whose one bow-window shed out a bright curtainless radiance upon the pave; and looking in, you saw a pleasant room full of pictures and all manner of delightful and charming things.

"Here we are now, Eccleston," exclaimed his companion; "and you must come in for a minute, and see a new picture I have!"

It was early; Alice would not expect him for half an hour yet; so he went in.

"Come round this side—there now, with this light—and tell me honestly what you think of it when you're ready."

There was a pause. In it the host watched his guest's face with eager scrutiny. But he was so eager he could not keep silent long.

"Well," he presently exclaimed, "do you recognize it?"

"Yes; it is a copy of that loveliest head of

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all those lovely fancy heads of Rosalba Carriera in the Dresden Gallery. But though I recognize, I must tell you frankly I don't like the copy."

"Well, where is the fault? I see there is a fault, a want, or something, but it is so intangible I didn't know but it might be in my remembrance."

Eccleston, with his eyes still on the picture, sat down absently at the little table standing before it, and in the same apparently absent manner took up a pencil that lay upon a sheet of drawing paper, and with a free hand and a dreamy eye fell to sketching. A few strokes, bold and firm, and he held it up for inspection.

"That is what I mean. Do you see it?"

The other uttered an exclamation of delighted satisfaction; and no wonder. His doubts were all cleared in an instant. He had not mistaken his first impression. Here was the solving of the difficulty; and just a few lines by this amateur on a piece of white paper had wrought the miracle; had given to that loveliest head its wonderful airy pose, which the finished copy lacked.

"Eccleston, how *did* you catch it?"

"Oh, I have spent hours in that particular room before that particular picture; and it was this very lift of the head, and that matchless setting on of the throat, which impressed me most."

"I wish that something might be done to this, but I suppose—"

"No," interrupted Eccleston, quickly and decisively; "nothing could be done to this. It is in the first drawing that the whole aerial grace and spirit are fixed."

Clarke Steyner as he listened speculated curiously, as he had done many a time before, about this John Eccleston, and wished he knew more about him. A year ago he had met him at an artist's exhibition. If he remembered rightly Valsi himself had introduced them; and he had learned then that he was a book-keeper at Warde and Slido's, and a fine judge of pictures—"a man of unerring taste," according to Valsi; and he had never learned any thing more. They had met in print-shops, studios, and exhibitions, until a sort of acquaintance had been established through their mutual admiration of art, and Steyner had proved him to be, indeed, "a man of unerring taste." But how did this man, with all his various cultivation and traveled lore, appear here in the counting-room of an importer? He could not answer this question. Who could? Who knew any thing more of him than what he knew? He seemed to have no intimate friends, no places of visiting; yet he was a gentleman to grace any society, was Clarke Steyner's verdict as he came to know him better. And as Eccleston sat there after his critique of the picture, talking still of Art with that debonair manner, his entertainer puzzled himself again and again with these thoughts. But a city clock struck the hour.

"Bless my soul, how the time has gone!" And Eccleston rose hastily.

"Stay and take a cup of tea with me. I'm an old bachelor, you know, and like my cup of tea."

"No, thank you; my wife will be waiting for me."

Steyner started almost visibly with the sudden surprise he felt. It had never occurred to him that John Eccleston had a wife; and the fact struck him oddly and curiously, making a new combination of circumstances. His wife! Steyner looked at the rather shabby coat of his guest, and wondered what manner of home it could be with this clerk on a small salary, who was yet like a young prince in disguise.

"Come again, come in at any time." He invited Eccleston cordially, following him to the door; but he noticed that Eccleston, in replying, did not reciprocate the invitation.

II.

It was a contrast to step from the spacious room with all its elegant appointments, where Clarke Steyner had entertained him, to the low-ceiled little apartment where his wife awaited him; and John Eccleston felt it bitterly. But he entered with a gay smile and an apology for his lateness; and Alice answered as brightly:

"Oh, you've been to see that Mr. Steyner whom you like so much. I'm glad you went.—No, I have not been waiting long."

And ringing the bell for their one little maid, she took her place at the table. She was an elegant, high-bred young creature, was this Alice Eccleston, looking quite as much like a princess in disguise as her husband did like the prince; but it was pretty to see them both in this simple, narrow room, and over this simple table; they were so sparkling and cheery in their air and talk, carrying with them all the time a consciousness of something too fine and rare to be overborne by the meagreness of their surroundings. He told her all about his call upon "that Mr. Steyner," about the picture and its deficiency, and showed her upon a fresh piece of paper, by a few touches, what the figure had lacked, and how he had recalled it. And then they, too, fell to talking about art in much the same manner as he had talked with Clarke Steyner.

"Has Mr. Steyner ever seen the Violante?" And asking the question, Mrs Eccleston glanced up at a beautiful half-length, with a peculiarly *spirituelle* head, which hung over the mantle.

"Oh yes, he must, if he has been in the Dresden Gallery."

"Ah, I forgot." Then after a moment's musing pause: "He would appreciate your copy, John."

The next moment she blushed scarlet at the sudden color that came into her husband's cheek, and the expression of startled surprise that crossed his face. But immediately he drained the contents of his cup, and said, brightly, almost gayly:

"Ah, well, we don't want any company, do we, Ally?"

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And immediately her own face reflected his.

"Oh no, I'm sure *I* don't; it is quite enough for my selfishness to have Mr. John Eccleston all to myself." And into Mrs. Alice's deep, tender eyes there stole a softness which made the playful laugh a little suspicious.

"So you won't go to Lady Russell's reception to-night, or to Mrs. Ap-Glydon's ball afterward? You prefer the society of a dull fellow who has been running to seed for the last three years—eh, Mrs. Eccleston?"

There was a brilliant smile on his face, and a light jocose tone to his voice to fit these words; but in his eyes there was a watchful anxiety all the time. And her whole manner was just as airy and sportive as she replied:

"I'd thank you not to abuse my preference, Sir. Mr. John Eccleston, after three years of seediness, is more to my taste than those prosy Englishmen at Lady Russell's and all those witty Ap-Glydons put together. Then I've worn out parties. I've got beyond them, you see," nodding at him archly, and with an indescribable air of *espièglerie*.

He laughed. "At the age of twenty-five, Madam, you prepare yourself to renounce the vanities of the world. Where are the mob caps? Where—" But he got no further. All their airy talk came to an end as the little maid, Kitty, thrust herself excitedly into the room.

"Shure, Marm, it's the pipes has bust agin, and the water is a-runnin' all over the floor. I tould the man how it would be whin he put thim chape fixins in, but he wouldn't heed me, bad luck to him!"

The color rushed into Mrs. Eccleston's delicate cheek, and her first thought was, "I wish it had happened before John came home." But John was already laughing gayly over it; and, laughing, followed Kitty into the tiny kitchen, where he set himself to the task of remedying the mischief till better help could be summoned. He whistled and hummed in gay good-humor over his work, now and then making odd little jests, or with some quiet fun calling out the quaint oddity of their odd little maid, until Mrs. Alice herself could not help but laugh in real merriment. And no sooner was this matter of mending over than Kitty found a dozen other things awry—those perplexing leaks and cracks and breakages which are forever occurring in a household. And to their repairing this "young prince" set himself as easily as if all his life he had been accustomed to their doing and undoing. And Alice, overlooking, laughed lightly over his blunders, or applauded his success. You would have presumed them at once to be without a shadow of care upon their lives; but the presumption would never have been more incorrect.

Instead, the shadow of more than care perpetually hung over them. Much as John Eccleston loved his wife, and much as she loved him, there was a fatal want of understanding between them. Married five years ago in Paris, where they had met for the first time in the same year of their marriage, they had lived for two years a charmed life of Continental travel. At the end of the two years John Eccleston, as honorable and open as the day, found himself, by the villainy of others, at the end of what he imagined perhaps an endless fortune. Instead of turning his great talent—yes, let us frankly say, genius to the use for which it was destined—instead of going to work as an artist, and painting pictures for his daily bread, by some curious want of self-knowledge he looked upon himself as wholly unfit and unworthy for the work, and with this underrating he set his face against all the great company of painters to which he rightfully belonged, and coming back to his native land, cast about him for other work.

His father had lived abroad so many years that the son found he was a stranger in this native land, with no near or far ties of blood to take up the dropped links. His wife's family was in the same isolated condition. What associations, then, were there to bring him—this fastidious, cultivated gentleman—fitting employment? Not one. So it happened that out of his pride and his humility he came down to the place of book-keeper in the small house of Warde and Slido, importers of china. It was a hard coming down for both of them; but harder for John, who was full of all kinds of chivalric ideas about woman, and who had all his life been able to carry them out until now.

Perhaps, if they had loved each other a little less romantically, they might have accepted their new condition with much more ease and contentment; but they were moulded in a delicate, sensitive fashion, with a good many of the rose-tints in their soul as well as their clay-coloring, so it was impossible for them to do otherwise than they did. Thus it happened that they made each other miserable in many ways by little concealments and subterfuges of affection. John, who hated poverty honestly and heartily, and all its long train of petty annoyances, made pretense of gay content for Alice's sake; and Alice, with the same tastes, followed his example. Fond of social life, yet isolated completely from it for three years, he made pretense of distaste for it because he fancied that it was distasteful to his wife in their altered way of living; and so it came about that the two or three men whom he had met at artists' studios—men like Clarke Steyner, who would have been glad to have visited him, were never invited to do so. And Alice, wishing all the time that John was not so morbidly sensitive on their poverty, refrained from saying a word indicative of any desire for him to bring home a friend. Thus they played at cross purposes, each making pretense of a state of feeling that was unreal out of this mistaken view of the other.

III.

Clarke Steyner sat for a long time, forgetting his bachelor's tea, after Eccleston had gone, looking at the sketch upon the table. And sitting there, Valsi himself came in. Steyner,

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telling him of his call, handed him the paper.

"You don't mean that young Eccleston did this?"

"I do."

"Then what in Heaven's name does he burrow down there in that counting-room for?"

"Just what I'd like to know," returned Steyner, animatedly.

Valsi mused a while longer over the little sketch, sitting with his chin dropped into his hand. By-and-by, in a musing tone:

"Why don't Warde and Slido send him to Europe for the firm? Then some of you might give him a commission. I'd like to see what he'd make of the Christo della Moneta."

Steyner lifted his head with a sudden, quick movement, but said nothing; but he had evidently got a new thought which fitted an old one. He brooded over it with his tea. He smoked it in his after-supper pipe. He slept and dreamed upon it. The next morning, meeting young Slido at the bank, was it accident that set him talking of Eccleston to him? It was careful talk, not too interested; but through it he discovered what he wanted to know—that John Eccleston was invaluable as a reliable clerk, but that Warde and Slido could not afford to send another man to Europe, Warde himself being already there.

"He'd make an excellent buyer; for he has, besides an artist taste, a knowledge of the wants of the people. I wish we could afford to send him; but we are a new house, you know, and our capital isn't large," communicated Slido.

Steyner went home with a "bee in his bonnet." "Tom will do it," he said to himself, "on my suggestion, and I'll take the responsibility. It's the very thing."

Tom was his brother-in-law—an extensive importer of china, so it is easy to see where the bee buzzed.

He was right. His brother-in-law was in need of a good buyer, and had such ample confidence in Clarke that he caught gladly at the suggestion. Steyner went home triumphant, dropping a note on his way to John Eccleston—just a simple request that he would call as he went up from the office that night.

That night was the night before Thanksgiving. Every night for a week John had walked through the gay and busy crowds, noting the holiday merriment and preparations with a fierce ache at his heart. Once, so little while ago, he could have spread a brilliant feast, and welcomed a host of brilliant friends. Once he could have ransacked the splendid shops for his Alice's birthday; and now he was plodding home without a token, a tired and shabby man. He had turned the corner, and was right upon the bright bay-window before he thought of his engagement.

A soft light shone from the window, and within there was a glint of gilding, and the glow and warmth of many pictures, and in the midst of all he saw Clarke Steyner sitting, gazing idly into the fire, full of careless, happy ease. What a contrast it offered to the dim little rooms and to the dreary state he daily kept! And entering, he could not quite conceal beneath that debonair manner the bitter pain he felt.

Steyner, like all persons of delicate sensibilities, found it difficult to approach this matter, where he himself was the apparent conferrer of a favor. So he put it off by a gracious little bustle of hospitality. He touched a bell, and there appeared such wine as Eccleston had not tasted since those "long Italian days." And sipping slowly that delicate, airy sparkle, he was led on into that region of enchantment where Art alone reigns by the skillful suggestions of his host. Either the delicate influence of the wine, or the magnetism of his companion, or it may be both together, carried him so far away from the present ills and narrowness of his lot that he gave himself up fully to the charm, and stood revealed to Steyner at his full measurement of manly breadth and culture. How rich that hour was! With what gentle, gracious gayety he talked of some things; with what tender reverence of others, and accompanied always with an appreciation as rare as it was genial and delighted. But the hour passed; a neighboring clock struck, and recalled the present. The old pain returned, and its shadow stole into his face. The wine had lost its flavor, the fire no longer sent out warmth and radiance; there was the chill of a cold reality about every thing. What right had he to be sitting here sunning himself in an atmosphere of ease and indulgence? What right, while in the little lonely house his Alice waited for him? He rose with a sigh that was half a shudder; and it was then that Steyner began to speak. Just a few words, but of what import!—a few words modestly spoken, deprecating all generosity, as one might ask instead of giving.

A great red flush rose to Eccleston's cheek. Steyner, seeing it, mistook the cause. He had been abrupt and patronizing in his offer, perhaps, was his instantaneous thought. As if Clarke Steyner, the gentlest soul alive, could have been abrupt or patronizing!

"I beg your pardon," he began, "if I have seemed—"

And then Eccleston found his tongue. "You have seemed nothing but what is most delicate and kind," he interrupted.

The flush died away, and almost a pallor succeeded as in a few brief words he gave his acceptance and thanks. The words were so simple they might have sounded cold but for the warmth of his eyes, the intensity of his tone; and the clasp of his hand, as he said "Good-night," had in it so much meaning that Clarke Steyner in a moment recognized a great deal—not all—of the sad, sore struggle of these years of deprivation.

IV.

The little table was set in the little room, a fire burned in the grate, and the one picture—

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the lovely Violante—smiled down from the wall in the evening light as Eccleston entered. Alice, sitting in abstraction over a book, glanced up with a quick smile, but the smile chased a shadow.

"How bright you look, John! Have you been to see Mr. Steyner?" she asked.

"Yes, I have been to see Mr. Steyner, Alice."

There was something in his voice which Alice could not understand; something in his eyes, too—a soft sparkle she could understand as little. She was glad for him to have such pleasure with Mr. Steyner; but there came to her, as there will to the most generous sometimes, a little pang of loneliness at the contrast of this pleasure. She had been so specially lonely on this night before Thanksgiving. The tears were in her eyes a moment ago at the thought of other days, and the obscure uncertainty of the present. She had ached for sympathy and consolation; for somebody to comprehend her mood, to say some tenderer word than usual, to look some sweeter look. But she was very glad that John had had his pleasure, and yet—and yet there lurked that slender thread of pain. He sat down at table, keeping still that soft sparkle of enjoyment, quite oblivious of the extra pains Alice had taken—of the perfumed chocolate that steamed fragrant in the cups, of the pretty attire that set off her loveliness. How strange it was! Had he forgotten, could he forget this night, the eve of her birthday? She tried to meet his mood as usual. She tried to put out of sight all her "cross and passion," and be as bright as he; but as she met his eyes, and saw only the gleam of airy mirthfulness, and listened to his almost exaggerated jesting, a shiver ran over her.

"What is it, Ally?" he asked. "Has this dreadful little house, with its thousand-and-one cracks and crannies, given you the ague?"

It was not so much the words as the light, jocose tone that jarred with the words; and together it proved the drop too much. She tried to answer him, but instead burst into a flood of tears.

"Ally, Ally, what have I done?"

He started from his seat, and going to her side, bent over her with such fond concern that in her uncontrolled state she sobbed out some words that could not fail to enlighten him of her feeling.

"I have been a great blunderer, Alice, but I meant it all for the best."

And then he took her in his arms, and hiding her tearful eyes against his breast, he told her the good news that had brought such unusual gladness to his face, and such buoyancy to his manner on this night.

"And we will go back again to all the dear old scenes, John; and you will have your right place among men again, which is best of any thing. Oh, John, what a Thanksgiving this will be to us after all!"

And the tears flowed afresh, but they were no longer tears of bitterness. And presently, when they had looked at this new happiness on every side, they began to talk of Steyner, and John wondered and questioned out of the simplicity of his nature the meaning of his election. But Alice was clearer sighted.

"You dear, modest old John!" she cried. "how could any man of discernment know you as Mr. Steyner has without knowing you were worth something? And, John—"

She paused, looking up at him wistfully and shyly.

"Well, what is it?"

"I—I think we might—perhaps ask Mr. Steyner here for to-morrow."

"Alice!"

"Not if you don't wish it, dear John; but I thought you—that he might like it."

"*I should* like it, Alice; but you—"

"*I* should like it very much, John; and I am so glad that you do. I was afraid you might not, living as we do; for you never have brought him home with you, you know."

"Yes, I know; but, Alice, do you know that I have not because I thought it would be distasteful to you in our way of living."

They regarded each other a moment in eloquent silence. It was Alice who broke it, and her voice faltered as she spoke.

"Oh, John, how we have misunderstood each other all these years, and I—"

He bowed his cheek to her head, and held her a little closer as he interrupted:

"But we have loved each other, my darling, let us always remember that."

There ensued a longer silence, and then John said brightly, in his old debonair manner: "So we are to bid Mr. Steyner here for to-morrow, are we?"

And Alice answered as brightly: "If you are not afraid he will miss his accustomed crystal and Sèvres dinner-service, Mr. Eccleston?"

"I am not afraid of his missing any thing if he dines with Mrs. Eccleston," he answered, with tender gayety.

And so that very night Clarke Steyner was bidden to John Eccleston's Thanksgiving. I think he had no less than four invitations to great houses, where there was brilliant company, and where the feast was served on crystal and Sèvres; but he never hesitated a moment when, John coming in upon him unexpectedly, said simply: "I want you to dine with us to-morrow if you can, Mr. Steyner."

"My dear fellow," he answered, quickly and cordially, "nothing would give me more pleasure."

And sitting at Mrs. Eccleston's right hand the next day, I am very sure that he did not miss the crystal and Sèvres dinner-service. And sitting there too, he comprehended more of John Eccleston's life than he had ever done before. Of course they talked of Art; neither Clarke Steyner nor John Eccleston could be long in any company where there was any sympathy or taste that way without drifting into it; and so, of course, the Violante was discussed. Mr. Stey-

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ner was delighted with it, and even satisfied Mrs. Alice with his praises. He had not meant to proffer his request quite yet, but he was led into it involuntarily by this talk.

"I have been thinking," he said, slowly and thoughtfully, looking all the time at the Violante, "if you would make me another copy of that fancy head, when you are in Dresden—I know that no copy but yours will satisfy me now."

Alice's eyes literally glowed with the intensity of her delight; but her husband—"that dear, modest old John"—as she called him, murmured out something about Mr. Steyner's overrating his ability; and then Mr. Steyner loosed his tongue utterly, and told him of Valsi's praise.

Again Clarke Steyner saw that great red flush mount to John Eccleston's brow; and for a moment, as once before, John could find no words to speak, and when he did it was in his gay and pleasant fashion; but it touched Steyner more than any gravity. And over their cigars a little later, it was decided that the copy should be made. And a little later still, when the guest had gone and the husband and wife sat alone together, she said, in a low voice:

"John, I think this is the happiest birthday, and the happiest Thanksgiving of my life."

He put his hand caressingly on her head: "My love, I *know* it is my happiest Thanksgiving." There was a little upward look which dwelt a moment on the Violante, then lifted thoughtfully beyond; far beyond into no earthly space that look went.

It was John Eccleston's Thanksgiving.

FORTY-THREE DAYS IN AN OPEN BOAT.

COMPILED FROM PERSONAL DIARIES.

THE superb clipper-ship *Hornet*, Captain Josiah Mitchell, sailed out of New York harbor about the first week in January, 1866, bound for San Francisco. She had a quick passage around the Horn, and experienced no ill luck of any kind until just after crossing the equator, upward bound, in the Pacific. Then, on the morning of the 3d of May, she took fire and was burned up, and the crew and passengers, with ten days' provisions saved from the vessel, found themselves adrift in three open boats.

Each boat had a compass, a quadrant, a copy of Bowditch's Navigator, and a Nautical Almanac, and the Captain's and chief mate's boats had chronometers. There were 31 men, all told. The Captain took an account of stock, with the following result: four hams, nearly thirty pounds of salt pork, half-box of raisins, one hundred pounds of bread, twelve two-pound cans of oysters, clams, and assorted meats, a keg containing four pounds of butter, twelve gallons of water in a forty-gallon "scuttle-butt," four one-gallon demijohns full of water, three bottles of brandy (the property of passengers), some pipes, matches, and a hundred pounds of tobacco. No medicines. Of course the whole party had to go on short rations at once.

The Captain kept a "log," and so did each of the two passengers, Samuel and Henry Ferguson, aged 28 and 18 respectively—young gentlemen making their first sea voyage. The plain, matter-of-fact journal of the elder Ferguson was as interesting to me as a novel, notwithstanding I knew all the circumstances of the desperate voyage in the open boat before I read it. I give it entire, adding extracts from the other logs occasionally. A perusal of the diary for the 2d of May will introduce the reader to the cheerful, home-like ship, before she takes her final leave of the stage:

SAMUEL FERGUSON'S DIARY.

May 2.—Latitude 1° 28′ N., longitude 111° 38′ W. Another hot and sluggish day; at one time, however, the clouds promised wind, and there came a slight breeze—just enough to keep us going. The only thing to chronicle to-day is the quantities of fish about: nine bonitas were caught this forenoon, and some large albicores seen. After dinner the first mate hooked a fellow which he could not hold, so he let the line go to the Captain, who was on the bow. He, holding on, brought the fish to with a jerk, and snap went the line, hook and all. We also saw astern, swimming lazily after us, an enormous shark, which must have been nine or ten feet long. We tried him with all sorts of lines and a piece of pork, but he declined to take hold. I suppose he had appeased his appetite on the heads and other remains of the bonitas we had thrown overboard.

May 3.—At 7 A.M. fire broke out down booby hatch. The boats got off safe, and all hands. Compute our latitude at 2° 20′ N., and longitude 112° 10′ W. The ship burned very rapidly. Two hours after the fire broke out the main-mast fell over the side, and dragged the mizzen-topmast with it. Saved nothing but what we had on, except our over-coats. Got in as much provisions and water as time would allow. Staid by the burning ship all day and night. Divided forces—fourteen in the long-boat, and nine and eight men in the two quarter-boats. Our boat—the long-boat—was in command of Captain Mitchell, and the other boats were in charge of the first and second mates. Rations, one half-biscuit for breakfast; one biscuit and some canned meat for dinner; and half a biscuit for tea, with a few swallows of water at each meal.

May 4.—The ship burned all night very brightly; and hopes are that some ship has seen the light, and is bearing down upon us. None seen, however, this forenoon; so we have determined to go together north and a little west to some islands in 18° to 19° N. latitude, and 114° to 115° W. longitude, hoping in the mean time to be picked up by some ship. The ship sank suddenly at about 5 A.M. We find the sun very hot and scorching; but all try to keep out of it as much as we can. The men stand it so far well, though we have three or four on board who have been sick and disabled

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for some time. Though we have had none yet, we hope, in this latitude, to have plenty of showers, which will work two ways, however; as they must wet our provisions, and also kill the wind. Our course to-day has been north-by-east. Our water rations are increased while we are in the "Doldrums," where we have too frequent showers.

May 5.—Last night was a very unpleasant one; it rained very hard, and it was mighty hard stowage. We all got some sleep. To-day has been overcast, so we have not suffered from the burning sun as we otherwise should. We caught a good deal of water last night, and have now more than we had when we left the ship. The Captain computes our latitude at about 4° N. The Captain, my brother Henry, myself, the third mate, and nine men lead in the long-boat, which, having most sail (*Hornet's* main-top-gallant studding-sail), tows the other two—the first mate's coming next, and the second mate's last. We made a good run till about midnight, when the wind lessened a good deal. So far every thing goes on as well as can be expected. The men are in good spirits, though we all have a pretty hard time. We were enabled to keep on our course until showers and squalls headed us off.

Sunday, *May* 6.—This morning began very stormy and squally; it rained very hard, and one time the sea was very wicked—the waves broken and dangerous — what sailors call a "cobbling" sea. Every body became soaked, of course; bread got wet—with fresh water, however. Wind very light until one P.M.; then a rain squall. We keep on the look-out all the time for a sail. In the evening it rained again, making every thing very disagreeable. This boat is a very disagreeable one. What with a large water-cask, the bag of bread, and the bags belonging to the men, there is hardly any room left.* We naturally thought often of all at home, and were glad to remember that it was Sacrament Sunday, and that prayers would go up from our friends for us, although they know not our peril. We read and said our prayers as best we could for the rain. Not much wind. First part of the night very rainy and uncomfortable.

May 7.—Henry got the best sleep last night he has had yet; the Captain also got a few good cat-naps, the first he has had during the four days and nights since we lost the ship. Wind light until seven or eight o'clock, when it freshened up and gave us a high and cobbling sea—much worse than any we have seen in a good while. The other boats get on well, and are much better sea-boats than this chunk we are in—not that I have any reason to complain of her action. Upon consultation the Captain thought best to steer more easterly to an island called Clipperton Rock, which is decidedly the nearest. Suppose we do not find it, we shall still stand in the highway of ships, and also make a good deal of easting, by which we are better able to make the isles further north, they being in latitude 18° to 20° N., and longitude 111° to 131′ W. About ten o'clock we headed east-northeast, and hope to find Clipperton Island in latitude 10° 28′, and longitude 109° 19′. The bread department of our provisions is decidedly our weak point. The Captain places no reliance upon the chronometers on account of their constant disarrangement by the plunging of the boat; but he means to take sights now and then, as they keep together tolerably well.

May 8.—Last night a series of calms and light breezes, during which we had wind in all directions; rained, but not hard, till morning, when about six it began and kept it up pretty regularly—wet every thing and every body again. No wind all day. About noon it cleared off and came out hot. Second mate's boat desiring to row, we went to the rear and each boat took to the "white-ash"—that is, to the oars. Saw plenty of dolphins, but could not catch any. I think we are all beginning more and more to realize the awful situation we are in. It often takes a ship a week to get through the Doldrums—how much longer, then, such a craft as ours, which can not sail within seven to eight points of the wind. We are so crowded that we can not stretch ourselves out for a good sleep, but have to take it in any way we can get it. I am glad I managed to get aboard my three bottles of brandy—it will do us good service.

May 9.—Last night was a pleasant one—no rain of any account—so most of the day was spent in drying our wet clothes and blankets. Early in the evening the second mate's boat took the lead, rowing, when shortly a breeze sprang up, and they made sail, continuing to row. We reefed our sail and set it, and so soon caught up that we took the lead; then shook out the reef. We have been highly favored in being able to keep together so well. The sun is very hot indeed, and gave me a warning to keep out of it as much as possible, in a very peculiar doubling of the sight when looking with both eyes, while with either one the vision was unmarred. Looking with both eyes the horizon crossed thus: ×. Lying down in the shade of the sail soon banished the trouble, however, and I am all right now. Henry keeps well, but broods over our troubles more than I wish he did. Caught to-day two dolphins; had part of one cooked in a pan; it tasted well. Turned in about 7½ o'clock and slept pretty well till 12; then turned out to give Henry a chance. Had a good breeze and no rain. The Captain believed the compass out of the way, but the long-invisible North Star came out—a welcome sight—and indorsed the compass.

May 10.—Latitude 7° 0′ 3″ N.; longitude 111° 32′ W. Drifting in calms all day. Even as the Captain says, all romance has long since vanished, and I think most of us are beginning to look the fact of our awful situation full in the face. We are still in a good place to be picked up, but seem to make little or nothing

* The boat was but 21 feet long, and 6 feet 3 inches wide, and 3 feet deep.

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on our course toward the isles. We are so cramped up here that it makes it more trying than all else. They are not as provident as they should be in the third mate's boat. They have eaten up all the canned meats brought from the ship, and now are growing discontented. The men in the first mate's boat are careful and contented, however. The chronometers are going, but differ somewhat, and so they can not be depended upon. We have been mercifully guarded against the destructive effects of these sudden and violent squalls. We have all the water we want. To-day Joe caught some more dolphins and a small turtle. Charley cooked a portion of the former.

May 11.—Latitude 7°; longitude 110° 0′ 3″. Standing still! Or worse; we lost more last night than we made yesterday. Caught some little rain, but not enough to fill up the water-butts. The sun in the middle of the day is very powerful, and makes it necessary to cover one's head. To-day the mate's boat caught a turtle; so we have some meat, though we have to eat it raw. The cock that was rescued and pitched into the boat while the ship was on fire still lives, and crows with the breaking of dawn, cheering us all a good deal. The second mate's boat again want water to-day, showing that they overdrink their allowance. The Captain spoke pretty sharply to them. From appearances they ought to be able to catch enough to-night. Have no reported sights of sails yet. In this latitude the horizon is filled with little upright clouds that look very much like ships. The men keep up well in our boat, and the Captain serves out two table-spoonsful of brandy and water—half and half—to our crew. I offered one bottle of the brandy to the chief mate, but he declined, saying he could keep the after-boat quiet, and we had not enough for all.

[*Henry Ferguson's Diary to date, given in full:*—"*May* 4, 5, 6.—Doldrums. *May* 7, 8, 9.—Doldrums. *May* 10, 11, 12.—Doldrums:—Tells it all. Never saw, never felt, never heard, never experienced such heat, such darkness, such lightning and thunder, and wind and rain, in my life before."]

May 12.—A good rain last night and we caught a good deal, though not enough to fill up our tank, pails, etc. Our object is to get out of these Doldrums, but it seems as if we can not do it. To-day we have had it very variable, and hope we are on the northern edge, though we are not much above 7°. This morning we all thought we had made out a sail; but it was one of those deceiving clouds. Rained a good deal to-day, making all hands wet and uncomfortable; we filled up pretty nearly all our water-pots, however. I hope we may have a fine night, for the Captain certainly wants rest, and while there is any danger of squalls, or danger of any kind, he is always on hand. I never would have believed that open boats such as ours, with their loads, could live in some of the seas we have had. We are all right so far, and as comfortable as can be expected. I feel the fatigue of the lack of exercise, together with the insufficiency of food, considerably. Henry seems to bear up pretty well, though looking at times pretty miserable.

Sunday, *May* 13.—Last night was one of the finest nights we have had—no rain or squalls, though a variable set of winds. This morning finds us all pretty cheerful. During the night the cry of "A ship!" brought us to our feet, but it proved to be only a star rising out of the water. Thought often of those at home to-day, and of the disappointment they will feel next Sunday at not hearing from us by telegraph from San Francisco. To-day our rations were reduced to a quarter of a biscuit a meal, with about half a pint of water. We hope to catch more turtles and fish to eke out our small stores. The men, I am sorry to say, are improvident; they don't waste what they have, but would take three times as much as is necessary, if they could get it, and eat it instead of keeping it.

May 14.—To-day very showery, though last night was the most comfortable we have had. In the afternoon had a regular thunder-storm, which toward night seemed to close in around us on every side, making it very dark and squally. With great gratitude we saw the clouds break and stars once more appear. Our situation is becoming more and more desperate, for we have very little steady wind to make northing, and every day diminishes our small stock of provisions. We want to get to 18° N., and make some of the islands put down as lying thereabouts, but will have the northeast trades to contend against; they would be a good steady breeze, but with our sail and boat I doubt if we could sail within eight points of the wind—certainly not while towing the other boats. We have one large compass, and the second mate another; my little compass that H—— gave me I have loaned to the first mate. The time must soon come when we must separate.

May 15.—From 10 P.M. last night we had a more comfortable night, though every thing was in a perfect sop. Wind baffling and very light—made but little progress. Spirits keep up, and I trust all will be well; but it is a terrible thing for us all so cramped and with no change of clothes. Sun out again hot; drying our wet things, but making it very scorching. We manage to head about north, but make very little progress. One blessing we have is a continued supply of water, which, as we must soon take the trades, is very important. The Captain took a longitude sight this morning, but noon was too cloudy for latitude. This afternoon wind headed us off to nearly E., and threatened squalls and showers late in the evening. Joe caught another dolphin to-day. In his maw we found one flying-fish and two skip-jacks. Had a visit from a land bird to-day, which perched on the yard for a while. This shows that we can not be far from Clipperton Rock—but whether we shall make it or not is very doubtful.

May 16.—Last night was a very quiet and comfortable one as regards rain, though our limited space makes it very hard sleeping for

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any length of time. We all keep well as yet, thank God, but are growing weaker. To-day we have a wind from the northeast, which we hope will settle down to a good steady trade, and take us either to the islands or across some vessel's track. The first mate's crew are in good spirits, but they have lived very close and are pretty weak. The cock still lives, and daily carols forth His praise. We have yet eaten neither of the turtles; when we do we must eat them raw, for want of means to cook them. No more fish caught to-day. Bids fair for a rainy night, which I do not mind if we can fill up our water-butts.

[In Henry's log is mentioned that on the 17th one of those dire spectres of the deep—a waterspout—stalked by them, and they trembled for their lives. With accustomed brevity and expressiveness he observes that "it might have been a fine sight from a ship." Captain Mitchell's log for this day gives this item: "Only half bushel of bread crumbs left."]

May 17.—Was stopped writing last evening by the rain, which continued steadily all night, with a heavy and dangerous sea. All day yesterday till 2 P.M. rained steadily, and a more uncomfortable set of wretches one can not imagine. To-day, however, we are drying a little. To-day we were fortunate enough to catch a dolphin and a bonita—the latter, in its distress, took shelter under our rudder from a large sword-fish that was hovering around, and which we dared not for our lives try to catch or even molest. To-day we have been two weeks in these egg-shells, and it certainly seems as if we are to be saved. God grant that an end to our captivity may soon be sent. The men in all the boats seem pretty well—the feeblest of the sick ones (not able, for a long time, to stand his watch on board the ship) is wonderfully recovered. A great increase of birds about us this morning.

["Passed a most awful night. Rained hard nearly all the time, and blew in squalls, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning, from all points of the compass."—*Henry's Log.*

"Most awful night I ever witnessed."—*Captain's Log.*]

May 18.—Latitude 11° 11′. Last night no rain of any consequence; had a pretty good night. Drifted about till 2 A.M., when we got a good breeze, which gave us our course. Mate came aboard to-day and reports all well with him but Peter, who has again got the fever, poor fellow! The third boat cooked the turtle the second boat caught, and mate reports the meat first-rate. We talk of separating, and must soon do so—we can tow one boat, but not two. It seems too bad, but it must be done for the safety of the whole. At first I never dreamed; but now hardly shut my eyes for a cat-nap without conjuring up something or other—to be accounted for by weakness, I suppose. Very likely we would have been in to San Francisco tomorrow or next day, had not our disaster happened. I should like to have sent B——* the telegram for her birthday. At 2 A.M. we took a brisk little breeze from southwest, which allowed us to run our course north by east.

May 19.—Calm last night—rested pretty well. This morning Captain called up the two quarter-boats, and said one would have to go off on its own hook. Second mate would not go, so the first mate took his boat, and with six of the second mate's men who volunteered to go, with two of his own (in all nine); started early, and by 5 P.M. were out of sight to windward. Was very sorry to have the mate leave us; but all considered for the best. This morning we have had a most scorching and burning sun, making it almost intolerable. Very calm all day to about 4 P.M. when a slight breeze sprang up. It did not last very long, however. The mate's boat nowhere to be seen this morning. I hope he was more successful in catching water than we were. Water will now be a scarce article, for as we get out of the Doldrums we shall only get showers now and then in the trades. This life is telling severely on my strength. Henry holds out first-rate.

Sunday, May 20.—Latitude 12° 0′ 9″. Very little rain last night—none that we could save to put in the cask. No breeze to speak of. It is very strange that we do not get the trades, which usually come at 8° to 10°. We all watch anxiously for a sail, but as yet have only had visions of ships that came to naught—the semblance without the substance. God grant that the time is not far distant when we shall be picked up, for that is my greatest hope! The turtle which Joe caught served us for dinner yesterday and to-day, and very good it was. No fish about us to-day. We are daily in hopes of catching something, for it helps out our stores wonderfully. The second mate, this afternoon, succeeded in catching a "booby"—a bird as large as a wild duck. As they have no other meat it will go well.

May 21.—Fine breeze all night, about east—quite as much as we could well stand. It soon brought up a sea, but we made a good night's work of it. No rain to-day; more squally, and the wind not steady. The second mate has been fortunate enough to catch three more boobies, and gave us one. For dinner to-day we had half a can of mince-meat divided up and served round, which strengthened us somewhat. Just after dinner, during a little squall, and rolling very much, we sprung our mast so badly that it had to be taken down, cut off, and reshipped. The sail also was altered. We may now be said to be on our trade-wind. Our rigging, like ourselves, is rather weak, however. I believe I have not before stated that, in getting this long-boat off the ship's deck, a large hole was stove on the starboard side of the keel; it has been calked the best we could, but still we have to keep one man bailing all the while. One of the quarter-boats also had an oar-handle stove through her. We have headed to-day about northwest, which is perhaps well, for we hope we have casting enough to make some of

* A young sister.

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the isles; if not, we are in better position to be picked up.

May 22.—Last night wind headed us off, so that part of the time we had to steer east-southeast, and then west-northwest, and so on. This morning we were all startled by a cry of "*Sail ho!*" Sure enough, we could see it! And for a time we cut adrift from the second mate's boat, and steered so as to attract its attention. This was about half past 5 A.M. After sailing in a state of high excitement for almost twenty minutes we made it out to be the chief mate's boat. Of course we were glad to see them and have them report all well; but still it was a bitter disappointment to us all. Now that we are in the trades it seems impossible to make northing enough to strike the isles. We have determined to do the best we can, and get in the route of vessels. Such being the determination it became necessary to cast off the other boat, which, after a good deal of unpleasantness, was done, we again dividing water and stores, and taking Cox into our boat. This makes our number fifteen. The second mate's crew wanted to all get in with us and cast the other boat adrift. It was a very painful separation. This afternoon caught a booby.

May 23.—A good breeze all night, allowing us to head about northwest or a little better. Took a longitude observation this morning, but the sun was overclouded at noon, so we could make out neither latitude nor longitude. Our chances as we go west increase in regard to being picked up, but each day our scanty fare is so much reduced. Without the fish, turtle, and birds sent us, I do not know how we should have got along. The other day I offered to read prayers morning and evening for the Captain, and last night commenced. The men, although of various nationalities and religions, are very attentive, and always uncovered. May God grant my weak endeavor its issue! Sea much gone down, and altogether a comfortable day; wind regular trade, allowing us to head about northwest. Sun obscured nearly all day. We want a few good showers to fill up our cask, now twice heavily drawn upon in supplying the departing boats. These, however, I hope and trust will be sent in good time. We as yet suffer little from thirst, having as a ration about half a tumbler a meal; besides, since the trades set in it is not so hot or languid. No boobies nor fish to-day. I am afraid our chance for fish after this is small, as few here bite at a trolling hook, and we have a fresh wind almost all the time. Turtles will be scarce also. However, I hope for birds.

May 24.—Latitude 14° 18′ N. Headed about northwest all day. In the afternoon heavy sea, with promise of a bad night. No birds or fish. Can of oysters for dinner, which gave five oysters a piece and three spoonfuls of juice, which, with an eighth of a biscuit,* made our allowance, with about a gill of water. Such is our fare. God have mercy upon us all! We are all plainly getting weaker—there is no blinding ourselves to that sorrowful truth. Our best hope is to the westward, in the track of ships, and let go the isles, as we waste twice the time tacking for them. Such is the Captain's notion. Ah, how I wish I had striven to get the rest of my whisky! A spoonful of brandy with water has a marked effect upon us all. All the evening had a heavy and cobbling sea.

May 25.—Last night was a very hard one till about 4 A.M., the sea breaking over our weather side, making every thing wet and uncomfortable; nor was the day any better. I think hardly any one managed to keep entirely dry. Sun not fully out all day. Tried, but could get no observation. These are splendid trades for a ship, but too much for our crank craft. Nothing particular happened to-day. My cramped position makes lying one way any length of time almost impossible, and one is sore almost all over. Plenty of flying-fish about, but none disposed to come aboard. Passed at some distance a spar, but not near enough to see what it was. Saw also some whales blow. Weather misty, with very fine rain, which is penetrating. Good prospect of just such another night as last. Great difference noticeable in the men in regard to close steering and keeping a dry boat. Though our meals are very slight and poor, men were never more eager for them or appreciated them better than we do.

May 26.—Latitude 15° 50′. Last night much more comfortable than the one before this. Occasionally we took some water. In the first watch (the watches are kept up, four six-hour watches in a day) a large flying-fish came aboard, and at about 4 A.M. we caught a booby, which will do for our dinners to-day. Both fish and flesh we have to eat raw after drying or baking in the sun (which has been so far a good hot one). The men grow weaker, and, I think, despondent; they say very little, though. We can not do better with the boat than sail within eight points of the wind, particularly as the trades bring considerable sea, which aids to head us off. This beating is out of the question. It seems our best chance to get in and lie in the track of ships, with the hope that some one will run near enough our speck to see it. I fear for the other two boats, for the sea we had Thursday night and Friday was very hard for them. I hope they stood west, and are picked up.

Sunday, May 27.—Latitude 16° 0′ 5″; longitude, by chronometer, 117° 22′. Our fourth Sunday! When we left the ship we reckoned on having about ten days' supplies, and now we hope to be able, by rigid economy, to make them last another week if possible. Last night the sea was comparatively quiet, but the wind headed us off to about west-northwest, which has been about our course all day to-day. Another flying-fish came aboard last night, and one more to-day—both small ones. No birds. A booby is a great catch, and a good large one makes a small dinner for the fifteen of us—that

* Say a piece the size of an ordinary percussion-cap box.

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is, of course, as dinners go in the *Hornet's* long-boat. Tried this morning to read the full service to myself with the communion, but found it too much; am too weak, and get sleepy, and can not give strict attention; so I put off half until this afternoon. I trust God will hear the prayers gone up for us at home to-day, and graciously answer them by sending us succor and help in this our season of deep distress. The ship was fired by carelessly drawing some varnish with an open lamp in hand, the barrel of varnish being in the "booby-hatch," where are stored spare sails, rigging, etc. Orders had been given to have it on deck to open.

May 28.—Wind light and sea smooth last night, so that all hands, I hope, got a good six hours' rest. This day wind freshened, enabling us to head about northwest. A good day for seeing a ship, but none to be seen. I still feel pretty well, but my legs are very weak. Henry bears up and keeps strength the best of any aboard, I think, thank God! My earnest prayer is that he may be saved at any rate, and restored. Our only chance is in being picked up, unless providentially provided with more provisions in the shape of fish or birds, which now seem more and more scarce. I do not feel despondent at all, for I fully trust that the Almighty will hear our and the home prayers, and He who suffers not a sparrow to fall sees and cares for us, His creatures.

May 29.—Good breeze last night, and not very rough after 9 o'clock. The moon is of great benefit to us, and a cheering comrade. I am sorry it is now on the wane. To-day we changed to two meals a day, thereby to lengthen out our scanty stores as long as possible. We are all wonderfully well and strong, comparatively speaking, thanks to God and the good fare we had on board the ship. All the men are hearty and strong; even the ones that were down sick are well, except poor Peter, who had to be left to the second mate's boat. The two boats are ere this saved, or I fear for them. We have here a man who might have been a duke had not political troubles banished him from Denmark. He is one of our best men; have to-day quite enjoyed a chat with him. The rest, including "Harry" (Frenchman), seem rather callous to their condition. All seem attentive to our morning and evening prayers, which Henry reads, his voice being strongest. There is no complaining or swearing aboard, which is a great comfort. Henry and I have quiet little evening chats, which are of great comfort and consolation to us, even though they are on very painful subjects. Latitude 16° 44′ N.; longitude (chron.) 119° 20′.

["Reduced ration to a quarter of a biscuit a day to each man. Two quarts bread crumbs left, one-third of a ham, three small cans of oysters, and twenty gallons of water."—*Captain's Log.*]

May 30.—Latitude 17° 17′. Last night a comparatively quiet one. Had a good breeze, which enabled us to head about north-northwest. The result shows for itself in our latitude to-day—made over 33 miles of northing since yesterday's observation. Shipped but little water, so all hands did some sleeping. This noon, upon general agreement, we have changed our course to west by north. Our reasons for this are good: We are just in the latitude of a group of islands—the "American Group"—though a long way east of them; our prevailing wind (trade) is from northeast; our chance is equally good of seeing vessels; and, lastly, by sailing "free" we do not waste time, which, as our provisions are very low, is a great object. It is a hard scratch and a long six hundred and fifty miles, but is, all in all, our best course. It is perfectly useless to try to beat to windward with this boat, so the other isles (the Revillagiegado Group) are of no account to us. Our ration at 9 A.M. yesterday was a piece of ham two inches square, and about as thin as it could be cut, and one-eighth of a biscuit, with about a gill of water. At 5 P.M. we had about a quarter of a biscuit, five oysters (which constitute one-fifteenth of a can), one and a half tablespoonfuls of the juice, and a gill of water. Our stores, however, will not stand even two such meals a day as the above. We have got to reduce the rations further, for our bread is almost gone. We have now left: 1 can of oysters, about 3 pounds of raisins, 1 can of "soup-and-bouillé," less than half a ham, and about 3 pints of biscuit crumbs. God help us and provide for us! Somehow I feel much encouraged by this change of course we inaugurated to-day.

May 31.—Very little to chronicle to-day. Last night was cold, but not very wet. Made good headway all the twenty-four hours. God grant us deliverance soon, in the shape of a ship, or if not, strength to reach the "American Group" of islands! This A.M. the bread-bag was found open and some bread missing. We dislike to suspect any one of such a rascally act, but there is no question that this grave crime has been committed. Two days will certainly finish the remaining morsels. Day obscured until about 3 P.M., when the wind and sea always seem to increase, but afterward generally subside somewhat. We have kept an anxious look-out for vessels all day, but it was all for naught. The hope was vain. The Captain has lost his glasses, and therefore he can not read our pocket prayer-books as much as I think he would like, though he is not familiar with them. He is a good man, and has been most kind to us—almost fatherly. He says if he had been offered the command of the ship sooner he should have brought his two daughters with him. Naturally enough, he is now devoutly thankful he did not.

["Two meals a day: of fourteen raisins and a piece of cracker the size of a cent, for tea; and a gill of water, and a piece of ham and a piece of bread, each the size of a cent, for breakfast."—*Captain's Log.*]

June 1.—Last night and to-day sea very high and cobbling, breaking over and making us all wet and cold. Weather squally, and there is no doubt that only careful management—with

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God's protecting care—preserved us through both the night and the day; and really it is most marvelous how every morsel that passes our lips is blessed to us. It makes me think daily of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Henry keeps up wonderfully, which is a great consolation to me. I somehow have great confidence, and hope that our afflictions will soon be ended, though we are running rapidly across the track of both outward and inward bound vessels, and away from them; our chief hope is a whaler, man-of-war, or some Australian ship. The isles we are steering for are put down in Bowditch, but on my map are said to be doubtful. God grant they may be there!

["Hardest day yet."—*Captain's Log.*]

June 2.—Latitude 18° 9′. Last night much like previous one—squally and cloudy, with slight showers of rain and a heavy sea. This morning much the same; toward noon, however, the sea went down somewhat, and, although it is still high, it is a great deal more comfortable. The sun, also, was out a good part of the time, which has not been the case for a day or two. It is a great blessing, as it dries us. The charitable breeze keeps off thirst wonderfully, so that we even save water out of our scanty allowances. We see very few birds now except "Mother Cary's chickens;" occasionally a "boatswain," and some sea-birds that keep continually darting about just over the tops of the waves. I can not help thinking of the cheerful and comfortable time we had aboard the *Hornet*.

["Two days' scanty supplies left—ten rations of water apiece and a little morsel of bread. *But the sun shines, and God is merciful.*"—*Captain's Log.*]

Sunday, June 3.—Latitude 17° 54′. Heavy sea all night, and from 4 A.M. very wet, the sea breaking over us in frequent sluices, and soaking every thing aft, particularly. All day the sea has been very high, and it is a wonder that we are not swamped. Heaven grant that it may go down this evening! Our suspense and condition are getting terrible. I managed this morning to crawl, more than step, to the forward end of the boat, and was surprised to find I was so weak, especially in the legs and knees. The sun has been out again, and I have dried some things, and hope for a better night.

June 4.—Latitude 17° 6′; longitude 131° 30′. Shipped hardly any seas last night, and to-day the sea has gone down somewhat, although it is still too high for comfort, as we have an occasional reminder that water is wet. The sun has been out all day, and so we have had a good drying. I have been trying for the past ten or twelve days to get a pair of drawers dry enough to put on, and to-day at last succeeded. I mention this to show the state in which we have lived. If our chronometer is any where near right, we ought to see the American Isles to-morrow or next day. If they are not there, we have only the chance, for a few days, of a stray ship, for we can not eke out the provisions more than five or six days longer, and our strength is failing very fast. I was much surprised to-day to note how my legs have wasted away above my knees; they are hardly thicker than my upper arm used to be. Still I trust in God's infinite mercy, and feel sure He will do what is best for us. To survive, as we have done, thirty-two days in an open boat, with only about ten days' fair provisions for thirty-one men in the first place, and these twice divided subsequently, is more than mere unassisted *human* art and strength could have accomplished or endured.

["Bread and raisins all gone."—*Captain's log.*

"Men growing dreadfully discontented, and awful grumbling and unpleasant talking is arising. God save us from all strife of men; and if we must die now, take us himself and not embitter our bitter death still more."—*Henry's log.*]

June 5.—Quiet night and pretty comfortable day, though our sail and block show signs of failing, and need taking down—which latter is something of a job, as it requires the climbing of the mast. We also had had news from forward, there being discontent and some threatening complaints of unfair allowances, etc., all as unreasonable as foolish; still these things bid us be on our guard. I am getting miserably weak, but try to keep up the best I can. If we can not find those isles we can only try to make northwest and get in the track of Sandwich Island bound vessels, living as best we can in the mean time. To-day we changed to one meal, and that at about noon, with a small ration of water at 8 or 9 A.M., another at 12 M., and a third at 5 or 6 P.M.

["Nothing left but a little piece of ham and a gill of water, all round."—*Captain's log.*

Note secretly passed by Henry to his brother:

"Cox told me last night there is getting to be a good deal of ugly talk among the men against the Captain and us aft. Harry, Jack, and Fred especially. They say that the Captain is the cause of all—that he did not try to save the ship at all, nor to get provisions, and even would not let the men put in some they had, and that partiality is shown us in apportioning our rations aft. Jack asked Cox the other day if he would starve first or eat human flesh. Cox answered he would starve. Jack then told him it would be only killing himself. If we do not find these islands we would do well to prepare for any thing. Harry is the loudest of all."

Reply.—"We can depend on Charley, I think, and Thomas, and Cox, can we not?"

Second Note.—"I guess so, and very likely on Peter—but there is no telling. Charley and Cox are certain. There is nothing definite said or hinted as yet, as I understand Cox; but starving men are the same as maniacs. It would be well to keep a watch on your pistol, so as to have it and the cartridges safe from theft."

Henry's Log, June 5.—"Dreadful forebodings. God spare us from all such horrors! Some of the men getting to talk a good deal. Nothing to write down. Heart very sad."

Henry's Log, June 6.—"Passed some sea-weed, and something that looked like the trunk of an old tree, but no birds; beginning to be afraid islands not there. To-day it was said to the Captain, in the hearing of all, that some of the men would not shrink, when a man was dead, from using the flesh, though they would not kill. Horrible! God give us all full use of our reason, and spare us from such things! From plague, pestilence, and famine, from battle and murder—and from sudden death: Good Lord deliver us!"]

June 6.—Latitude 16° 30′; longitude (chron.)

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134°. Dry night, and wind steady enough to require no change in sail; but this A.M. an attempt to lower it proved abortive. First, the third mate tried and got up to the block, and fastened a temporary arrangement to reeve the halyards through, but had to come down, weak and almost fainting, before finishing; then Joe tried, and after twice ascending, fixed it and brought down the block; but it was very exhausting work, and afterward he was good for nothing all day. The clew-iron which we are trying to make serve for the broken block works, however, very indifferently, and will, I am afraid, soon cut the rope. It is very necessary to get every thing connected with the sail in good, easy running order before we get too weak to do any thing with it.

["Only three meals left."—*Captain's Log.*]

June 7.—Latitude 16° 35′ N.; longitude 136° 30′ W. Night wet and uncomfortable. To-day shows us pretty conclusively that the American Isles are not here, though we have had some signs that looked like them. At noon we decided to abandon looking any further for them, and to-night haul a little more northerly, so as to get in the way of Sandwich Island vessels, which, fortunately, come down pretty well this way—say to latitude 19° to 20° to get the benefit of the trade-winds. Of course all the westing we have made is gain, and I hope the chronometer is wrong in our favor, for I do not see how any such delicate instrument can keep good time with the constant jarring and thumping we get from the sea. With the strong trade we have, I hope that a week from Sunday will put us in sight of the Sandwich Islands, if we are not saved before that time by being picked up.

June 8.—My cough troubled me a good deal last night, and therefore I got hardly any sleep at all. Still I make out pretty well, and should not complain. Yesterday the third mate mended the block, and this P.M. the sail, after some difficulty, was got down, and Harry got to the top of the mast and rove the halyards through after some hardship, so that it now works easy and well. This getting up the mast is no easy matter at any time with the sea we have, and is very exhausting in our present state. We could only reward Harry by an extra ration of water. We have made good time and course to-day. Heading her up, however, makes the boat ship seas, and keeps us all wet; however, it can not be helped. Writing is a rather precarious thing these times. Our meal to-day for the fifteen consists of half a can of "soup-and-bouille"—the other half is reserved for to-morrow. Henry still keeps up grandly, and is a great favorite. God grant he may be spared!

["A better feeling prevails among the men."—*Captain's Log.*]

June 9.—Latitude 17° 53′. Finished to-day, I may say, our whole stock of provisions. We have only left a lower end of a ham-bone, with some of the outer rind and skin on. In regard to the water, however, I think we have got ten days' supply at our present rate of allowance. This, with what nourishment we can get from boot-legs and such chewable matter, we hope will enable us to weather it out till we get to the Sandwich Islands, or, sailing in the mean time in the track of vessels thither bound, be picked up. My hope is in the latter—for in all human probability I can not stand the other. Still we have been marvelously protected, and God, I hope, will preserve us all in His own good time and way. The men are getting weaker, but are still quiet and orderly.

Sunday, June 10.—Latitude 18° 40′, longitude 142° 34′. A pretty good night last night, with some wettings, and again another beautiful Sunday. I can not but think how we should all enjoy it at home, and what a contrast is here! How terrible their suspense must begin to be! God grant it may be relieved before very long, and He certainly seems to be with us in every thing we do, and has preserved this boat miraculously; for since we left the ship we have sailed considerably over three thousand miles, which, taking into consideration our meagre stock of provisions, is almost unprecedented. As yet I do not feel the stint of food so much as I do that of water. Even Henry, who is naturally a great water-drinker, can save half of his allowance from time to time, when I can not. My diseased throat may have something to do with that, however.

HENRY FERGUSON'S LOG.*

Sunday, June 10.—Our ham-bone has given us a taste of food to-day, and we have got left a little meat and the remainder of the bone for to-morrow. Certainly never was there such a sweet knuckle-bone, or one which was so thoroughly appreciated. * * * I do not know that I feel any worse than I did last Sunday, notwithstanding the reduction of diet; and I trust that we may all have strength given us to sustain the sufferings and hardships of the coming week. We estimate that we are within 700 miles of the Sandwich Islands, and that our average, daily, is somewhat over 100 miles, so that our hopes have some foundation in reason. Heaven send we may all live to reach land!

June 11.—Ate the meat and rind of our ham-bone, and have the bone and the greasy cloth from around the ham left to eat to-morrow. God send us birds or fish, and let us not perish of hunger, or be brought to the dreadful alternative of feeding on human flesh! As I feel now, I do not think any thing could persuade me; but you can not tell what you will do when you are reduced by hunger and your mind wandering. I hope and pray we can make out to reach the Islands before we get to this strait; but we have one or two pretty desperate men aboard, though they are quiet enough now. It is my firm trust and belief that we are going to be saved.

["*All* food gone."—*Captain's Log.*]

June 12.—Stiff breeze, and we are fairly flying—dead ahead of it—and toward the Islands. Good hopes, but the prospects of hunger are

* From this time forward Henry's log is used.

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awful. Ate ham-bone to-day. It is the Captain's birthday—he is 54 years old to-day.

June 13.—The ham-rags are not gone yet, and the boot-legs, we find, are very palatable after we get the salt out of them. A little smoke, I think, does some little good; but I don't know.

June 14.—Hunger does not pain us much, but we are dreadful weak. Our water is getting frightfully low. God grant we may see land soon! *Nothing to eat*—but feel better than I did yesterday. Toward evening saw a magnificent double-rainbow—the first we had seen. Captain said, "Cheer up, boys, it's a prophecy!—it's the bow of promise!"

June 15.—God be forever praised for His infinite mercy to us! Land in sight! Rapidly neared it, and soon were *sure* of it.....Two noble Kanakas swam out and took the boat ashore. We were joyfully received by two white men—Mr. Jones and his steward Charley—and a crowd of native men, women, and children. They treated us splendidly—aided us, and carried us up the bank, and brought us water, poi, bananas, and green cocoa-nuts; but the white men took care of us, and prevented those who would have eaten too much from doing so. Every body overjoyed to see us, and all sympathy expressed in faces, deeds, and words. We were then helped up to the house, and help we needed. Mr. Jones and his steward, Charley, are the only white men here. Treated us splendidly. Gave us first about a tea-spoonful of spirits in water, and then to each a cup of hot tea with a little bread. Takes *every* care of us. Gave us later another cup of tea—and bread the same—and then let us go to rest. It is the happiest day of my life. God, in his mercy, has heard our prayer, and we are saved.....Every body is so kind. Words can not tell—

June 16.—Mr. Jones gave us a delightful bed, and we surely had a good night's rest—but not sleep—we were too happy to sleep. They gave the Captain a little room, and the same to Sam and me, and gave the sitting-room to the men. We enjoyed the night, but did not sleep—would keep the reality, and not let it turn to a delusion—dreaded that we might wake up and find ourselves in the boat again.....

They have told their story, and in their own language. I hardly know which to admire most—the steady persistence and faithfulness with which they kept up their journals through such a weary time, or the unwavering hopefulness they showed from first to last, in the face of the seeming hopelessness of rescue.

They wanted to "doctor" the diaries a little, but it did not appear to me that any emendations were necessary; a careful and elegantly composed log-book, gotten up in the midst of thirst, starvation, and a stormy sea, would seem so strikingly unnatural that its genuineness might reasonably be questioned.

The men were so carefully nursed where they landed (at Laupahoehoe, on the island of Hawaii) that all except one seaman were able to walk about within ten days afterward. Yet in some cases there had been no action of their bowels for twenty and thirty days, and in one case for forty-four days!

With ten days' provisions Captain Mitchell performed this extraordinary voyage of forty-three days and eight hours in an open boat (sailing 4000 miles in reality and 3360 by direct courses), and brought every man safe to land. Each individual day of those six weeks bears its testimony to his watchfulness, his prudence, his cool courage, his foresight, perseverance, and fidelity to his duty, and his rare intelligence. In him are the elements of greatness.

This strange voyage, in its entirety, is an eloquent witness of the watchful presence of an all-powerful Providence, and as such its record carries with it a lesson that can not be valueless. This presence was distinctly manifested on two occasions at least. Henry mentions the fact of the boat going directly before the wind toward the island on the last day. It was getting late. They had to make land that day or perish. They struck boldly for the shore, and when they had got pretty well in they lowered the sail, and afterward, not liking the appearance of the reef, tried to hoist it again and retreat, but they were too feeble to accomplish it, and beheld themselves drifting helplessly upon the rocks after all their toils and hardships. And it was all the better. They swept through an almost imperceptible opening in the coral reef and were saved. There was not another place within thirty-five miles where they could have got to the land or found a human habitation. Every where else a precipice more than a thousand feet high comes down like a wall to the sea, with forty fathoms water at its base, and not even bordered by a strip of ground wide enough for a man to stand upon. The other case is that of Cox. The mate's boat had bidden the Captain's good-by and departed, but came back directly and the Captain was requested to receive a man. Cox came on board, and was the only man who warned the Captain and the passengers afterward, when the conspirators had sworn their lives away.

Before closing, a few words ought to be said about the conspiracy. The Captain says that for many days he had known that a murderous discontent was brewing by the distraught air of some of the men and the guilty look of others, and so he staid on guard—slept no more—kept his hatchet hid and close at hand.

At this time the famishing, ravenous men were cutting boots, handkerchiefs, and shirts into bits and eating them. They had done so for days. They were even eating the staves of the butter-cask. They were wild with hunger. They were in a manner insane, and in the judgment of no just and merciful man responsible for their words or deeds. They afterward dreaded, in Honolulu, that the Captain and passengers would take legal measures against them because of their murderous conspiracy; but their fears were without foundation. These

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gentlemen well understood the case, and only pitied the men. They insisted for some time that I should leave out all mention of the conspiracy from their published journals. That the men were frenzied is shown by the fact that they told Cox, in a whispered conference at night, that the Captain had all the ship's money in the boat—"a million dollars in gold and silver!"—just about enough to sink such a craft. They were to watch until such time as the Captain might become worn out and fall asleep, and then kill him and the passengers. They were afraid of Ferguson's pistol and the Captain's hatchet, and laid many a plan for getting hold of these weapons. They told Cox they would divide the money with him if he kept quiet and helped, but they would kill him if he exposed them. He refused to join the conspiracy, and they said he should die; and so, after that, day after day and night after night, he did not go to sleep, but kept watch upon them in fear for his life. The Captain and passengers remained under arms, and watched also, but talked pleasantly, and gave no sign that they knew what was in the men's minds. The Captain spoke now and then of his strength holding out being a necessity, since only he could use the chart and the quadrant and find the land.

By way of conclusion it may be well enough to say that up to the present time no tidings have been received of the poor fellows in the missing boats. It seems almost idle, now, to hope that they are saved.

HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS, *July* 2, 1866.

HOHENBADEN.

O THAT ride upon the donkeys,
You and Alice, Grace and I,
Up the heights of Hohenbaden!
What can dim its memory?
'Twas a day of rain and sunshine,
As along the leafy way
Slowly gain'd we four the summit
Where the ancient castle lay.

Dear old ruin! lapp'd in wildwood—
Oak and beech and mountain-fir—
Nothing rivals thee in beauty
In the countries far and near!
Strolling 'neath thy weird arches,
Through thy lone and voiceless hall,
Something of the ages vanish'd
Round thee gathers as a pall.

Memories of the past come o'er us,
Dreams of knights and ladyes fair,
When the sound of harp and viol
Rung upon the midnight air;
When within these halls were gathered
Men as brave as trod the earth,
And the days and nights went swiftly
Mid the wassail and the mirth.

Here is still the massive gateway,
Terrace walk, and tower hoar—
Here the shield of Markgraf Bernard
Wrought above the middle door;
But the clang of mailéd armor
Rings no longer in the gloom,
And the knights who trod these chambers
Long have moulder'd in the tomb!

From thy walls the eye roves over
Hill and valley stretch'd below—
Here the Oos glides gently onward,
There the Rhine's bright waters flow;
While the mountains like an army
Close around the quiet scene,
Rising one above another,
Robed in rock and forest green.

There stands Rastadt in the distance;
There lies Murg's secluded vale;
Farther still the Yberg romantic,
Fraught with legendary tale;
Here a flowery meadow glistens,
There a sloping vineyard green,
While the terraced town of Baden
Through the shadowy trees is seen.

In this solitary mountain,
Crumbling slowly to decay,
Linger on, O Hohenbaden,
Charming many a coming day!
May the wanderer mid thy ruins
Still these ancient boundaries trace—
Wall and archway, tower and buttress—
In their pristine strength and grace!

Time indeed will ne'er restore thee
To thy medieval day,
Fête and wassail here are over,
Clos'd fore'er the bloody fray;
At thy lofty vine-drap'd windows
Ne'er shall knight or lady fair
Gaze abroad at break of morning,
Linger in the sunset air.

Other steps and other voices
In thy silent halls resound;
From thy broken walls and towers
Other eyes are gazing round;
Here proud Albion's sons and daughters,
Here pale wanderers o'er the main,
Come to muse of vanish'd glories
Never to return again!

O that ride upon the donkeys,
You and Alice, Grace and I,
Up the heights of Hohenbaden!
What can dim its memory?
'Twas a day of rain and sunshine,
As along the leafy way
Slowly gain'd we four the summit
Where the ancient castle lay.

C. C. Cox.

Baden-Baden.

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BEHIND THE SCENES.

FROM the night when my father took me to see Forrest as Sparticus, in the Gladiator—oh, ever so many years ago, at the old Federal Street Theatre in Boston—theatricals have had for me an undiminished fascination. I was a mere school-boy at the time, and the first inside view of a theatre, with its dazzling lights, its tier on tier of gilt and paint, its crowd of people, its mysterious "green curtain," its pompous "drop" curtain, and finally the splendor of its stage effects, the acting, and the play itself—these furnished such an unexpected and marvelous scene of enchantment, that memory turns to it even now, when judgment and experience have long since formed more correct estimates of the matter, with genuine satisfaction. From that memorable night forward the word "theatre" had a magic sound to me, and long before my school-days were over I had become actor and manager in more than one "Dramatic Corps," whose juvenile performances in various attics and barns never failed to "bring down the house" with rapturous applause.

The most successful "establishment" with which I was connected in that inexperienced season of youth we named the "Star Theatre." It was located in Wilkins's mother's garret. We had tried the garrets of other boys' mothers, but had seldom succeeded in performing more than once in each place. Either we made "too much noise altogether, boys," and disturbed the household beneath; or it was found that the stair-carpets were too rapidly wearing out under the constant tread of the dramatic corps in going up and down at rehearsals; or else the smell of the painted scenery, or the too great absorption of the chairs and sofas from bedrooms and parlors to furnish seats for the audience: these, or kindred objections, drove us about from house to house without rest for the sole of our buskins. At last that model of all patience and forbearance, Wilkins's mother, permitted something like a permanent establishment of the drama in her third-story attic.

I think we had some dozen performances, and eminently successful they were too. I remember that the Forty Thieves had a decided run of three successive Saturday afternoons. It was an exceedingly gorgeous affair. Charley Munson (denominated in the play-bills "Signor Palletti") painted the scenery, and Wilkins's sister (denominated Signora Festooni) made the costumes as well as the stage curtain. The robbers' cave was pronounced to be the most remarkable imitation of nature on the modern stage. As we had but eight performers in all, and could only spare four of them for *thieves*, the entrance of the "forty" into the enchanted cave was accomplished by reduplication; that is, as soon as one got into the cave and out of sight, he would stealthily creep round behind the scenes, and appear again before the audience, repeating the performance until the magic number was accomplished.

Before "the season" was over—which, by-the-way, was prematurely brought to a close by a serious *contretemps*—we had ascended from Melodrama to the walks of Tragedy. Othello, if it had not been for a white smutch occurring on the nose of the jealous Moor while in the act of smothering Desdemona (and which created a titter and cries of "Black your nose, Hopkins!" from the audience), was a great success. So was Macbeth, only we had no trap-door for the benefit of the ghosts, and Banquo was obliged to conceal himself beneath the "banquet table," which, unfortunately, he upset in rising therefrom, causing three of Wilkins's mother's Bohemian finger-bowls, which served as royal goblets, and her favorite cut-glass fruit-dish to come to an untimely end. Appalled at the mischief done, the actors "stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once," and in this way the "Star Théatre" set, to rise no more.

From imitation to the real thing is a natural consequence in the experience of man. As school-boy days gave place to the more independent and adventurous periods of the college and the law-office, the theatre itself became the tempting place of resort whenever my pocket-money and a spare evening permitted that indulgence. From the "front of the house" curiosity soon led me to desire to penetrate the mysteries of the stage; and how to get behind the scenes during a performance was for a long period the subject of the most anxious investigation. I knew that no "outsiders" had a right there, and also that a stern-faced man sat nightly at the stage-door in the rear of the theatre scrutinizing the face of every one that entered. Besides this, I had seen, as I stood in the dark alley leading thereto, a notice conspicuously posted over the door, which stated in unmistakable terms that there was "No admittance except for persons having business with the Manager." This, however, gave me the necessary hint. Could I not *make* some "business with the manager?"

Days of thought, I remember, were given to this subject which should have been directed exclusively to the copying of legal documents in the office of my employer, Thomas Trust, Esq., Counselor, etc., No. 3 Court Square. The result of my cogitations was a resolve, and the result of the resolve a practical success. One night I advanced boldly up the alley leading to the stage-door as if on business bent, and without a shade of expectant curiosity in my appearance. There sat the Argus-eyed porter, but I pretended not to see him as I walked rapidly past with a legal-looking bundle of papers, tied with red tape, in my hand. I had scarcely got three steps, however, into the mystery of mysteries before I was brought to with a—

"Halloo, there! who do you want?"

"Mr. B——, the manager. Is he on the stage?"

"Well, yes, he's on the stage; but he can't see nobody now, 'cause the play's goin' on. You'll have to call to-morrow morning."

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"All right!" I said; "I'll call to-morrow morning. Let's see—what time's rehearsal?"

"Ten o'clock; you'll be sure to see him then."

So off I went. One point had been gained; the porter knew my face—knew I had business with the manager, and I had actual permission to go on the stage. Next day, promptly at ten, I was there. With a familiar nod and a "good-morning" I passed the Cerberus of the stage-door, and in a moment after stood in the "wings" upon the actual stage of a veritable theatre.

Ah, what disenchantment that stage by daylight! Gloom every where; a height of gloom above, a depth of gloom behind, a vast semicircle of gloom in the direction of the boxes. I found myself standing like a pigmy between towering sheets of daubed canvas stretched upon frames, like gigantic scaffolds, and smelling atrociously of paint and oil. With the scenery drawn closely back into the "wings," the stage spread its tremendous proportions, and made the one little solitary table by the foot-lights, and the manager sitting by it, most insignificant. A few seedy-looking gentlemen with their hats on were standing listlessly about, and three or four women in woolen shawls and plain bonnets, made up the group on the stage. Apparently they were receiving their parts as given out by the manager, and discussing some changes to be adopted in the play before the rehearsal commenced. Where, thought I, where has the glory of the last night fled to? What has become of the "rustic mill and waterfall"—the gigantic and purple-tinted mountains with the wonderful aerial perspective which enchanted the eye? Where is the "Grand Hall" of the Palace with its vista of colored column, its gorgeous drapery, its elaborate and massive appointments? Where the singing peasants in short skirts and ribbons—the courtiers with cloaks of purple and scarlet and wonderful truncative legs? Where the ravishing ladies with rustling silks and bejeweled arms and dulcet voices? Fled, fled like a fairy scene that will not bear the daylight—like the blushes and the glances of the ball-room belle as she rolls homeward in the solitude and the gloom of the early dawn!

Yet around me were all the elements which made up the gorgeousness of the last night's spectacle. The tall, dreary, dauby, stretch of canvas beside which I stood did not appear to have a distinguishable form or line of grace upon it; heavy clots of coarse paint in masses of confused color. Yet this was the identical "Enchanted Palace" of the night before! Flat, unsightly, meaningless as it was to me in the *shades* of daylight, how illusive and magnificent would it have appeared if but the row of foot-lights had been relighted and I had removed to that necessary "distance" which "lends enchantment to the view!" The thin, sallow, unhealthy-looking individual, in a napless white hat and dirty yellow gloves, who was at that moment remarking to the middle-aged woman in a black pinch bonnet that "butchers' meat was getting excessively dear," was the "Grand Duke" of that Enchanted Palace, only last evening rolling in riches incalculable, and rolling his *r*'s with irresistible tragic effect. The sad, tired-looking woman to whom he was speaking was the "Princess of Beauty" who beamed and smiled upon the audience beneath a sparkling diadem of precious "paste." She held a child by the hand, a wan and sickly thing, the rouge not yet thoroughly washed off its little face. Where were its fairy wings with which it floated in the moonlight and fluttered over the flowers? Probably laid away in the "property" room with the cord which would again that night suspend her between earth and heaven—the painted earth and painted heaven of the stage.

I was absorbed in the contemplation of this phenomena, and had almost forgotten the manager and the pretense which had brought me there, when, out of the dusk and the gloom, an inexpressibly sweet voice addressed me:

"Please, Sir, are you the manager?"

It was a neatly-dressed and most attractive young woman. She had just come in, and was evidently a novice in the place. I was on the point of directing her to where the manager sat, when a thought occurred to me: "I'll make capital out of this; release myself from the awkward position in which I am placed, and secure a permanent 'footing' behind the scenes."

"Well, no, Miss," I answered, "I'm not the manager; but if you'll tell me your business I'll secure you an interview."

"I called, Sir, in consequence of the advertisement for ballet-girls for the new spectacle, and would like to make an engagement if I suit. I can do very well in third parts, I think."

"Let me see," said I, with unblushing assurance, but with a feeling of genuine interest in the modest young creature, "what name shall I present you by, and where is your residence, in case of future reference?"

"Mary Steele, No. 10 Sweet-Briar Lane. My mother takes in fine-sewing, and I have two little brothers to support. I need an engagement badly, Sir; I hope you're not full."

"You spoke of your mother. What does your father do?"

"I have no father, Sir; he died two years ago."

Ah! thought I; quite an interesting case for young benevolence. No father!—of course she needs a protector. She should need one no longer: yes, I would take personal supervision of this rose-bud of Sweet-Briar Lane. Telling Mary to call me "Mr. Tomlinson," I advanced with her to the manager's table and introduced her as a young lady particularly accomplished and exceedingly exemplary: hoped the manager would be able to offer liberal terms, and represented the case in every possible combination of favorable lights. Mary got an appointment for the next day at rehearsal to exhibit her Terpsichorian qualifications, and of course "Mr. Tomlinson" was present on the occasion to watch the progress of his *protégée*. The re-

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sult was a permanent and very satisfactory engagement for Mary Steele, who appeared in the play-bills as "Mademoiselle Stephano;" and the young lady looked upon me thenceforward as her guardian friend and patron. In her private life she was most exemplary, and a few years afterward she married very respectably.

By this impromptu acquaintance I was able at any time to get behind the scenes and indulge my curiosity in all that pertains to that life which is so little known in its private relations by the outside world. For many years after Mary Steele's connection with the theatre ceased I indulged the occasional habit of "dropping in" at the stage door, and, quietly ensconced between the side scenes, would watch the mimic battle of life apart from its glittering delusions. In this way I saw much of Forrest, Charles Kean, the elder Vandenhoff, Macready, Miss Cushman, Celeste, in the popular days of the French Spy; Fanny Ellsler, Mrs. Wood the vocalist, so famous in "Somnambula," and stars of lesser magnitude.

I remember that Forrest, when he played Damon, had a small table and mirror placed in "the wings" to assist him in his "make-up" without losing time in going to his dressing-room. In the scene where Damon rushes violently upon the stage, just in time to reach and save his Pythias, it is necessary to impart to his face the appearance of great heat and physical excitement. Forrest stood at his little table and mirror rubbing smutches of black under his eyes and daubs of red powder over his forehead and cheeks, at the same time stamping his feet violently upon the floor and uttering the exclamations supposed to be those of Damon "advancing rapidly from a distance;" then, raising the voice to a higher and more distinct utterance, he would drop the powder and the hare's foot upon the table and rush upon the stage with half-broken ejaculations and fall into the arms of Pythias. To stand where I did behind the scene and hear the burst of applause from the audience in front was a combination of ludicrous absurdity difficult to describe to those who have not been similarly placed.

Vandenhoff, the elder, made a deeper impression on my mind as an actor of feeling than any of his distinguished contemporaries. He was very refined and eminently courteous; a gentleman by nature, a tragedian by intuitive impulse. I followed his every moment with intense interest, and looked up to him with a species of veneration. He seemed the "noble Roman" as much at rehearsals as when he trod the stage in his white flowing toga. I confess that it somewhat diminished the majesty of the scene to hear him before "going on" give his instructions to the supernumeraries who represented the Roman populace; yet I never failed to notice with what kindliness of manner he addressed these useful auxiliaries. It struck me as very ludicrous to hear him one night, previous to his entrance as Brutus in the conspiracy scene of Julius Cæsar, direct the man in shirt-sleeves, who was to manage the lightning (by blowing lighted rosin through a tube), when to emit the "whizzing exhalations." "When I say to Lucius, *Look in the calendar and bring me word*, then give us a flash, and when I say"—repeating another passage—"then give us a flash." When in the last scene Brutus kills himself upon his sword, how gracefully and effectively did Vandenhoff accomplish the act, covering his face with his toga as he fell. After the green curtain had descended I remember being impressed with the courteousness of the scene as several actors simultaneously stepped forward and lifted the tragedian from his prostrate position, which attention he acknowledged with a quiet "Thank you, gentlemen," and "good-night all," as he proceeded to his dressing-room.

Macready was another of the refined gentlemen of the stage, whose interpretation of Shakspeare evinced the most patient and scholarly research. To hear him read the great dramatist was, however, far more satisfactory to me than to see him on the boards. As an actor he was mechanical and studied. It is said that he measured his distances and counted his steps, and consequently never made the slightest variation in his stage walk and positions. This I hold to be incompatible with genuine inspiration, which, varying, of course, with circumstances and with the physical condition of the performer at different times, must lead to occasional variety of attitude and style. In private conversation Macready carried with him the same rigidity of manner and studied delivery of his words. Behind the scenes he was very taciturn, cold, and reserved, speaking only upon the business of the stage. He was a rigid disciplinarian, and would be severely impatient at any shortcomings on the part of others, or if any thing went wrong in the stage performance. On these accounts he was far from being popular among his fellow-actors, and I have heard the severest language employed against him by those who supported him on the stage.

One of the most memorable evenings in my experiences at the theatre was that on which Fanny Ellsler made her first appearance before an American audience. The house was, of course, "packed," and hundreds were unable to obtain admission.' Never shall I forget the moment of intense stillness which preceded her entrance on the stage, or the tremendous *tour de force* with which she bounded from the "wings" to the centre of the stage, in the cloud of gauze, and with the transparent wings of the Sylphide. The pale, beautiful face, the spirituelle expression of the features, the exquisite limbs, the poetry of every motion, sent a thrill to each heart, and for a moment or two utterly prevented the applause which at last burst like a storm from every part of the crowded theatre.

The next morning I went behind the scenes at rehearsal, and observing on the stage a middle-aged and excessively emaciated woman in a blanket shawl and old bonnet, assuming consid-

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erable authority in the arrangements going on, I inquired who she was.

"Why, Fanny Ellsler, of course," was the reply.

So far as my experience went I never observed a look, word, or action behind the scenes in keeping with the character represented before the foot-lights. The moment the actor made his "exit" he unbent, assumed his natural action and style of conversation—not always the most dignified—and seemed to take no thought of the business before him until he went on again in character. Occasionally some one behindhand in his part would keep the play-book constantly in hand, poring over the text and committing it to memory, then suddenly fling it from him between the scenes and "go on" in his character. I found it very often the case that not a word had been studied until the performer had dressed for his part and descended to the stage; then the text would be committed for the first scene only, and so on as the play progressed. Very many seemed to depend almost entirely upon the "prompter," and I have heard the latter often give the performer on the stage word for word through the entire play without the fact transpiring to the audience.

If the instructions enunciated from the wings, and the private remarks between the actors on the stage, could be interpolated with the text of the play-book, the reading would be most curious and amusing; as for example—the "asides" being in italics:

HAMLET. Can you play upon this flute? *Let it alone—you're not to take it.*

HAMLET (*to Ghost*). Go on. I'll follow thee. *Why don't you move on?*

MARCELLUS. You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET. *Take hold of me.* Hold off your hands.

HORATIO. Be ruled; you shall not go.

HAMLET. My fate cries out, and makes each petty artery in this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. *Don't let go yet.* Still am I called. *Keep hold.* Unhand me, gentlemen. *Let go now.* By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets me. I say away! Go on. I'll follow thee. *Why the d—l don't you go?*

(Hamlet to Laertes at the grave of Ophelia.)

HAMLET. This is I, Hamlet the Dane. (Leaps into grave.)

LAERTES. The devil take thy soul!

HAMLET. Thou prayest not well. *Take hold of my throat.* I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat;—*Not yet*—for, though I am not splenetive and rash, yet have I in me something dangerous, which let thy wisdom fear. *Shake me a little.* Hold off thy hand, etc. *Now let go.*

HORATIO. Good my Lord, be quiet.

HAMLET. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme *—Get off my toes!*—until my eyelids will no longer wag.

(Hamlet and Laertes fencing.)

HAMLET. Come on, Sir. *Strike slower. That's right. Now under.* One—

LAERTES. No.

HAMLET. Judgment.

LAERTES. Well, again—*When am I to hit you?*

HAMLET. *I'm to hit you first; I'll tell you when.* Another hit; what say you?

LAERTES. Have at you now. *Move round to my left; exchange swords; all right; now hit me; that 'll do.*

And that will do also as a feeble illustration; but the subject might be elaborated to a most amusing extent.

Scenes in the "Green-Room" of the theatre have been frequently described, and are familiar to most readers. Nothing can be more absurd than the collections of costumed men and women which I have seen there during the performance of a play. Kings and bishops coquetting with soubrettes and ballet-girls; the funny man of the farce dilating, with tears in his eyes, on his domestic miseries; and ghosts regaling their mortal appetites with spiritual appliances. Then the witticisms, the compliments, the Joe Millarisms, and the titterings of those who see the joke, mingling with the grumblings of others who are ever finding fault with the manager or the play, or picking flaws in the character of that never-popular individual behind the scenes—however popular he may be before them—the "Star" of the evening.

Let me conclude these fragmentary reminiscences by paying a slight tribute to that important class of the community, the actors. In an experience of years, during which I have been a not infrequent witness of the performances behind the scenes of the theatre, I have never witnessed an immoral act or a vulgar proceeding. The restraints of the stage naturally produce relaxation of mind and body in the Green-Room, but I have seldom had even my tastes offended, and the exceptional instances have been equally condemned by those who witnessed them. As a general rule, great courtesy and kindliness of disposition characterize the personal intercourse of those whose business it is to play their mimic parts for our amusement. The actor is by force of circumstances a patient and enduring man, and by association and sympathy he is naturally liberal in his views and generous in his dealings with others. To enable a man to act even creditably he must possess an intelligent appreciation of his author, and a more than general comprehension of the relations of social life. Hence it is that the cultivated and well-bred comedian is a very desirable acquaintance for the man of letters or the student of society.

In the selection of any associates discrimination is of course a necessity, and this is imperative in the case before us, for the stage has its lower as well as its upper strata of morality and intelligence. But by society at large the condition of the actor as a man *of value* in the community is immensely underrated, and the moral delinquencies of the stage prodigiously exaggerated. In my opinion the vicious element in the theatre is proportionably much less behind than before the curtain, and the moral influence of the stage (a subject frequently discussed) is as valuable to the audiences which collect there as is the church to the congregations which gather *there*. The pulpit preaches to professed Christians, while sinners—those who most need the examples of vice and virtue to be illustrated for their benefit—are seldom drawn to the house of worship. As a rule, the dramas which best succeed are those which in the most graphic style depict the fall of evil and the triumph of

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good. The paint and the dazzle, the mock jewelry and the mimic movements, have nothing of evil in them, since they are known to be deceptive, and but external appliances wherewith to illustrate the sentiment and the moral. Compared to olden days the stage is free from looseness and profanity, and the audiences from proximity to barefaced vice. The taste for theatrical representations is inherent and permanent in all communities, and therefore he who denounces the stage, or keeps away from the theatre simply because it bears that title, is eminently absurd and wrong. The purification of the stage rests with the public, its supporters, and it can be made a temple worthy of honest and earnest support, if a mistaken sentiment shall not check its possible influence for good by denouncing it as an irreparable source of all that is evil.

TO BEGINNERS IN BOOKWRITING.

O THAT mine adversary had written a book! was the earnest exclamation of the patriarch Job. Had that most patient man lived in modern times it is lots to blanks but that his desire would have been gratified—that is, assuming his adversary had arrived at the years of discretion. Whether it be or be not a discreet thing to write a book, is a question the writer of this article will not undertake to decide. It is to be hoped, however, that before Job expressed the above wish he had ascertained the fact that his adversary was capable of writing a book. As there are many who need information upon that subject, the following regulations are submitted to them for their instruction by an ancient Bohemian:

RULE I. "*Write a book which will sell.*"

The public exclaim against the character of the light literature of the day, but they buy it. Their preaching differs from their practice. It is not just to condemn those who are sometimes reluctantly compelled to supply their demands. The creation of a purer national taste rests with the clergyman and the schoolmaster; it is by no means the sole duty of the professional author, and, when it enters into the calculations of the publisher, he must place it, at present, on the debit side of his ledger. Serious discourses are excellent if the people would only purchase them; but no work looks well to a bookseller which remains long on his shelves. As things are, then, it will be well for young authors to remember

RULE II. "*The public prefer morality in small doses.*"

Shameless! exclaims the unsophisticated reader; to which the writer gravely replies, Amen! the only difference between us being as to whether the shame rests on the author or the public. To the genuine Bohemian sermons or stories are a means to an end. If, gentle reader, you prefer candy to bread, that is your affair, but your wants must be supplied. Blame not the caterer, then, but your own appetite, which craves dainties and rejects more nutritious food. This brings us to

RULE III. "*Secure all the pecuniary results of your labors.*"

The compensation required for the copyright is the principal item under this law, but there are others nearly equally important. In order to obtain the latter, the writer of this article, when he projected the compilation of a work of fiction, found it requisite to institute a tariff, and to enact other necessary regulations beneficial both to himself and the public, previous to commencing his manuscript. These laws he now begs respectfully to introduce for the benefit of the younger members of the literary fraternity. The work in question was entitled "The Smith Family," and for it the following schedule of duties was drawn up, with the reasons for establishing the same:

THE TARIFF.

It is certainly both correct and commendable that the writer of this history should, in the matter of imposts, follow the example set him by all civilized potentates. Whether it be politic to rob all the Peters in the country to pay a few of the Pauls, or to make Sam carry the bricks to build Jack's mill with, is left to other philosophers to settle, if ever they get through with their fighting. The writer of this being in Rome, is not to be blamed for doing as Romans do. The truth of this axiom, it is manifest, is equally applicable to Bohemia and Bohemians. Therefore, after due consideration, it is solemnly declared:

SEC. I., *Case* 1. That any article of merchandise which, with the name of its vendor, receives in this history "honorable mention," shall be taxed 25 per cent. *ad valorum*. But it is understood that in no instance, under this case, shall the "honorarium" be less than two dollars.

Case 2. If comparisons be instituted favorable to the same, 10 per cent. additional.

Case 3. If elaborated, the gross amount of the duty payable must be referred to the generosity of the parties implicated, care being taken to select only responsible and open-hearted individuals for such experiment: therefore, if, in the course of this narration, an article of jewelry should be depicted whose elegance of form, chastity of design, and delicacy of manipulation, should betray the genius and workmanship of the great house of Square, White, and Co., it is to be hoped that in return those gentlemen will not betray the confidence that is reposed in their honor, but assess themselves for the same in due and proper proportion.

Case 4. If, in addition to honorable mention, comparison, and elaboration, the article in question should form an integral part of the work, and the address of the vendor be inserted, although this may be considered as partially provided for under Case 3, it is submitted that it would be desirable for the duty to take the form of an annuity terminable with the life of the narrator: therefore

If a malefactor should have the hardihood to assault any member of the "Smith Family," and should be discovered, by having wrongfully in his possession a superb hat of the most perfect shape, texture, and make, which also is peculiarly distinguishable by its label, "Blows, the Hatter:" and which notification should prove to be the means of avenging the innocent and bringing the guilty to justice; the manufacturer spoken of must not be astonished if, the day after publication of this schedule, he should behold a Bohemian walk into his gorgeous store, and, in returning his courteous salutation, uncover a cranium with singular promptitude and respect.

[*Note.*—In all cases levies of this kind should be directly and personally applied for, and all fines under this section rigidly prosecuted. If they be not speedily liquidated all preceding statements must be in-

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stantly ridiculed and contradicted in a statesmanlike manner.]

CONTRABAND ARTICLES.

The parties of whom it is purposed to treat in this projected work being men and women, a true and faithful description of the same will of necessity exclude all ideas of perfection in any way, shape, or manner: therefore—

SEC. II., *Case* 1. Heroic perfection, either in male or female, is positively prohibited.

1. Because it is not attainable by any member of the "Smith" family.

2. Because, if it were attainable, it would be inexpedient, inasmuch as it would exclude its possessor from the joys of Paradise; as it would preclude the possibility of repentance.

3. Because, though very common in fiction, it is—to speak with discretion—more than uncommon in fact.

[*Note.*—Virtuous Dogs, Horses, etc., which may be mentioned, are not treated of under this rule.]

SEC. III. All spiritual manifestations, of any shape, sort, class, or kind whatever, are totally interdicted.

1. Because it is certain that happy or even contented spirits will have no desire to revisit the world, inasmuch as their comfort or felicity would not be enhanced by the contemplation of our unquiet and misery. Therefore, it is submitted that their presence among us can not reasonably be expected.

2. Because those spirits who are appointed to purge away their sins previously committed, if there be any such, ought, as a matter of duty, to remain where they are and perform that operation, and not be wasting their time in making excursions to the earth.

3. Because those spirits who are under condemnation have no business to be breaking the bounds of their prison and making night hideous here. Furthermore, if they can escape from their punishment, which is doubtful, it is certain that their company would be neither desirable nor profitable. For these reasons all ghosts, spectres, and disembodied spirits are declared contraband.

[*Note.*—It is not intended under this head to close the pages of this history to those who believe in, resort to, or traffic with such appearances: therefore, be it remembered,

That all Mesmerizers, Phrenologists, Biologists, Spiritualists, Madmen, Crazymen, Fools, and Idiots are not included under the above interdict: inasmuch as it would never answer to exclude from this work so considerable a portion of the human family.]

In addition to the above ordinances the following resolutions are declared, and will be enforced with regard to the compilation of the "Smith Family:"

1. That the modern method of commencing at the middle or end of a subject is not circumspect; but that the right way is to begin at the beginning and terminate with the termination.

2. That when another author's ideas are stolen it is only just to present them as originally written, and not to deface them with omissions, additions, or alterations.

3. That when an author indites a sentence he can not himself understand he pays the very highest compliment to the capacities of his readers.

4. That a woman can be amiable without being a fool, and that no man who is a devil can be considered a gentleman.

5. That gross villains shall not be deified; and, whatever it may be in fact, in fiction it is not fitting that sermons or serious discourses shall be delivered by malefactors.

6. That even the sanguinary public ought not, in romances, to be pampered with homicides in greater proportion than six to one marriage.

7. That a man or woman in a dying condition should not be permitted to marry, and that any contract made under such circumstances ought to be pronounced by the reading community null and void.

8. That it is the duty of Bohemians to be silent with regard to the company they keep; and that therefore thieves' jargon, not being edifying, is positively prohibited.

9. That uncommon modes of death be sparingly indulged in, and that the late ravages of spontaneous combustion be terminated.

10. That a human being who is positively killed shall remain dead: this is absolutely necessary for the repose of society.

11. That, if a little learning be a dangerous thing, a little French is a very dangerous thing.

12. That, if a hero retires to rest in New York, it is as well not to give him his breakfast in Seringapatam.

13. That a proper respect for the best feelings of humanity forbids the closing of a chapter in the middle of a murder.

14. That the inhabitants of Ceylon ought not to be allowed to indulge themselves in the luxury of skating; and that the people of Greenland should not be suffered to gorge themselves with pine-apples. At the same time the characters in this book ought neither to be starved by the lack of proper food, nor surfeited by eternally banqueting.

To sum up: It is the design of the writer "to hold the mirror up to nature"—if the reader will pardon his originating such a simile to express his idea. With this intent he will therefore depict professional men and politicians who may be introduced into his narrative as occasionally lying, and, more rarely, stealing, according to their custom; commercial men, manufacturers, and traffickers, as lying less but stealing more; while mechanics and laborers, being in such regards more virtuous, make up for the deficiency with swearing and drinking. Every beast after his kind, as the animals went into the ark.

Of the female characters it may be stated that, as is natural, their hatred toward their fallen sisters should increase in the exact proportion that they themselves approach and tamper with the crime they condemn. That their virtue shall be measured by their mercy, and their charity equaled by their pity. As regards their conduct in other respects (*Quien sabe?*) nothing need be said, except the novel truism that variety is charming; though it should not be permitted to influence them so much as to compel them to marry out of spite, or to elope with other men because they hate and despise the persons and principles of their seducers.

In conclusion, the writer boldly asserts that, in this production of his pen, he will nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice. In the Smith Family things will be exhibited as they are—imperfect—saving and excepting the medium through which it is presented to the public, viz., the press.

Thus terminates the code of laws the writer instituted for the purpose of enabling him to manipulate correctly a work of fiction. The compliment to the black angel in the last sentence was inserted in hopes of a proper return. The article being finished, he will now take his ease in his inn, retiring in the calm dignity of conscious virtue.

[N.B.—Persons wishing to avail themselves of the advantages suggested in Section II., Cases 1, 2, 3, and 4, will please send their cards addressed J. B., Post-Office, New York. It is desirable that a small sum in currency (say five dollars) should be inclosed by way of "retaining fee," and to compensate the writer for the time spent in preliminary examination.]

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Editor's Easy Chair.

"WHEN this old coat was new" Percival was one of the most noted and honorable names in American literature. In the gallery of portraits of famous poets which adorned any collection of American poetry the heads of the elect were those of Bryant, Percival, Halleck, Dana, and Sprague. How many youth of the present day read Percival? How many of his poems are known even by their titles? How much of his verse survives in familiar quotation? How much belongs to literature? We live in another generation, yet all of the five poets we have named, with the exception of Percival—who died in 1856, at the age of sixty—are still living, and how sincerely honored by all sincere lovers of our literature those lovers know. Their place is secure in our literary tradition, whether their works fall out of print and out of popularity or not. Whether, as Washington Irving used to say with pleasant modesty, it is because the rivalry was little, and very moderate performances in literature were gladly welcomed, or whether, from their intrinsic value, the works of these and other men are the first-fruits of our national literature, and will be always so regarded. And certainly Thanatopsis, parts of the Buccaneer, and Marco Bozzaris, are poems that live not by toleration or chance but by their own worth, and the number of recognized poets who have been added to these fathers of our song is not to be measured by the number of volumes of poetry that are published.

There is, indeed, one man who remembers Percival's poetry, for the Reverend Julius H. Ward says that among his earliest recollections of poetry is that of the poem of Percival's beginning

"There is a sweetness in woman's decay."

And with a tender respect and profound admiration for the poet he has edited his Life and Letters, in which there is abundant material for a just estimate of the character of the sad and solitary man, the news of whose death was the first intimation to so many of his countrymen that he was not dead long ago. A more melancholy book is not often written. It is the story of a man of remarkable gifts and extraordinary attainments, whose morbid sensitiveness and utter inability to adapt himself to the circumstances of life were such that his biography reads like a tragedy or one of Hawthorne's weird romances. Undoubtedly his morbid temperament was akin to insanity, and this simple and faithful revelation of his career will have the good effect of inspiring more intelligent sympathy with all men like him, who are as pure and artless and whimsical and impracticable as young children. One such man is a key to many; and the thoughtful reader of Mr. Ward's Life of Percival will more than once recall Goethe's Tasso.

Percival was the son of a country physician in Connecticut, and was born at the close of the last century. His devotion to poetry and his love of science were simultaneously developed at a very early age, and he was a scholar from the cradle. He was impatient both of school and college, shunning companionship, jealous of teachers, and instinctively defying the public, to which as a poet he no less instinctively appealed. Very poor and excited by his early success and reputation, his conception of his powers and of the recognition due to him was inordinate, and his demands of appreciation were despotic. But he fell upon a time when the pursuit of pure literature as a profession was impracticable, and his temperament forbade him to use wisely such opportunities as were offered. He soon despaired, and the jealousy of a shy recluse often took the form of the most unreasonable selfishness. Our nascent literary enterprise encountered the most cruel and crushing rivalry in the affluence of British genius and the systematic organization of British publishing. Byron and Scott, Campbell and Moore, could be furnished to the American reader for the cost of paper and printing. What special interest could any publisher have in encouraging the poetic genius of young Mr. Percival? He does not seem to have thought of this, and although he had many wise and patient friends, he distrusted and repulsed them at one moment while he expected the most devoted service of them at another.

Forced to engage in some kind of literary labor, he undertook the editing of an American edition of Malte-Brun from the English translation, and to pass Dr. Webster's Dictionary through the press. His vexations and difficulties and misunderstandings were innumerable, and he quarreled so freely upon all sides that he soon parted with Dr. Webster, and was finally poorly paid for his geographical editing. Following Irving's plan in issuing the "Sketch Book" in Numbers, and Dana's in the publication of the "Idle Man," Percival published three numbers of an original poetical miscellany which he called "Clio." It was well received, but made no remarkable impression, and evidently disappointed the poet. His morbid temperament drove him to the verge of suicide, which he seriously meditated. And after constant failures of many kinds, and the most extraordinary trifling with every chance, Percival became a recluse in New Haven, personally known to very few of his townsmen, and corresponding chiefly with Dr. Hayward and Professor Ticknor in Boston.

The poor scholar, for such he now was, relinquished poetry, and devoted himself to the study of languages and of exact science. His scholarship was remarkable, but unfruitful. He explored the mysteries of language, and composed in several tongues with facility and correctness. His habits were eccentric, and although whimsical and shy in manner, he was a profuse and brilliant talker with the few persons whom he intimately knew. Professor Shepard, who made with Percival the geological survey of Connecticut, describes him vividly and admirably. He was slender in form, rather under the middle height, his head fine but not large, his features delicate and symmetrical, the eyes dark, the complexion sallow, the hair dark-brown and thin over the forehead, fully revealing the striking brow.

"Percival's face when he was silent," says Professor Shepard, "was full of calm, serious meditation; when speaking it lighted up with thought, and became noticeably expressive. He commonly talked in a mild, unimpassioned undertone, but just above a whisper, letting his voice sink with rather a pleasing cadence at the completion of each sentence. Even when most animated he used no gesture except a movement of the first and second fingers of his right hand backward and forward across the palm of the left, meantime following their monotonous unrest with his eyes, and rarely meeting the gaze of his interlocutor. He would stand for

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hours, when talking, his right elbow on a mantlepiece if there was one near, his fingers going through their strange palmistry, and in this manner, never once stirring from his position, he would not unfrequently protract his discourse till long past midnight. An inexhaustible, undemonstrative, noiseless, passionless man, scarcely evident to you by physical qualities, and impressing you, for the most part, as a creature of pure intellect.

"His wardrobe was remarkably inexpensive, consisting of little more than a single plain suit, brown or gray, which he wore winter and summer, until it became threadbare. He never used boots, and his shoes, though carefully dusted, were never blacked. A most unpretending bow fastened his cravat of colored cambric. For many years his only outer garment was a brown camlet cloak of very scanty proportions, thinly lined, and a meagre protection against winter. His hat was worn for years before being laid aside, and put you in mind of the prevailing mode by the law of contrast only. He was never seen with gloves, and rarely with an umbrella. The value of his entire wardrobe scarcely exceeded fifty dollars, yet he was always neat, and appeared unconscious of any peculiarity in his costume."

Percival was appointed to make a geological survey of the State of Connecticut, but devoted himself to the work so thoroughly and in such slow detail that the Executive impatience was worn out, and the poet had the same difficulties with the State authorities that he had already had with the publishers. After long delays his report of a part of the survey was made; but it was so learned and technical that it is doubtful if the worthy people of the State knew much more of the matter after reading it than before. Meanwhile his philological studies were indefatigable, and he developed a taste for music, becoming intimate with Richard Storrs Willis, then at college in New Haven, with whom he often musically passed the night away. He entered into the melodious Harrison campaign with great spirit, and was even called upon for a speech on one excited occasion. When Ole Bull came, Percival greeted him in a Norwegian ode, which the violinist received coldly, to the poet's disgust, and we may say to our surprise; for Ole Bull, if a sensitive and jealous man, was ardent in his recognition of homage and friendly sympathy.

At last, in 1853, Percival went to Wisconsin to make a geological survey of the State. He came home again, but returned, and died at Hazel Green, Wisconsin, on the 22d May, 1856, at the age of sixty. His powers seemed exhausted, and he ceased to live without pain or sorrow. He is buried there; nor is there any doubt that his grave will always be visited with interest and sadness, for the greater fames of the increasing nation can not altogether extinguish his name. Mr. Ward's biography of the poet, which is very interesting as a glimpse into our literary history of thirty and forty years ago, will undoubtedly cause the readers of Longfellow and Whittier and Lowell to turn back with curiosity to the pages of their predecessor. They will find him to be a man of an entirely different epoch and inspiration, and they will not be able to condemn the justice of the judgment which suffers the poems of a man, whose name will survive, to remain generally unread.

THE Railway-travel question has had a tragical impetus from the sad and fatal accident which befell Mr. Theodore Dwight at the New Jersey station in Jersey City. He had just taken leave of his daughter when he was thrown from the platform by the sudden starting of the cars and killed. His daughter was then, by her own account, coarsely and brutally treated by the conductor; and was, finally, put out upon the track with her son to make her way back to the station as she best could. This incident has led to some very plain strictures in the daily papers upon the subject of official management and manners upon railroads. Yet such strictures are much less common and severe than they should be. Nothing but a serious accident will induce any body "to take the law" of a railroad company, and consequently the smaller offenses go altogether unwhipped. Now publicity of misconduct always stings. A series or a shower of public letters in the newspapers, exposing the haughtinesses, which, like small thorns and pebbles in a shoe, are great inconveniences to the sufferer, would be a many-lashed whip of scorpions or wasps, or at least horse-flies, to scourge offenders into courtesy and care.

Nor should the castigation be directed merely against the officers of the railroads, but against the offending passengers also. History and our own pages will agree that, from this pulpit, the most scorching sermons upon the subject have been those which were leveled at the latter class of sinners. It is the poor passengers whom we have pommeled—the passengers among whom this frail Chair sits and sins. Inevitably it has put itself upon the most extraordinary good behavior. The censor will be regarded and studied as an example, and woe to him who preaches if he does not practice.

But before renewing the flagellation of the passengers, let us ask the management of railroads in this country if it is not possible to exclude drunken people from the cars; or rather, what in the name of common decency do they mean by not excluding drunkards from the cars? It may not be always possible to prevent their getting in, but it is always possible to put them out. As a passenger of some years' constant experience the Easy Chair now goes upon the stand, and lifting its right arm, solemnly deposes and says that it has often witnessed the most disgusting and annoying spectacles arising from the presence of drunken men in the cars. Only the other day one such man rose and looked around in the most belligerent manner, and was forcibly prevented by a companion from proceeding to give battle to his neighbors. A word from one of those neighbors to the conductor should have been enough either to stop the train at the next station and leave the offending member—or to immure him in some impromptu calaboose until the end of the journey was reached.

Indeed this matter is actionable. It hath a legal remedy. The Company which suffers drunken passengers to sit among honest, God-fearing folk, does not take the due and diligent care of life and limb to which it is solemnly bounden. To the bereaved and afflicted family either of the free-stone front or of the cot beside a hill what is the difference whether the father, husband, and protector returns with his head broken by a collision, a snapped rail, an open switch, a rush from the track, or by the fist of an inebriated fellow-creature? Easy Chair, C. J., distinctly holds that the Company which is liable in the one case is responsible in the other. If, upon refusal of the conductor to remove the offender, the passengers should stop the train and expel the dis-

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turbing agent, there is no court in which he could recover, if it could be, as it easily might be, established that the company were in bodily danger—of mayhem, let us suppose—from the presence of the drunkard. So in the case of insane persons. If, as the Easy Chair has sometimes seen, they are placed, even with their attendants, among the passengers, and any harm follows, the same great authority has no doubt whatever that an action will lie against the Company. Suppose the Company stores kegs of gunpowder under the car or on top of it and an explosion ensues, that part of the passengers which providentially remains may properly sue for criminal carelessness and recover.

This question is the more important that drunkenness is rapidly increasing. The renewed activity of the Temperance reform since the war unpleasantly reminds us that the war has produced the necessity of such activity. And this necessity will make itself apparent in the cars. The drunkard will be there. But he must not remain. Moral influences, the laws of nature and of society, reason, and time, will have no chance to prove themselves and work out the great result of reformation. In a railroad-car the aspect of the temperance question is very different from that of society at large. It is not how we shall reform the drunkard, but how we shall get rid of him.

But we must not forget our fellow-sinners of another kind, those over whom the Company can exercise but a very remote and limited influence—the ill-behaved. They have been our especial target, but as the Easy Chair travels by rail and contemplates its fellow-passengers it is conscious of feeling very much as the early Christian fathers might could they sit with Mr. Parton at a session of the New York Councilmen. The patriarchs would wonder a little as to the precise quality of the Christianity of Christendom. Mr. "K.," of Washington, has been interested in some of our feeble efforts in the cause of good railway manners, and contributes his evidence to the question in this way:

"*To the Man in the Easy Chair:*

"I rode in the street cars of Albany a great deal last winter, and in the course of it gave my seat to women of all ages and conditions more than thirty times. Only twice was I thanked. Once by a young woman, apparently a servant girl, and once by one with a basket of clothes, who was evidently a washerwoman.

"Many of those who took my seat without any acknowledgment, had it not been for that circumstance, I should have mistaken for ladies. I only remember seeing three other men thanked for seats during the entire season. Very seldom, indeed, did I see a woman have to stand while a man was seated. Far oftener did eight or nine women spread themselves over the seat meant for ten, while two or three men were standing. I speak thus positively, because I had the seat-question in my mind, and watched closely for developments.

"Different places have different customs. One of the Albany customs is set forth above. One very like it prevails in Bangor, where there are no street cars. When two women walking together there meet a man on the street crossings, which are wide enough for but two, they usually crowd him off into the mud or dust. An acquaintance of mine, on one such occasion, disliking to go into the mud, stopped at a short distance from two women. One fell behind the other, saying, as she did so, "Polite!"

"But to get into the cars again. Some two years since I was in one in this place. The seats were rather full, but not crowded. Two women got on to the platform, and as the foremost put her head into the door she said, loud enough to be heard over the whole car, "Got to stand, now we're here!" As soon as they came inside the man who sat next me, and I, gave them our seats. They thanked us. Presently a man entered, with whom they were acquainted, and while I was leaning on my cane in front of them, being quite lame at the time, they made room for him between them, and he sat down.

"Within the past three weeks I have offered my seat to more than a dozen females of various colors and sizes. Two ladies have declined it, saying they were going but a short distance. One young lady has thanked me, as did a little girl about the height of my cane. The rest, with one exception, have taken the seat and made no sign. The case of this one was amusing. I was sitting near the head of the car, next a young colored girl. A young white girl entered, and advanced to take the seat which I offered her. She did not see the colored girl till nearly seated. When she did she did 'git up and git,' without a word to me. The car grinned, and my neighbor enjoyed the joke as much as any one.

"Many men who keep their seats and let women stand do so, I think, because of an idea which most women have. This idea is well illustrated by a speech which a young lady recently made to me. She said she entered a car in New York, and 'there the young men sat reading their papers just as if they had a right to! When one of them did rise and offer me his seat he seemed to think he was doing me a great favor!' The young men sat as if they had a right to! They probably thought they had. Most men and few women agree with them. The man who did rise seemed to think he was doing her a favor. She thought she was only getting her rights. Womankind generally agrees with her in this, but, unfortunately, not in thanking the man, as she does, who gives her those rights. The result is that the men who don't give up their seats don't. K."

Here is a sad case of ruin, and who is responsible? Evidently Mr. "K." is a man of naturally sweet temper and courteous manners, and he speaks of the "rights" of women as given by men! The right of a woman to tender consideration and thoughtful politeness the boon of a man or of any number of men! This is the most melancholy illustration of the results of imperfect railway manners to the harm of the gentler creation that we know. It is its own argument and appeal. We entreat our readers of the sex whose conduct is so painfully portrayed by "K." not to multiply the number of such cases. Let them be persuaded. Let them reflect how easy it is to say a few gracious words, or even to smile, in recognition of any favor whatsoever; and knowing it and proving it, let the air of a crowded car at any station where "K." and his friends surrender their seats hum pleasantly with the musical murmur of "Thank you!"

THE poor Empress Carlotta, the wife of Maximilian, Louis Napoleon's Austrian Emperor of Mexico, is said to be insane, and it is one of the rumors which can not be doubted. Carlotta is a granddaughter of Louis Philippe, and daughter of old Leopold of Belgium, who was long considered one of the longest political heads in Europe. The length of Leopold's head is now measured by the fact that he ardently advised his son-in-law to try to sit down in the throne which Louis Napoleon intended to erect in Mexico; and it is most probable that, except for the strenuous advice of his father-in-law, the Archduke Max would have staid quietly at home at Miramar. But, like father like daughter, Carlotta was most earnest to try being an Empress, and her mild husband renounced his bird in the hand by solemn act, and proceeded to find the two birds which he hoped were in the bush.

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Poor young gentleman! it was a burning bush, and his fingers are already terribly blistered.

And his heart must be well-nigh broken when he hears the doleful news from his wife. When all seemed darkest in those foolish halls of the Montezumas, in which the young Austrian pair had hoped to build their imperial nest, Carlotta went quietly on board ship and sailed away for Europe. She would have no interlocutor, no diplomatist, no delays and bows and rebuffs, but state the case face to face to Louis Napoleon: say to him, "You brought us into this strait. We are willing to push on, but you must help," and see what his response would be. It was given out, of course, that there was no significance in her visit—that she was merely going upon some home-sick errand of a visit to Miramar, or to her brother, the King of Belgium, or to buy a new bonnet in the Boulevards. But this was a story that nobody believed; and it is amusing to see how far behind all other progress in civilization is that of the invention of blinds to conceal public purposes. The whole world laughs now at diplomatic dodges and imperial phrases and royal non-committals. When Louis Napoleon solemnly says that France reserves to herself the liberty of acting as circumstances may require, universal good sense demands at once, "Why not say simply that you intend to do as you please?" So every body knew that the French-Austrian empire in Mexico was in mortal peril when it was announced that the Empress Carlotta had gone to Europe.

She was kindly received in Paris; but it was neither the Europe, nor the Paris, nor the Louis Napoleon that she left three or four years ago; and the America she came from was a very different America from that to which she sailed when the Pope blessed her and said good-by. Of course Louis Napoleon could only say that he had made the most solemn engagements to withdraw his troops, and that France would not suffer a ruler whose prestige was impaired to risk more men and money upon an enterprise which never had the sympathy of the country. The last suggestion was doubtless rather insinuated than expressed. But it is easy to imagine how stolid and hopeless and forbidding the sallow, expressionless face of the baffled imperial gamester became before the proud, passionate entreaty of the wife of his puppet. It is not probable that she spared reproaches, and reminded him that he had lured them into the snare —"And, Sire, your own honor, the glory of France, the lustre of your name and dynasty!"

"Yes, your Majesty; but water will not run up hill, nor pomegranates sprout in sand. The conditions have all failed. I am very sorry, but I can not risk civil war and the anger of the United States to hold your excellent husband upon a throne where nobody wants him to sit. I really can not. *Ma foi!* nothing could be more sad. It is tragical. But—Madame—but—"

So Carlotta was bowed out of Paris, and went to Rome. That of itself should have proved the poor lady out of her wits. To ask Papa Pio to do what his eldest son could not and would not was already a hopeless task. But to Rome went the Empress Carlotta, and to the Vatican, and to the Holy Father. Those of us who have seen him know how he looked and what he said. He was bland and portly and very feeble. He smiled upon her, and raised his hand in the apostolic benediction, and shoveled snuff into his capacious old nose, and wiped his dusty fingers upon his white robe. Then he listened to her with apathetic sweetness, and while she spoke possibly something deep down in his heart whispered, "Well, daughter, your empire is a prodigious sham, and mine—" But he was kind to the unhappy lady who had come so far to try if by her main strength she could lift the sinking empire out of the remorseless quicksand upon which it was built. If he could do nothing, he could talk. But when she pressed him for promises, poor man, he had none to give. He could only administer spiritual consolation, as it is fondly termed. But her spirit it did not console. She shudderingly said that if she went back to her hotel to dinner they would poison her. So the pitying Pope ordered a table to be spread for her in the library, he meanwhile dining in the sad solitude which the inhuman etiquette of his station requires. Does any body ever see that melancholy little table under the canopy where the Pope dines all alone without thinking of his dining-room as the Vatican chamber of torture? But after dinner she was still afraid to go. The air was full of terrors for her. It is very mournful—so far from her husband, so fruitless an errand, so disastrous and conspicuous a disappointment, her own responsibility for all so emphatic—her mind grew dark. You can see the unhappy woman roaming through the Vatican, and the kind, snuffy Pope, in his long white woolen robe trying to comfort her, like an old family nurse consoling a sick child. He ordered a chamber to be made ready, and the ghost of an Empress slept at the Vatican.

This calamity relieves the end of the Mexican empire of sheer ridicule, and invests it with the pathetic dignity of misfortune. But it brings into still more hateful relief the aspect of the originator of the plot, and will appeal to the chivalrous, theoretical humanity of the French against the conduct of the Emperor.

Apart from the election the peculiar sensation of the town during the earlier autumn was the acting of Ristori, who played at a small theatre in Fourteenth Street in New York and at the Academy in Brooklyn. The public mind had been fully and properly prepared, and the management of her appearances was as skillful as long experience and sagacity could make it. Yet the part selected for her début was not so happily chosen as that sagacity would have suggested. Medea is bald, monotonous tragedy, and of so antique a setting as to be quite alien to modern sympathy. The house was not uncomfortably full, as it should have been to produce the feeling of intense eagerness of expectation, and the Italian language not being familiar to the whole audience, the impression was not enthusiastic. But nothing could be more entertaining than the notices in the morning papers. What could be better than this?

"The attendance numerically was gratifying to the eminent *artiste*. It was full, and represented several well-known New York families of the Upper and Lower Ten. The applause was almost entirely judicious. Madame Ristori's great 'points' were recognized and appreciated. To enumerate these would be a task of length and time. For hasty purpose of the moment it must suffice that such passionate utterance as flowed most naturally from the womanly heart gave the greatest gratification to the audience. The plastic sway with which she accompanied each thought was not, we think, sufficiently appreciated. Ristori's movements are a gallery of sculpture, fired beyond the colored dreams of Phidean's fancy. Her 'attitudes,' if so degraded a word may be used, do not mean tea-

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pot; they are significant, binding the spirit to the body, and giving eloquence to those unutterable powers which neither flesh nor soul can separately express, but which both, in their dumbness, make overwhelming. Madame Ristori is master of every motion that should be known to the stage. Her nature—somewhat large, and therefore masculine—grasps the solitary passion of this play with a minuteness that is appalling. The elaboration of a long-waiting, patient, sacrificial love suddenly changed to a fierce hatred of all that it held dear has never been made so consummately. The play of 'Medea' we do not accept as intrinsically good. Euriaidas subjected himself to immortal ridicule in writing it."

Apparently "Euriaidas" wrote most of the plays in which Ristori has appeared, for they have been intrinsically bad. But whatever the play, and however extraordinary the criticisms, Ristori's performance is so finished and delightful that it will always be most pleasantly remembered. It must not be compared with Rachel's; and although one actress inevitably suggests the remembrance of a contemporary in the same part, the difference in the present case is as absolute as that between talent and genius. The weird, haunting, fiery, terrible power of Rachel, which was always present, whether in Phedre, or Thisbe, or the Moineau de Lesbie, or Adrienne, or Mary Stuart, like the light in a score of different-hued gems, was as unique as the charm of Jenny Lind, and as totally different as dark from fair. Of this power there is nothing in Ristori. A consummate elegance, and thoughtful propriety, and careful study and comprehension—a result symmetrically achieved—these all belong to Ristori's art, and assure her constant success.

It was in the *rôle* of Queen Elizabeth that she made the profoundest impression, and it was a fine and beautiful work. Those who have seen her in the part will hereafter remember Ristori when they think of Elizabeth, as we all owe our image of Shakespeare's Hamlet to Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of John Kemble in the part, or to the representation of Edwin Booth. The play of Elizabeth, by some Italian writer, is no play at all, if we may indulge in a Fenian expression. It is simply a series of historic tableaux of Elizabeth presented by Ristori. The only trace of a plot is the treatment of the story of Essex and the Queen. But from the moment Ristori appears to the end she is all Elizabeth and only Elizabeth. Her movement, her tone, her manner, her whole aspect is that of the great and unlovely Tudor. The five acts present her at five epochs, and in as many costumes. First we see the maiden Queen, and last the terrible Empress dying in the appalling solitude of royalty. Throughout the play the identification of the actress with Elizabeth is entire. Nothing could well be more satisfactory. The masculinity of her nature is the first impression and the last.

In the love passages with Essex Ristori was equally excellent. The conflict of tenderness with pride was even subtly rendered. In her whole representation the passion was without rant, and the quiet passages were truly tranquil. The elegance, moderation, and propriety, without inadequacy or tameness, were the more delightful from their strangeness upon our stage. There is, however, no remarkable impression of intellectual power. It is the traditional and, so to speak, the external Elizabeth that we see. The common conception of her personality is so vivid, it is so made up of costume and manner, that a careful study and faithful representation of these satisfy the imagination by giving us the popular figure of the Queen. The performance is not a revelation but a reminder.

But whatever it may be intrinsically, such a performance is refreshing by recalling heroic figures and times in a day when the drama seems to have become a picture of the *demi-monde*, and actresses to succeed mainly as they resemble the denizens of that unclean sphere. The difference between the spectacle of Miss Heron's Camille and of Ristori's Elizabeth is incalculable. We do not believe that the popularity of the latter is a mere fashion; and if the popular verdict upon Ristori's acting that it is the perfection of art (in the sense merely that it is attainable by the thorough and conscientious cultivation of talent) be correct, her success should stimulate us to utter dissatisfaction with the tawdry rhetoric and turgid declamation which are palmed upon us as fine acting.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 1st of November. The events of the preceding month present little of striking incident. Public interest has been mainly directed toward the elections which have been held in October, and those which are to ensue in November. These have indicated, and will indicate, the decision of the people of the United States between the two lines of policy to be pursued; the one being that proposed by the President, the other that sanctioned by a very decided majority in both Houses of Congress. As it has happened, the President, though elected as a "Republican," finds his chief support in the "Democratic" party, which opposed his election, while the action of Congress is sustained by the bulk of the "Republican" party. We shall therefore designate the party which supports the present Administration as "Democrats," that opposed to it as "Republicans."

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

In *Pennsylvania*, Governor, State officers, and members of the next Congress were to be chosen. For Governor, General John W. Geary, Republican, had a majority of more than 17,000 over Hon. Heister Clymer, Democrat. The vote was the largest ever polled in the State, and the Republican majority was nearly 3000 less than at the Presidential election in 1864, when Mr. Lincoln had a majority of 20,000 over General M'Clellan. At the local election of 1865, a much smaller vote being cast, the average Republican majority was nearly 23,000. For members of Congress the Republicans have probably 18, and the Democrats 6. In the State Legislature the House will consist of 62 Republicans and 38 Democrats; the Senate of 24 Republicans and 12 Democrats.——In *Ohio*, the election was for State officers and members of Congress. For Secretary of State—the test question—Mr. W. H. Smith, Republican, had about 43,000 over Mr. B.

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Le Fever, Democrat. The Republicans have 16 members of Congress, the Democrats 3.——In *Indiana*, the election was also for State officers and members of Congress. The Republican majorities for State officers were about 15,000, and they have 8 out of 11 members of Congress, and a large majority in the Legislature.——In *Iowa*, the Republican majority for Secretary of State was large, probably more than 25,000; but the full returns have not appeared. This party elected all the 6 members of Congress.

During the present political campaign elections have been held, mainly during the autumn months, in the eleven States of New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Oregon, Vermont, Maine, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and West Virginia. The general result in each of these States has been a decided acceptance of the policy laid down by Congress in distinction from that of the President.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

Elections are to be held on the 6th of November in the following States: *New York*, Governor, State officers, House of Assembly, and 31 members of Congress; *Massachusetts*, Governor, Legislature, and 10 members of Congress; *New Jersey*, State Legislature and 5 members of Congress; *Michigan*, State officers, Legislature, and 6 members of Congress; *Illinois*, State officers, Legislature, and 14 members of Congress; *Wisconsin*, State officers, Legislature, and 6 members of Congress; *Minnesota*, Governor, Legislature, and 2 members of Congress; *Missouri*, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Legislature, and 9 members of Congress; *Kansas*, Governor, Legislature, and 1 member of Congress; *Maryland*, Legislature, and 5 members of Congress; *Delaware*, Governor, Legislature, and 1 member of Congress; *Nevada* (November 8), Governor, Legislature, and 1 member of Congress.

In the following States the elections do not take place until the spring and summer of next year: *New Hampshire* (March 12), Legislature, and 3 members of Congress; *Connecticut* (April 4), Governor, Legislature, and 4 members of Congress; *Rhode Island* (April 6), Governor, Legislature, and 2 members of Congress; *Kentucky* (August 5), Governor, Legislature, and 9 members of Congress.

The elections of members of Legislatures, held and to be held, involve the choice of several United States Senators, one from each of the following States: Pennsylvania, Indiana, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Nevada, Maryland, New Hampshire, Kentucky, Connecticut (already chosen), Oregon (already chosen); and two from Vermont (already chosen), and Kansas.

The present Congress closes its existence on the 4th of March. The Representatives and Senators, elected or to be elected, do not take their seats until December, 1867, unless Congress is in the interval between March and December convened by the President in extra session.

TEXAS.

The position of Texas in respect to the Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery is somewhat singular. In August the Legislature was called upon to act upon that Amendment. The Committee to whom the subject was referred reported that this Amendment, having been adopted by three-fourths of the States, had become a part of the law of the land, and it was therefore unnecessary for the people of Texas to act upon it; the report of the Committee was accepted, and the Amendment was "respectfully returned to the Secretary of State" without any action having been taken upon it. The 14th Amendment was not long since referred to the Legislature; the Committee appointed to consider it reported against its ratification; and it was accordingly rejected by a vote of 67 to 5. The State Constitution has been so amended as to prohibit slavery. The Amendment says that "African slavery, as it heretofore existed, having been terminated within this State by the Government of the United States by force of arms, and its re-establishment being prohibited by the Amendment to the Constitution of the United States," therefore slavery and involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, shall not exist in the State, and Africans and their descendants shall be protected in their rights of person and property, and shall be "liable to the same punishment for crimes as whites; and, moreover, they shall not be prohibited, on account of color or race, from testifying in all cases in which any of them are involved, and the Legislature may authorize them to testify in other cases." This Amendment to the State Constitution, together with ordinances setting aside the ordinance of Secession, and repudiating the Confederate war debt, and assuming that of the Union, were adopted by the Convention without being submitted to the people.

THE FENIANS.

Several of the Fenian prisoners captured during the recent raid into Canada have been tried, convicted, and sentenced to death by the British Court at Toronto. Among these are Robert B. Lynch, who represented himself to have been a newspaper correspondent, whose only object was to report the proceedings of the invaders, but who, according to the testimony adduced on the trial, acted as a colonel of the Fenian force; and John M'Mahon, a Catholic priest, who averred that he went into Canada without any concert with the Fenians, was detained by them, and compelled to remain and administer the rites of the Church to their wounded. The judge instructed the jury that if Mr. M'Mahon was there to receive the confession of the wounded, then he was aiding and abetting the invasion, and must be convicted. Both Lynch and M'Mahon were found guilty by the jury, and sentenced to be hung on the 13th of December.—Mr. Seward, our Secretary of State, addressed a note to the British Minister at Washington, stating that these men "had been convicted in a colonial court in Canada, and sentenced to death upon a charge that, being citizens of the United States, they were actors in the assault made in the month of June last at Fort Erie, in that colony." He asked that a full record of the proceedings of these trials, and of any others of similar character, should be furnished to the Government of the United States, and that in the mean while the execution of the sentences should be suspended. He also urged that "the offenses involved in these trials are in their nature eminently political; and that it is the opinion of the Government of the United States that sound policy coincides with the best impulses of a benevolent nature in recommending tenderness, amnesty, and forgiveness in such cases." This suggestion, he said, "is made with freedom and earnestness, because the same opinions were proposed to us by all the Governments and publicists of Europe, and by none of them with greater frankness and kindness

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than by the Government and statesmen of Great Britain."—The result of these trials has aroused no little excitement among the Irish population of the United States, and has apparently given a fresh impulse to the Fenian organization. On Sunday, October 28, a very large meeting was held at "Jones's Woods," in the outskirts of New York, which was addressed by James Stephens, the "Chief Organizer." He condemned the whole series of efforts which had been directed against the British American provinces as mere "fillbustering movements;" affirmed that if last year they had only had in Ireland "a few thousand more rifles at one particular point" the whole island would have been theirs in ten days, and "every English soldier on Irish soil would have been dead or captive." He attributed the failure of all previous movements in Ireland to the influence of the Catholic clergy; but affirmed that now the people had been taught to yield obedience to their priests only in spiritual matters, but in political affairs to "look to them only so far as they were worthy of being looked to;" and that now if "one of his officers led a body of men, and was met by one priest or fifty priests, and he should tell him to go back, they would not obey him."—The main point of the speech of the "Chief Organizer" was, however, contained in his affirmation, several times repeated in substance, that "we shall be fighting on Irish soil before the 1st of January, with as fair prospect of success as ever was known, and that I shall be there in the midst of my countrymen."

MEXICO.

While there are special accounts of various advantages gained by the Imperialists at different points, every thing indicates that with the approaching withdrawal of the French troops the Imperial Government of Maximilian will come to an end. It is said, on apparently good authority, that the Empress Carlotta has become insane in consequence of the failure of her diplomatic mission to Europe; and, upon evidence which still needs confirmation, that an Austrian steamer has already been dispatched to convey Maximilian from Mexico to Europe.—The position of our Government is clearly expressed in a letter from General Sheridan, dated October 23, to General Sedgwick, commanding the Sub-district of the Rio Grande, in Texas. General Sheridan says: "There is only one way in which the state of affairs on the Rio Grande can be bettered, and that is, by giving the heartiest support to the only Government in Mexico recognized by our own—the only one which is really friendly to us." All the adherents of any party or "pretended Government" in Mexico are to be warned that "they will not be permitted to violate the neutrality laws between the Liberal Government of Mexico and the United States," nor be allowed to remain in our territory and receive the protection of our flag; and that "these instructions will be enforced against the adherents of the Imperial buccaneers representing the so-called Imperial Government of Mexico," and also against sundry other factions, for "President Juarez is the acknowledged head of the Liberal Government of Mexico."

EUROPE.

Beyond the formal transfer of the fortresses of the "Quadrilateral," from Austria to France, and from France to Italy; the progress of the Reform agitation in Great Britain; reports of the failing health of the Emperor Napoleon; and contradictory rumors of new political complications, there is little requiring note in our European intelligence for the month. The old question of the fate of the Ottoman Empire, and the disposition to be made of the various portions of European Turkey, seems about to come into prominence. As a stand-point for future reference rather than as a part of the current events of the time, we give a general resumé of the long-vexed "Eastern Question:"

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

"The Eastern Question," involving primarily the fate of the Ottoman Empire, but ultimately the possession of Constantinople and the control of the great basin of the Lower Danube, and of the fertile region comprehended within European Turkey, is now beginning to loom up into importance. Turkey in Europe, including the semi-independent Principalities of Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia, contains about 200,000 square miles, an area something greater than that of France, and exceeding by one half that of Prussia since her recent acquisitions. The population is about 14,500,000, of whom 10,500,000 are Christians of the Greek Church, about 750,000 each of Catholics and Jews, and only 2,500,000 Mohammedans, mostly belonging to the Ottoman race. The country is naturally one of the finest and most fertile on the globe, and is admirably situated for commerce. The special importance of the acquisition of this region by Russia arises mainly from the fact that it furnishes the only considerable outlet to the rest of the world for the Russian Empire; the northern outlet through the Baltic being not only commanded by Germany and Denmark, but is also blocked up by ice during several months of the year. The Straits of the Dardanelles are, politically and commercially considered, mouths of the Danube and Volga, and Constantinople is the natural entrepôt of all Southern Russia. Once in possession of this city and the Straits, Russia would soon be able to take rank as a great naval as well as military power. By affinity of religion the great majority of the population is allied to Russia, although mainly of a different race, and Russia has for four generations endeavored to assume the position of protector of the Greek Church, with a steady view to the ultimate acquisition of the country; and the prevention of this acquisition has formed one of the cardinal points of the policy of the other European Powers.

The tortuous, and often contradictory action of the two parties in this Eastern question—Russia on the one hand, France and England on the other, with the German Powers sometimes favoring the one and sometimes the other—forms a singular chapter in political history. At times all parties seemed agreed upon weakening the Turkish power; then again, one side or the other apprehended that the other would gain too much in the distribution of the spoils; and then all united in holding up the Ottoman State. Hence resulted such apparently contradictory European action as the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino in 1827; the establishment of the kingdom of Greece in 1838, with a Bavarian Prince as King; the crushing out of the revolt of Mehemet Ali, of Egypt, in 1840; the establishment of that pachalik as a really separate power; the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, in 1833, by which the Porte in effect recognized the Czar as protector of the Christian population of Turkey, and the attempt of Nicholas in 1854 to maintain the Greek Church in the possession of certain privileges secured by that treaty; the resistance of this claim

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by Napoleon in behalf of the Latin Church, on the ground that it interfered with a treaty made in 1740; and finally the war in the Crimea, wherein France and Great Britain appeared as the nominal allies of the Porte, who had been dragooned into refusing the Russian demands. The nominal question at stake in the outset was trifling enough. It was simply whether for the purpose of passing into the Grotto of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the Latin monks should have a key to the great door of the church, or should be put off with a key to a smaller door. But underneath this lay the question whether Russia should put herself in a position to seize upon a large part of European Turkey in the event of a dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, which then seemed close at hand. The real result of the war, though nothing was said of it in the treaty of peace, was that the Russian designs upon Turkey were for the time foiled.

The old question has now begun to appear again. During the late troubles in Europe the people of Wallachia rose and deposed their "Hospodar" or hereditary prince, and elected in his place Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, a kinsman of the Prussian King and of the French Emperor. Russia opposed this election, but the Sultan finally acknowledged it, and so this important principality, nominally still a portion of the Ottoman Empire, is in effect under the protection of France and Prussia. But Prussia and Italy having gained so largely in the late contest, the Czar has more than once, by word and act, significantly hinted that he expects something in the final distribution of the European Powers. Austria also, having given up the last of her Italian possessions, is looking for compensation from some other quarter. Now neither of these empires can gain any thing except from the Ottoman Empire; and as it happens, there are portions of this convenient to both, if they can only agree upon the partition.

The Danube, an Austrian river in its upper course, is Turkish in its lower course. Austria would naturally wish to have the whole river; but its mouth is far up in the Black Sea, which the Czar must insist shall be a Russian lake if it ever passes out of the hands of the Turks—and every thing now seems to point to the speedy expulsion of the Turks from Europe. At a first glance upon the map the natural boundary between Austria and Russia, supposing these empires to divide European Turkey between them, would be the Danube, Russia taking Wallachia and Moldavia, the third part, north of that stream, and Austria the remainder. But apart from the inequality of the shares, this would give to Austria Constantinople and the Dardanelles, which Russia needs, and must have. We imagine, therefore, that the division would be that Russia should take, besides the Principalities, Bulgaria and Roumelia; while Austria would have Servia and Bosnia, which have long been half Austrianized, besides Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Albania. This would give her a long stretch of coast with several good ports on the Adriatic, and more than compensate her for the loss of Italy; while Russia would have the whole Black Sea, Constantinople, the Straits, and a considerable tract on the shores of the Archipelago. Possibly, in order to equalize the division, and to make a show of disinterestedness, Macedonia and Thessaly, the population of which are Greek by race and language, might be assigned to the Kingdom of Greece.

Such a remodeling of the map of Europe would of course be opposed by France, Prussia, and Italy; but we think it would be worth striving for by Russia and Austria, and considering the relative numerical and military strength of the two parties, and above all the geographical relations of the region, the chance of ultimate success would, we think, lie with Russia and Austria.

We leave Great Britain wholly out of the question; for her statesmen of the present generation seem disposed to interfere as little as may be with the politics of Continental Europe. They have enough to do to take care of British interests in Asia, Australia, and America. Indeed, it would seem to be for her present good that no European power should acquire the marked preponderance which is now threatened by Prussia, which bids fair to be another name for all Germany. And since, also, she can no longer hope to be sole mistress of the seas—that position being henceforth certainly to be disputed by France—she will naturally wish that other States should be in the position of naval powers. The growth of Russia in the direction of the Mediterranean does not at present threaten England, and would, moreover, tend to postpone, if not wholly to avert the long-threatened collision in Asia. Between some such adjustment as we have suggested, and the establishment of a new Hellenic State, including what is now Turkey in Europe and the present little kingdom of Greece, we see no possibility of any lasting settlement of the Eastern question; for the proposition which has been advanced to make Constantinople a "free city" under protection of all the European Powers, the navigation of the Dardanelles to be open alike to all the world, is wholly too Utopian to be considered, except as a mere temporary makeshift. Russia must ever strive for Constantinople until she gains it, or until it is proved to be wholly unattainable; and its unattainability will never be recognized until it is in the hands of a power capable of holding it—a State, that is, which shall rank among the Great Powers of Europe. A new Hellenic State, having all of Turkey in Europe, might within a generation become such a power; and the consequence would be that Russia, shut out from the rest of Europe, would become an Oriental, not an Occidental empire.

We have assumed throughout that the term of the Ottoman occupation of any part of Europe is approaching its close. For quite half a century it has existed only by sufferance, and by the mutual jealousies of the European Powers. Two and a half millions of Tartar marauders have for four centuries encamped upon and held what is really only military possession of one of the fairest regions on earth; for two centuries they have not increased their numbers, during which time the population of the civilized world has fully trebled itself. So utterly has this governing race misgoverned, that the country is to-day less prosperous than it was fifty years ago, and was less prosperous fifty years ago than it was two hundred years before. We can not doubt that the period of the domination of these Tartar hordes is approaching its close. European Turkey has been in a state of chronic insurrection, at isolated points, for two generations. The recent uprising in Candia, whatever may be its immediate fate, seems to us a premonition of the end. How that end will be wrought out will depend upon the drift of the current of European politics. We anticipate that this issue will form the key-note of the history of Europe for the period toward which we are now approaching.

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Editor's Drawer.

OUR friend from the Rio Grande who sends the two following is welcome to the Drawer:

When the colored troops were first organized it was necessary for all applicants for commission in that body to undergo examination before a Board, of which Major-General Casey was President. Many good things are told of sharp sayings on both sides; for while the General wasn't to be deceived a great deal as to the calibre of the examinee, he was quite prone to see and appreciate any thing racy. An aspiring candidate for promotion, who used to reside not a great ways from Philadelphia, was among the early applicants. The usual question came up:

"Mr. H——, what was your occupation before you entered the army?"

"A telegraph operator, Sir," was the response.

"Well, Sir, what is the motive-power used in telegraphing?"

"Electricity."

"Will you please tell us the nature of electricity?"

"Why, General, I have seen it, felt it, and heard it; but I was never yet able to hold on to it long enough to examine it."

"Indeed, Sir! But they say Franklin succeeded in putting lightning in a bottle and corking it."

"Oh yes, Sir; I have often seen what they called 'bottled lightning' down in Jersey, but I believe that has never been successfully used in telegraphing!"

Mr. H—— received a Lieutenant's commission a few days after, and is still serving with his regiment on the Rio Grande.

PERHAPS another little anecdote of the same officer may be worthy of mention:

Entering the Adjutant's office the other day, the first thing that caught his eye was a bottle of bay rum standing on the toilet-table. Without stopping to ask questions or look closely at the label, Mr. H—— "made for" the bottle, and had already imbibed a pretty large swallow, when Adjutant J——, raising his eyes from the desk, and not noting *which* bottle it was, remarked, rather indignantly, "Hold on, Lieutenant H——! I don't like that!" "Hem, ahem!" [spitting and spluttering] "nor I don't either!" called back Mr. H—— from the doorway, leaving J—— to think *he* rather did "like it," after all.

SOME years ago there lived in the village of C——, New Hampshire, a local politician named Price. He was an admirer of Andrew Jackson, and sought upon all occasions to magnify his great name. When attending a County Convention he availed himself of an opportunity offered to make a speech. As usual, Andrew Jackson was his theme. Warming with his subject, he exclaimed: "General Jackson, at the glorious battle of New Orleans, regained all the disgrace lost upon the frontiers of Canada!"

WHEN Minnesota was a Territory Squire F—— acted as Justice of the Peace in the town of H——. He was more noted for his frankness, and the pointed manner in which he expressed his opinions, than for his choice selection of words. One day, when a suit was on trial before him, the counsel for the defendant claimed that the allegations contained in the plaintiff's complaint were false, and moved to have them stricken out. Squire F—— patiently heard the counsel for the plaintiff in support of his complaint and in opposition to the motion, and the counsel for the defendant in reply. He then gave his decision in the following language:

"It is the opinion of this Court that the allegations in the plaintiff's complaint are false, and" (pointing to the plaintiff's counsel) "that that are *alligator* knew it when he made them!"

DEAR DRAWER,—Your telegram anecdote in a late Number reminds me of a "good one" which occurred in this city. One of our large commercial houses is in the habit of sending agents through the different States soliciting orders. Not long since their agent for Pennsylvania (a genuine Celt) started with his price-list on a tour. A few days subsequent, the new tariff having increased the price of some articles thirty to forty per cent., the correspondent of the house telegraphed him "not to sell certain styles of goods at his prices;" adding, that he would send details by mail. Imagine our worthy friend's surprise the next day on receiving by mail the following: "I received your telegraph dispatch yesterday, but not recognizing your handwriting I paid no attention to it, and inclose the dispatch to know if it is all right!"

A MASSACHUSETTS friend sends the following:

Some years ago, on the occasion of a funeral in a part of our town yclept Bow-wow, a good old preacher of the Methodist persuasion officiated, and at the close had a word of inquiry and advice, as is customary, with many of the audience. Among others he approached a lady, a stranger to him, who was visiting in the neighborhood, and after shaking hands, asked her "if she was on the road to heaven?" "Yes, Sir," she promptly answered; "and if you come that way I should be pleased to have you call!" The good old man, horrified at such seeming discourtesy, turned away without reply, when a friend sitting near remonstrated with Mrs. ——, who, still more horrified at her mistake, said she understood him to ask "if she was on the road to Hudson," where she resided when at home. An immediate apology, to the satisfaction of the minister, followed, and a hearty laugh when relating the circumstance were the natural results of an explanation.

DEAR DRAWER,—A friend of mine in a neighboring village is blessed with four little boys, the oldest of whom are twins. He also has in his garden a dwarf pear-tree, which blossomed this year, and bid fair to bring to maturity six or eight fine pears. He naturally felt quite anxious that they should not be molested until they should ripen. One day, when he was going away with his wife, it was decided to leave the boys at home with an aunt. He called the twins (who are about four years old), and told them they must not pick any of the pears. Upon his return he missed one from the tree. Calling the boys to him he asked them if they had picked any. One of them, who at such times was by common consent spokesman, replied, "*No, thir; me shake de tree and him drop off.*"

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Not wishing to punish them, the father talked to them, telling them they ought not to have shaken the tree, and then let them go. A few days after he was again going away, and before starting he called the boys and told them they must not pick the pears nor shake the tree. Upon his return he repaired to the tree, and to his surprise he found one pear hanging by the stem, and carefully eaten entirely around the centre nearly to the middle of the core. He was disconcerted and yet amused at the ingenuity displayed by the boys in their efforts to dodge his instructions, and calling them he asked them if they had picked any pears? "No, thir," said the spokesman. "Did you shake the tree?" "No, thir." "Well, what did you do?" "*Me bite him to see if him was wipe, and him* WAS *wipe!*" Gravity was nowhere, and the boys "camped" on the field.

A FRIEND in Iowa says:

In a certain town, not a hundred miles from here, a couple who are noted for two peculiarities—one, that the husband is of the most silent and reserved habits, while his wife is diametrically his opposite, being the gossip and having the gossip of the whole town. The other peculiarity is that the wife is the most inveterate of borrowers—food of all kinds, clothing, kitchen-ware, any thing and every thing that is capable of being borrowed she endeavors to get from her neighbors on some pretense. One day some neighbors were talking about this lady, and in the conversation some surprise was expressed that her husband should have chosen her as a partner for life, when a young shaver, who was by listening, created considerable laughter by exclaiming, "Perhaps she borrowed him!"

THOSE familiar with country sights will be amused at the following display of city ideas in a young child:

Little Chester, of four years, went on a visit with his father and mother into the country for the first time. On stopping at a farm-house some of the natives took him out to the barn to see the litter of little pigs that were the delight of the children generally. After viewing them for a few minutes with great interest, Chester ran into the house exclaiming: "Oh! mamma, I've been to see the pigs, and the little pigs are eating the big pig up!"

AN Illinoisan writes: As I am a dear lover of the many amusing and interesting scraps contained in the Drawer, I have concluded to send the following, which contains more sad truth than funny poetry:

Doctor V——, of R——, in our State, being kept away from a certain gathering by his wife, was asked by a friend afterward why he was not present? Upon telling the reason, the friend remarked that he thought the Doctor was the head of his family. "So I am," says Doctor V——, "but heads always have necks, which control and turn the head wheresoever they will. So I'm the head of my family, but my wife is the neck, you know."

A DOWN-EASTER says: Having taken many good things out of the Drawer, allow me to put one in. One of our oldest inhabitants is a disciple of Galen, and don't like tobacco, but his son and clerk does, and keeps some cigars for sale. A man purchased one and began to light it, when the Doctor exclaimed, "You can't smoke that cigar in this shop!" "That's queer," says the customer, "that a man can't smoke a cigar in the shop where he buys it." "Humph!" replies the Doctor, "supposing a man buys an emetic of me, d'ye s'pose I'd allow him to vomit all over the shop?"

AT a revival meeting in one of the African Churches in a neighboring city a number of white gentlemen and ladies were present. The meeting was protracted for several hours, and the crowd was great. At length the atmosphere became decidedly unpleasant; and as the brethren grew excited, and streams of perspiration poured from the exhorting and shouting members, some of the ladies signified to the leader that they must either faint or retire.

With commendable promptness he stepped to the front of the platform, and interrupted the member who was holding forth by exclaiming, in a stentorian voice: "Make way dere, bruddern! make way! Missus Prim and Missus Cumin can't stan' dis no longer!" It is needless to say that this speech upset the whole party, and they availed themselves of the opportunity to seek the open air and give vent to their feelings.

ON one occasion a gentleman was relating a painful story of a little boy who was called from his play to go to a neighbor's for some milk. As he was returning from his errand the cars ran over him, killing him instantly. The gentleman was very pathetic, and at the close of his narrative there was a dead silence in the room, broken at last by one of the ladies of the company asking, gravely, "*And what became of the milk?*"

DURING a recent political campaign in the State of Massachusetts two orators set out together for the purpose of rousing a certain district to the spirit of the times. One (whom we will call Davis), being well known in this capacity, was to speak last, as it was feared, if he spoke first, that his colleague (Pratt by name) would be left minus an audience. They had charge of a very extensive district, and at each little town and village Davis delighted his hearers with the same speech until Pratt lost all patience. Finally, this repetition became a source of such annoyance that he set seriously to work to devise a way to put a stop to this method of speech-making. Being a fellow of some wit, he finally hit upon a plan which he thought might prove successful, and resolved to put it into execution at the next meeting. Accordingly, when the appointed hour arrived, and he was called upon for a few remarks, he rose, and, without the slightest hesitation, repeated Davis's speech, word for word! Poor Davis was utterly at a loss what to do; he rose in embarrassment, mumbled off a few words, and ended by saying that "the gentleman who had preceded him had exhausted the subject!"

"BEFORE the war" there lived on Pearl River a planter who prided himself greatly in being the possessor of a large number of very fine cattle, and made it a rule to kill a beef every Saturday. One Sunday a number of his friends took dinner at his house, and after the meal was finished the gentlemen retired to the piazza to enjoy their cigars. The host (who was very bald) was, as usual, boasting of his "fat cattle." A young gentleman, who had very frequently enjoyed the "fat cattle" homily, managed to get the subject of conversation changed. Another gentleman, seeing the host was very bald,

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asked why his hair was falling so badly? and before any one could reply the young gentleman said he knew. The host asked the reason. The young gentleman replied: "He has eaten so much of his 'fat beef' that he had to build an oak-bark fire on the top of his head to melt the tallow out of his mouth!"

Soon after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, in the spring of 1862, large supplies of filtered rain-water were forwarded to the army near Corinth, by the Sanitary Commission, for the use of the sick and wounded. Several barrels of this water were sent to the head-quarters of the Tenth Indiana Regiment, the heads of which barrels bore this inscription: "*XX Old Rye Whisky.*" Now there happened to be in the Tenth Regiment a soldier familiarly known as "Quart," who was alike distinguished for his love of fun and an inordinate partiality for intoxicating beverages. The sight of the brand on the barrels lying in rear of the Colonel's tent led Quart into an error; he doubted not the correctness of the label, and lingered lovingly about head-quarters. He resolved to make a "raid" on the "Sanitary Stores" under the cover of darkness. He accordingly waited with considerable impatience until after tattoo roll-call in the evening, and having seen the last light in the camp extinguished, he noiselessly crept to the rear of the Colonel's quarters, armed with three canteens and a half-inch gimblet. He reached without observation the place where the precious stores were deposited; soon bored a hole in one of the barrels; filled his canteens hurriedly, and started back to his quarters; before reaching which, however, he stopped and took a "pull" at the contents of one of the canteens. Smacking his lips doubtingly, Quart raised the canteen to his mouth again and took another drink. Then, soliloquizing in so loud a tone that he was distinctly heard by the sentinel of the camp-guard on the nearest post, he said: "Well, I've voted an unscratched Democratic ticket for fifteen years, but, if this is whisky, by the powers I've lost my taste!"

While the —th Indiana Regiment was stationed at Raleigh, North Carolina, a few months after the surrender of Johnston's army, Colonel K——, one bright Sunday morning, astonished his Adjutant by ordering him to "make a detail of fifty men *for fatigue duty*, to report to the Chaplain at ten o'clock and *hear him preach!*" Whether the joke was on the soldiers composing the detail, the Chaplain, or the Colonel, the readers of the Drawer will have to decide when they are informed that the Chaplain good-humoredly took charge of the detachment, preached to it for two hours, and, on the evening of the same day, received into the Church three of the soldiers, who had not listened to a sermon before during the whole term of their service.

Of Father Homer a good story is told: He had a whining voice, and used to be much annoyed by any interruptions in his sermons. On one occasion he was reading the Scriptures, and a small dog that had strayed in began to whine. Father Homer read, in his whining tone: "'O make a joyful noise unto the Lord'—put out that dog!—'Sing unto the Lord a new song.'"

Dear Drawer,—Every one who has ever visited Madison, Wisconsin (the Saratoga of the West), must recollect Squire Seymour and his curious sayings. The Squire experienced a stroke of paralysis some years ago, and he has never fully recovered the possession of his faculties since; hence the queer sayings that he "gets off" are the more noticeable. A few days ago he was entertaining an admiring audience on the steps of the Vilas House with some of his yarns when somebody remarked: "Squire, we've been having some pretty hot weather this summer." Upon which the Squire replied, "Hot weather! I guess we have. Last week the thermometer stood at 102 *in a cool place!*"

A pastor's wife in Michigan sends the two following to the Drawer:

A friend who had spent the greater part of a day in writing invitations to a funeral undertook, in his preoccupied state of mind, to ask a blessing at table, and commenced—"*Friends, relatives, and acquaintances!*" A suppressed titter brought him to his senses.

Little M——, three years old, was just recovering from a pain under her apron. As soon as her tears were dry she asked: "Mamma, where does pain live?—with God in heaven, or in the woods with bears?"

The same little one was recovering from a dangerous illness, at two years old, and lay in my arms drooping and weak. She had been in her father's study many times when persons called desiring spiritual advice, and so was accustomed to language above her years. On this occasion, as I held her up to a window to see people pass to church, she exclaimed, with a voice weakened by illness: "Mamma, I ish I as a Kisten." "Why, my baby?" said I, clasping her close, lest she should fly from my arms to heaven. Imagine my relief and surprise when she replied, "*To have a muff!*" She saw the ladies passing with winter furs on their way to church—hence her pious wish.

Recently a number of gamblers were indicted before the Circuit Court held in B—— for indulging in certain practices contrary to the statute in such cases made and provided. The delinquents, finding that the prosecuting Attorney had a "sure thing on them," concluded not to come before the Court in person, but retained Mr. H—— to appear for them, plead guilty, and pay the fine. Accordingly, when the case was called, Mr. H—— rose, and the following colloquy ensued:

Mr. H——. "I appear for the defendants, and plead guilty."

Judge (*entering on the docket*). "Mr. H—— appears, pleads guilty, and is fined—"

Mr. H——. "But, your Honor, I have not yet received the money for the fine. I expect it to-morrow."

Judge. "It makes no difference, Sir. You are fined, and *stand committed to jail* until it is paid."

H——'s blank look, as he drew out his private pocket-book and muttered, "You won't catch me again in this way," was slightly amusing.

A Nebraska friend says:

Many years since, in the town of B——, in Vermont, lived old Uncle D——, who, although a pillar of the Church, was somewhat waggishly inclined. Also Benoni J——, who, for short, went by the name of Nony, a thin, spare old bachelor, of some fifty years—one of those half wits and half fools who get off a good many foolish things, and some

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pretty sharp ones. Uncle D—— and Nony were in the hay-field, Uncle D—— pitching hay upon the wagon, and Nony loading, the not uncommon rivalry active between them—the pitcher trying to bury the loader in hay, and the loader crying, "More hay!" The load was high, and nearly finished, when Uncle D——, watching his time and chance, threw up a very large forkful, taking Nony in the rear with such force that he and the hay went down in somewhat of a hurry to the ground on the opposite side of the load. Uncle D——, stepping quickly around, cried out: "Why, Nony, what are you down here for?" "*After more hay, Sir!*" sharply replied Nony.

A LITTLE girl, whose mother often talked to her of heaven in such a way that she considered it a glorious shining place above the sky, crept in between the curtain and window one evening, and stood for a long time gazing into the sky. Suddenly she bounded to her mother's side, exclaiming, "Mother! oh, mother! I know now what the stars be! God punches holes in his floor, and that lets the shine down!"

UNCLE TOM DICKENS sold a horse to Judge A——, of Washington County, but while the process of bargaining was going on very conscientiously informed the Judge that the animal, although sound in wind and limb, had two grave faults. He refused to say what they were, and the Judge (who was a good judge at least of horse-flesh), liking the looks of the animal, concluded to buy him at a venture. He did so, and after taking a receipt for the money again besought Uncle Tom to tell him the faults. "Well," said the old man, "since you have bought him at your own risk, I don't care if I do. His first fault is, he won't allow you to catch him in the field." "Oh, Uncle Tom," said the Judge, "that is a trifling fault; pray what is the other?" "The other?" said Tom; "why, Judge, the other is, that after you do catch him he ain't worth having!"

A "DISBANDED VOLUNTEER," just returned from the Lower Mississippi, relates, among interesting incidents, one occurring on the river steamer *en route* to Cairo. Among the passengers was Major C——, commanding a battalion of regulars, an intelligent, sociable officer, and a Mrs. D——, of Natchez, the widow of a "Confederate" General who had fallen during the rebellion. The Major as well as the Madame was a fluent and agreeable conversationist, and during the trip—after an introduction—was not remiss in courtesies to the widow, whose natural hauteur had abated nothing under the *rigueurs du guerre* which, as a chivalrous Southern wife, she had endured. She entered with ardor into the recitals of her war experiences, and as she would conjure up the imagined wrongs of her "noble South," her emotional hate and bitterness found expression in the scowling face and flashing eye, while her tongue tired not with anathemas against the Yankee hireling invaders. The imperturbable Major hugely enjoyed the lady's spirited exhibit of her chivalrous adherence to the lost cause, and continued the discussion to the entertainment of a gathering audience in the parlor, adding fuel to the fire by sarcastic allusions to the impoverished appearance of the South, its exhausted manhood, its devoted and faithful, but helpless womanhood.

"Ay, Sir!" she exclaimed, "well may you spare my sex; but, Sir, for them I spurn your mercy as we ever did! We fed and clothed and nursed our soldiers in the field, and would have filled their places in the front, even with Richmond lost, but for the timorous counsels which prevailed in our surrender. And, Sir, when every Confederate fortress was taken, every city besieged, every cannon captured, and every soldier dead on the battle-field, the women of the South, jealous of the victory which their sons, husbands, and brothers had found in the grave, would have bared their bosoms to your Yankee bayonets, and dared you to the charge!"

"Pardon me, Madame," interposed the Major, "but I must take exception to your last remarks. Such a magnificent spectacle of your countrywomen's valor and sacrifice could never have been. Your own authorities would never have sanctioned such imprudent and absolutely illegal conduct of its own people."

"I do not comprehend you, Sir," said Madame.

"I mean, simply," rejoined the Major, with all seriousness, "that, conceding all admiration for the heroism, self-sacrifice, and noble devotion of the women of the South, not even in the direst alternative would they have bared their heaving bosoms to our bristling bayonets, as you avow; for, Madame, you must know that it was an inviolable law of the Confederate Government not to expose its cotton to the United States forces!"

The spell-bound listeners of either side joined in rapturous laughter, and all arising dispersed with convivial summons to the Major, who during the remainder of the trip magnanimously abstained, in the presence of the interesting but discomfited widow, from any further allusion to the Cotton Confederacy.

A CALIFORNIAN says he can't forbear from sending the following:

In the town of Santa Cruz there is an old settler named W——, who is troubled with a variety of pains, among them what he calls a "crick in his back." A few days ago I inquired how his "crick" was? and he, sitting down on an empty box, delivered himself thus: "Las' night, abeout sundown, as I was comin' home from milkin', carryin' two buckets of milk, I come along by that thar fence, and I had an awrful crick ontew my back, and just then I had tew sneeze, and ef I hadn't hev dropped them milk-buckets and grabbed hold on the fence, why I'll be blowed ef it wouldn't hev throwd me!"

ANOTHER old fellow in the same place (a carpenter by trade) has a most singular way of mixing up words that sound alike—for instance, he calls an "avenue" a *revenue*, a "portico" a *port-folio*, a "*pro*jection" an *in*jection, etc. He was building a pulpit for a church once, and at a meeting of the congregation, when the "pulpit" question was discussed, he got up and said: "Ef I was goin' tew build another pulpit I would give it abeout six inches more *injection* on the front, and hev the carvin's made so that they wud hang in *glisters* [clusters] areound the sides!"

A—— J——, who has been raised on a farm in these parts, but who has exchanged that invigorating life for the more seductive pursuit of clerking in one of the stores of a Western town, was a short time since accosted by a lady customer, who inquired if they were supplied with that very useful article known as "ladies' hose?" A—— replied in the affirmative, and, proceeding into a back apart-

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ment, returned with a small garden-hoe, generally used by children, but which A—— no doubt supposed would be suitable for the gentle sex. As may be supposed, the lady was a little "took aback;" but fortunately another clerk, who was better acquainted with ladies' wearing apparel, came to the rescue, and supplied the customer's wants. As she retired A—— wondered why in thunder she couldn't say stockings! He has recovered.

HERE is a reminiscence of our old regiment the —st Heavy Artillery:

Tom S—— and Sim L—— had been absent on "sick leave," and had reached Washington on their way to rejoin the regiment, both "dead broke" and both very *dry*. Marching into a saloon on Pennsylvania Avenue, Tom inquired if they took *stamps*. "Certainly, Sir," said the bar-keeper. "Then set on yer *pisen*," said Tom; and the "pisen" was produced. Both drank, and then, stepping back from the bar, began to "mark time" with great gravity and a good deal of noise. "What are you trying to do? What do you mean by stamping in that manner?" said the proprietor. "Paying for the drinks! Didn't you say you took *stamps?*" said Sim, with his face a yard long.

DEAR DRAWER,—I have been on a visit among the classic hills of Old Virginia, and have had a pleasant time among the genial "reconstructed." Of course I picked up an anecdote or two worth saving. You have heard of the "demoralized" Jersey soldier? The story is told differently as it really originated at the battle of Malvern Hill. In the terrible fire from the Union artillery some gray-coated regiments got well scared, but generally stood killing remarkably well. At this time General Lee met a loose-jointed, angular specimen, that looked as if his limbs were made of long saplings, with an extra supply of knee and hip joints, like the fifth wheel of an artillery wagon—in case of accidents.

"Where are you going, Sir?" said the General, in that cool, gentle tone he never seemed to lose.

"Well, Jineral, I'm gwine back to the wagons," said Joints.

"Are you wounded?" asked the Commander.

"No, I ain't wounded," was the reply, "but I'm gwine back to the wagons."

"A stout man like you leaving the field!—are you sick?" asked General Lee.

"No, I ain't sick nor wounded nuther, but, Jineral, I'm terrible demoralized!" said the soldier.

At this the General smiled and remonstrated; shamed him with being cowardly, until the fellow reluctantly turned his steps to the front. He had gone but a short distance before he turned and spoke again:

"Jineral," said he, "I ain't no coward—no sich a thing—but I've been down yander, and it *ain't no fittin' place for nobody!*"

He went back to the wagons.

I HEARD one of General Jubal Early that ought not to be lost:

Early, up to the last minute, was a Union man, and to the last never would acknowledge secession or take its oaths. He called it revolution, and sneered at the right of secession as a cowardly compromise. On this account neither he nor his regiment was popular with the South Carolinians, who called him and his men Union men, Yankees, etc. It happened, at the first battle of Bull Run, Early and his regiment advancing met one of the most irritating of these regiments in full retreat. He "let on," and cursed as perhaps no living man but he can, asking where in the —— they were going? He was informed, in a hundred voices, that the enemy were too hot for them; and with a parting curse he raised in his stirrups, and said:

"Virginians! open ranks and let the South Carolina chivalry pass through!"

And they did, and never liked old Early afterward.

FROM Louisville, Kentucky, come the two following:

Fry Lawrence, our gay and genial legislator, who loves a good pun as much as he does fish chowder on "Floyd's Fork," and "yours truly" were riding to Louisville when he noticed that some one had felled one of his fine trees. In a vexed tone he said: "Look! some thieving scoundrel has cut down one of my fine trees!"

"Never mind, Fry," I said, gravely, "the fellow who cut it down will be apt to cut it up!"

He considered himself paid, but hinted the next time I wanted to make a joke I should use the axe on my own trees instead of his. It was too expensive.

I GOT George M'G—— in nearly the same way. Our Blind Asylum, near Louisville, has about a thousand windows in it and "nary shutter." Riding down one day, he made the usual remark about so much light for those who didn't need it, and asked why there were no shutters to the windows.

"So there are," I replied, "but they are of the fashionable kind, and have the 'blinds' on the inside!"

A FRIEND in Baltimore sends the two following:

Who has not heard of "love in a cottage," "love by the sea-shore," and "love under difficulties?" I have heard of each, but never until a few days ago did I hear of "love in a car." This I not only *heard*, but was an eye-witness to the comedy. Having business that required my attention in the northwestern section of the city until a late hour, I, at half past eleven o'clock, found myself seated in a Madison Avenue car (the number I shall not state). At the corner of Franklin and Eutaw streets a young gentleman and lady entered the car, and occupied a seat in the corner of the car opposite myself. Being a great admirer of females I stole a glance at the lady, and was recompensed by beholding a very handsome young miss, with black hair and eyes—the latter appearing as if Cupid, the God of Love, had rented the premises, and was determined to dispute the sway of man. Her companion was one of that species of bipeds known as the *genus homo*. He was attired in a bran-new suit of Harrison Street store clothes, and appeared as gay as a peacock. The first thing he did after seating himself was to encircle the neck of the lady with his left arm, while his right hand lovingly grasped her soft and delicate left. Not being used to such scenes (being a bachelor), I kept my t'other eye open, and noted down the proceedings in my mind.

"Clara!" began the passionate lover, "ain't this nice? I swon it's a good deal better 'n ridin' in the old wagin!"

"Yes, Josh," feebly articulated Clara. "But don't hug me so; the folks are lookin' at us."

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"Well, let 'em look!" retorted Josh. "Guess they'd like tu be in my place a spell, enny how!" (I, for one, did most heartily envy him the position.)

"Yes; but, Josh, you know they will laugh at us," meekly rejoined his companion.

"Let them laugh!" exclaimed the irate lover. "Don't I love you, and don't you love me, and ain't we a-goin' to git married to-morrer?"

Josh at this moment appeared as though a brilliant idea had struck him, for he suddenly bent over and kissed his fair companion square in the mouth.

"There!" said he, exultingly, "ain't that nice? You don't allers git them sort!" Then, turning to the occupants of the car, he exclaimed, "Strangers, me and this young woman have come down from the country to git married. She is a nice gal, and I'm a-goin' to do the right thing by her!"

During the delivery of this concise speech Clara's face was suffused with blushes; noticing which her ardent lover remarked, "Don't git so all-fired red about the gills, Clara. You know that we are a-goin' to be married, and what's the use to fluster up so?"

This last speech settled the business of the passengers. They gave one shout, and relieved their bodies of a charge of laughter that had almost strangled them. At the corner I vacated the car, leaving the happy couple as contented as if the future denoted nothing but sunshine and pleasure—and such I trust it may prove to them.

A YANKEE gentleman, from "away down East," by the name of B——, not long since purchased a farm in York County, Pennsylvania, built himself a pretty little cottage, and became "the aristocratic farmer" of that section. As customary, he removed his family for the summer season to dwell upon his country seat, and enjoy all the luxuries of a country life; but in doing this it was his lot to become acquainted with many of the "low Dutch" inhabitants of that section, who know only enough to "wote enny ticket mit a Shackson on it," and "make Misder Climer in offis." A few days after Mr. B——'s family had become settled in their new home they were called upon by some of the "Dutch dignities," and in the course of conversation the following tribute was paid to the worth of a departed wife:

MRS. B——. "How is your wife, Hans?"

HANS. "Ish haben no vife now."

MRS. B——. "Then you have been married?"

HANS. "Oh, yaw, Ish haben been married, but she be dett now—she be gone!"

MRS. B——. "What a pity! I am very sorry for your lot, Hans—very sorry indeed; but you must remember it is decreed the best of friends must some day part."

HANS. "Her name vas not Lot, ef you bleese; her name vas Shoanna, an' she makes me a gude vife, a very gude vife while she be livin'; she be sich a gude ooman to me an' my farm. Oh, she vas sich a gude worker dat Ish feel her loss very mooch indeedt."

MRS. B——. "But, Hans, you can get another, can't you?"

HANS. "Oh yaw, Ish could haben annudder vife, but den she be not so mooch gude as Shoanna vas to me an' my farm. 'Pon my vort, mam" (puting his hand to his breast), "Ish feels her loss very mooch indeed; she vas wordt to me more as all my children togedder. Do you pleef me ef I shall dell you dat she vas more as haff uf my wordt? You see dat pig parn uf mine shust as you bass my house, on der left uf der hill dare?—vell, Missers B——, dat parn cost me more as dree tousand dollar, unt shust so shure as I lif, I would shust so leaf as dat parn tu be burn down den fur my vife Shoanna to hef died!"

DEAR DRAWER,—The amusing story, related in a recent Number, of the printers who made a mistake on account of the word *who* being spelled *hue* in the "copy," reminds me of a lawyer with whom I became acquainted in Indiana, while teaching school there, some fifteen years ago. Although a very respectable lawyer, yet he had studied his spelling-book a little too carelessly in his younger days. At one session of the court he was engaged in the prosecution of a man for the fraudulent sale of some property, and called the attention of the jury to the dishonest appearance of the defendant as an evidence of his guilt. "Why, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "don't his very looks convict him? Can't you read on his countenance, unmistakably written there, the word f-r-o-a-d, frod?"

THIS lawyer had a brother who was a minister, and who was not only careless in literary matters, but really very ignorant. One Sabbath morning, having selected a text from the first chapter of the second epistle of John, he made the following announcement to his congregation: "Beloved hearers, my text may be found in the one-eyed chapter of two-eyed John." The same man, in writing the word God, always commenced it with a small j. On one occasion, being called upon to speak in a political meeting, he began by saying that he should make only a few *dulcetory* (desultory) remarks.

A TRAVELER, in relating his adventures, told his listeners that he and his servant had made fifty wild Arabs run. Observing the looks of incredulity which greeted this astonishing narration, he added that there was no great matter in it, "for," said he, "we ran, and they ran after us!"

A GOOD parody was that involved in the story of a young English nobleman with a large number of titles and a very small amount of brains. Several young ladies were discussing his many names—Lord this, Viscount that, and so on *ad infinitum*. "My fair friends," said the witty N——, "one of his titles you appear to have forgotten." "Oh!" was the universal exclamation, "what is that?" "He is Barren of Intellect," was the rejoinder.

OF the same character (as far as the insinuation is concerned) a good anecdote is told of a well-known professor at Edinburgh. Walking out one day, he met an individual who had the disagreeable reputation of a fool. "Pray," said the professor, accosting him, "how long can a person live without brains?" "I dinna ken, Sir," replied the fellow, scratching his pate; "how long have you lived yourself?"

A GOOD story is told of the naval hero of the late war, Admiral Farragut. The Drawer can not vouch for its authenticity, but gives it as related by an eminent theologian and divine. Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, is eminent for his devotion to the interests of his diocese, and yet loves to unbend in genial society. One day he was recreating at Newport, and fell into the company of the Admiral. The Bishop was smoking, and politely offered a cigar to his companion. Turning his bronzed face

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upon the Bishop, Farragut soberly remarked: "No, thank you, Bishop; I never *smoke*, but I sometimes *swear* a little!" The answer took the Bishop aback somewhat, but he quickly recovered himself, and replied: "Ah, I see, smoking and swearing don't go together!" It was "diamond cut diamond."

We have in our city (New Haven) a curious genius, J. B——, who might with propriety be called one of the "oldest inhabitants." He is not as much noted for his respect for religion and ministers as for his odd sayings and his attachment to the Democratic party. A few days since he was met on the street by our city missionary, Deacon S——, and the Deacon, thinking B—— was a good subject for missionary labor, asked him, with tender solicitude, "Are you, Mr. B——, in view of your advanced age and that journey which you soon must take, laying up stores above?" "Well, Deacon," replied B——, "I can't exactly tell; but I've always been a good Democrat!"

An Episcopal clergyman, who is on the best of terms with the Presbyterian clergy, happened, when conversing with one of them concerning his spiritual experience among his flock, to inquire whether he did not find certain proceedings somewhat embarrassing. "Now, with us Episcopal ministers," said he, "it is not usual to ask individuals to join in prayer with us, unless upon particular occasions of sickness or distress; whereas with *you*, I understand, it is customary to do so at all times and seasons. Is not the introduction of this matter sometimes a little awkward?"

The Presbyterian, a most excellent and pious man, protested that he did not experience any such feeling; "but," added he, "I confess that when I first entered the ministry a little unpleasantness did arise from the custom of which you speak. Finding myself alone with a member of my congregation—an honest but rather subservient tradesman in a small way of business—I seized the opportunity of improvement, and asked him to unite with me for a few minutes in devotional exercise.

"'Certainly, Sir,' returned he, '*if it's the smallest gratification to you!*' which was, I confess, exceedingly embarrassing."

The anecdotes in the September Drawer of the absent-minded gentleman who threw the pig in the well and so kindly placed the toad in the shade of his carriage and then drove on, bring to mind an incident, affording no little amusement, which occurred when the writer hereof was a boy. Our neighbor S—— had several boys—good fellows too—who one morning, while feeding their stock, caught a rabbit *alive*, which Hiram was carrying home in his arms. Before reaching home another one started up, creating the usual excitement; and with yells that would have done credit to Comanches the boys "went" for him. Whereupon Hiram, stepping into a fence-corner, very carefully set his rabbit down and gave chase with the rest. He discovered his mistake too late: *his* rabbit didn't stay where he set it.

I think, writes a correspondent, that Western New York should contribute to the Drawer, and therefore send an account of an accident that happened to a house-painter and his assistant, some years since, while at work about my house: The painter was Squire W——, a good man, a member of the Church, and, of course, not addicted to swearing himself, albeit "*he swore others;*" his assistant, on the other hand, being a "*terrible swearer*" when his boss was absent. The Squire and his assistant were painting the inside of the roof of the veranda; they were seated on a plank suspended from the roof, with a large pail of paint between them. Suddenly the rope gave way, and down came Squire W—— and the pail of paint squash on the floor, the paint flying about and completely covering the head, face, and person of Squire W——. This was too much for human nature to endure quietly, and Squire W——, springing from his prostrate position, raised his clenched fist, and brought it down with the exclamation: "By—Golly!"—pausing a moment between the two words. His assistant, who for an instant had clung to the roof, dropped beside the excited boss, and raising his fist, and bringing it down with "a vim," exclaimed—"Or something stronger!"

We are afraid the Maine Liquor Law made many "temperance houses" like that of which our correspondent writes as follows:

Dear Drawer,—A few years ago, when the Maine Liquor Law was in full force in Vermont, Judge C——, of ——, was on a journey. He stopped at a tavern in the town of —— for the night. After supper the Judge asked the worthy landlord "for a glass of gin." The landlord said "he was sorry he could not accommodate him. I am obliged by the law to keep a temperance house." It was late, so the Judge could not go on that night, but told the landlord he would leave early the next morning before breakfast. "Very well; I will carry your valise and show you to your room." The Judge was taken to a fine room; the landlord said, "I hope you will be comfortable." There was an open stove in the room, where Judge C—— found a bottle of brandy. He then went to his wash-stand and opened it; he found a bottle of gin, water, glasses, etc. The Judge then went to a cupboard, and there was a bottle of old Bourbon. The Judge, after helping himself, went down and told the landlord he would not leave early. After breakfast the next morning Judge C—— paid his bill, and said to the landlord, "I have been a great opposer of 'temperance houses,' and always refused to stop at one, but I like the hang of yours, and will call whenever I come this way." The landlord said, "I'm sorry I could not let you have some gin last evening; but the law is so strict, and my neighbors keep close watch, so I am obliged to keep a 'temperance house.'"

A Connecticut Yanker sends the two following:

Having occasion to travel over part of this State in a stage-coach, and the roads being very bad, we (the passengers), to relieve the tedium of the journey, resorted to relating anecdotes. One was particularly relished as being "spun" by a reverend gentleman, and I will relate it as nearly as I can in his own words. Said he: "I was stopping a short time since in a country town in Pennsylvania, and while there a short, fat, beer-drinking Dutchman and a young Dutch lady were introduced to me as wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Of course I was willing to give them my help, and after the ceremony was performed and the 'fee' paid, the newly-made bride thought it proper for her to say something to the 'dominie.' Acting

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upon the thought she stepped up to me, and throwing both arms around my neck, she said: 'Oh, doctor, doctor, I feel so goot! I feel so goot!' I thought I was amply repaid for helping them through their difficulty."

Not a great distance from this place there is a certain church, in the congregation of which one old lady is a constant attendant and a devout believer. This old lady had a custom of saying to herself, when any thing pleased her more than usual in the sermon, "Glory to God!" or "Glory, Hallelujah!" One day the minister getting interested and excited, the old lady also partook of the excitement, and commenced to say very loud, "Glory to God!" very much to the surprise of the congregation. Getting excited again, she said, louder yet, "Glory, Hallelujah!" which caused one of the deacons to speak to her, telling her she was disturbing the rest of the people, but she paid him no attention whatever. Suddenly they heard, "Glory to God!" again. This time the deacon said to her if she did it again he should have to take her out of the church. No attention did she pay him, however; and again "Glory to God!" came forth sharp and clear. This, however, exasperated the deacon beyond measure, so, motioning to another of his brethren, they formed a chair of their hands and carried the old lady toward the door. Just as she reached the door she burst forth with: "Glory to God in the highest! I have more honor than my Master! He was carried on one ass, while I have two!"

A FRIEND in Detroit, from whom the Drawer is always glad to hear, gives, as follows, his reminiscences of a distinguished but eccentric man:

Hon. A. B. Woodward, a native of Virginia, was appointed by President Jefferson, in 1805, Chief Justice of Michigan Territory. The Judge was a bachelor, and used to buy a dozen shirts, with broad cambric ruffles, at a time; and would put one of the dozen on, and wear it until it became soiled; then put on shirt No. 2 over the first, and so one after another, until he had the whole twelve upon his person at the same time. When the exterior one was too dirty to wear longer this one was taken off, and No. 11 came into view. Thus he proceeded until the entire lot (save No. 12) had been twice exposed to view. Then the whole dozen were sent to his laundress, and he would lie in bed until they were purified and returned to him, when he would go through the same rotation, month after month, until they were all worn out, and then he got another dozen. The Judge would buy at a slop-shop *one* flannel under-shirt, put it on and wear it, without change and unwashed, until it literally came off him in shreds.

In a newspaper office one hears many good things. I send the Drawer the last *I* heard:

A few days ago a countryman came into the office to pay his subscription. After doing so he loitered round for some time, putting questions about the standing and capabilities of several educational establishments advertised in our paper. One of these was presided over by a gentleman who affixed the letters A.M. to his name. Our countryman was rather multitudinous in his inquiries concerning this institution, and particularly wanted to know if they were good at teaching "figures" there (meaning arithmetic). Rather annoyed at his interminable questioning, at length I said, rather gruffly, pointing to the two magic letters:

"A man that can add those letters to his name surely ought to be able to teach arithmetic."

"Oh! yes, I see!" was the response; "he is a Arithmetical Master! I didn't notice that before."

I retired immediately, that the dignity of the office might not be compromised by my laughter. The countryman retired too, evidently satisfied that that institution was capable of teaching the rising generation how to "figure."

A FRIEND in Missouri says:

Your anecdotes of children I consider the most attractive feature of the Drawer. I am a physician, and was called one morning, not long since, to a gentleman of the village laboring under an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I bled him, and after I was through performed the same operation for another member of the family who was indisposed. One of the little girls, three or four years old, seeing so much blood-letting going on, became alarmed, and, breaking out into tears, asked her mother if the doctor was going to bleed them all? She thought it was like vaccination, and had to go all around.

A BOSTON correspondent sends the two following:

The year 1857 found me on board one of the many ships sent from New Bedford to catch whales. Our officers and crew were mostly ignorant, uneducated persons, and some of them very much so. One of this class, who hailed from Rhode Island, had been christened "Jonathan," from his excessive verdancy. On approaching the "line" Jonathan had been shown it through the telescope (by the old trick of stretching a hair across the glass), and for several days after appeared to be in deep study. On being asked the cause of his thoughtfulness, he replied: "When I'm at home I live close to the line, but I didn't think it run way down here; and, by thunder, I don't see what holds it up!"

WHEN lying in port on the Peruvian coast I was one evening called on deck by Jonathan to see the "greatest sight ever seen;" and on gaining the deck found half a dozen of the crew gazing with astonishment at a comet, and was just in time to hear some one exclaim: "I swon that star's on fire!" One individual suggested it was a *comet*, to which Jonathan replied: "Of course it is; I've seen lots of 'em!" And when his informant ventured to remark that they were not to be seen very often, he continued: "Maybe they ain't out here, but there's any quantity of them in Rhode Island!"

THE sermon which a "Naval Officer" sends to the Drawer has been preached more than once, but it will do no harm to repeat it again, and may do good:

Happening to be in Western New York some years ago, I was induced to go and hear a farewell sermon. The congregation was large, and expectation on tip-toe, because the minister had been unfortunate enough to incur the hostility of a part of his people, and his salary had been but partially paid. This, however, was nothing unusual, and gave point to the following remarks in his discourse:

"The minister that you want here must have three qualifications. First, he must be young and unmarried, that he may be able to accept the salary that you promise; Secondly, he must have a small appetite, to be able to live on what you pay; Third-

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ly, he must be a good man, so that he may live in heaven all the week, come down and preach for you on Sunday, and go back again in time for tea!"

In the spring of 1865 Surgeon C——, United States Volunteers, was stationed at Chattanooga. The Doctor is an Irishman, full of Fenianism, and of a pugilistic temperament. The Doctor paid a visit to Nashville, and, after finishing his business and buying a new uniform, determined to enjoy himself. With several friends he went to see the play at the new theatre. After the second act one of the party getting up, said, "Isn't it time to go and liquor?" Not having heard the phrase before the Doctor was surprised. He sprang up, and doubling his fists and looking around in a very threatening manner, said: "Lick *who?*" It is needless to add the party smiled hugely. The subject is still a very sore one with the Doctor.

The following curious incidents are vouched for by the clerical party who narrates them:

On the first occasion of my interring a parishioner the sexton had made a mistake in the dimensions of the grave, and during the service in church this same clerk coolly came with a piece of tape and measured the coffin, exclaiming to me, by way of apology for the interruption: "I want to see how long er be." He came again a few minutes afterward and repeated this operation, nodding even more familiarly than before: "I want to see how broad er be," said he. But even these most unreasonable interruptions were in vain, for when the body was carried into the church-yard the grave was still too small for its reception. I of course waited for the arrangements to be completed, and endeavored to look as unconscious as I could, while the clerk confidently exhorted me in a broad whisper to "Go on wi' it, bless yer. Why can't ye let us have er when you ha' done wi' er?"

I dare say it will surprise some folk to learn that this man is parish clerk still, although, it is true, with greatly improved manners; and I wish one-half of the folk in my parish were as honest and kind-hearted as he, or as zealous in securing to the Church her proper dues. There is a certain cobbler in the village who, although a worthy fellow, entertains unorthodox opinions, and with whom the clerk is therefore always at variance; and the latter gives me this curious account of his failing to obtain from the son of Crispin our Easter dues:

"I am come for your Easter offering, Mr. Last," observed the ecclesiastical official, looking over the half-door behind which the little cobbler sits cross-legged at his work.

"And what *is* an Easter offering, and why should I give it?" inquired the skeptic.

"Well, never you mind about that; only give it, that's all."

"Won't you step in and take a bit of bacon with me, Mr. Clerk, for I am just a-going to have my dinner?"

"No, thank yer; I want my Easter offering."

"Well, then, take a drap o' summit warm; I've got some ale yonder upon the hob."

The clerk could not help looking wishful, but he replied stoutly, as before, that he only wanted the Easter offering.

"At least you will take a pipe," insisted the cobbler: "here is tobacco and the box of lucifers."

The clerk resolutely shook his head.

"Very well," said the cobbler, with a chuckle; "I've tried ye with a meat-offering, with a drink-offering, and with a *burnt*-offering, and now you will have no other sort of offering from me, I promise ye." And he kept his word.

An English curate says: The first great astonishment that I received after entering upon the duties of my profession was when baptizing a male infant.

"Name this child."

"Nero," replied one of the godfathers, with the greatest gravity.

"My good man," said I, "I do not know whether I am justified in positively refusing to christen your infant by such a name, but I adjure you to pause before you give it him. Nero was a vile and cruel tyrant, and persecuted Christian folk."

"I don't know about that, Sir," replied the father of the child, scratching his head; "but I should like him to have a Bible name."

"But the name of Nero does not occur in the Bible."

"Oh yes, it do, Sir;" and with that he produced a copy of the sacred volume which had been presented to him by my own wife; and certainly the word "Nero" was to be found there, though printed in the margin and in diamond type.

The same clergyman says: It is often very troublesome to a young curate, particularly if unaccustomed to the particular dialect of his parish, to catch the exact name which the sponsor wishes to be conferred, and this difficulty is increased when the word happens to begin with a vowel. A young girl once came to my house to have her name entered in the list of the students for confirmation.

"Very well, my good girl, what is your Christian name?" and I waited, pen in hand, to set it down.

"Anner, Sir."

"Is it Anna or Hannah?" said I.

"Anner, Sir."

"Please to spell it. I want to know whether there is an H in it."

"Yes, Sir: H, HA, HEN, HEN, HA, H."

There were six.

Old Dr. A—— was a quack, and a very ignorant one. On one occasion he was called by mistake to attend a council of physicians in a critical case. After considerable discussion the opinion was expressed by one that the patient was convalescent. When it came Doctor A——'s turn to speak: "*Convalescent!*" said he; "why that's nothing serious; I have cured *convalescence* in twenty-four hours!"

A New England Doctor of Divinity sends the two following:

A very intelligent lady, riding lately in the rear car of a long train, remarked to her companion that the train seemed to move very slowly; and a moment after added, with a most Partingtonian unconsciousness: "But perhaps it's because we are in the *last car!*"

A primary school class being up for examination, the teacher asked: "Now, children, what makes an eclipse?" All silent, with much facial twisting, as if to screw out the mystery. At last a carroty-headed urchin, shutting tightly his eyes, with evident determination "to do or die," jerked out at the top of his voice the singularly true but inappropriate answer: "God Almighty!" There was a profound pause.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CC.—JANUARY, 1867.—Vol. XXXIV.



At the Area Gate.

I walked up from the ferry through
the close and dusty street,
Where all of the meaner forms of
living seemed to meet;
Where children, with faces old and
hardened before their time,
Wrangled and clawed for bones in
the gutter's stagnant slime.

There were rows of the vilest stalls that misery could collect—
The squalid trade that comes with the loss of self-respect—
And kills by its lying pretense of value for value given
The last pure hope that falls from vainly pitying Heaven.

Some cleanness of self-respect at the door of a dwelling lay,
Though pressed by squallor around only half kept at bay;
And behind the area gate on the pavement undefiled
Sat in the narrow shade a white-clad, year-old child.

White by the dusty sidewalk it looked through the iron bars,
Clasped by its pearly fingers, pure as the midnight stars—
Looked with blue-eyed wonder that was terrible to see—
So near to horror, a shade might change it eternally.

But the child was too late from God, too perfect to take the stain
Of the infinite black experience of want and woe and pain;
And the hopeless street grew bright with hopefulness untold,
As on the gate the fingers kept their yet unconscious hold.

Measureless light and beauty transfigured the dismal place,
Shed from the innocence of that wonder-lifted face,
And out of the street the passers carried the golden rays
To their separate devious paths through the city's wastes and ways.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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From *The Fairy Book of All Nations.* By EDOUARD LA BOULAYE, *Member of the Institute of France. Translated by* MARY L. BOOTH. Harper and Brothers.

YVON AND FINETTE.

A FAIRY TALE OF BRITTANY.

I.

ONCE upon a time there lived in Brittany a noble lord, who was called the Baron Kerver. His manor-house was the most beautiful in the province. It was a great Gothic castle, with a groined roof and walls, covered with carving, that looked at a distance like a vine climbing over an arbor. On the first floor six stained glass balcony windows looked out on each side toward the rising and the setting sun. In the morning, when the baron, mounted on his dun mare, went forth into the forest, followed by his tall greyhounds, he saw at each window one of his daughters, with prayer-book in hand, praying for the house of Kerver, and who, with their fair curls, blue eyes, and clasped hands, might have been taken for six Madonnas in an azure niche. At evening, when the sun declined and the baron returned homeward, after riding round his domains, he perceived from afar, in the windows looking toward the west, six sons, with dark locks and eagle gaze, the hope and pride of the family, that might have been taken for six sculptured knights at the portal of a church. For ten leagues round, all who wished to quote a happy father and a powerful lord named the Baron Kerver.



The castle had but twelve windows, and the baron had thirteen children. The last, the one that had no place, was a handsome boy of sixteen, by the name of Yvon. As usual, he was the best beloved. In the morning, at his departure, and at evening, on his return, the baron always found Yvon waiting on the threshold to embrace him. With his hair falling to his waist, his graceful figure, his willful air, and his bold bearing, Yvon was beloved by all the Bretons. At twelve years of age he had bravely attacked and killed a wolf with an axe, which had won him the name of *Fearless*. He deserved the title, for never was there a bolder heart.

One day, when the baron had staid at home, and was amusing himself by breaking a lance with his squire, Yvon entered the armory in a traveling dress, and, bending one knee to the ground,

"My lord and father," said he to the baron, "I come to ask your blessing. The house of Kerver is rich in knights, and has no need

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of a child; it is time for me to go to seek my fortune. I wish to go to distant countries to try my strength, and to make myself a name."

"You are right, Fearless," replied the baron, more moved than he wished to appear. "I will not keep you back; I have no right to do so; but you are very young, my child; perhaps it would be better for you to stay another year with us."



"I am sixteen, my father; at that age you had already fought one of the proudest lords of the country. I have not forgotten that our arms are a unicorn ripping up a lion, and our motto Onward! I do not wish the Kervers to blush for their last child."

Yvon received his father's blessing, shook hands with his brothers, embraced his sisters, bid adieu to all the weeping vassals, and set out with a light heart.

Nothing stopped him on his way. A river appeared, he swam it; a mountain, he climbed it; a forest, he made his way through it with the sun for a guide. *On—the Kerver!* he cried, whenever he met with an obstacle, and went straight forward in spite of every thing.

For three years he had been roaming over the world in search of adventures, sometimes conquering, sometimes conquered, always bold and gay, when he received an offer to go to fight the heathen of Norway. To kill unbelievers and to conquer a kingdom was a double pleasure. Yvon enlisted twelve brave comrades, freighted a ship, and hoisted from the main-mast a blue standard, with the unicorn and motto of the Kervers.

The sea was calm, the wind fair, and the night serene. Yvon, stretched on the deck, watched the stars, and sought the one which cast its trembling light on his father's castle. All at once the vessel struck upon a rock; a terrible crash was heard; the sails fell like tinder; and an enormous wave burst over the deck, and swept away every thing upon it.

"*On—the Kerver!*" cried Yvon, as soon as his head appeared above the water; and he began to swim as tranquilly as if he had been bathing in the lake of the old castle. Happily the moon was rising. Yvon saw, at a little distance, a black speck among the silvery waves—it was land. He approached it, not without difficulty, and finally succeeded in gaining a foothold. Dripping wet, exhausted with fatigue, and out of breath, he dragged himself on the sand; then, without more anxiety, said his prayers, and went to sleep.

II.

In the morning, on awaking, Yvon tried to discover in what country he had been cast. He saw in the distance a house as large as a church, with windows fifty feet in height. He walked a whole day before reaching it, and at last found himself in front of an immense door, with a knocker so heavy that it was impossible for a man to lift it.

Yvon took a great stone and began to knock. "Come in!" cried a voice, that sounded like the roar of a bull. At the same instant the door opened, and the little Breton found himself in the presence of a giant not less than forty feet in height.

"What is your name, and what do you want here?" said the giant, taking up Yvon between his thumb and finger, and lifting him from the ground so as to see him better.

"My name is Fearless, and I am seeking my fortune," answered Yvon, looking at the monster with an air of defiance.

"Well, brave Fearless, your fortune is made," said the giant, in a mocking tone. "I am in need of a servant, and I will give you the place. You can go to work directly. This is the time for leading my sheep to the pasture; you may clean the stable while I am gone. I shall give you nothing else to do," added he, bursting into a laugh. "You see that I am a good master. Do your task, and, above all things, don't prowl about the house, or it will cost you your life."

"Certainly I have a good master; the work is not hard," thought Yvon, when the giant was gone. "I have plenty of time to sweep the stable. What shall I do meanwhile to amuse myself? Shall I look about the house? Since I am forbidden to do so, it must be because there is something to see."

He entered the first room, and saw a large fire-place, in which a great pot was hanging, suspended from a hook. The pot was boiling, but there was no fire on the hearth.

"What does this mean?" thought Yvon;

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"there is some mystery here." He cut off a lock of his hair, dipped it into the pot, and took it out all coated with copper.

"Oh, oh!" cried he, "this is a new kind of soup: any body that swallows it must have an iron-clad stomach."

He went into the next room; there also a pot was suspended from a hook, and boiling without fire. Yvon dipped a lock of hair into it, and took it out all coated with silver.

"The broth is not so rich as this in the Kerver kitchen," thought he, "but it may have a better taste."

Upon this, he entered the third room. There also a pot was suspended from a hook, and boiling without fire. Yvon dipped a lock of hair into it, and took it out all coated with gold. It shone so brightly that it might have been mistaken for a sunbeam.

"Good!" cried he. "In our country the old women have a saying, 'Every thing gets worse and worse;' here it is just the contrary, every thing gets better and better. What shall I find in the fourth room, I wonder—diamond soup?"

He pushed open the door, and saw something rarer than precious stones. This was a young woman of such marvelous beauty that Yvon, dazzled, fell on his knees at the sight.

"Unfortunate youth!" cried she, in a trembling voice, "what are you doing here?"

"I belong to the house," answered Yvon; "the giant took me into his service this morning."

"His service!" repeated the young girl. "May Heaven preserve you from it!"

"Why so?" said Yvon. "I have a good master; the work is not hard. The stable once swept, my task is finished."

"Yes, and how will you set to work to sweep it?" said the lady. "If you sweep it in the usual way, for every forkful of dung that you throw out of the door ten will come in at the window. But I will tell you what to do. Turn the fork and sweep with the handle, and the dung will instantly fly out of itself."

"I will obey," said Yvon; upon which he sat down by the young girl and began to talk with her. She was the daughter of a fairy, whom the wretched giant had made his slave. Friendship soon springs up between companions in misfortune. Before the end of the day Finette (for that was the lady's name) and Yvon had already promised to belong to each other, if they could escape from their abominable master. The difficulty was to find the means.

Time passes quickly in this kind of talk. Evening was approaching, when Finette sent away her new friend, advising him to sweep the stable before the giant came home.

Yvon took down the fork, and attempted to use it as he had seen it done at his father's castle. He soon had enough of it. In less than a second there was so much dung in the stable that the poor boy knew not which way to turn. He did as Finette had bid him; he turned the fork and swept with the handle, when behold! in the twinkling of an eye the stable was as clean as if no cattle had ever entered it.

The task finished, Yvon seated himself on a bench before the door of the house. As soon as he saw the giant coming he lolled back in his seat, crossed his legs, and began to sing one of his native airs.

"Have you cleaned the stable?" asked the giant, with a frown.

"Every thing is ready, master," answered Yvon, without troubling himself to move.

"I am going to see for myself," howled the giant. He entered the stable grumbling, found every thing in order, and came out furious.

"You have seen my Finette," cried he; "this trick did not come from your own head."

"What is myfinette?" asked Yvon, opening his mouth and shutting his eyes. Is it one of the animals that you have in this country? Show it to me, master."

"Hold your tongue, fool!" replied the giant; "you will see her sooner than you will want to."

The next morning the giant gathered his sheep together to lead them to the pasture; but, before setting out, he ordered Yvon to go in the course of the day in search of his horse, which was turned out to graze on the mountain. "After that," said he, bursting into a laugh, "you can rest all day long. You see that I am a good master. Do your task; and, above all things, don't prowl about the house, or I will cut off your head."

Yvon winked his eye as the giant left. "Yes, you are a good master," said he, between his teeth. "I understand your tricks; but, in spite of your threats, I shall go into the house and talk with your Finette. It remains to be seen whether she will not be more mine than yours."

He ran to the young girl's room. "Hurrah!" cried he; "I have nothing to do all day but to go to the mountain after a horse."

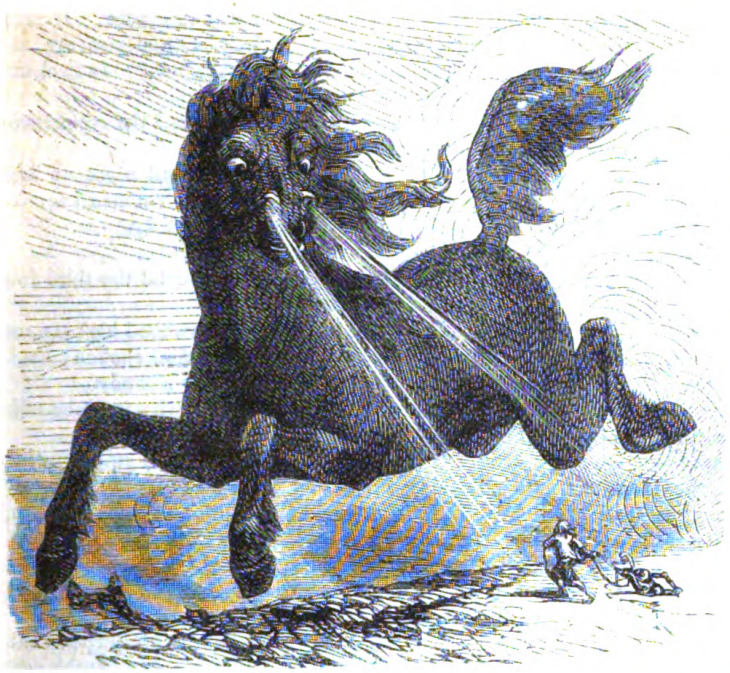
"Very well," said Finette; "how will you set to work to ride him?"

"A fine question," returned Yvon. "As if it was a difficult thing to ride a horse! I fancy that I have ridden worse ones than this."

"It is not so easy as you think," replied Finette; "but I will tell you what to do. Take the bit that hangs behind the stable-door, and, when the animal rushes toward you breathing fire and smoke from his nostrils, force it straight between his teeth; he will instantly become as gentle as a lamb, and you can do what you please with him."

"I will obey," said Yvon; upon which he sat down by the side of Finette and began to talk with her. They talked of every thing; but, however far their fancy strayed, they always came back to the point that they were promised to each other, and that they must escape from the giant. Time passes quickly in this kind of talk. The evening drew nigh. Yvon had forgotten the horse and the mountain, and Finette was obliged to send him away,

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advising him to bring back the animal before his master's arrival.

Yvon took down the bit that was hidden behind the stable-door and hastened to the mountain, when lo! a horse almost as large as an elephant rushed toward him at full gallop, breathing fire and smoke from his nostrils. Yvon firmly awaited the huge animal, and, the moment he opened his enormous jaws, thrust between them the bit, when lo! the horse instantly became as gentle as a lamb. Yvon made him kneel down, sprang on his back, and tranquilly returned home.

His task finished, Yvon seated himself on the bench before the door of the house. As soon as he saw the giant coming he lolled back in his seat, crossed his legs, and began to sing one of his native airs.

"Have you brought back the horse?" asked the giant, with a frown.

"Yes, master," answered Yvon, without taking the trouble to move. "He is a fine animal, and does you credit. He is gentle, well-trained, and as quiet as a lamb. He is feeding yonder in the stable."

"I am going to see for myself," howled the giant. He entered the stable grumbling, found every thing in order, and came out furious.

"You have seen my Finette," said he; "this trick did not come from your own head."

"Oh, master," returned Yvon, opening his mouth and shutting his eyes, "it is the same story over again. What is this myfinette? Once for all, show me this monster."

"Hold your tongue, fool,' returned the giant; "you will see her sooner than you will want to."

The third day, at dawn, the giant gathered his sheep together to lead them to the pasture; but, before setting out, he said to Yvon:

"To-day you must go to the bottomless pit to collect my rent. After that," continued he, bursting into a laugh, "you may rest all day long.—You see that I am a good master."

"A good master, so be it," murmured Yvon, "but the task is none the less hard. I will go and see my Finette, as the giant says; I have great need of her help to get through to-day's business."

When Finette had learned what was the task of the day, "Well," said she, "how will you go to work to do it?"

"I don't know," said Yvon, sadly; "I have never been to the bottomless pit, and, even if I knew the way there, I should not know what to ask for. Tell me what to do."

"Do you see that great rock yonder?" said Finette; "that is one of the gates of the bottomless pit. Take this stick, knock three times on the stone, and a demon will come out all streaming with flames, who will ask you how much you want. Take care to answer, 'No more than I can carry.'"

"I will obey," said Yvon; upon which he took a seat by the side of Finette, and began to talk with her. He would have been there till this time if the young girl had not sent him to the great rock, when the evening drew nigh, to execute the giant's commands.

On reaching the spot pointed out to him, Yvon found a great block of granite. He struck it three times with the stick, when lo! the rock opened, and a demon came forth all streaming with flames.

"What do you want?" he cried.

"I have come for the giant's rent," answered Yvon, calmly.

"How much do you want?"

"I never want any more than I can carry," replied the Breton.

"It is well for you that you do not," returned the man in flames. "Enter this cavern, and you will find what you want."

Yvon entered, and opened his eyes wide. Every where he saw nothing but gold, silver, diamonds, carbuncles, and emeralds. They were as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. The young Kerver filled a sack, threw it across his shoulder, and tranquilly returned home.

His task finished, our Breton seated himself on the bench before the door of the house. As

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soon as he saw the giant coming he lolled back in his seat, crossed his legs, and began to sing one of his native airs.

"Have you been to the bottomless pit to collect my rent?" asked the giant, with a frown.

"Yes, master," answered Yvon, without taking the trouble to stir. "The sack is there right before your eyes; you can count it."

"I am going to see for myself," howled the giant. He untied the strings of the sack, which was so full that the gold and silver rolled in all directions.

"You have seen my Finette," he cried; "this trick did not come from your own head."

"Don't you know but one song?" said Yvon, opening his mouth and shutting his eyes. "It is the old story, myfinette, myfinette. Once for all, show me this thing."

"Well, well," roared the giant with fury, "wait till to-morrow, and you shall make her acquaintance."

"Thank you, master," said Yvon. "It is very good of you; but I see from your face that you are laughing at me."

III.

The next morning the giant went out without giving Yvon any orders, which troubled Finette. At noon he returned without his flock, complaining of the heat and fatigue, and said to the young girl:

"You will find a child, my servant, at the door. Cut his throat, put him into the great pot to boil, and call me when the broth is ready." Saying this, he stretched himself on the bed to take a nap, and was soon snoring so loud that it seemed like thunder shaking the mountains.

Finette prepared a log of wood, took a large knife, and called Yvon. She pricked his little finger; three drops of blood fell on the log.

"That is enough," said Finette; "now help me to fill the pot."

They threw into it all that they could find—old clothes, old shoes, old carpets, and every thing else. Finette then took Yvon by the hand, and led him through the three antechambers, where she ran in a mould three bullets of gold, two bullets of silver, and one bullet of copper, after which they quitted the house and ran toward the sea.

"*On—the Kerver!*" cried Yvon, as soon as he saw himself in the country. "Explain yourself, dear Finette; what farce are we playing now?"

"Let us run—let us run!" she cried; "if we do not quit this wretched island before night it is all over with us."

"*On—the Kerver!*" replied Yvon, laughing, "and down with the giant!"

When he had snored a full hour, the giant stretched his limbs, half opened one eye, and cried, "Is it ready?"

"It is just beginning to boil," answered the first drop of blood on the log.

The giant turned over, and snored louder than ever for an hour or two longer. Then he stretched his limbs, half opened one eye, and cried out, "Do you hear me? Is it almost ready?"

"It is half done," answered the second drop of blood on the log.

The giant turned over, and slept an hour longer. Then he yawned, stretched his great limbs, and cried out, impatiently,

"Isn't it ready yet?"

"It is ready now," answered the third drop of blood on the log.

The giant sat up in bed, rubbed his eyes, and looked around to see who had spoken; but it was in vain to look; he saw nobody.

"Finette," howled he, "why isn't the table set?"

There was no answer. The giant, furious, sprang out of bed, seized a ladle, which looked like a caldron with a pitchfork for a handle, and plunged it into the pot to taste the soup.

"Finette!" howled he, "you haven't salted it. What sort of a soup is this? I see neither meat nor vegetables."

No; but, in return, he saw his carpet, which had not quite all boiled to pieces. At this sight he fell into such a fit of rage that he could not keep his feet.

"Villains!" said he, "you have played a fine trick on me; but you shall pay for it."

He rushed out with a stick in his hand, and strode along at such a rate that in a quarter of an hour he discovered the two fugitives still far from the sea-shore. He uttered such a cry of joy that the earth shook for twelve leagues around.

Finette stopped, trembling. Yvon clasped her to his heart.

"*On—the Kerver!*" said he; "the sea is not far off; we shall be there before our enemy."

"Here he is! here he is!" cried Finette, pointing to the giant not a hundred yards off; "we are lost if this charm does not save us."

She took the copper bullet and threw it on the ground, saying,

"Copper bullet, save us, pray,
Stop the giant on his way."

And behold, the earth cracked apart with a terrific noise, and an enormous fissure, a bottomless pit, stopped the giant just as he was stretching out his hand to seize his prey.

"Let us fly!" cried Finette, grasping the arm of Yvon, who was gazing at the giant with a swaggering air, defying him to come on.

The giant ran backward and forward along the abyss like a bear in his cage, seeking a passage every where and finding none; then, with a furious jerk, he tore up an immense oak by the roots, and flung it across the gap. The branches of the oak nearly crushed the children as it fell. The giant seated himself astride the huge tree, which bent under his weight, and crept slowly along, suspended between heaven and earth, entangled as he was among the branches. When he reached the other side,

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Yvon and Finette were already on the shore, with the sea rolling before them.

Alas! there was neither bark nor ship. The fugitives were lost. Yvon, always brave, picked up stones to attack the giant, and to sell his life dearly. Finette, trembling with fear, threw one of the silver bullets into the sea, saying,

"Silver bullet, bright and pliant,
Save us from this frightful giant."

Scarcely had she spoken the magic words when a beautiful ship rose from the waves like a swan spreading its white wings. Yvon and Finette plunged into the sea; a rope was thrown them by an invisible hand; and when the furious giant reached the shore the ship was receding rapidly at full sail, leaving behind it a long furrow of shining foam.

Giants do not like the water. This fact is certified to by old Homer, who knew Polyphemus; and the same observation will be found in all natural histories worthy of the name. Finette's master resembled Polyphemus. He roared with rage when he saw his slaves about to escape him. He ran hesitatingly along the



shore; he flung huge masses of rock after the vessel, which happily fell by the side of it, and only made great black holes in the water; and, finally, mad with anger, he plunged head foremost into the sea, and began to swim after the ship with frightful speed. At each stroke he advanced forty feet, blowing like a whale, and like a whale cleaving the waves. By degrees he gained on his enemies; one more effort would bring him within reach of the rudder, and already he was stretching out his arm to seize it, when Finette threw the second silver bullet into the sea, and cried, in tears,

"Silver bullet, bright and pliant,
Save us from this frightful giant."

Suddenly from the midst of the foam darted forth a gigantic sword-fish, with a sword at least twenty feet in length. It rushed straight toward the giant, who scarcely had time to dive, chased him under the water, pursued him on the top of the waves, followed him closely whichever way he turned, and forced him to flee as fast as he could to his island, where he finally landed with the greatest difficulty, and fell upon the shore dripping, worn out, and conquered.

"*On — the Kerver!*" cried Yvon; "we are saved."

"Not yet," said Finette, trembling. "The giant has a witch for a godmother; I fear that she will revenge on me the insult offered to her godson. My art tells me, my dear Yvon, that if you quit me a single instant until you give me your name in the chapel of the Kervers, I have every thing to dread."

"By the unicorn of my ancestors," cried Yvon, "you have the heart of a hare and not of a hero! Am I not here? Am I going to abandon you? Do you believe that Providence has saved us from the fangs of that monster to wreck us in port?"

He laughed so gayly that Finette laughed in turn at the terror that had seized her.

IV.

The rest of the voyage passed off admirably. An invisible hand seemed to impel the ship onward. Twenty days after their departure the boat landed Yvon and Finette near Kerver Castle. Once on shore, Yvon turned to thank the crew. No one was there. Both boat and ship had vanished under the waves, leaving no trace behind but a gull on the wing.

Yvon recognized the spot where he had so often gathered shells and chased the crabs to their holes when a child. Half an hour's walk would bring him in sight of the towers of the old castle. His heart beat; he looked tenderly at Finette, and saw, for the first time, that her dress was fantastic, and unworthy of a woman about to enter the noble house of Kerver.

"My dear child," said he, "the baron, my father, is a noble lord, accustomed to be treated with respect. I can not introduce you to him in this gipsy dress; neither is it fitting that you should enter our great castle on foot like a peasant. Wait for me a few moments, and I will bring you a horse and one of my sister's dresses. I wish you to be received like a lady of high degree. I wish my father himself to meet you

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on your arrival, and hold it an honor to give you his hand."

"Yvon, Yvon!" cried Finette, "do not quit me, I beg you. Once returned to your castle, I know that you will forget me!"

"Forget you!" exclaimed Yvon. "If any one else were to offer me such an insult I would teach him with my sword to suspect a Kerver. Forget you, my Finette! you do not know the fidelity of a Breton."

That the Bretons are faithful no one doubts; but that they are still more headstrong is a justice that none will deny them. It was useless for poor Finette to plead in her most loving tones; she was forced to yield. She resigned herself with a heavy heart, and said to Yvon:

"Go without me, then, to your castle, but only stay long enough to speak to your friends; then go straight to the stable, and return as soon as possible. You will be surrounded by people; act as if you saw no one, and above all, do not eat or drink any thing whatever. Should you take only a glass of water evil would come upon us both."

Yvon promised and swore all that Finette asked, but he smiled in his heart at this feminine weakness. He was sure of himself; and he thought with pride how different a Breton was from those fickle Frenchmen, whose words, they say, are borne away by the first breath of the wind.

On entering the old castle he could scarcely recognize its dark walls. All the windows were festooned with leaves and flowers within and without; the court-yard was strewn with fragrant grass; on one side were spread tables groaning under their weight; on the other, musicians, mounted on casks, were playing merry airs. The vassals, dressed in their holiday attire, were singing and dancing, and dancing and singing. It was a great day of rejoicing at the castle. The baron himself was smiling. It is true that he had just married his fifth daughter to the Knight of Kervalec. This marriage added another quartering to the illustrious escutcheon of the Kervers.

Yvon, recognized and welcomed by all the crowd, was instantly surrounded by his relatives, who embraced him and shook him by the hand. Where had he been? Where did he come from? Had he conquered a kingdom, a duchy, or a barony? Had he brought the bride the jewels of some queen? Had the fairies protected him? How many rivals had he overthrown? All these questions were showered upon him without reply. Yvon respectfully kissed his father's hand, hastened to his sisters' chamber, took two of their finest dresses, went to the stable, saddled a pony, mounted a beautiful Spanish jennet, and was about to quit the castle, when he found his relatives, friends, squires, and vassals all standing in his way, their glasses in their hands, ready to drink their young lord's health and his safe return.

Yvon gracefully thanked them, bowed, and made his way by degrees through the crowd, when, just as he was about to cross the drawbridge, a fair-haired lady, with a haughty and disdainful air, a stranger to him, a sister of the bridegroom, perhaps, approached him, holding a pomegranate in her hand.

"My handsome knight," said she, with a singular smile, "you surely will not refuse a lady's first request. Taste this pomegranate, I entreat you. If you are neither hungry nor thirsty after so long a journey, I suppose at least that you have not forgotten the laws of politeness."

Yvon dared not refuse this appeal. He was very wrong. Scarcely had he tasted the pomegranate when he looked round him like a man waking from a dream.

"What am I doing on this horse?" thought he. "What means this pony that I am leading? Is not my place in my father's house at my sister's wedding? Why should I quit the castle?"

He threw the bridle to one of the grooms, leaped lightly to the ground, and offered his hand to the fair-haired lady, who accepted him as her attendant on the spot, and gave him her bouquet to hold as a special mark of favor.

Before the evening was over there was another betrothed couple in the castle. Yvon had pledged his faith to the unknown lady, and Finette was forgotten.

V.

Poor Finette, seated on the sea-shore, waited all day long for Yvon, but Yvon did not come. The sun was setting in the fiery waves, when Finette rose, sighing, and took the way to the castle in her turn. She had not walked long in a steep road, bordered with thorn trees in blossom, when she found herself in front of a wretched hut, at the door of which stood an old woman about to milk her cow. Finette approached her, and making a low courtesy, begged a shelter for the night.

The old woman looked at the stranger from head to foot. With her buskins trimmed with fur, her full red petticoat, her blue jacket edged with jet, and her diadem, Finette looked more like an Egyptian princess than a Christian. The old woman frowned, and shaking her fist in the face of the poor forsaken girl, "Begone, witch!" she cried; "there is no room for you in this honest house."

"My good mother," said Finette, "give me only a corner of the stable."

"Oh," said the old woman, laughing, and showing the only tooth she had left, which projected from her mouth like a bear's tusk, "so you want a corner of the stable, do you? Well, you shall have it if you will fill my milk-pail with gold."

"It is a bargain," said Finette, quietly. She opened a leather purse which she wore at her belt, took from it a golden bullet, and threw it into the milk-pail, saying:

"Golden bullet, precious treasure,
Save me, if it be thy pleasure."

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And behold the pieces of gold began to dance about in the pail; they rose higher and higher, flapping about like fish in a net, while the old woman on her knees gazed with wonder at the sight.

When the pail was full the old woman rose, put her arm through the handle, and said to Finette, "Madam, all is yours, the house, the cow, and all the rest. Hurrah! I am going to the town to live like a lady with nothing to do. Oh dear, how I wish I were not more than sixty!" And, shaking her crutch, without looking backward, she set out on a run toward Kerver Castle.

Finette entered the house. It was a wretched hovel, dark, low, damp, bad-smelling, and full of dust and spiders' webs—a horrible refuge for a woman accustomed to living in the giant's grand castle. Without seeming troubled, Finette went to the hearth, on which a few green boughs were smoking, took another golden bullet from her purse, and threw it into the fire, saying,

"Golden bullet, precious treasure,
Save me, if it be thy pleasure."

The gold melted, bubbled up, and spread all over the house like running water, and behold, the whole cottage, the walls, the thatch, the wooden rocking-chair, the stool, the chest, the bed, the cow's horns, every thing, even to the spiders in their webs, was turned to gold. The house shone in the moonlight, among the trees, like a star in the night.

When Finette had milked the cow and drank a little new milk, she threw herself on the bed without undressing, and, worn out by the fatigue of the day, fell asleep in the midst of her tears.

Old women do not know how to hold their tongues, at least in Brittany. Finette's hostess had scarcely reached the village when she hastened to the house of the steward. He was an important personage, who had more than once made her tremble when she had driven her cow into her neighbor's pasture by mistake. The steward listened to the old woman's story, shook his head, and said that it looked like witchcraft; then he mysteriously brought a pair of scales and weighed the guineas, which he found to be genuine and of full weight, kept as many of them as he could, and advised the owner to tell no one of this strange adventure. "If it should come to the ears of the bailiff or the seneschal," said he, "the least that would happen to you, mother, would be to lose every one of these beautiful bright guineas. Justice is impartial; it knows neither favor nor repugnance; it takes the whole."

The old woman thanked the steward for his advice, and promised to follow it. She kept her word so well that she only told her story that evening to two neighbors, her dearest friends, both of whom swore on the heads of their little children to keep it secret. It was a solemn oath, and so well kept that at noon the next day there was not a boy of six in the village that did not point his finger at the old woman, while the very dogs seemed to bark in their language, "Here is the old woman with her guineas."

A girl that amuses herself by filling milk-pails with gold is not to be found every day. Even though she should be something of a witch, such a girl would none the less be a treasure in a family. The steward, who was a bachelor, made this wise reflection that night on going to bed. Before dawn he rose to make his rounds in the direction of the stranger's cottage. By the first gleam of day he spied something shining in the distance like a light among the woods. On reaching the place he was greatly surprised to find a golden cottage instead of the wretched hut that had stood there the day before. But, on entering the house, he was much more surprised and delighted to find a beautiful young girl, with raven hair, sitting by the window, and spinning from her distaff with the air of an empress.

Like all men, the steward did himself justice, and knew, at the bottom of his heart, that there was not a woman in the world that would not be too happy to give him her hand. Without hesitating, therefore, he declared to Finette that he had come to marry her. The young girl burst out laughing, upon which the steward flew into a passion.

"Take care!" said he, in a terrible voice; "I am the master here. No one knows who you are or whence you came. The gold that you gave the old woman has raised suspicions. There is magic in this house. If you do not accept me for a husband this very instant I will arrest you, and before night, perhaps, a witch will be burned before Kerver Castle."

"You are very amiable," said Finette, with a charming grimace; "you have a peculiar way of paying court to ladies. Even when they have decided not to refuse, a gallant man spares their blushes."

"We Bretons are plain-spoken people," replied the steward; "we go straight to the point. Marriage or prison, which do you choose?"

"Oh!" cried Finette, laying down the distaff, "there are the fire-brands falling all over the room."

"Don't trouble yourself," said the steward, "I will pick them up."

"Lay them carefully on the top of the ashes," returned Finette. "Have you the tongs?"

"Yes," said the steward, picking up the crackling coals.

"*Abracadabra!*" cried Finette, rising. "Villain, may the tongs hold you, and may you hold the tongs till sunset!"

No sooner said than done. The wicked steward stood there all day with the tongs in his hand, picking up and throwing back the burning coals that snapped in his face, and the hot ashes that flew in his eyes. It was useless for him to shout, pray, weep, and blaspheme;

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no one heard him. If Finette had staid at home she would doubtless have taken pity on him; but after putting the spell upon him she hastened to the sea-shore, where, forgetting every thing else, she watched for Yvon in vain.



The moment that the sun set the tongs fell from the steward's hand. He did not stop to finish his errand, but ran as if the devil or justice were at his heels. He made such leaps, he uttered such groans, he was so blackened, scorched, and benumbed, that every one in the village was afraid of him, thinking that he was mad. The boldest tried to speak to him, but he fled without answering, and hid himself in his house, more ashamed than a wolf that has left his paw in the trap.

At evening, when Finette returned home in despair, instead of the steward she found another visitor little less formidable. The bailiff had heard the story of the guineas, and had also made up his mind to marry the stranger. He was not rough, like the steward, but a fat, good-natured man, that could not speak without bursting into a laugh, showing his great yellow teeth, and puffing and blowing like an ox, though at heart he was not less obstinate or less threatening than his predecessor. Finette entreated the bailiff to leave her alone. He laughed, and hinted to her, in a good-natured way, that, by right of his office, he had the power to imprison and hang people without process of law. She clasped her hands, and begged him with tears to go. For his only answer he took a roll of parchment from his pocket, wrote on it a contract of marriage, and declared to Finette that, should he stay all night, he would not leave the house till she had signed the promise.

"Nevertheless," said he, "if you do not like my person, I have another parchment here on which I will write an agreement to live apart; and if my sight annoys you, you have only to shut your eyes."

"Why," said Finette, "I might decide to do as you wish if I were sure of finding a good husband in you; but I am afraid."

"Of what, my dear child?" asked the bailiff, smiling, and already as proud as a peacock.

"Do you think," said she, with a pettish air, "that a good husband would leave that door wide open, and not know that his wife was freezing with cold?"

"You are right, my dear," said the bailiff; "it was very stupid in me. I will go and shut it."

"Have you hold of the knob?" asked Finette.

"Yes, my charmer," answered the happy bailiff; "I am just shutting the door."

"*Abracadabra!*" cried Finette. "May you hold the door, villain, and may the door hold you till daybreak."

And behold, the door opened and shut, and slammed against the walls like an eagle flapping its wings. You may judge what a dance the poor captive kept up all night. Never had he tried such a waltz, and I imagine that he never wished to dance a second one of the same sort. Sometimes the door swung open with him in the street; sometimes it flew back and crushed him against the wall. He swung backward and forward, screaming, swearing, weeping, and praying, but all in vain; the door was deaf, and Finette asleep.

At daybreak his hands unclasped, and he fell into the road head foremost. Without waiting to finish his errand, he ran as if the Moors were after him. He did not even turn round for fear that the door might be at his heels. Fortunately for him, all were still asleep when he reached the village, and he could hide himself in bed without any one seeing his deplorable plight. This was a great piece of good fortune for him, for he was covered with whitewash from head to foot, and so pale, haggard, and trembling that he might have been taken for the ghost of a miller escaped from the infernal regions.

When Finette opened her eyes she saw by her bedside a tall man dressed in black, with a velvet cap and a sword. It was the seneschal of the barony of Kerver. He stood with his arms folded, gazing at Finette in a way that chilled the very marrow of her bones.

"What is your name, vassal?" said he, in a voice of thunder.

"Finette, at your service, my lord," replied she, trembling.

"Is this house and furniture yours?"

"Yes, my lord, every thing, at your service."

"I mean that it shall be at my service," returned the seneschal, sternly. "Rise, vassal! I do you the honor to marry you, and to take yourself, your person, and your property under my guardianship."

"My lord," returned Finette, "this is much too great an honor for a poor girl like me, a stranger, without friends or kindred."

"Be silent, vassal!" replied the seneschal. "I am your lord and master; I have nothing to do with your advice. Sign this paper."

"My lord," said Finette, "I don't know how to write."

"Do you think that I do, either?" returned

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the seneschal, in a voice that shook the house. "Do you take me for a clerk? A cross—that is the signature of gentlemen."

He made a large cross on the paper, and handed the pen to Finette.

"Sign," said he. "If you are afraid to make a cross, infidel, you pass your own death sentence, and I shall take on myself to execute it. He drew his heavy sword from the scabbard as he spoke, and threw it on the table.

For her only answer Finette leaped out of the window and ran to the stable. The seneschal pursued her thither; but, on attempting to enter, an unexpected obstacle stopped him. The frightened cow had backed at the sight of the young girl, and stood in the doorway with Finette clinging to her horns, and making of her a sort of buckler.

"You shall not escape me, sorceress!" cried the seneschal, and, with a grasp like that of Hercules, he seized the cow by the tail, and dragged her out of the stable.



"*Abracadabra!*" cried Finette. "May the cow's tail hold on, villain, and may you hold the cow's tail till you have both been around the world together."

"And behold, the cow darted off like lightning, dragging the unhappy seneschal after her. Nothing stopped the two inseparable comrades; they rushed over mountains and valleys, crossed marshes, rivers, quagmires, and brakes, glided over the seas without sinking, were frozen in Siberia and scorched in Africa, climbed the Himalayas, descended Mont Blanc, and at length, after thirty-six hours of a journey, the like of which had never been seen, both stopped out of breath in the public square of the village.



A seneschal harnessed to a cow's tail is a sight not to be seen every day; and all the peasants in the neighborhood crowded together to wonder at the spectacle. But, torn as he was by the cactuses of Barbary and the thickets of Tartary, the seneschal had lost nothing of his haughty air. With a threatening gesture he dispersed the rabble, and limped to his house to taste the repose of which he began to feel the need.

VI.

While the steward, the bailiff, and the seneschal were experiencing these little unpleasantnesses, of which they did not think it proper to boast, preparations were being made for a great event at Kerver Castle, namely, the marriage of Yvon and the fair-haired lady. Two days had passed in these preparations, and all the friends of the family had gathered together for twenty leagues round, when, one fine morning, Yvon and his bride, with the Baron and Baroness Kerver, took their seats in a great carriage adorned with flowers, and set out for the celebrated church of St. Madore.

A hundred knights, in full armor, mounted on horses decked with ribbons, rode on each side of the betrothed couple, each with his vizor raised and his lance at rest in token of honor. By the side of each baron, a squire, also on horseback, carried the seigniorial banner. At the head of the procession rode the seneschal, with a gilded staff in his hand. Behind the carriage gravely walked the bailiff, followed by the vassals, while the steward railed at the serfs, a noisy and curious rabble.

As they were crossing a brook, a league from the castle, one of the traces of the carriage broke, and they were forced to stop. The accident repaired, the coachman cracked his whip, and the horses started with such force that the new trace broke in three pieces. Six times this provoking piece of wood was replaced, and six times it broke anew, without drawing the carriage from the hole where it was wedged.

Every one had a word of advice to offer; even the peasants, as wheel-wrights and carpenters, were not the last to make a show of their knowledge. This gave the steward courage; he approached the baron, took off his cap, and, scratching his head,

"My lord," said he, "in the house that you see shining yonder among the trees, there lives a woman who does things that nobody else can do. Only persuade her to lend you her tongs, and, in my opinion, they will hold till morning."

The baron made a sign, and ten peasants ran to the cottage of Finette, who very obligingly lent them her gold tongs. They were put in the place of the trace; the coachman cracked his whip, and off went the carriage like a feather.

Every one rejoiced, but the joy did not last long. A hundred steps farther, lo! the bottom of the carriage gave way; little more, and

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the noble Kerver family would have sunk quite out of sight. The wheel-wrights and the carpenters set to work at once; they sawed planks, nailed them down fast, and in the twinkling of an eye repaired the accident. The coachman cracked his whip, and the horses started, when behold, half of the carriage was left behind; the Baroness Kerver sat motionless by the side of the bride, while Yvon and the baron were carried off at full gallop. Here was a new difficulty. Three times was the carriage mended, three times it broke anew. There was every reason to believe that it was enchanted.

Every one had a word of advice to offer. This gave the bailiff courage. He approached the baron, and said, with a low tone,

"My lord, in the house that you see shining yonder among the trees, there lives a woman who does things such as nobody else can do. Only persuade her to lend you her door for the bottom of the carriage, and, in my opinion, it will hold till morning."

The baron made a sign, and twenty peasants ran to the cottage of Finette, who very obligingly lent them her golden door. They put it in the bottom of the carriage, when it fitted as if it had been made expressly for it. The party took their seats in the carriage, the coachman cracked his whip, the church was in sight, and all the troubles of the journey seemed ended.

Not at all! Suddenly the horses stopped, and refused to draw. There were four of them. Six, eight, ten, twenty-four more were put to the carriage, but all in vain; it was impossible to stir them. The more they were whipped, the deeper the wheels sunk into the ground like the coulter of a plow.

What were they to do? To go on foot would have been a disgrace. To mount a horse, and ride to the church like simple peasants, was not the custom of the Kervers. They tried to lift the carriage, they pushed the wheels, they shook it, they pulled it, but all in vain. Meanwhile the day was declining, and the hour for the marriage had passed.

Every one had a word of advice to offer. This gave the seneschal courage. He approached the baron, alighted from his horse, raised his velvet cap, and said,

"My lord, in the house that you see shining yonder among the trees, there lives a woman who does things such as nobody else can do. Only persuade her to lend you her cow to draw the carriage, and, in my opinion, she will draw it till morning."

The baron made a sign, and thirty peasants ran to the cottage of Finette, who very obligingly lent them her golden-horned cow.

To go to church drawn by a cow was not, perhaps, what the ambitious bride had dreamed of, but it was better than to remain unmarried in the road. The heifer was harnessed, therefore, before the four horses, and every body looked on anxiously to see what this boasted animal would do.

But before the coachman had time to crack his whip, lo! the cow started off as if she were about to go around the world anew. Horses, carriage, baron, betrothed, coachman—all were hurried away by the furious animal. In vain the knights spurred their horses to follow the pair; in vain the peasants ran at full speed, taking the cross-road and cutting across the meadows. The carriage flew as if it had wings; a pigeon could not have followed it.

On reaching the door of the church the party, a little disturbed by this rapid journey, would not have been sorry to alight. Every thing was ready for the ceremony, and the bridal pair had long been expected; but, instead of stopping, the cow redoubled her speed. Thirteen times she ran round the church like lightning, then suddenly made her way in a straight line across the fields to the castle, with such force that the whole party were almost shaken to pieces before their arrival.

VII.

No more marriage was to be thought of for that day; but the tables were set and the dinner served, and the Baron Kerver was too noble a knight to take leave of his brave Bretons until they had eaten and drank according to custom—that is, from sunset till sunrise, and even a little later.

Orders were given for the guests to take their seats. Ninety-six tables were ranged in eight rows. In front of them, on a large platform covered with velvet, with a canopy in the middle, was a table larger than the rest, and loaded with fruit and flowers, to say nothing of the roast hares, and the peacocks smoking beneath their plumage. At this table the bridal pair were to have been seated in full sight, in order that nothing might be lacking to the pleasures of the feast, and that the meanest peasant might have the honor of saluting them by emptying his cup of hydromel to the honor and prosperity of the high and mighty house of Kerver.

The baron seated the hundred knights at his table, and placed their squires behind their chairs to serve them. At his right he put the bride and Yvon, but he left the seat at his left vacant, and calling a page, "Child," said he, "run to the house of the stranger lady who obliged us only too much this morning. It was not her fault if her success exceeded her good-will. Tell her that the Baron Kerver thanks her for her help, and invites her to the wedding-feast of his son Lord Yvon."

On reaching the golden house, where Finette, in tears, was mourning for her beloved, the page bent one knee to the ground, and, in the baron's name, invited the stranger lady to the castle to do honor to the wedding of Lord Yvon.

"Thank your master for me," answered the young girl, proudly, "and tell him that if he is too noble to come to my house, I am too noble to go to his."

When the page repeated this answer to his

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master the Baron Kerver struck the table such a blow that three plates flew into the air.

"By my honor," said he, "this is spoken like a lady, and for the first time I own myself beaten. Quick! saddle my dun mare, and let my knights and squires prepare to attend me."

It was with this brilliant train that the baron alighted at the door of the golden cottage. He begged Finette's pardon, held the stirrup for her, and seated her behind him on his own horse, neither more nor less than a duchess in person. Through respect, he did not speak a single word to her on the way. On reaching the castle he uncovered his head, and led her to the seat of honor that he had chosen for her.

The baron's departure had made a great excitement, and his return caused still greater surprise. Every one asked who the lady could be that the baron treated with such respect. Judging from her costume, she was a foreigner; could she be the Duchess of Normandy or the Queen of France? The steward, the bailiff, and the seneschal were appealed to. The steward trembled, the bailiff turned pale, and the seneschal blushed, but all three were as mute as fishes. The silence of these important personages added to the general wonder.

All eyes were fixed on Finette, who felt a deadly chill at her heart, for Yvon saw but did not know her. He cast an indifferent glance at her, then began again to talk in a tender tone to the fair-haired lady, who smiled disdainfully.

Finette, in despair, took from the purse the golden bullet, her last hope. While talking with the baron, who was charmed with her wit, she shook the little ball in her hand, and repeated, in a whisper:

"Golden bullet, precious treasure,
Save me, if it be thy pleasure."

And behold, the bullet grew larger and larger, until it became a goblet of chased gold, the most beautiful cup that ever graced the table of baron or king.

Finette filled the cup herself with spiced wine, and calling the seneschal, who was shrinking behind her, she said, in her gentlest tones: "My good seneschal, I entreat you to offer this goblet to Lord Yvon. I wish to drink his health, and I am sure that he will not refuse me this pleasure."

Yvon took the goblet, which the seneschal presented to him on a salver of enamel and gold, with a careless hand, bowed to the stranger, drank the wine, and setting the cup on the table before him, turned to the fair-haired lady who occupied all his thoughts. The lady seemed anxious and vexed. He whispered a few words in her ear that seemed to please her, for her eyes sparkled, and she placed her hand again in his.

Finette cast down her head and began to weep. All was over.

"Children," cried the baron, in a voice of thunder, "fill your glasses. Let us all drink to the noble stranger who honors us with her presence. To the noble lady of the golden cottage!"

All began to huzza and drink. Yvon contented himself with raising his goblet to a level with his eyes. Suddenly he started and stood mute, his mouth open and his eyes fixed, like a man that has a vision.

It was a vision. In the gold of the goblet Yvon saw his past life as in a mirror: the giant pursuing him; Finette dragging him along; both embarking in the ship that saved them; both landing on the shore of Brittany; he quitting her for an instant; she weeping at his departure. Where was she? By his side, of course. What other woman than Finette could be by the side of Yvon?

He turned toward the fair-haired lady, and cried out like a man treading on a serpent. Then, staggering as if he were drunk, he rose and looked around him with haggard eyes. At the sight of Finette he clasped his trembling hands, and, dragging himself toward her, fell on his knees and exclaimed, "Finette, forgive me!"

To forgive is the height of happiness. Before evening Finette was seated by the side of Yvon, both weeping and smiling.

And what became of the fair-haired lady? No one knows. At the cry of Yvon she disappeared; but it was said that a wretched old hag was seen flying on a broomstick over the castle walls, chased by the dogs. And it was the common opinion among the Kervers that



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the fair-haired lady was none other than the witch, the godmother of the giant. I am not sure enough of the fact, however, to dare warrant it. It is always prudent to believe, without proof, that a woman may be a witch, but it is never wise to say so.

What I can say on the word of an historian is, that the feast, interrupted for a moment, went on gayer than ever. Early the next morning they went to the church, where, to the joy of his heart, Yvon married Finette, who was no longer afraid of evil spirits; after which they ate, drank, and danced for thirty-six hours, without any one thinking of resting. The steward's arms were a little heavy, the bailiff rubbed his back at times, and the seneschal felt a sort of weariness in his limbs, but all three had a weight on their conscience which they could not shake off, and which made them tremble and flutter, till finally they fell on the ground and were carried off. Finette took no other vengeance on them; her only desire was to render all happy around her, far and near, who belonged to the noble house of Kerver. Her memory still lives in Brittany; and among the ruins of the old castle any one will show you the statue of the good lady, with five bullets in her hand.

HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

XVI.—THE CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT, AND ESCAPE.

Capture of Colonel Hurd; of Colonel Raynor; of Colonel Murphy.—Life in Prison.—Anecdotes.—The Escape from Prison.—Wanderings through the Wilderness.—Perils and Sufferings.—Reaching the Potomac.—The Crossing.—Adventures in Maryland.—Received on Board United States Cutter.—Arrival in Washington.

IN the summer of 1861 three young patriot officers found themselves fellow-captives of war within the gloomy walls of the old tobacco-warehouse called Libby Prison, in Richmond. One of these, Colonel J. R. Hurd, then Captain, was a Kentuckian, faithful found among many faithless. The love of adventure had lured him in very early years from his home, and, reveling in the wild and semi-barbaric life of a frontiersman, he had become inured to hardship, peril, and self-reliance.

When the treasonable bombardment of Sumter rolled its echoes over our land young Hurd was at Nashville, in Tennessee. He immediately returned to Kentucky, resolved to exert all his influence to induce the State to be true to the nation, and not to take that position of neutrality which it then seemed disposed to assume. In about four weeks he raised a company of volunteers, which was soon mustered into service at Camp May, near Cincinnati, Ohio, for three years, in the Second Kentucky regiment of infantry. With scarcely any time in camp for drill, the regiment embarked in steamers for Western Virginia, and landed three days after at Guyandotte.



J. R. HURD.

The regiment soon moved into the Kanawha Valley, and encamped near Pocotaligo. General Wise was in this vicinity, threatening to sweep down the valley with a large rebel force, and to cross into Ohio. On the 17th General Cox ordered about fifteen hundred men to capture a rebel camp, about five miles above him. The expedition started early in the morning, under Colonel Lowe. They crossed the Kanawha River in a steamer to take a road leading across the country to Scaryville. They were instructed to drive out the rebels if they found them in a position from which they could easily be dislodged; but if not, they were to take some strong position, and hold it until the main body of the army could come to their aid.

The column, with a march of about five miles before them, moved cautiously, with scouts on both sides of the road. About 3 o'clock in the morning, as Captain Rogers's cavalry, which was in the advance, was rounding the brow of a hill they were met by volleys from a battery, which killed one man and dispersed the rest. Captain Totten's artillery was immediately brought forward, and took position near the top of the hill. They could see, about five hundred yards before them, on the opposite slope, the huge breast-work of the enemy. The rebels had two rifled 6-pounders; we the same. In fifteen minutes our better-trained artillerymen, if not braver men, had silenced their guns. The infantry now advanced, pouring in volleys of musketry, which were distinctly heard at the camp on the other side of the river. Scaryville was a mere hamlet of a dozen log-huts. The rebel infantry were in these

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huts, firing through the chinks between the logs. Captain Totten turned his artillery upon them, and his percussion shells could be seen, in their terrible explosion, scattering logs and guns and the limbs of men. And now the order was given to charge. The Twenty-first Ohio, with a few companies of the Twelfth, rushed down the hill, forded a stream knee-deep, and rushed upon the hostile intrenchments. Reinforcements just then came to the rebels. Our troops, who had nearly exhausted their ammunition, were compelled to retire, having lost nine killed and thirty-eight wounded. The rebels did not pursue.

A messenger had, however, arrived at the patriot camp, with the erroneous information that we were victorious, and that the rebels had broken and fled. Colonel Woodruff, Colonel De Villiers, Lieutenant-Colonel Neff, and Captains Austin and Hurd, left the camp to see the retreat. Galloping to the picket-line they again heard that our troops were the victors. Ascending the banks, on the same side with their encampment, they came to a point nearly opposite the battle-field. Here they found a ferry-boat, and after some little deliberation in view of the peril, being impressed with the conviction that our troops were in possession of the field, they crossed the Kanawha.

The boat would carry but two mounted men at a time. Colonels Woodruff and De Villiers crossed first. As soon as they reached the opposite bank De Villiers galloped forward, while the more cautious but equally brave Woodruff, who had been persuaded contrary to his own judgment to cross the river, waited for his companions. Not far from the spot where they landed the road running in the direction of the rebel camp forked, one branch leading directly up the river, and the other bearing off to the right. When the three officers came to the fork they could not ascertain which road De Villiers had taken.

The evening twilight was now deepening, so that, though they examined the road narrowly, they could not trace his horse's tracks. After waiting a little while in hopes that De Villiers would return, and having no good reason to doubt that our troops were in possession of the battle-field, they cautiously moved forward. Woodruff was evidently impressed with the imprudence into which he had been gradually and so naturally led, and he ordered one of the company to ride in advance, and reconnoitre so as to give the alarm in case any suspicious circumstances should appear. Thus they approached within a hundred yards of the rebel camp. A large fire was blazing which brilliantly illuminated the whole scene, a cooper's shop being in flames.

Our men at that time wore dark-gray pants, and the resemblance of the rebel uniform to our own increased the conviction that they were approaching their own comrades. To add to this delusion, as they halted for a moment a rebel rode up in citizen's dress and said:

"Why, halloa, friends! I see you are Federal officers. Please ride up to the fire and stop your men from destroying my property."

"What is your name?" inquired Woodruff.

"My name is Morgan," he replied. "I own this property. After your men had gained the field they set fire to my buildings."

Completely deceived by the rebel's artful story, the three patriot officers rode directly up to the fire, and Woodruff, who was determined not to allow our men wantonly to destroy the property of non-combatants, demanded in a loud and authoritative voice why they were burning that shop, and ordered them immediately to go to work to extinguish the flames. The rebels were as much astounded at this apparition of three Federal officers in the midst of them as our officers were destined soon to be in view of the company into which they had plunged. For a moment the rebel soldiers were quite confounded, probably expecting instantly to see, emerging from the gloom, solid columns of national troops. But as the serried ranks did not appear they soon recovered themselves, cocked their guns, and ordered unconditional surrender. The astonishment and chagrin of our friends may be imagined, but certainly can not be described.

Sullenly they delivered up their arms, and were conducted across Scary Creek to the quarters of Colonel Jenkins, the rebel officer in command. He received them politely, shook hands with them, and congratulated them upon their lucky captivity. They were then escorted to a brick house, and were allowed the range of the house and yard upon their giving their parole. They had hardly passed through this ceremony when they were informed that Colonel De Villiers was also a captive. They were then ordered, under a guard, to Charlestown, Virginia. The ride was long and dreary, and they reached the city at daylight on the morning of the 19th of July. Here they were assigned comfortable rooms, and upon giving their parole were allowed the limits of the city.

The news of the arrival of the Yankee officers spread like wild-fire. Captain Hurd ventured to take a stroll through the streets. He was soon followed by an excited and ever-increasing crowd. And as he returned to the hotel and, through the throng, entered the door, he was greeted with many not very amiable epithets, and sundry expressions of desire to see how he would look pendent from a sour apple-tree. The landlord soon after came to the prisoners and urged them not to expose themselves, as he greatly feared that they would be mobbed. De Villiers, an impulsive French gentleman, who had no comprehension of this kind of chivalry, was exceedingly irate. He sprang from his chair, exclaiming:

"I not 'fraid to die. I not vant to be killed like a spy. If I be guilty, let me be tried by one court-martial, and den, if guilty, den shoot me like one soldier. I send for General Wise."

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During the day the captives were visited by several officers and citizens. Several of these reproached Captain Hurd that he, a Kentuckian, should espouse the cause of the National Government against the South. They declared that there was perfect unanimity throughout the South in favor of the war, and that so long as there was a single man or woman left they never could be subjugated.

In the afternoon General Wise called, with his son and a member of his staff. In reply to the indignant remonstrances of Colonel De Villiers, the ex-Governor stated that as long as they were under his charge they should receive kind treatment, and that if they were molested he would call out the troops and suppress all riotous demonstrations. He observed that the war would teach the South many valuable lessons, that manufactures of all kinds would spring up, and that they would no longer be dependent as heretofore upon the North. He very obligingly allowed the captives to remain in Charlestown until they could receive their baggage, and assured them that he would do all in his power to induce the authorities to release them upon their parole.

Early Saturday morning, July 20, they were told to prepare for their journey to Richmond. At 11 o'clock an antiquated Virginia vehicle halted before the door of the hotel. In addition to the Northern captives there was a Southern Union man, heavily ironed, to be of their party. Major Duffield and Richard Wise, with a guard, accompanied them. At Gauley Bridge they stopped for supper, and at midnight reached a celebrated ledge of rocks called the Hawk's Nest.

Captain Hurd writes: "What my feelings were in that lone midnight hour I shall not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that a project for escaping was uppermost in my mind. My sense of honor would not permit me to violate my parole, but I made up my mind never to accept of another when released from the one which then bound me."

The night was dark, the road rough, the carriage rolled and pitched uncomfortably over the ruts, and the most gloomy thoughts oppressed the minds of the captives. In the morning they stopped for breakfast at the house of a noted secessionist, Dr. Tyrell, near the foot of Sewell's Mountain. Colonel De Villiers, always attentive to his toilet, had arrayed himself before starting in full uniform, with epaulets, etc. Naturally an impulsive, eccentric man, he had during the morning expressed himself very severely in denunciation of the rebels, and particularly of the Southern women as prominent instigators of this cruel and unnatural war. As soon as he left the room, Mrs. Tyrell turned very angrily to Colonel Wise and said:

"Why do you permit that contemptible French Yankee to talk in that style? You ought to handcuff him, and strip him of his gay uniform and distribute it among the poor Confederate soldiers. You treat the Yankee prisoners altogether too kindly."

Immediately after breakfast they resumed their journey. The road led over Sewell's Mountain, which they crossed with jaded steeds, climbing an ascent four miles in length. Sunday evening they halted in the little town of Levensburg. Here they met quite a number of Kentuckians, who, false to their country's flag, had joined the ranks of rebellion. After much effort Major Duffield succeeded in obtaining three two-horse wagons to convey the party to White Sulphur Springs. It was now raining in torrents. The roads were miry, the wagons poorly covered; still, through storm and mud they were driven on, until they reached the Springs just before dark. Here they were happily delayed three days before transportation could be found to convey them to Jackson, at the terminus of the Virginia Central Railroad.

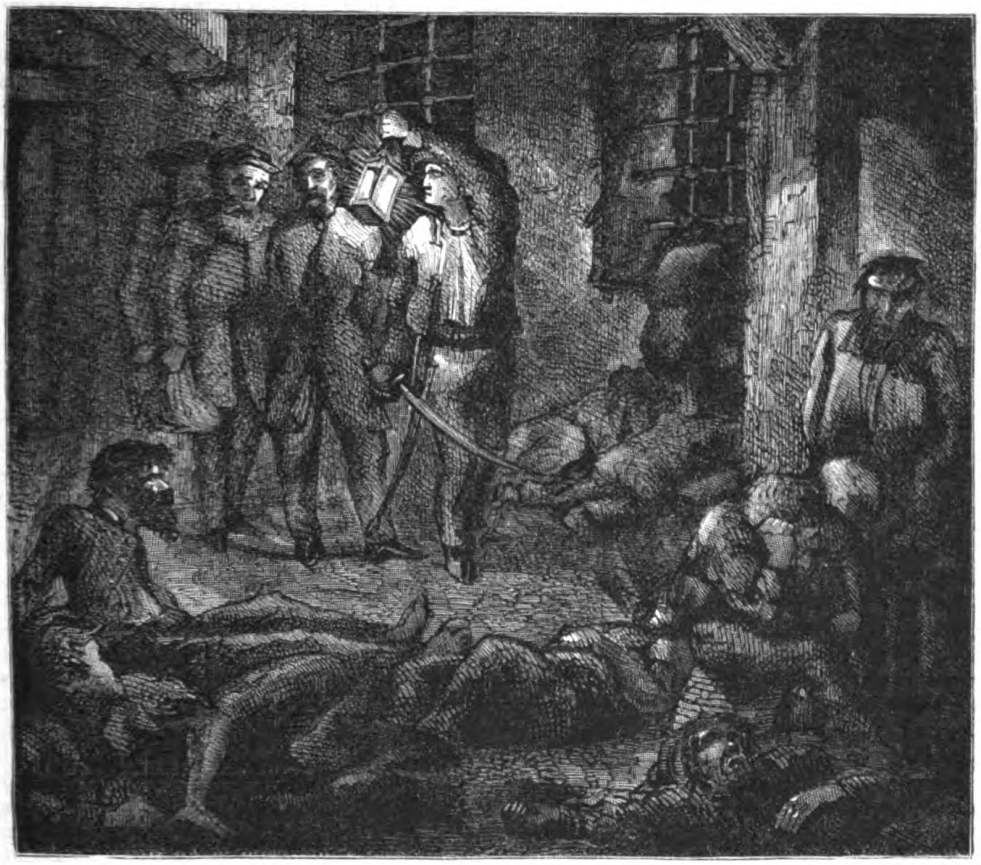
Captain Hurd writes: "Justice constrains me to say that we could not have been better treated than we were by Major Duffield and young Wise; nor is it possible that we could have enjoyed ourselves better under similar circumstances."

Thursday morning, just as they were preparing to move, they received tidings of the disaster to our arms at Bull Run—a disaster which a kind Providence seemed so to overrule as to convert it into one of our most signal blessings. The rebels were jubilant over the victory, and represented to our distressed prisoners that their army had captured twenty thousand Union troops. Colonel De Villiers's prompt response was: "It is one lie."

A sad ride of twenty-one miles took them to Jackson. Here they remained until 2 o'clock the following morning, when they took the cars. They met here quite a number of Confederate officers, who had been taken prisoners by the Union army, and whom General M'Clellan had generously liberated on parole, hoping probably that the Confederate authorities might thus be influenced to imitate the example. These officers assured the Union captives that they would be liberated on their parole as soon as they reached Richmond. Breakfasting at Gordonsville, they there became convinced that the rebels had gained a victory at Bull Run. Through the windows of their cars they could see many wounded and prisoners, who seemed to be treated with great rigor.

It was after dark before the train left Gordonsville on its way to Richmond, where they arrived about midnight. They were conducted to an office, where they were ordered to remain until their arrival should be reported to the authorities. From the assurance given them by General Wise, and the oft-repeated declarations of the Confederate officers whom they had met, they had no apprehension that the rebel authorities would so violate the usages of civilized warfare as to place them in close confinement. After the absence of a couple of hours Major Duffield returned with another

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THE PRISON.

officer, to whom he introduced his captives, and informed them that he would "conduct them to their quarters."

It was now two o'clock in the morning. Taking a friendly leave of Major Duffield they followed their new guard in a long walk through the dark streets until they came to an old tobacco warehouse. They passed two sentinels, who presented their pieces to the guard, entered a door, and found themselves the inmates of a Southern prison. But they were not alone. Through the gloom of the dimly-lighted apartment they could discern many prostrate forms, some in sweet sleep, perhaps dreaming of distant homes, while through the barred windows the heavy tramp of the sentinels could be distinctly heard. They were hungry, weary, and cold, and yet neither fire, bedding, nor food was provided for them. A humane man would not so treat his horse.

An officer, whom they soon ascertained to be Lieutenant Tomkins of the United States Army, disturbed by the noise of their entrance, raised his head from his cot and inquired if they had just come in. The conversation which ensued collected quite a number of fellow-sufferers around, who with brotherly kindness fed them with such food as they had, and shared with them their scant bedding. Tired as the captives were, the gloom which oppressed their minds did not allow them much refreshing sleep. With the earliest dawn they rose and thoroughly inspected their prison. There was not a chair, or a table, or any article of furniture whatever, to relieve the comfortless aspect of the apartment.

Breakfast was brought in. It consisted of a large kettle containing a decoction of hot water and burned sweet-potatoes and rye, in which it was said that there was a slight mixture of damaged coffee. Then came two negroes, one with a large wooden bowl of bread, and the other with a pan of meat. These articles were placed upon the floor, and the officers were invited to breakfast with the words, "Yankees, your grub is ready!"

The prison was situated on Main Street. It was three stories high. Our captives were on the lower floor. Through the centre of the room there was a row of tobacco presses. Companions in misery soon become acquainted with each other. The Hon. Mr. Ely and Mr. Huston, a brother-in-law of Secretary Seward, were confined there. Privates and non-commissioned officers were incarcerated in the rooms above. The room was crowded. There was no bedding, and but few blankets. The prisoners had no opportunity to wash their clothes, and the most earnest entreaties could not obtain permission to walk outside.

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W. H. RAYNOR.

Let us now turn to the capture of another of the inmates of this dismal prison. The awful disaster at Bull Run occurred on the 21st of July, 1861. It was a beautiful Sabbath day, though oppressively hot. The First Ohio, under Colonel M'Cook, in a brief lull of the battle, was prostrate upon the ground, panting in utter exhaustion. The joyful thought echoed along the lines, "The day is ours! The rebels are running!" The Ohio troops sprung to their feet and with parched lips gave new wings to the cry. They could not, however, cross the Run until the pioneers had hastily constructed a bridge. While waiting, a young officer, subsequently Colonel W. H. Raynor, went, in company with two sergeants, a short distance to the left to get some water. Just as they had reached the much-coveted stream they heard a trampling through the thick underbrush of the forest, followed by that unearthly savage yell with which our troops afterward became so familiar, and a squadron of rebel horsemen came thundering down upon them, crashing and roaring like an avalanche. Bewildered and almost stunned by the sudden onset, Colonel Raynor instinctively drew his pistol and fired, just as a buckshot from the foe struck his instep and numbed his foot. He dropped upon his knees behind a large tree and gazed with awe and admiration upon the appalling scene. The snorting and trampling of the excited horses, the demoniac yells of the men, the rattling fire from their pistols and carbines, all blending with the roar of the battle raging around, seemed like the phantom of a delirious dream.

One of the horsemen, who had already fired his piece at Raynor, swung his carbine in passing in lieu of a sabre, and brought it down with all his force upon the head of the wounded soldier. A few scintillations of light flashed through his eyes, a pang of acutest anguish shot through his brain, and he fell senseless to the earth, apparently dead. After the lapse of some time he was brought slightly to consciousness by some one tugging at his clothes. In utter bewilderment he raised himself upon his elbow, and found that a rebel soldier, who was stripping the dead, had already taken possession of all his accoutrements, sword, pistol, canteen, and cap, and was endeavoring to get off his coat. The robber was so terrified at this sudden resurrection, as of a corpse, that he sprung upon his horse and disappeared in the forest as though a ghost were pursuing him.



CAPTURE OF RAYNOR.

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As Colonel Raynor gradually regained his senses and recalled what had happened, he found that the rebel cavalry had swept over him in their impetuous charge, had apparently met a repulse, and had retired in as great haste as they had made the onset. He staggered to his feet by the aid of the tree which had protected him from being trampled to death, and while standing, covered with blood and half-bewildered, the woods all around being still filled with the exchange of hostile shots, he saw two rebel horsemen approaching. One said: "There's a Yankee; bring him along!"

They immediately rode up to him, and the two powerful men seized him by each wrist, and dragged him violently between them for some distance, until the woods partially sheltered them from our fire, which was quite severe. As Colonel Raynor was thus forced along he saw several rebels drop from their horses, struck by our bullets. At length he was lifted upon the horse in front of one of his captors and carried behind the shelter of a small hill, where several of the rebel wounded had been collected. Quite a group gathered around the prisoner, cursing him in the strongest epithets of denunciation they could coin. But their victim, faint from his wounds, suffering excruciating pain and deadly sick, closed his eyes and paid no heed to curses or questions.

This silence enraged the rebels. One drew out a formidable knife, saying: "Let us cut out his cursed abolition tongue; he's got no use for it." Another struck him a violent blow with his clenched fist. A feeble effort of the half-dead captive to resent the insult provoked peals of derisive laughter. At the same time another rebel came up, covered with blood and with his right arm in a sling, and presenting, with his left hand, a pistol to the head of their helpless prisoner, exclaimed, with one of the most brutal oaths: "This is the infernal hound who shot my horse and gave me this broken arm. I'll kill him!" In the attempt to execute his threat he fired his pistol. But another at the instant struck up the assassin's arm, so that the ball just passed over his head into the tree against which he was leaning. This cowardly act raised quite a commotion, and several cried out vehemently against it, declaring it to be shameful to kill a wounded prisoner. Others, however, defended the act, contending that every prisoner should be instantly put to death. "What did he come down here for," they exclaimed, "but to kill us, steal our slaves, ravish our women, and destroy our property? Don't they all deserve hanging?"

In this hour of weakness, pain, and despair death seemed not an unwelcome visitor; and the bleeding captive almost regretted that the ball had not pierced his brain. He was, however, soon lifted upon a horse behind a rebel soldier and conveyed about four miles to the Junction. The battle was still raging at Bull Run, and many fresh rebel troops were met hurrying to the field. Our blood-stained captive, almost blinded with weakness and pain, was assailed with the most profane abuse, and many a wish was expressed to try the effect of a bullet or a bayonet-thrust through his heart.

It was early in the evening when they reached the Junction, and the captive was taken to a stable, where quite a number of the wounded rebels had been conveyed. His guard, a kind-hearted man, immediately sought a surgeon to examine his wounds. The surgeon, as he looked at him, said, disdainfully, "Why, that's a Yankee; let him wait; enough of our own men to attend to now!" Another surgeon was found who was more compassionate. His wounds were washed, and he was made as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. The generous guard, J. H. Lemon, of Radford's Cavalry, truly acted the part of the good Samaritan. He got some ice, pounded it up in his own handkerchief, and tenderly bound it around the throbbing brow of his captive. He inquired if he had any money, evidently intending to give him some if he were destitute. In reply to Raynor's earnest expression of gratitude he said: "I only hope to get the same treatment from your men if I ever fall into their hands. If you will relieve the distresses of a suffering brother mason when in your power I shall be well paid."

As he said this he pointed to a masonic pin in Colonel Raynor's shirt-bosom, and hastily mounting his horse rode away, leaving the wounded soldier in pain and despondency, surrounded by the dying and the dead. In the morning the captive was removed to another barn, where he found some twenty Union officers, and learned for the first time the extent of our calamity. All these prisoners were then transferred to a train of cars to be taken to Richmond. The constant arrival of fresh captives delayed the departure of the train until after noon. All Monday night, and until the evening of Tuesday, the train crept slowly along, being constantly impeded by trains from Richmond crowded with troops hastening to reinforce Beauregard's rebel army.

As no preparation had been made for such delay the sufferings of the prisoners from hunger was extreme. Scarcely any of them had eaten any thing since Sunday morning, and some of them had not tasted a mouthful of food since Saturday night.

At every station large crowds gathered to gaze upon the prisoners, and many were the insults heaped upon the "abolition hirelings who had desecrated the sacred soil." "What did you come down here for?" was the indignant and constant query from both old and young. Many, however, especially of the women, manifested an eager desire to obtain some relic of the Yankees. Buttons were in great demand, and frequently passed for dimes in the purchase of food. The prisoners reached Richmond after dark on Tuesday evening, the 23d, and were immediately marched to the tobacco warehouse, and over a thousand in number,

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many of them wounded, were crowded into the second and third stories of the building. So dense was the crowd that it was impossible to lie down. The weather was excessively hot and sultry even in the open air. No one dared to approach a window, for whoever did so was sure to be fired upon by the South Carolina troops who were guarding the prison, and who seemed to be inspired by an intense desire to shoot a Yankee.

No tongue can tell the horrors of the night which ensued. Two officers had been wounded as they attempted to catch a breath of fresh air at the windows; others had met with a very narrow escape. No food, no water, no rest; darkness, suffocation, misery. It was horrible! It was reserved for Richmond to emulate the world-renowned savagery of the Black Hole at Calcutta. There was no provision for those demands of nature which these frail bodies require. The wounded were trodden upon by the swaying mass. The heat and trampling caused a pungent gas to ascend from the loathsome, saturated floor, which seized the bronchial tubes and lungs, rendering respiration painful and almost impossible. It is strange that any could have survived the horrors of that night. In consequence of its tortures hundreds sank subsequently through the stages of emaciation and agony into the grave. Before the morning dawned two were found dead upon the floor. The rebel authorities who could perpetrate such a crime merit the eternal execrations of humanity. Another day and another night passed away and there was no relief. The scene presented was too revolting to be described. The awful condition of the floor; the sick, the wounded, the dying! The heart sickens at the contemplation of such woes! And who are the criminals whom the world should hold accountable for such atrocities? They were the leading men of the rebellion.

On Thursday about sixty of the officers were removed to the first floor of an adjoining warehouse. Here they found a room, about 100 feet long and 40 wide, divided in the centre by massive tobacco-presses. One half of this room was assigned to these officers, and the other half to their guard. Every day additions were made to their numbers. The second night several Union officers were brought in from Western Virginia. Among them Colonel Raynor recognized, with both grief and joy, the face of an old friend and school-mate, Captain John R. Hurd, the narrative of whose capture we have already given, and who shared the remainder of his captivity, and contributed greatly to their escape.

And now let us turn to the capture of Lieutenant C. J. Murphy. Though still quite a young man he had done good service in Mexico, serving under General Taylor when but sixteen years of age. Loathing war, and all its scenes of cruelty and blood, of which he had witnessed more than enough, when rebellion raised its flag he immediately joined the Thirty-eighth Regiment of New York Volunteers, leaving his happy home and his young wife, to defend his country. In the disastrous battle of Bull Run, though a staff-officer, he seized the musket of a man who had fallen, and fought in the ranks until the regiment was broken up and entirely dispersed. The ground was then covered with the dying and the dead. A document, signed by five of the army-surgeons and other officers, gives the following emphatic testimony to his heroism on that occasion:



C. J. MURPHY.

"Lieutenant Murphy remained with the surgeons at Sudley Church, after the battle of Bull Run, and devoted himself to the care of the wounded, and chose rather to risk death or imprisonment than leave the brave soldiers to die on the field uncared-for. His aid to the surgeons, by his energy and activity, was greater than that of any other five men; and from the close of the fight until the following night, when he was removed to Manassas, he did not take a moment's rest, but, like a noble-hearted and generous man, as he is, gave himself entirely up to the suffering men around him. The conduct of Lieutenant Murphy merits the warmest commendation, in that, with ample means of escape, he sacrificed even his liberty for those who had no just claims on him."

At Manassas the officers who were prisoners were placed in a barn. Here Calvin Huston, Esq., District-Attorney of Rochester, was found of the number. He had been merely a spectator on the field. But he was destined never to see his home again. He lingered for several months through the sorrows and sufferings of the most cruel imprisonment until he died.

The night which ensued was awful. The air was filled with the groans of the wounded, and the eye could rest only upon spectacles of misery. Lieutenant Murphy writes:

"Morning dawned upon as strange a looking group as were ever huddled together in so small a space. Imagine our surprise at hearing the voice of a woman, and an aged one. She was the wife of a Michigan soldier, Mrs. Jane Hinsdale, who had followed her husband to the battle-field. General Beauregard had given her a pass, and, with the ready and kind service of a woman, she passed in and out, bringing us many a bucket of water, which was eagerly seized upon. We often spoke of her

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kindness after she had left us, and wished her God-speed on her journey home, which we afterward heard she reached in safety."

One sufferer was brought in with a bullet through his brain. He was totally blind and unconscious, though such vitality still remained that he was able to walk about, groping ever his way, a melancholy spectacle, through the crowd. Thus he lingered for forty-eight hours. The prisoners were kept in the barn for four days, fed upon extremely salt ham, and with but very little water to drink. They were then put into box cars and sent to Richmond, where they arrived at 11 o'clock at night. Under a strong guard they were marched through the streets to the tobacco warehouse, where they were all huddled together, officers and men, in the third story, in a crowd almost as dense as they could stand. In the morning the officers were sent down to the first floor, and here Lieutenant Murphy met Colonel Hurd and Colonel Raynor, with whom he afterward effected his escape.

As we have mentioned, Colonels Hurd and Raynor had been companions and friends in childhood. They now became inseparable. Through a friendly guard they obtained a few yards of calico, and some cotton and thread, with which they made a quilt, which, with a block of wood for their pillow, constituted their only bed. Mr. Murphy was regarded as a surgeon by the rebels, and was consequently allowed, under close surveillance, to visit the hospitals where our wounded were languishing. He was thus enabled to contribute very much not only to their relief but to the aid of his suffering companions in the warehouse. In one of these hospitals he found Mrs. Major-General Ricketts, who heroically had consented to become a prisoner-of-war that she might attend upon her wounded husband. This noble woman moved through the sad wards of that hospital at Richmond an angel of mercy, another Florence Nightingale, sharing the misery she attempted to alleviate. Officers and soldiers alike were cheered by her tender hand and her sympathizing heart. "She was obliged," writes Mr. Murphy, "to quarter in the same room with her husband and some six other officers, with only a small shawl used as a screen to shield her from observation."

And here we can not refrain from paying a brief tribute of respect and gratitude to the Sisters of Mercy, who were untiring, day and night, in their devotion to the sufferers. They asked no questions whether the patient were on this side or that in the strife. The fact that there was a brother before them bleeding, fainting, perhaps dying, moved all their sympathies, and, with humanity ennobled and intensified by Christian faith, they devoted themselves, as taught by their Lord, to the relief of those who were sick and in prison.

As the captives gradually became accustomed to their prison-life messes were formed of from four to twelve, as persons were drawn together by sympathy. These messes generally used every thing in common—ate together, slept near each other, and maintained very intimate social relations. Each officer in turn took one week in catering for the mess, and each contributed according to his means toward providing articles not furnished in the meagre diet of the prison. One officer was permitted each day to go to market, accompanied by two guards.

Colonel Hurd soon indicated to some of his companions his resolve, if possible, to effect an escape. Both Mr. Ely and Mr. Huston endeavored to dissuade him from the undertaking, assuring him that the chances of success were very small, and that the penalty, if recaptured, would be very severe. They also thought that influences were at work with our Government which would in a few weeks secure their release by exchange. The drear monotony of prison life can not be described. Hours, days, weeks, months, linger heavily along, and the "iron enters the soul."

All efforts at cleanliness were rendered abortive by the condition of the rooms above. The two upper stories were crowded with soldiers; and as there was but a limited supply of water, and they had no change of clothing, they were soon swarming with vermin. The flooring being very open, all the dirt from the first story was sifted down upon the second, and thence to the lower floor. Even while eating it was necessary to keep a cover over one's food to prevent the vermin from falling into it. One day Colonel De Villiers had his French blood inflamed to the hottest by finding three huge specimens of the *pediculidæ vestimenti* falling upon his bread. The irate European officer ran about from one mess to another, exhibiting the well-fatted specimens, and exclaiming,

"Mon Dieu! Look at zis; one, two, three fall on my bread while I eat. Mon Dieu! I no stay longer to feed Jeff Davis's cattle. I wish I had him here. I cram dese down his troat."

The guard and jailers were changed every two or three weeks. On the 4th of August, 1861, Lieutenant Todd, a brother-in-law of President Lincoln, was assigned command of the prison. All alike testify that he was one of the most brutal and unfeeling wretches who at any time had charge of the captives. He sought every opportunity to prove that he had no sympathy, as he expressed himself, "with his d—d abolition brother-in-law's hirelings." One of his suffering captives writes: "He was the incarnation of malignant inhumanity and bitter cruelty."

The jailers and guard from Virginia and South Carolina were generally found brutal in the extreme, while those from Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana were frequently humane and courteous. The Madison Infantry consisted of a fine battalion of gentlemanly young men from Louisiana. They had charge of the prison for four or five weeks, and secured the cordial respect of their captives. Many good-

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natured tricks were banded between them and their prisoners.

There were several gas-burners in the room, which were allowed to burn at full flow until ten o'clock, when the order was given by the officer of the night, "Lights out!" Then the prisoners were required to turn off all but one, which was left dimly burning. One night, by mutual agreement, all the prisoners lay down and apparently fell asleep with every light in full flow. At ten o'clock the usual order was given, "Lights out!" No one stirred. The requisition was sternly repeated. As well give orders to the slumberers in the grave-yard, their feigned sleep was so profound. A Lieutenant was on duty whose kindliness of heart, it was well known, would allow of no rash act. He was embarrassed to know what to do in view of this strange insubordination. Such oblivious and stentorian sleep had never been witnessed in the prison before.

After a little delay the Lieutenant brought in a squad of soldiers, and then the order was given, "Put out those lights or take the consequences!" Still not a muscle moved. The order was repeated: "Put out those lights, or in two minutes the guard will fire upon you!"

There was such silence that the ticking of the watch, which the Lieutenant held in his hand, could be almost heard as the two minutes glided swiftly away. The order, "Make ready!" was given. Every musket was brought to the shoulder. Still not a prisoner moved. They all knew that a kind heart throbbed in the bosom of the Lieutenant. There was a moment's pause; a brief consultation with the guard, and then a corporal of the guard went around and turned off the burners.

Soon a suppressed titter was heard among the prisoners, then a laugh, which was followed by burst after burst of such hearty peals that all the captives in the adjoining prisons were awakened, and the prison-guards in alarm turned out. It was some time before the excitement was allayed.

The next night the prisoners were beautifully outwitted in their turn. They endeavored to re-enact the scene. Another Lieutenant of the same company was the officer for the night. He ordered "All lights out!" None of the prostrate throng in their sound slumber could heed the order. "Put out those lights instantly," was the stern command, "or you will regret the consequences!" Every person continued as motionless as so many marble statues. There was a whispered consultation among the officers, and then one stepped forward and *blew out* each gaslight, leaving the gas streaming up into the room. This would never do, for every man would soon be suffocated. One of the prisoners with a yawn, as though just awaking from a profound sleep, exclaimed: "Say, there; why don't you *turn off* the gas? Don't *blow out* the light!" Another, looking up, said: "Why, he don't know any thing about gas; he was raised down in the swamps."

The rebel officer continued to make his way among the pretended sleepers, taking care to tread upon as many as possible until each light was blown out. In a few moments the room was filled with the escaping gas, and the coughing, half-strangled prisoners sprung to the gas-burners and turned them off. The guard now commenced laughing, clapping their hands, stamping their feet, and pounding the floor with their muskets, until, in the excess of their delight at having "outwitted the Yankees," they created a clamor which exceeded that of the preceding night.

During the first two weeks many visitors came to see the captives. The officer on duty, like the keeper of a menagerie, piloted them through the room, pointing out the celebrities. Many of these visitors were courteous; others were overbearing and insulting. "What did you come down here for?" was invariably the first question. "Do you think you can subjugate us?" was the second. This was so often repeated that when a fresh batch of visitors came in, often twenty prisoners would shout out at once, "What did you come down here for?" "Do you think you can subjugate us?" Frequently the crowd, astounded at having their own questions thrown into their teeth, would turn and hastily go out. On Sunday great crowds would collect in front of the prison, the greater portion of whom were women of the aristocratic class, in their carriages.

Among the visitors was Edward Ruffin, a gray-haired rebel, who, with great self-complacency and insolence, called attention to the fact that he was the one who fired the first gun at Sumter. The pitiable old man, after the fall of Richmond, became the avenger of his own crime, and committed suicide by blowing out his brains with a pistol.

With every prisoner the all-engrossing thought was how to escape. Many plans were suggested, pondered, and abandoned. Numerous attempts were made, nearly all of which failed. Some succeeded in getting out of the city, and one found his heart throbbing as he caught sight of the star-spangled banner, when he was cruelly seized by rebel scouts and dragged back to bondage. Captain Hurd was a man of immense physical energy, and was endowed with nerve and resolution to brave any peril and to endure any privation. The risk of recapture was so very great, and the penalty so severe in being brought back and confined in irons, that it required great courage and almost recklessness to make the endeavor.

In the mean time all conceivable measures were adopted to beguile the weary hours. One mode of pastime was the organization of a society called the Richmond Prison Association. Mr. Ely was President. The Society met three times a week. Each member was bound to contribute to the general entertainment, either by a declamation, a story, or by singing a song. The meetings were conducted in strict accordance with parliamentary rules. They held also

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mock-trials. There was one very serious case brought forward of "breach of promise." Captain Hurd was the aggrieved maiden. The faithless swain gave his name to the Court as Lieutenant Jawbones. Colonel Woodruff and Mr. Huston were counsel for the plaintiff. Major Potter and the Chaplain of the Fifth Maine Regiment appeared for the defendant. Mr. Ely was judge. The arguments of the opposing counsel and the charge filled the gloomy old prison with such peals of merriment as to help the prisoners, for the moment, to be oblivious of their misery.

As the days lingered along, and the hope of release by exchange grew darker, the mind became prepared for more desperate endeavors for escape. There were a large number of the prisoners, sick or wounded, distributed through buildings called hospitals in close proximity. But one surgeon was detailed for about seven hundred men. The suffering was so terrible that several Union surgeons who were prisoners, were, at their earnest solicitations, permitted to assist. Upon giving their parole they were provided with a red rosette, and were permitted to pass from one prison to another, and also to go about the city. Among these, as we have mentioned, was Colonel Murphy. But he had been deprived of the right in consequence of his earnest endeavors to meliorate the condition of the sufferers. Colonel De Villiers, who had paid some attention to medical studies in Europe, succeeded in passing himself off as a surgeon, obtained this great privilege of the freedom of the city on parole. He exerted himself to the utmost to help his comrades, and by his indefatigable perseverance he obtained an interview with Jeff Davis, and implored that his fellow-captives might be treated with the usual humanity of prisoners of war. The rebel chieftain received him with his characteristic icy politeness, but was utterly unrelenting.

On Sunday, the 1st of September, Colonel De Villiers returned to prison, his parole having expired and Jeff Davis refusing to extend it. The Colonel was unusually reticent during the day. In the evening, with great *nonchalance*, as if on his accustomed round of medical duties, he walked out of prison, out of Richmond, and was no longer a prisoner.

Captain Hurd had now resolved, at whatever risk, to attempt his escape. At night he whispered his intention to Lieutenant Raynor. After anxious deliberation the plan which they settled upon was to adopt the disguise of surgeons, and in the dusk of the evening to pass the guard. They were all to meet at a designated corner, which could be seen from the prison windows, and then trust to circumstances. Lieutenant Murphy also joined them. Fortunately Captain Hurd had a red flannel shirt, from which they cut their rosettes which they were to pin upon the breast of their coats. The few who were informed of their plan earnestly endeavored to dissuade them, saying that it was a fool-hardy undertaking, and that they would be brought back and placed in irons. Colonel Raynor was to go first, between five and six o'clock in the evening. The other two were to follow at eight. Anxiety of mind de-



PASSING THE GUARD.

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prived the Colonel of all appetite for dinner. He dressed himself as well as possible for nights of exposure in the swamps, and at the appointed hour, with throbbing heart, but with calm exterior, walked up to the guard, who sat on a tobacco box at the door with his bayoneted gun extended across it. With marvelous coolness the feigned surgeon raised the gun. The guard looked at the rosette, nodded, and the prisoner passed out. One can hardly read the account without holding his breath. Who can imagine the emotions which must have agitated the principal actor in this scene, and his friends who were looking on?

The guard turned his eye toward the escaping captive, as though a momentary suspicion had been aroused. One of his friends called out, "Doctor, don't forget those pills; I must take some to-night!" "All right!" said the Colonel, "I'll get them!" Another guard was to be passed, who merely glanced at the rosette, and the Colonel continued his walk. He was now free. But he was surrounded by perils most imminent, and weary leagues were to be traversed, and days and nights of hunger, cold, and exposure were to be endured before he could reach the lines of the Union army. He had gone but a few steps when he met one of the officers of the prison-guard. With an erect head, and looking him steadfastly in the face, the Colonel passed.

The rebel officer, probably merely recognizing a familiar face, nodded. The salutation was returned, and the Colonel walked slowly on. A few steps further he encountered the "penny post-man," whom he had often conversed with in the prison. The man looked inquiringly into his face, stopped, turned round, gazed upon him in evident surprise, but gave no alarm. With affected carelessness the Colonel sauntered along through the streets, when suddenly he felt a hand grasp his shoulder, and heard the hard breathing in his ear as of one who had been in hot pursuit. His heart sank within him, and his knees trembled so that he could scarcely stand. Turning around he beheld a Confederate officer, who, seizing his arm, gave him a punch in the side, exclaiming:

"I say, Cap'n, ain't—(hic)—ain't this bully news?"

It was manifest that the fellow was drunk, and that there was nothing to fear. But the shock was so great that for the moment the Colonel was almost unmanned, and he reeled from weakness as much as did the rebel from his cups. The jolly bacchanal, without noticing the surprise of his companion, continued:

"Lee's got Rose—Rosen—Rosencrans, and all his army, an—an—and (hic) next week we'll get McClellan too."

"Is this true?" inquired the Colonel.

"Jis as true as gospel, Cap'n. I say," he continued, "where do you belong, Cap'n?"

"To the Thirty-third Virginia," was the reply. Colonel Raynor had learned that that regiment had arrived the day before.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the drunken man, "why I'm a Thirty—Thirty-thirder myself! What's your company?"

Here was a *contretemps*. But the Colonel's ready wit came to his rescue.

"I have just arrived," he said, "and have not yet reported to Colonel Cummings, and do not know what company I shall be assigned to."

"Well, Cap'n, I'm leftenant of Company C. Let's go in here and take a drink."

At the door of the saloon the Colonel slipped away. With many sagacious precautions to avoid exciting suspicion, he succeeded in purchasing a compass to guide their path through the woods, a map of Virginia, a lot of matches, and a bed-cord. He then returned to the vicinity of the prison, where he fortunately met Dr. Le Boutillier, of the Second Minnesota, who passed in and out upon his parole. By him he sent word to his friends Hurd and Murphy of his success, and that he would meet them at their appointed rendezvous.

Let us now return into the prison. Hurd and Murphy stood at the window watching the movements of their companion, as he went out, with such intensity of anxiety that they could almost feel the fevered pulsations of their hearts. Two long hours of terrible suspense passed away. The question, almost more fearful than that of life or death, for it was freedom or the dungeon, was soon to be decided. While absorbed in these reflections two rebel officers were admitted, who had some trouble to persuade the guard to pass them out.

Colonel Neff, with sympathetic sorrow, came to the young adventurers and said, "Your chance is gone. You must give it up." "Perhaps not," Captain Hurd replied, his cheek blanched with emotion but not with fear; "however it is too late to falter; I will make the trial." The gallant Colonel Corcoran came to them and said: "Be careful, and may success attend you!" Colonel Sprague also addressed them in words of cheer, saying, "Were I a young man I would go with you. Be vigilant, and may you get safely through! and then let the people know the truth about us."

The two young men, with their surgeon's badges, then walked carelessly toward the door, chatting with those around them. The whole programme had been carefully arranged. "Come, Doctor," exclaimed Lieutenant Murphy, in a voice loud enough to arrest the attention of the guard, "it is time for us to go!" "Yes, I will be with you in a moment," was the reply. At the same time Colonel Corcoran, Sprague, and others gathered around requesting the pretended doctors to purchase some tobacco for them. Arrangements had also been made for some of their comrades to answer to their names at roll-call for several days, till many miles should be placed between the fugitives and their prison. The guard was thoroughly deceived. They passed out without opposition. The last words they heard from their dismal prison as they entered the streets

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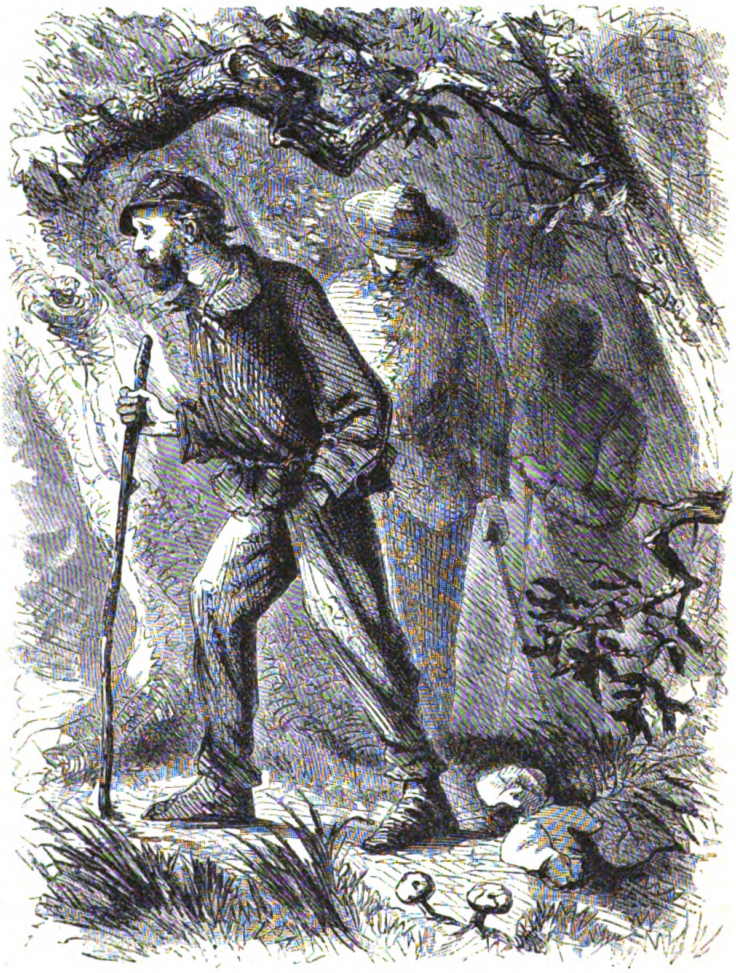
was the kindly voice of Colonel Sprague calling out to them, "Doctor, don't forget to bring me that tobacco. I need it very much!"

Colonel Raynor was anxiously watching in the street. He saw in the dusk two figures come out of the prison, whom he at once recognized as his looked-for comrades. He followed them a few moments unobserved, and then stepping up, tapped each on the shoulder. A shudder of alarm shook their frames as they apprehended that it was the hand of an arresting officer. The peril was yet too imminent to allow of any hearty rejoicing. Still, as they pressed along the crowded streets they assumed the swaggering air of Southerners, talking loudly and laughing. Emerging from the city they struck a broad road running to the northeast, and after walking about two miles encountered a toll-gate guarded by a squad of soldiers. The night was dark, with drizzling rain. Fortunately they were not observed, though some dogs took the alarm, and commenced furiously barking.

They threw themselves flat upon the ground as they saw the door of the toll-house open and soldiers come out. Creeping back several hundred yards through a ditch they concealed themselves near a breastwork, where they heard several shots. Remaining perfectly still for a couple of hours, they, by a circuitous route, passed around the gate, struck the pike a mile beyond, and traveled rapidly all night. They often heard wagons approaching. These they eluded by leaving the road and hiding in the bushes or behind the fences until the market-carts, on the way to the city, had passed. Several times they were very near being discovered by the dogs which invariably accompanied these carts. At about four o'clock in the morning they passed a small hamlet, where the dogs raised an outcry sufficient to awake every sleeper within a mile. Hurrying through along the main road they soon found it bearing so far east that they entered a sort of wood-path which led north. The roar of a passing railroad train informed them that the railroad was close by them on the left. The dawn of morning was now beginning to appear. They entered the woods, and creeping under some thick, wet bushes, thoroughly exhausted and soaked, they fell soundly asleep.

Soon after sunrise of Friday, September 6, they were all suddenly and simultaneously aroused by the crack of a whip at their ears, which sounded like the report of a pistol. Greatly alarmed they looked up and beheld a teamster passing so near that he could have touched them with his whip. In the darkness they had lain down just on the edge of a road leading through the forest. But the teamster did not chance to turn his eyes toward the thicket, and they escaped unseen. But it was necessary immediately to change their position. After a brief consultation they cautiously took up their line of march in true military order.

Colonel Raynor led the advance, with the ordnance stores, consisting of a compass, a map, and a box of matches. Lieutenant Murphy followed with the commissariat of two sandwiches. Colonel Hurd brought up the rear in charge of the engineering department, with the supplies of a jack-knife and a bed-cord. As Colonel Hurd was familiar with all the wild and perilous adventures of frontier life, and was



THE LINE OF MARCH.

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a man of indomitable energy and bravery, it would have seemed natural that he, with his engineering tools, should have led the march. But being not quite so quick of hearing as Colonel Raynor, it was deemed best that he should compose the rear-guard. Colonel Murphy had been city-bred, and thus not being familiar with woodcraft, manifestly the judicious post for him to occupy was the centre.

The plan of their perilous campaign was as follows: They were to travel as rapidly as possible through the night, hide in some thicket by day, never moving forward by daylight unless under cover of some dense forest, or through some of the spacious corn-fields, which afforded excellent shelter; they were never to enter a house, or to allow a single human being to see them if they could avoid it. They had resolved, though unarmed, to fight against any odds, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible rather than to be recaptured.

With stiffened limbs and wet clothes our adventurers were cautiously moving to find some safer place of concealment for the day, when they were startled by the report of a gun very near, and a man was seen approaching directly toward them. With throbbing hearts they concealed themselves as best they could. The man stooped, picked up the squirrel which he had shot, calmly reloaded his gun, and gazing into the tree-tops for game, passed slowly along and soon disappeared in the forest, each shot indicating his greater distance. Thus this danger was escaped.

The woods were so dense that they deemed it as prudent to travel as to attempt to lie quiet. They therefore, though keeping a very close watch, pressed on by the compass in a northeasterly direction, designing to strike the Potomac somewhere in Westmoreland County, near Tappahannock Town. They soon came upon a clearing, and, as they skirted it with extreme caution, a pack of hounds set up their dreaded clamor. "I do verily believe," writes Colonel Raynor, "that every house we passed in this portion of Virginia supported from five to twenty dogs each; and invariably the whole canine family proclaimed our proximity from throats which never tired."

About 4 o'clock P.M. they came to the end of the woods which they had been so rapidly traversing. Colonel Hurd climbed a tall tree on a reconnoitring tour. He reported an open, scattered country spreading out before them. In the distance he saw an irregular belt of timber which his experience in such matters assured him indicated a water-course. As it was imprudent to attempt to pass over this open country by daylight they retired into the woods and waited for the night. Dividing one of their sandwiches into three parts, they took a mouthful each. This was their first meal since leaving the prison. In the early evening twilight, as concealed in a thicket they were waiting for the darkness, two negroes, with a dog, passed very near them. The dog came snuffing and growling toward them, when one of the darkeys said, "'Possum dar!" "No," the other replied, "Hector neber growl dat way at 'possum. Suffin else dar!" They both stopped. Our party remained as immovable as if they were dead. The natural timidity of the slaves prevented them from exploring the thicket. The dog growled, but seemed indisposed to attack them, though both of the negroes clapped their hands and tried to urge him on, saying, "Seek him, Hector; seek him, boy!" The dog merely growled the louder, but made no nearer approach. The two darkeys and the dog soon passed along.

About ten o'clock, all traveling having apparently ceased, the night being very dark with only an occasional star visible, they again entered the road. Just before midnight they came to the Chickahominy, which they crossed by a mill-dam, over which there was but a shallow depth of water. The road crossed by a ford a little distance below. Regaining the highway they pressed on for a few miles until they saw several lights twinkling at a little distance before them. It was probably an encampment of soldiers. They immediately turned into the woods, assailed by the yelping of the omnipresent dog. Giving the lights a wide berth, they found themselves in a field of potatoes, both sweet and common. Starving as they were they eagerly filled their stomachs and their pockets with the raw potatoes, which they found not unpalatable. Upon leaving this field they entered one of corn, and they added a few ears to their commissariat stores.

Guided by their compass, and availing themselves of roads only when they led in a right direction, they at length found themselves bewildered amidst the paths of a large plantation. The blowing of the horns to awaken the negro to his daily toil warned them that it was near daylight, and that they were in no little danger of being encountered by some gang marching to their work. Being quite exhausted, and finding two logs near together, they all three laid down between them, and slept soundly until the morning of Saturday the 7th. When they woke the sound of voices and axes all around satisfied them that their position was not a safe one. They therefore retraced their steps that they might get around the plantation, and make their way through a dense forest which seemed to skirt it on the left. In doing this they had to pass near the gate of the plantation. Here they encountered a large troop of negroes walking along the road. They, however, succeeded in concealing themselves until the slaves had gone by.

A few moments after they heard a noise behind them as they were moving through the woods, near and parallel to the road. Looking around they saw a negro, who had lagged behind the others, hurrying down to overtake his companions. Each one instinctively sprang behind a tree, and this peril was escaped. Cautiously threading the densest part of the woods

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"'POSSUM DAR!"

they got beyond the limits of the plantation and ascended a high hill. From this eminence they could see that the country toward the north was quite open; and just west of them, at a distance of not more than two miles, there was a large village. A train of cars was entering the village, which was probably Hanover Court House. Toward the east the forest still extended. Keeping carefully within its shelter they resumed their march, descending the hill. They soon entered upon low bottom-land, wet and muddy, and then encountered a swollen creek. In endeavoring to cross upon a log Colonel Raynor fell in.

Colonel Hurd's impetuous nature could not brook a moment's delay. Inured to hardship he seemed insensible to fatigue. His companions noticed that the strongest motive which seemed to impel him onward was the fear that his regiment, in which he was then a Captain, might get into a fight before he reached it. Murphy, not accustomed to such privations and toils, was now suffering very severely. His feet were swollen, his strength exhausted, and it was with great pain and difficulty that he could limp along. Colonel Hurd was just as fresh as at the outset, and Colonel Raynor's vigorous frame bore up wonderfully. The solace with which Colonel Hurd, as he tramped along, endeavored to cheer his companions was not very satisfactory.

"Oh, this is nothing!" he exclaimed; "this is nothing! Wait till you have lived on mule's meat twenty-seven days among the Rocky Mountains, with the snow four feet deep, and *then* you may have reason to complain."

Toiling on they reached the limits of the forest, and crossing a fine gravel pike leading to the northwest, they passed through a cornfield, whose tall and waving stalks completely sheltered them, and entered another belt of timber and found themselves upon the banks of a large, rapid, unbridged river, swollen by the recent rains. It was the Pamunky. There was no boat to be found; but there were half-floating logs scattered here and there along the bank. Colonel Raynor cut the bed-cord into convenient lengths and waded into the water, while his comrades brought him logs, which he tied together and made a small raft. The air swarmed with mosquitoes, huge black tormentors, who instantly settled, with their poisonous sting, upon any exposed portion of the body. Colonel Raynor was terribly bitten. The in-

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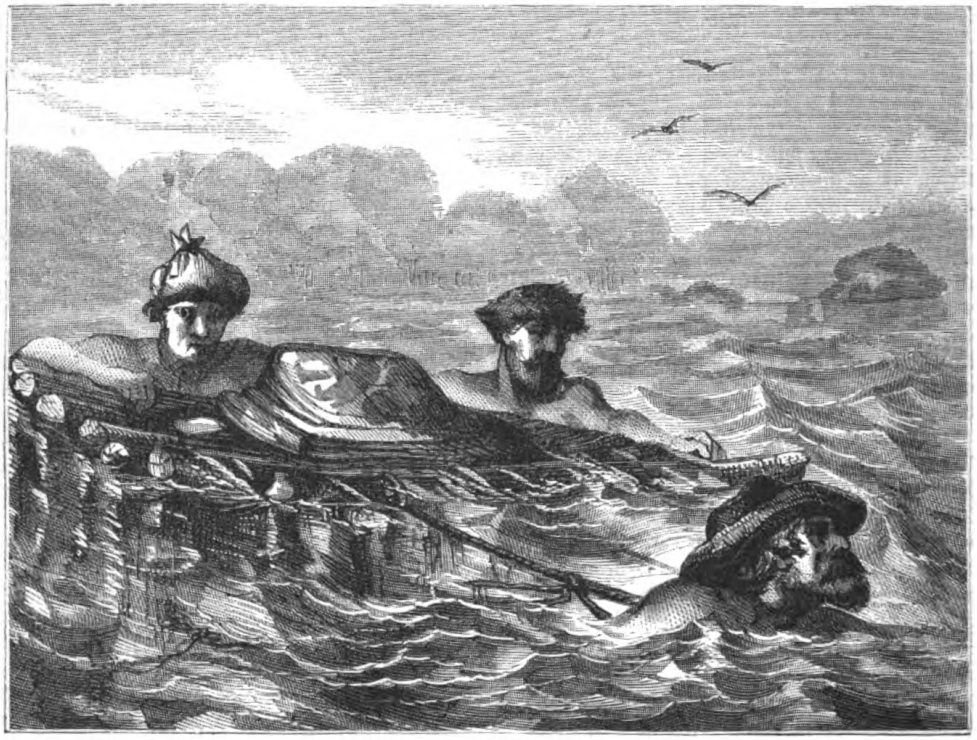
flammation was so immediate and severe from the deep puncture of their bills that his comrades declared that they could not have recognized him.

As soon as their small raft was constructed they placed their clothes upon it. Colonel Hurd tied one end of the cord around his body and took the lead swimming. The other two swam, pushing behind. Colonel Raynor wrapped his watch, map, compass, and matches in a handkerchief and bound them upon the top of his head, not caring to trust treasure so precious to a frail raft. The mosquitoes followed them unrelentingly in clouds. Safely they effected the passage of the swift, turbid stream and found a fringe of timber on the northern bank. Breaking up their raft, and carefully preserving the pieces of cord, they followed along the edge of the stream until they entered an extended forest, where, in a very secluded ravine, they ventured to kindle a small fire and roast twelve small potatoes, about the size of walnuts, and two ears of corn.

They had traveled all day foodless. Another dark night was at hand, through whose gloomy hours they must grope along as rapidly as possible. Colonel Murphy's exhausted condition seemed to demand a little rest. But no reply could be made to Hurd's renewed asseveration, "This is nothing to living on mule's meat twenty days among the Rocky Mountains, with the snow four feet deep. Besides," he added, "I would rather lose my right arm than have my company get into a fight before I get back to them."

Again these indomitable men, with strength almost miraculously preserved, took up their line of march. It was important to get through the forest and to strike some road before dark, as it was impossible to make much headway through the woods in the night. Following a small stream, which ran through a deep ravine, about an hour before sunset they came in sight of the open country. Just then they heard, very near them, a shot, followed by the barking of a dog. Colonel Raynor exclaims, with good reason, "I have hated dogs ever since this trip." They were very apprehensive that the sagacious animal would detect them. As the hunter was on the same side of the ravine with them they hastily recrossed, and had just concealed themselves in a thicket, when two other shots showed that the hunter had crossed also and was approaching them. As they thought it almost certain that the dog would discover them they decided, after a hurried consultation, to capture the hunter, take his arms, gag and tie him fast, and then, as soon as dark, to leave the neighborhood as rapidly as possible. Colonel Raynor, who was a very powerful man, was to strangle the dog. Fortunately for all the young man turned his steps away from them, and they saw him retire to a house not far distant.

Our adventurers remained in their retreat until ten o'clock at night when they visited a barn, hoping to obtain something to eat. Here, to their great joy, they found a lot of unthreshed wheat, and they filled their pockets with the ears. It was very dark, and as they were groping about Raynor felt some animal rubbing its nose against his leg. It was a large



CROSSING THE PAMUNKY.

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dog. But the brute manifested no hostility. Hurd proposed that they should kill and eat it, saying that it must be as good as "mule's meat." But Murphy, as he champed a mouthful of wheat, suggested that they had better wait until they had been "in the Rocky Mountains twenty-seven days, with the snow four feet deep."

The dog accompanied them to the confines of the plantation and then quietly returned to his home. It was now Saturday night the 7th. Moving as rapidly as their exhausted limbs would allow along the road, a little after midnight they sat down for a moment's rest by the roadside. Their exhaustion was such that they almost instantly fell asleep. They were aroused by a wagon rattling furiously by, which impelled them again to take to their feet, as it was necessary that they should find some place of concealment before the light of day should be around them. As they toiled along, Raynor in advance, Hurd in the rear, the indomitable frontiersman cheered his exhausted comrade, who composed the centre of their line of march, with sundry pleasantries, interlarded with allusions to "mule's meat," "Rocky Mountains," "twenty-seven days," and "four feet of snow."

Dawn was now approaching. They took shelter in some thick woods, and after sleeping soundly a couple of hours, were awakened by the bright Sabbath sun shining in their faces. They picked the kernels of wheat out of the ears, with which their pockets were stuffed, and made a frugal breakfast. Under cover of the forest they pressed along until they reached its limits, when they saw before them a small orchard. Half-famished as they were the desire to get some fruit was so strong that, notwithstanding the risk of discovery, they entered it. The few small sour apples which they found were so refreshing that Mr. Murphy's spirits were revived; and Colonel Hurd, for the whole forenoon, made no allusions to the "Rocky Mountains."

As they left the orchard they beheld an open, thickly-settled country before them. There was, however, a dense forest in view which promised ample shelter. But it could only be reached by crossing an open field, with a large house on each side, and many people moving around. Much valuable time would be lost by remaining where they were until night. To attempt to cross the field in open day exposed them to inevitable observation and probably to recapture. After a very careful reconnoissance they observed a small depression through the field, along which a man might possibly creep without being seen from the houses, though one half of his body would be exposed should he stand erect. Colonel Hurd's desire to join his company "before they had a fight" overcame Colonel Murphy's exhaustion and Colonel Raynor's sound judgment, and, throwing themselves flat upon their faces, they wormed their way through the field and gained safely the friendly shelter of the woods.

Finding a corn-field they plucked some ears, and, retiring to a wild ravine, they built a fire and prepared themselves a very savory repast of roasted corn. In traversing a swamp soon after they found their dessert prepared for them in the shape of about half a pint of whortleberries. The spacious corn-fields, with their thick, tall spires afforded them far better protection even than the densest forest. As they were threading one of these fields a party of negroes passed very near them.

Emerging from the corn-field they struck a shallow stream, which was sunk deep beneath its banks. They waded down the pebbly bed of the stream until they reached the banks of a large river, the Mattapony. Following the forest-fringed banks of this stream for a mile they watched their chance, and, crossing by a bridge, plunged into a low, marshy piece of timber. The utmost circumspection was needed, for many parties were seen on the road moving to and fro. Here they found mosquitoes in myriads, and the torment which the venomous insects created was almost insupportable. It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon of the Sabbath. Notwithstanding the sufferings they endured from their swarming foes, who bit through their clothes, they did not dare to leave the place of their concealment until dark, for white men and negroes were constantly passing.

Night came, not merely dark, but black. With the utmost difficulty could they grope along the road. They met a man. It was too dark to see him. His footsteps and the rustle of his garments alone rendered his presence palpable. Indeed the man ran plump against Colonel Hurd, who, as we have said, brought up the rear. There was nothing to excite suspicion, and the probable rebel and the patriot each passed on his way.

About midnight it grew a little lighter, and they reached one of those groups of houses which in the South are called villages. They were not a little perplexed to know where they were. Seeing a notice tacked upon a door they carefully tore it off, retreated into the woods, and lighted a piece of candle which Colonel Murphy carried through the whole trip. It proved to be a notice that the estate of General Garnett, who was killed at Rich Mountain, was to be sold. It convinced them that they were at Bowling Green, in Caroline County. They then examined their map, and laid their course to strike the Potomac at its nearest point. Rapidly they pressed along the road until about 3 o'clock in the morning, when they again struck into the woods, and finding a good place for concealment all lay down and went to sleep. But scarcely had they closed their eyes ere they were aroused by the clatter of several horsemen passing at full trot on the road near by, not improbably rebel scouts in pursuit of the fugitives. Indeed the Richmond papers had announced that such vigorous measures had been put in operation for the capture

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A MUTUAL SCARE.

of the fugitives, Colonels Hurd, Murphy, and Raynor, that it was scarcely within the limits of possibility that they could escape.

Removing deeper into the woods they slept soundly for a few hours in sweet oblivion of pursuers and of throbbing feet. Their sufferings from sore feet were more terrible than can be described or imagined. The two months in prison had rendered their feet very tender. Being half of the time wet and in constant use they were blistered and raw. Colonel Murphy's feet were in a dreadful condition, and Colonel Raynor's nearly as bad. Colonel Hurd seemed to possess marvelous endurance.

When they awoke the next morning, Monday, September 9, a dense fog had settled down over the whole country. Colonel Raynor led, compass in hand, the others following close behind. Entering a corn-field they filled their pockets, and passed a gang of negroes but a few yards from them, though the fog was so thick that they could not be seen. Protected by this friendly veil they fearlessly entered the road, relying upon their ears to give warning of the approach of danger. They walked barefooted and made no noise. Several streams they crossed on bridges. Though they could hear the cackling of chickens and the voices of people, indicating dwellings all around them, they were effectually shielded from observation. Having walked thus about twelve miles on the open road, about noon the fog began to lift and again they took to the woods. They lay down and slept under a clump of bushes during the afternoon. About sunset they were roused from their sleep by a negro boy who passed close by them calling for the cows.

As soon as the young moon had gone down they resumed the road, and about an hour before midnight reached a small village. At the outskirts there was a guide-board at the junction of two roads. Hurd and Murphy raised Raynor on their shoulders, who pulled off the board, and they then went into a thicket where they could safely strike a light to read the direction. It was with great difficulty that they could ignite the matches, which the fog had damped. After a dozen unsuccessful efforts, just as a match gave out its brilliant flash, illumining every object near, they saw a man standing within three feet of them. It was probably a slave skulking about. The match instantly went out. But the terrified slave was heard rushing through the bushes, leaping the fences, and flying in the utmost dismay, as if he had seen an apparition of fiends and they were pursuing him.

A glance at the guide-board told them that it was twenty miles to Tappahannock, and twenty-two to Bowling Green. Having their posi-

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tion thus accurately defined, cheered by hope, and refreshed by the nap which they had enjoyed in the afternoon, they pushed rapidly on over the road, though to two of them every step was torture. Just before light they came to a large plantation where the people were up. This compelled them again to plunge into the woods, where, after the toilsome travel of the night, hungry, thirsty, torn, and foot-sore, they hid under some bushes for rest.

After a few hours of sleep they awoke. It was Tuesday, the 10th. A careful reconnoissance showed them that they were in a small grove of about three acres, surrounded by the most highly cultivated and densely populated country they had yet seen. It was manifest that they could not safely leave their covert until night. Rest and sleep they greatly needed. But the sleep which with drooping eyelids they strove to gain was driven from them by their intense thirst. In half delirious dreams they saw fountains of fresh water and tables groaning with delicious food.

There were so many people moving about that they did not venture to leave their hiding-place until about nine o'clock, when the moon went down and most of the people were in their beds. They then cautiously started out. They were all barefoot. The bottom of each foot was raw flesh, an entire sore from heel to toe. They had previously cut holes in their boots wherever they pinched. This had let in sand and water and mud, and their feet were in a state which can not be described. And yet in this condition they were traveling in their zigzag course, through swamps and forests in the gloom of night, often without food and without water, an average of forty miles every twenty-four hours. We have read of suffering, of endurance, of heroism, elsewhere. But greater than this, exhibited by these heroic patriots, escaping from the fiendish spirit of treason and rebellion, we know not where to find.

"Our thirst," Colonel Raynor writes, "overpowered the pain in our feet, and good time was made. We traveled several miles before any water was found; and that was nothing but a 'hog-wallow,' yet it tasted sweet." Soon after they came upon a cool running stream. "Ah," exclaims Colonel Raynor, "how few truly know what real hunger or thirst is! Yet we were less than thirty-six hours without water."

About one o'clock in the morning of Wednesday the 11th, they caught sight of the Rappahannock. The agitating question of how they were to cross the river, which was here a mile wide, banished fatigue. The wind was blowing so freshly that they could not cross upon a frail raft; and they were too much exhausted to attempt to construct one. They, however, pressed on, and soon came in sight of a straggling village of six or eight houses on the banks. They crept noiselessly through the silent street to the water's edge, and there, to their inexpressible joy, they found a skiff with paddles drawn up upon the beach out of reach of the tide. Their united strength was just sufficient to shove it into the water. Not a moment was lost in embarking, and they soon reached the opposite shore. They then set it adrift that it might not reveal the line of their escape. Our adventurers desire here to present their thanks to the owner of the skiff for its use, and their hope that in good time he gained possession of it again. Colonel Murphy had accidentally, in the excitement of pushing off the boat, left his shoes upon the opposite bank. Raynor and Hurd had fortunately kept theirs with them.

The gloom of night still enveloped them, and the wind was high. They found an old shed into which they entered, and thus protected from the wind they struck a light and examined their map. They judged that ten miles, in a direct line, would take them through Westmoreland County to the Potomac. This cheering prospect nerved them with new energies. They soon found a good road running east. But it was of hard, rough clay, which tore Murphy's lacerated feet terribly. Still he hobbled on, though unable at times to repress his groans. Colonel Hurd seemed to have nerves of steel, and was ever urging haste. Colonel Raynor was so weary that he could scarcely lift one foot in advance of the other, and found himself falling asleep as he toiled on with strength every hour growing weaker. Still they did not rest until daylight, when they left the road and sought concealment in a small piece of woods. After a short nap in a thicket, impatience to reach the Potomac, now so near, again roused them. Just as they were about to start a negro thrust his face into the thicket close to them and commenced calling for his cows. It seemed as though he must have seen them, though he said nothing but went on his way shouting "Sukee, Sukee!" at the top of his voice.

They immediately struck out, by the compass, northeast through the woods. It was the morning of Thursday the 12th. The brushwood and thorns lacerated Murphy's bare and gory feet terribly. Some of the vines must have poisoned them, for they were fearfully inflamed and swollen. Every few moments he would fall from exhaustion and pain. Still he hobbled along, his faithful companions refusing to abandon him. Soon they came upon one of those immense swamps with which Eastern Virginia abounds. It extended in all directions as far as the eye could reach. Here was indeed a dilemma. None of them could endure the thought of the dreary miles they must travel in the endeavor to pass around the vast morass. Should they plunge into it, there was great danger that in their extreme exhaustion they all might perish in its miry bottom. After anxious deliberation the proposition of Colonel Hurd was adopted that they should attempt to force their way through. As there were many encampments of Confederate soldiers in the vicinity the attempt to go around would expose them to almost inevitable capture. In response to the proposition Raynor said, "Well,

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go ahead and we will follow." Hurd started, and the first step plunged him in mud and water up to his waist. The swamp was about three quarters of a mile broad, partially covered with a rank growth of reeds and water-lilies without trees or brush. Sometimes they would be not more than knee-deep in the slimy ooze. The next step would plunge them to the arm-pits, and then they would encounter a pool of the green, stagnant, stenchful slough, through which they half waded, half swam.

In an hour they reached the dry land on the other side, and ascending a slight eminence sat down to rest. For the first time a cloud of despondency seemed to be gathering even upon Colonel Hurd's brow. Despairingly they gazed for a moment into each other's faces, and not a word was uttered. But suddenly Hurd jumped up, exclaiming: "Why, boys, I have lived twenty-seven days in the Rocky Mountains on mule's meat, with the snow four feet deep, and this is nothing to that!"

This started them all again. They passed a deserted garden, where they found a few green tomatoes and a ripe cucumber. "I can testify," one of their number writes, "that a ripe cucumber raw does not taste good even to a hungry man." Ascending the brow of a hill they saw the broad, silvery waters of the Potomac in the distance, with the blue line of the Maryland shore barely discernible beyond. Few can imagine the emotions which this sight enkindled in the bosoms of these weary wanderers. More than one silent prayer of gratitude ascended to that Providence which had protected them thus far. Tears of joy dimmed the eyes of these men whom no woes could compel to weep. They now entered a corn-field, and with decided relish ate of the green ears.

As they drew near the river they came upon a group of negroes near an old house all fallen to decay, leaving but the chimney standing. There was a marble slab near bearing this inscription: "On this spot was born George Washington, February 22, 1732." "We could not," writes Colonel Raynor, "repress a feeling of indignation that so sacred a spot should be surrounded by traitors." They came upon the negroes so suddenly that there was no chance for a retreat. So making a virtue of necessity they walked boldly forward, and told the negroes very truly that they had been lost in the woods for many days and were almost starved. The kind-hearted slaves gave them the remainder of their breakfast, which consisted of a small lump of corn-bread and about two ounces of fat. They said, apologizing for the small quantity, "Massa don't gib much now, and we eats all." In reply to the inquiry for a boat to cross over into Maryland they replied, "Massa Wilson has a boat 'bout tree miles up de creek, but dar is not anuder boat fit to cross the 'Tomac in de neighborhood."

Just then a white man, probably their overseer, rode up and gazed in apparent astonishment upon the fugitives in their ragged and forlorn condition. They represented to him that they had been lost in the woods, and that they wished to get over the river to recruit soldiers. He scrutinized them quite suspiciously, and said, "Mr. Wilson has a boat, and it is the only one this side of Mathias Point; but I don't think he will let *you* take it," with especial emphasis on the "you." He then rode on. As they approached the creek, which was here quite wide, and about a mile from its entrance into the river, they saw a negro coming across in a canoe or "dug-out." Hiding in the corn, they waited until he tied the boat and threw the paddle in the grass upon the bank. As soon as he was out of sight they took the boat and commenced paddling down the creek. It blew almost a gale, the hollowed log was but about twelve feet long, and when all three were in the gunwale was not more than an inch above the water. It was evidently impossible to cross the storm-swept Potomac in so frail a bark. Near the mouth of the creek they saw a negro fishing in a little larger boat, but one in which no sane man would think of encountering the heavy seas then running in the river, which was here over six miles wide.

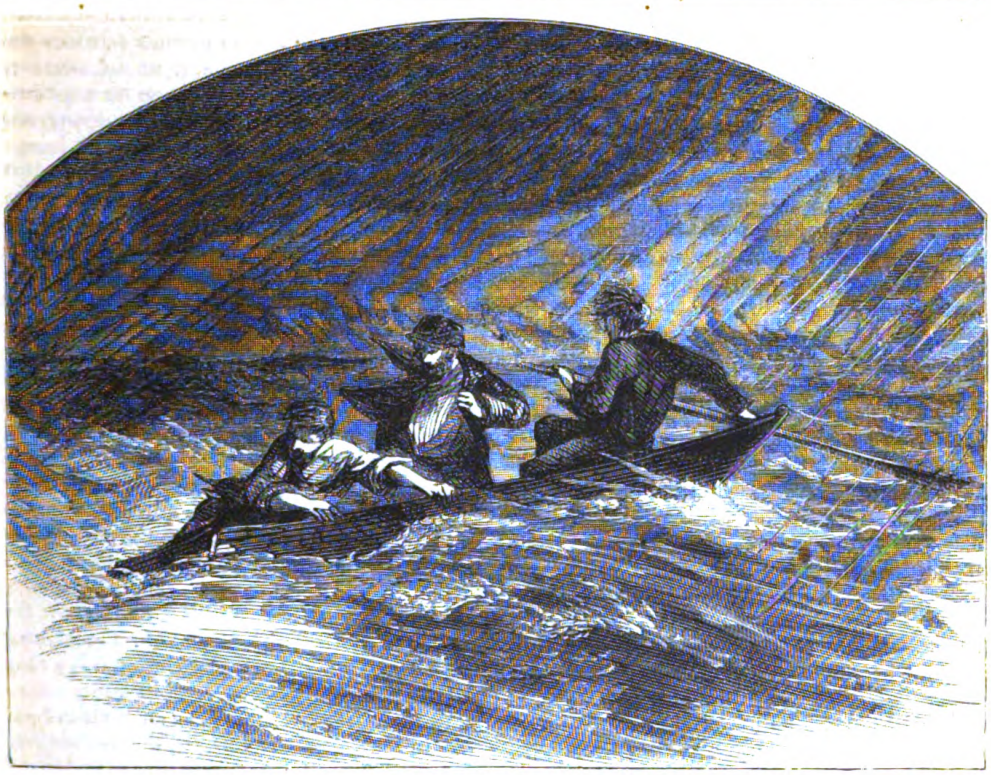
They compelled the negro to exchange boats with them. He remonstrated piteously, saying, "Massa will kill me when I get home for doing it." Colonel Hurd replied, "But I shall kill you here, and now, if you do not do it." The poor slave yielded, but said, "You'll neber get over in dis storm, Massa, neber, neber!"

They paid the negro three dollars in Confederate money, as boot, in the compulsory exchange. The skiff had no rowlocks or tholepins, was very frail and leaked badly. Just as they were starting the negro shouted out to them, "Go starn fo'most, Massa, starn fo'most; dat's de safest way." They followed his advice. But for this sagacity of the negro the boat would inevitably have been swamped, and they all would have perished.

Raynor took a paddle and steered. Hurd stood in the centre of the boat, with his coat for a sail, while Murphy did good service in bailing out the water. Fortunately the wind was blowing directly across the river in their favor. As soon as they had left the shelter of the bank and felt the full force of the wind the waves began to pour in above the sides of the boat, and it seemed inevitable that they must be swamped. But to return to the shore was not to be thought of. There was evidently quite a commotion there. The owner of the skiff was on the bank calling upon them to return his boat, and the overseer whom they had met on horseback was eagerly watching them. The sea now ran so high that both Hurd and Murphy had to devote all their energies to bailing. When in the trough of the waves the tops of the trees on either banks could not be seen.

Their safe passage of the river under such circumstances seems almost miraculous. By

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CROSSING THE POTOMAC.

going stern foremost the bows of the boat cut the on-rushing billows, and throwing them on each side prevented their breaking into the boat. In about three hours after leaving the Virginia shore they were approaching the Maryland side at the mouth of the Wicomico Creek. There is here an extensive bar, over which the waves were dashing furiously, throwing the spray many feet into the air. It was low-water, and the spectacle of danger was terrific. But Hurd's animating voice was still heard shouting, "Keep her straight, Raynor; we are all right yet!" Just then a huge crested billow swept them far up the bar and nearly filled the boat. They leaped out, dragged the boat over the bar, and found themselves safe in comparatively still water. Soon they reached a fishing sloop within the creek, Captain Faunce, of Washington City. Being satisfied that the vessel could not be there unless its owner were loyal, they went fearlessly on board, told their story, and were received with great hospitality. The kind-hearted fishermen served up for their hungry guests a luxurious repast of fish and oysters, and gave them beds to sleep on. Tears filled the eyes of the good old Captain when he looked at Murphy's feet; and he would not allow his guests to leave the boat until the next morning, though Colonel Hurd was anxious to land and walk through Maryland to Washington, declaring that he was "not tired."

The next morning, Friday, the 13th, they took leave of their kind host, and set out in their skiff to skirt the Maryland shore until they should meet some one of the blockading squadron which would convey them to Washington. Captain Faunce advised them not to trust any of the inhabitants along the coast, as they were rank rebels, until reaching Lower Cedar Point, where there lived a Mr. Burroughs, who was a true Union man, and who would give them all the assistance in his power. For some time they endeavored to make their way along the shore by paddling their skiff. But an angry sea and an adverse wind ere long compelled them to abandon their boat and take to the bank. Their progress was slow, for Murphy's feet were in a horrible condition. They were so swollen and discolored that they bore a great resemblance to two huge boiled puddings, stained and discolored where the fruit had broken through. By adopting the expedient of letting down his pants over his feet and tying them beneath, holding the waistbands by the hips on each side, his feet were in a measure protected from the oyster-shells and gravel with which the banks of the Potomac were covered. There were times when he was semi-delirious with anguish. Still he pressed on.

They met some young men, to whom they represented that they were Confederate soldiers who had been lost in the woods, and who were trying to escape into Virginia. The young Marylanders told them to make their way up to Watson's, at the mouth of Pope's Creek, and he would run them over, as that was his business. But they advised them to

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keep clear of Burroughs's, at Lower Cedar Point, as he was "a d—d Union hound," and "we are going to burn him out one of these nights." One of these young men accompanied them some distance, and aided them to cross a large creek, by which they saved several miles of travel. About noon, being completely used up, they went to a farm-house, and passing themselves off as Confederate soldiers received a good dinner. The benevolent old man, rebel sympathizer as he was, was so moved by their pitiable condition that he took a horse out of the plow, harnessed him to an old wagon, and sent them, with his boy for a driver, several miles to Mr. Burroughs's house. There they were kindly received, though Mr. Burroughs was evidently alarmed in view of the vengeance he might bring down upon himself for showing any sympathy with Union soldiers. About four miles above they could see a revenue cutter—the *Howell Cobb*—anchored opposite Pope's Creek. Watson's residence could also be seen on the shore. Colonel Hurd was impatient to reach the cutter. There was safety, rest, and the means of rejoining his company before they had a fight. Colonel Raynor was also very anxious to get on board the vessel, for they were still in the midst of rebels, who might at any moment seize them. Colonel Murphy, notwithstanding his awful sufferings, was determined not to break company with his companions.

They started, walking on the beach. But their progress was very slow and painful in the extreme. The oyster-shells and gravel hurt Colonel Murphy's feet so that once or twice he crawled over rough places on his hands and knees. Hurd, being much the strongest, proposed that he should hurry forward, get on board the vessel, and send a boat for his more exhausted comrades, who, in the mean time, were to hobble forward as fast as possible. Colonel Raynor generously remained behind to help his comrade, who was so fearfully crippled. The sun was but about an hour high when they set out from Mr. Burroughs's house, and the evening twilight was fading into darkness when Colonel Hurd left his companions.

It was quite dark before Hurd reached a point opposite the cutter. He hailed the boat and asked to be taken on board. The reply came back that they could not take him unless he told them who he was. He shouted out his story, pleading for himself and his comrades. It was all in vain. Colonel Hurd then asked if they would drop a line and take him on board if he would swim out to them. The cruel reply was, "If you come near the gunboat we will fire upon you." We fear that the response of Colonel Hurd was not couched in the most gentle terms.

In the mean time his comrades, toiling painfully along, after the lapse of half an hour, listened eagerly for the sound of oars coming to their relief. Disappointed, they crept slowly along, much of the time wading in the river, as the cool water was somewhat refreshing to their gory feet. Continuing on in this way, at nine o'clock at night they arrived opposite the vessel, which was anchored about a quarter of a mile out in the stream.

They could not imagine what had become of Hurd. It was evident that something had befallen him, for they knew that he was incapable of deserting them. They hallooed several times, but no responsive voice came back through the silence and darkness of the night. They hailed the revenue cutter, over which the Stars and Stripes were floating in the moonlight, but no answer was vouchsafed them. Soon they heard the grating of the chains as the anchor was uplifted, and saw the unfurling of the sails. They clapped their hands in excess of joy, believing that the cutter was coming to their rescue, and that in a few moments they would find themselves safe under the protection of that flag for which they had suffered so much.

What was their astonishment to behold the vessel, as her canvas filled with the evening breeze, sailing away up the stream! They gazed upon the receding boat in mute amazement and despair. "What can it mean? Is this all a dream?" they asked themselves over and over again. As they sat there in the gloom of night, and enveloped in the still deeper gloom of their own disappointment, they heard voices up the river, and walking a little distance they found some negroes engaged in night-fishing. To the question if they had seen a strange white man about during the evening one of the negroes replied:

"A white man came here, hail de ship, tell dem he a Cap'n, want to git aboard; jis den some of Massa Watson's men run down de bank to cotch him; but he drop his shoes an' run away from dem. I hear dem say up to de house dey no cotch him."

They further said that Massa Watson was going to run some goods over into Virginia as soon as the moon went down, and that the starting-place was from a marsh two miles below, where two large batteaux were hid. Raynor and Murphy, after anxious deliberation, determined to go back to Burroughs's house, thinking that Hurd would naturally strike for that as a place of safety. The negroes guided them to a dust-road, which they would find easier to their feet than the oyster-shell beach. Uncomplainingly these men of iron nerve and energy trudged alohg, when soon four large dogs rushed out upon them. A negro came running out from the house, and calling off the dogs, inquired, "Who is ye?" They replied, "We are anxious to get over into Virginia." "Well," said he, "if you will hurry along you can overtake Massa Watson, who, with a lot of men, will run some boats over as soon as the moon goes down. Come along," he continued, "and I go wid you." "No, no," Raynor replied. "You stay here and keep the

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dogs back, and we'll hurry on and overtake them."

The negro returned to the house, and they hid in a thicket until half an hour after the moon went down, when, concluding that "Massa Watson" was on his way across the river, they resumed their painful tramp, and reached Burroughs's about three o'clock in the morning. Mr. Burroughs (may God bless him!) rose from his sleep, took them in, gave them refreshments and a good bed. Weariness and exhaustion overcame the sense of pain, and they slept soundly. When they awoke in the morning the first object that met their eyes was the *Howell Cobb*, anchored in the stream opposite the house. A boat coming ashore, Colonels Raynor and Murphy were taken on board.

Captain Franks, in command, listened attentively to their story, and told them that he had heard their hail the night before, but believing it to be a decoy to get his men ashore, and knowing the neighborhood to be a dangerous one, he had weighed anchor and stood away. He did all he could to make amends for the misunderstanding, and treated them with the greatest humanity. Mrs. Frank wept at the sight of the inflamed, swollen, bleeding feet, and tenderly bathed them with her own sisterly hand. After partaking of a hasty breakfast Colonel Raynor was permitted, at his own earnest solicitation, to take a boat's crew and go ashore to hunt up their lost comrade. There were but six seamen on board the cutter, and Raynor was allowed to take two. As they were getting the boat ready a man was seen coming rapidly down the beach. It was Colonel Hurd. A boat was sent for him, and he was soon on board the cutter. They were now all safe. Their wonderful escape was accomplished—an escape, when viewed in all its aspects of sagacity, of endurance, of heroism, of unselfishness, can find but few parallels in the history of man.

Colonel Hurd confirmed the narrative of the negro. While hailing the vessel the night before, and shouting out his story, he was heard by Watson's men. They sprang down the bank to catch him, intending, doubtless, to carry him across the river in their boats and deliver him to the rebel authorities. As they rushed upon him, calling upon him to surrender, he dropped his shoes, darted between them, and in the darkness gained the woods, where he hid behind a log and slept till morning. He then worked his way back to Mr. Burroughs's, and was happily united with his companions beneath the folds of our national banner.

A steamer coming up the river, they were transferred to her. Opposite Acquia Creek the gun-boat *Yankee*, the flag-ship of the blockading fleet, under Commodore Craven, was at anchor. Commodore Craven and his officers, after carefully questioning the adventurers, received them with the utmost kindness. Hurd and Raynor were provided with socks for their feet, but none could be found large enough to cover the bloated mass into which Murphy's feet were swollen. The Commodore gave them a letter to Captain Dahlgren, Commandant of the Navy-yard at Washington, and sent his swiftest tug, the *Resolute*, to convey them to the city. Just at sundown on Saturday evening, September the 14th, the steamer reached Washington. As they stepped on shore Colonel Hurd turned to his companions and said, very impressively:

"Boys, I have lived twenty-seven days in the Rocky Mountains on mule's meat, with the snow four feet deep. *But that was nothing to this!*"

This frank admission, though coming so late, was gratefully appreciated by his comrades. Before the close of another week Murphy and Raynor were at their homes, and Colonel Hurd was with his company, ready for a fight.

Space will not allow us to trace out the subsequent career of these heroic men. Sublimer deeds of daring were never performed than by Colonel Hurd, at Chickamauga, and Colonel Raynor, on the Red River. At Harrison's Landing Colonel Murphy, with his accustomed energy and tact, rendered services which won the love of thousands ready to perish.

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Saith the white owl to the martin folk,
In the belfry tower so grim and gray:
"Why do they deafen us with these bells?
Is any one dead or born to-day?"

A martin peeped over the rim of its nest,
And answered, crossly: "Why, ain't you heard
That an heir is come to the great estate?"—
"I 'aven't," the owl said, "'pon my word."

Saith the snail so snug in his dappled shell,
Slowly stretching one cautious horn,
As the beetle was hurrying by so brisk,
Much to his Snailship's inward scorn:

"Why does that creature ride by so fast?
Has a fire broke out, to the east or west?"—
"Your Grace, he rides to the wedding-feast."—
"Let the madman go. What I want's rest."

The swallows around the woodman skimmed,
Poising and turning on flashing wing;
One said: "How liveth this lump of earth?
In the air, he can neither soar nor spring?

"Over the meadows we sweep and dart,
Down with the flowers, or up in the skies;
While these poor lumberers toil and slave,
Half-starved, *for how can they catch their flies?*"

Quoth the dry-rot worm to his artisans
In the carpenter's shop, as they bored away:
"Hark to the sound of the saw and file!
What are these creatures at work at—say?"

From his covered passage a worm looked out,
And eyed the beings so busy o'erhead:
"I scarcely know, my Lord; but I think
They're making a box to bury their dead!"

Says a butterfly with his wings of blue
All in a flutter of careless joy,
As he talks to a dragon-fly over a flower:
"Ours is a life, Sir, with no alloy.

"What are those black things, row and row,
Winding along by the new-mown hay?"
"That is a funeral," says the fly:
"The carpenter buries his son to-day."

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

[Fifth Paper.]

THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

February 22, 1861.—The prospect of immediate activity seems to have inspired every one. General Williams's brigade turned out in honor of the day, one rifle regiment, three of infantry, and two companies of cavalry, all in their gala attire and marching to spirited music, with a bright sky and genial atmosphere, combined to raise our spirits to the highest point of hopefulness.

As Colonel Donnelly sends an ambulance to Hagerstown to-morrow, I concluded to lie by for a day longer and accept the seat so politely offered.

In the afternoon refugees from Morgan brought reports that Jackson was again approaching by the Winchester road with eighteen thousand men. As the room next to that which I occupied had been perforated by a rebel shell during the former bombardment I took the precaution to put my baggage in order for a move; at the same time feeling convinced that the alarm was occasioned by the presence of a squad of horse-thieves in the vicinity of Berkeley, usually led by some of the States-Rights heroes furnished by Morgan to the Confederacy. At brigade head-quarters I found the same opinion prevailing, and also that a competent force had been sent to ambuscade these fellows in the mountains. I offered my services to lead any detachment that might be sent over to support the "liers in wait" in case of necessity, and was promised an opportunity should any occasion arise for such a movement. After which I went to bed and slept soundly until morning.

February 23.—Fair and mild. Yesterday's news turned out as expected—"*ex nihilo nihil fit.*" Taking leave of my family and friends, I started for Hagerstown in Colonel Donnelly's ambulance. Two of my traveling companions were worthy farmers from the neighborhood of Niagara Falls, who had come on to visit their sons, soldiers in the Grand Army. At the Fairview House I found a party of Virginia loyalists, refugees from Berkeley County, endeavoring to soothe the sorrows of their exile by "seven up" and whisky, of which it seems "Old Virginia never tires." They stopped their game for a moment to reproach us of the military service for our inaction, and wanted to know "why the devil we did not advance and drive the rebels away from their homes?" which were in tantalizing sight from their present lodge. We arrived at Hagerstown about dark.



A BUSHWHACKER.

February 24.—This morning took the coach for Frederick, and by the way encountered a furious storm, which blew down trees and telegraph-poles and threatened to overturn our coach. On arriving at Frederick, about mid-day, I called at the head-quarters of General Banks to pay my respects. The General informed me that a movement on Winchester was in progress, and insisted that I should accompany his division. I told him of my engagements with General Birney; but as I felt myself more competent for usefulness in the Valley, I was willing to remain with him if General Birney could be satisfied. A direct order from the Commander-in-Chief of the army settled the question definitely, and I immediately set about equipping myself for the campaign. A visit to a Jew's slop-shop, and another to the Division Quarter-master, sufficed to put me in marching order.

February 25.—Clear and cold. Alexander Diffey arrived from Baltimore last night, with a pontoon train and eighty

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cars for the transportation of troops to Harper's Ferry. Sedgwick moves from Poolsville, *via* Adamstown, with two brigades. Lander, from the vicinity of Cumberland, with twelve thousand men, moves eastward through Blooming Gap. Williams, with his brigade and other forces, concentrate at Martinsburg and march southward by the Valley turnpike; Banks, with the main body, moves southward *via* Harper's Ferry and Charlestown. This will concentrate twenty-seven thousand men and seventy-five guns in front of Winchester. At the same time the Grand Army in front of Washington will move decisively upon Manassas. This will bring matters to a speedy conclusion in Virginia; while the occupation of Nashville, and the reactionary movements reported in Tennessee, promise a speedy collapse of the rebellion in the West.

February 27.—Clear and cold. This morning I met General Banks on the street, and was informed that M'Clellan was at Harper's Ferry, and desired to see me immediately. Within fifteen minutes I was mounted and on the road. Passing through Jefferson, Petersville, and Knoxville, I arrived at Sandy Hook about midday; and there giving my horse in charge of a negro of General Banks's household, I sought the general head-quarters, in a large green passenger-car which stood upon the sideling. On entering I saw my friend, Captain B——, closely engaged in conversation with an officer whom I did not recognize. The stranger looked up, and immediately addressed me by name. "Ah, Mr. ——, I was this moment speaking of you, and wishing to see you." As he spoke I remarked the three stars glittering on his shoulder. So thin and pallid had his late attack of typhoid fever left him that I found difficulty in recognizing the person of the Commander-in-Chief as the same I had seen so fresh, florid, and vigorous on the Potomac Bluffs at Edward's Ferry.

The maps which he and Captain B—— had been examining were again spread, and I was invited to join the council. They had been discussing the question of the most available routes by which Lander and Williams might reach the main thoroughfare leading up the Valley. My local knowledge readily supplied the necessary information. The prompt, clear, and soldierly manner in which M'Clellan discussed the subject in hand showed that the fever had in no wise attainted the vigor of his mind. This examination concluded, I was presented to the officers of the general staff, a dozen or more of whom were present in the car. Among these were the French Princes De Joinville and his nephews Louis Philippe and Robert. The elder Prince De Joinville was a tall, slender person, stoop-shouldered, rather ungainly in his movements, and wearing a huge, ugly cap, which gave to him an air any thing but "distinguished." I should have taken him for a cattle-dealer, waiting an opportunity to have a talk with the commissary. The young men, who wore the shoulder-knots of captains, were slender, light-haired, frank-mannered, unassuming youths, in no way differing, either in appearance or manner, from our young Americans of the educated classes. Although but little influenced by names and titles, I could not suppress a feeling of admiring and sympathetic interest for these young men, Princes but in name. They were also the victims of a political revolution—exiles from home and country, scions of a brave race, who had volunteered to strike a blow for the cause of humanity and civilization, prompted, no doubt, by that manly and generous instinct that loves war and the companionship of great deeds; and doubtless, too, by some shrewd political foresight from beneath that great, ugly cap, which recognizes in the present movement the cause of the nineteenth century, and with a view to future possibilities perceives the utility of having made a mark on the right side. Decidedly the handsomest and most distinguished-looking officer present was a young Prussian, Baron Radovitz.

After accepting the hospitality of the car, agreeably dispensed by Colonel Astor of New York, I started out to look after my horse, and presently met with Colonel Clarke, of Banks's staff, and accompanied him across the pontoon bridge to the town of Harper's Ferry. Here was a vast heap of charred and crumbling ruin. The fine national arsenals, work-shops, railway-bridges, store-houses, hotels, and private dwellings all mingled in a common destruction. Winding up the hill we took possession of a deserted stable for our horses, and then found entertainment for ourselves in the house of a widow woman near by.

February 28.—Clear and cool. On rising this morning I walked over to Sandy Hook and reported to General M'Clellan, who requested me to meet him in half an hour at General Sedgwick's quarters in Harper's Ferry. Returning, I saddled my steed and repaired to the rendezvous, where I found the staff and escort in the saddle awaiting the advent of the Generals, who were at the moment within doors engaged in consultation. In half an hour we were in motion. The air was deliciously bracing, and the brilliant trappings of our cavalcade showed superbly in the clear sunlight. On reaching the summit of the Bolivar Heights, the view of the magnificent Valley elicited a general murmur of astonishment and admiration. This was the Valley of which I had so often boasted among my friends and comrades as the fairest land under the cope of heaven—the home and play-ground of my childhood, and endeared to me by many ties in later life; and it was with a glow of heart-felt satisfaction that I heard the full justification of my partiality from the lips of these distinguished strangers. I had been seven months in exile, and after the momentary burst of pleasure called forth by the view my mind was filled with varied and contending emotions.

I had my full share of Virginianism, and had

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garnered up a store of pride respecting this beautiful region, whose attractions I always considered were a part of my birth-right. I admired the inhabitants with their genial hospitality and cultivated simplicity of character and manner. I was attached to the old customs that lingered pleasantly among the refinements of modern progress, indicating a retrospective dignity, like those antiquated and moss-covered mansions that we sometimes see, still standing amidst the crude splendor of our fresh-built cities. And while my judgment might acquiesce in the unanswerable logic of Northern humanitarians and political economists, in regard to the "peculiar institution," it was not from this favored region that either would have chosen to draw illustrations wherewith to enforce their appeals or point their arguments. I had lived my life in its midst, and knew that, like all other phases of human society, it had its lights as well as shadows. Every hill and dale, every house with its barns and cabins. The faces of the negroes as they came out to stare at our sweeping cavalcade. The soft, broad accent of the voices we heard by the way-side, were all so touchingly familiar, and carried me back so far among the good old peaceful times that I would momentarily forget my surroundings. Then the clash of our swinging sabres or the gleam of a marching column of bayonets would rend this haze of softening thought, like sharp lightning through a gilded cloud—with a flash of fierce and bitter realization now it was war—cruel and wasting war, destructive of property and life. Well, time and industry will soon restore the former, and we must all die sooner or later, but what time will restore the scattered household gods, the riven bonds of society, the blighted honor, violated oaths, the overthrown respect for all sacred things, human and divine?—when will the fires of fraternal hate be quenched, and the darker malignity of party-spirit, that seeks a vengeance deeper than death? And with this contrasting of the past and present comes the hot tide of indignation against those unscrupulous and besotted demagogues who had most wickedly and stupidly brought all these woes upon this once innocent and happy region. But the soul that is armed in a great cause must be proof against all weaknesses, whether of sentiment or passion. Let us look to the work in hand.

As we rode through Charlestown I met and exchanged congratulations with several friends whose loyalty had been hardy enough to survive the seven months' darkness. The main street was lined with the National infantry, who, with bands playing and colors flying, saluted the commander as we passed. It was a glorious hour for me, and for some others who had looked for the coming with an abiding faith. There were many also—anxious waiters on the tide of circumstance—who met us with smiling faces and a ready welcome, as our coming afforded relief from the ever-impending terror of conscription, of forced loans of money and material, and a currency, to say the least, very suspicious. Yet in the general condition of the popular mind I was grievously disappointed. The seven months of undisputed rebel sway had done its work with astonishing completeness. The first-born of every family was in the ranks of the rebellion. The pockets of every sharp attorney and local official and general speculator were filled with rebel scrip, gorgeous with showy vignettes and high figures. Every anxious and plodding farmer had his greasy wallet swelled with vouchers signed by officers of the C. S. A., for horses, cattle, and grain, furnished *voluntarily*, under pain of death or confiscation. With a devilish skill the Richmond conspirators had sounded and turned all the sentiments, passions, and interests that govern mankind to their service. Where lures, tricks, and falsehoods failed to accomplish the purpose, violence and terror succeeded. But willing or unwilling, entrapped or seized, dupes or victims, all were now marked alike with the fatal brand—C. S.

What first struck me was the seedy and old-fashioned appearance of the people. The dial-hand of fashion had not stood still with them, but had gone back, by the enforced resumption of the wardrobes of former years cast off and packed away. Next was the expression of their countenances, where the free, frank, and kindly air, warm with jovial good-living and *insouciance*, was succeeded by the haggard impress of terror, anxiety, and suspicion. This struck me most painfully in my intercourse with old personal friends, who had remained firm and unchanged in their loyalty. My vehement and unreserved expression of our common wishes and opinions seemed to fill them with alarm. When they ventured to speak, in an undertone, there was an anxious scanning of windows and doors, a nervous whispering and taking you aside, when none were present. Yet these were the truest and the boldest, who had never bent the knee to Baal—and this while the Union armies thronged the roads and occupied all the surroundings. I had seen this same thing in Naples during the reign of the Bourbons, and in Venetia during the darkest days of Austrian domination; but to find it here, among my own once independent and free-spoken people, shocked me inexpressibly, and revealed more clearly than all else I had seen and heard how remorseless and arrogant had been the despotism which, in so brief a period, had left such impress upon the souls of brave and free citizens.

As I conversed more generally with acquaintances I was equally amazed to hear the monstrous stories of all sorts that had obtained credence. The prosperity of the North had already withered, the voices of its factories were hushed, commerce lay rotting at the wharves—the silence of the once busy streets broken only by howling mobs demanding bread. Then, in regard to the conduct and character of the National troops, there was nothing too absurd or impossible to find easy belief. But of all subjects on which the passionate credulity of the

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people had been exercised the story of their victories was the favorite. Common-sense and possibilities were not allowed to enter into the composition of their beliefs in the smallest degree. It robbed the choicest dishes of all flavor. The affair at Ball's Bluff, as I had foreseen, had made the most decided and mischievous impression. The exaggerations were ludicrous in the extreme. Some believed that the navigation of the Potomac had been impeded by the thousands of dead Yankees that choked its current; and others piously hoped that, with the opening of the warm weather, the stench of this mass of bodies would breed a pestilence in Washington and clean out the Yankee Government. With all this nonsense one is continually exercised between pity and laughter. Graver thoughts were suggested when, coming in contact with more methodical minds, I perceived how rapidly we had been drifting in opposite directions, and how wide the gulf of opinion had become.

On the glady levels that characterize the dividing ridge of the Alleghany Mountains are many swamps and ponds which are the sources of numerous rivulets that meander aimlessly through these pleasant highlands, as they glide along, turned hither and thither by a breath of air, a hillock of grass, a fallen tree, or some like trifling accident, their gentle currents flowing eastward or westward as this seeming chance may determine. Their volume swells as they progress; their current becomes more rapid, their course more decided, their soft, tinkling voices changed to a hoarse and clamorous roar. No weak impediment turns them now, but, sweeping earth and trees with their force, they cut themselves eternal channels through the solid rock. Still onward, gathering tributary power, they presently become great rivers, modeling the topography of continents, bearing the wealth of nations. And so we may curiously conceive that of a drop of water splitting upon a blade of grass, part may in time find its way through the deep mountain channels of the Monongahela, between the fair and fertile bluffs of the Ohio, the dark swamps and cane-brakes of the Mississippi, to mingle with the salt waters of the Mexican Gulf, and play its part amidst tropical hurricanes. The other globule, divided from its brother by that small incident, through the picturesque vales of the Susquehanna or Potomac, finds its way to the Atlantic Ocean, and thence, by winds and currents, to the fog-banks and icebergs of Newfoundland. Thus it is with the course of opinion. We are nurtured at the same breast; we drink from the same cup, and read in the same book; we discuss the signification of a word, and argue about the color of a hair. We divide on a blade of grass; we drift apart; each thinks the other deviating, perverse, absurd. Then comes the sweep and power of passion, and in the end we are as far apart as the frigid and the torrid zones. Thus I find it with some fair-reasoning minds, which in the muddle of opinion a year ago mixed cordially with mine, scarce divided by the breadth of a hair. There is an awful gulf between us now, and it needs be that we have both drifted and will continue to drift. Montesquieu takes the more hopeful and kindlier view when he says: "Men are never so absurd or so wicked as they think each other—they simply misunderstand each other."

A pleasant incident, in verification of this, occurred to-day. Seeing a clergyman of my acquaintance on the street, apparently in great haste, I hailed him and asked what was the matter. He had scarcely breath to answer and invoke my assistance. The soldiers were occupying his church, and he was filled with apprehensions of spoliation and desecration. On entering the church we found it occupied by Colonel Ruger's Minnesota regiment. Some of the men, under the direction of the officers, were taking up the carpets—for what purpose the good man did not know. I commended him to the officer, and he begged that he might be permitted to remove the Bible, lamps, and other pulpit furniture, to a place of safety. The request was courteously granted; when a new horror burst upon the alarmed pastor. A crowd of rude bearded and belted fellows had got into the gallery, and were engaged in opening the organ and fumbling among the books of sacred music. With an agonized look the clergyman exclaimed to the commander: "I hope, Sir, you will not permit them to destroy it!" The officer smiled, and quietly replied: "They will not injure it, Sir." A moment of silence was followed by a voluntary prelude, played with admirable taste and skill; then a hundred rich and manly voices took up a strain of sacred music, so grand and solemn that we involuntarily took off our hats. It was curious to see the pastor's face as his look of anxiety changed to one of astonishment, and then settled into a smile of devotional calmness. When the hymn was finished he turned to the officer, and said: "I perceive it will not be necessary to move the furniture, Sir;" and so left the church in peace. It is to be regretted, however, that in many other instances a closer acquaintance did not tend to remove existing prejudices, but rather to aggravate them.

While the commanders rode forward to view the roads and positions in front of the village I dropped back to enjoy an hour's intercourse with my friends who for the last year had been confined in this political bedlam. Here I was beset from all quarters with applications for protection of property, restoration of seized horses, and release of prisoners. Believing it better for the cause and the service that all unnecessary and unauthorized oppression should be avoided, I readily undertook these cases. The Generals, meanwhile, satisfied with their reconnoissance, rode back to Harper's Ferry, whither I followed them later in the afternoon. I here reported to General Banks the result of my observations, and the information I had obtained at Charlestown. I was confirmed in

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surmises respecting the moral and military weakness of the Confederacy, and had information, which I conceived positive, that Winchester would be abandoned on the approach of our troops without a fight. In short, that there was not in the Valley any adequate force to dispute our advance. This information was considered so important that General Banks proposed that I should deliver it in person to M'Clellan.

We accordingly rode over the river by the pontoon bridge, and spent an hour painfully threading the mazes of railway and forage trains which crowded the Maryland shore, searching in vain for the green car. We were at length informed that the Commander-in-Chief had left for Washington. I was greatly disappointed, for I deemed the information both important and reliable. We turned our horses' heads for the Ferry, and, in spite of the bitter and blasting wind that cut our faces and dimmed our eyes, I could not but look with interest on the scenes through which we rode. The whole level bench between the mountain and canal, extending from Weverton to the Ferry bridge, was one mass of railway trains, engines, forage wagons, and mules—the animals and machines vying with each other in their horrible yelling and braying. Mountains of forage and commissary stores lay piled beside the trains; while groups of teamsters, negroes, quarter-masters' clerks, and train guards, cooking, sleeping, or dancing, huddled around the numerous fires that lighted this chaotic picture. Below, the river flashed and roared in unison with the noisy and restless world; above, rose the impending cliffs of naked rock, so high they seemed to touch the frosty stars, looking cold, silent, and fixed as destiny.

March 1.—I rose this morning before the sun, and to escape the frosty air entered the room where my hostess was preparing breakfast. There, the better to warm my hands, I laid my new gloves upon the table. At the moment some soldiers of a Rhode Island battery entered ostensibly for the purpose of getting a drink of water. I turned to call the woman to serve them, and when I came again the visitors were gone and my gloves had disappeared with them. On repairing to head-quarters I found the information of the previous evening under discussion. From the experiences of Patterson's campaign it was apprehended that the reverse game might be played on our column, and instead of reinforcing Manassas from Winchester, a wily enemy might evade the overwhelming power of M'Clellan, and reinforcing Winchester from Manassas, concentrate his whole force and crush us before we could be supported. My information in regard to the state of affairs at Winchester was twenty-four hours old. There might have been changes in the mean time. Could I get a trusty messenger to visit Winchester and bring us the latest tidings? I promised to do so, and immediately after breakfast rode back to Charlestown. Along the route I observed the country covered with our stragglers helping themselves. Almost every man I saw had a pig or a leg of mutton upon his bayonet, or a pair of chickens in his haversack. Besides the seizing and cooking this dainty plunder with fence rails I did not observe any ill-natured or wanton disturbance of the inhabitants or property.

Arrived in Charlestown, I cast about to secure an agent to visit Winchester on the business spoken of at head-quarters. It was useless to think of applying to any white man for such service. The few who in their hearts were faithful to the National cause lived in terror even in the midst of our armies, and being "spotted," as they significantly phrased it, could not have passed beyond our lines with safety. Those who were not with us from principle could not be relied on under any circumstances. Indeed it was impossible to find men willing to take any risks for a Government which thus far had manifested neither the power nor the disposition to protect its friends nor to punish its enemies. The negroes I knew were both faithful and willing, and, strange to say, were trusted on the other side with a persistence that amounted to fatuity. While every white man's motions and actions were watched with a most jealous scrutiny, the negroes were permitted to run hither and thither as if they had been merely domestic animals not fit to eat.

This was the Southern theory, and they acted in accordance with it throughout. Yet singularly enough the negro in his simplicity, his unlettered ignorance, his servile seclusion, seemed to have clearer and more comprehensive views of the upshot of this great question than either of the free, educated, and enlightened contestants. Blinded and inflamed by the madness of partisan politics the white man spurns away the patent facts that encumber his path and tramples common-sense under his feet, taking counsel only of his excited passions or conceited theories. The humble negro, gathering the crumbs that fall from his master's table, finds enough to satisfy him. There is scarcely an officer in our division who will acknowledge or believes that he is warring for the abolition of negro slavery. The Southern people, on the other hand, talk and act as if they had no idea that such a thing could be accomplished by any power human or divine. They are buying and selling at high prices. They don't believe the negroes will accept the boon of freedom if offered. They are actually running them off South on the approach of our armies. It reminds one of Jonah fleeing from the presence of God. The negro knows this war is for his liberation, and has implicit faith in its accomplishment.

So if I want a faithful emissary I must find a negro with sufficient arithmetic to know the difference between a hundred and a thousand, and sufficient military knowledge to avoid mistaking a forge or a caisson for a cannon. Presently I bethought me of a sharp fellow, who I knew had attempted to escape Northward a year ago, and

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HOW THE IDEA GOT INTO THEIR HEADS.

had been arrested and brought back. I sent for him upon some trifling pretext, and taking him aside thus addressed him:

"F——, I know you have long had a hankering for freedom."

"That I have, master," said he, his face lighting with an eager smile.

"That which you have so long wished for you can earn in two days if you have the nerve to follow my orders."

"What are they to be, master?" replied F——, in a dubious tone.

"I wish you to go to Winchester to-night, and with your own eyes and your own ears find out how many men are there; how many cannon, how they are posted; what they think of us, and what they intend to do when we advance. Ascertain all this, and return here with the information as soon as possible."

My man's countenance fell as terror superseded hope. "It is more than my life is worth to do that. They would hang me certain."

"Then you are not the man I took you for. You have not the pluck to grasp the fortune that is offered to you, and are not worth the trouble the white folks are taking on your account."

The fellow had spirit enough to feel this reproach. "But what good," said he, "will my freedom do me if I am caught and hung?"

"Well, it is even better to die like a man than live like a dog." Saying this, I turned away as if to give up the negotiation.

"Master," exclaimed F——, with a struggling voice, "if I go, how about my wife and children?"

"They shall be free."

"And if I come back safe with the news?"

"They shall be free, and you shall have a sum of money to take them away and establish them where you please."

"I'll go, Sir! I'll go!"

I impressed more particularly upon him the points I wished him to observe, and with a pass to carry him through the National picket lines he started on his adventurous journey.

Although up to this date the Government of the United States had disavowed all intention of interfering directly with the institution of slavery, and had even removed officers from high command whose impatient zeal had ventured boldly to attack the system, yet it was evident to me that the current of opinion was setting so strongly in that direction that the Government would presently be forced to acquiesce in its overthrow, if not openly to provide measures for its accomplishment. In many conversations which I had had with General Banks on this subject I deprecated any direct interference with the subject, as tending only to aggravate the difficulties in which the sections, and especially the Border States, were involved.

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In its determination to sustain the national unity the Government would be supported by the people of the Northern and Middle States *en masse*, by a large fighting majority in most of the Border States, and by a large and influential, though apparently inert, party in the heart of the Confederacy itself. An open declaration of war against slavery at this time would at once destroy the unanimity of the North, both in political and military circles; would revolutionize loyal opinion in the Border States; and entirely crush that latent conservatism in the South, upon which all hopes of future peace and unity were founded.

Yet I had made up my mind long ago that the annihilation of slavery was to be the inevitable event of the war. And if in former times I had warmly defended it against the injudicious attacks of fanatical ideologists and ignorant intermeddlers, it was because it was recognized and maintained by the Government of the country, and it was evident that any unauthorized disturbance of so great an interest must bring on civil war with enormous evils in its train. Although educated in abhorrence of that school of politics which made slavery and the South its corner-stone, I was willing to acquiesce in evils and abuses as they existed rather than rush upon those we knew not of. But when that wretched party, drunk with passion and besotted with presumption, undertook to destroy our common Government and forced this bloody and disastrous civil war upon the nation, I considered the dreadful price already paid, and determined, as far as my action and influence would go, to exact the full consideration. Public and private interest alike demanded the extinction of slavery. Without any proclamations or general orders on the subject, it is quite well understood at head-quarters that behind the Army of the Shenandoah slavery is practically wiped out. To-day general head-quarters are established in Charlestown. It is pleasant enough to meet old friends; but I do not like this delay. We should have been in Winchester to-day instead of in Charlestown.

March 2.—I am beset to-day, as usual, with petitions for protection, passes, and prisoners. Too many people are permitted to run through the lines on various pretexts. To-day all passes are refused. The General has just received information that Lander's column is about to engage the enemy at Mill Spring Gap, in Berkeley County. A forward movement on our part is imminent to support Lander or create a diversion. None was ordered, however, and at night I again reported at head-quarters. General Banks seemed anxious and perplexed at having no recent tidings from Winchester. I had no later news, but reiterated my belief that no addition had been made to the forces there, and no resistance was practicable at that point to the force we had to carry against it. The facility with which the army in the Valley could be reinforced from Manassas seemed always the disturbing idea that weighed upon the General's mind. I started to walk down street again. The General, still restless, proposed to walk with me.

As we descended from the porch we met two soldiers with fixed bayonets bringing in a prisoner. The man called my name. It was my messenger returned from Winchester. We immediately retired with him to a private room. The report was eminently satisfactory. He informed us that all the stores and heavy guns had already been removed to Strasburg; that the fortifications were dismantled, the principal citizens flying Southward with their families and movable property; and, in short, every indication of an intention to abandon Winchester on our advance. The number of troops under Jackson's command he estimated at seven or eight thousand of all arms, with thirty pieces of light artillery. These guns were placed in battery commanding the different roads entering Winchester from Berryville, Martinsburg, Pughtown, and Romney; but the great excitement and movement of troops, he said, was on the Pughtown road. This we knew was caused by Lander's erratic movement. My man had walked to Winchester, twenty-two miles, made all these intelligent observations, procured a pass from Jackson's Provost-Marshal to carry some clothes to his young master in the rebel cavalry, on observation at Berryville, twelve miles distant; delivered the aforesaid clothes; told a variety of monstrous stories about the Yankee armies, suitable to the occasion; and then returned to Charlestown, twelve miles further—all in little more than twenty-four hours. In home phraseology, "This was pretty well for a nigger." The promised reward was made good to the letter by the order of the commanding General.

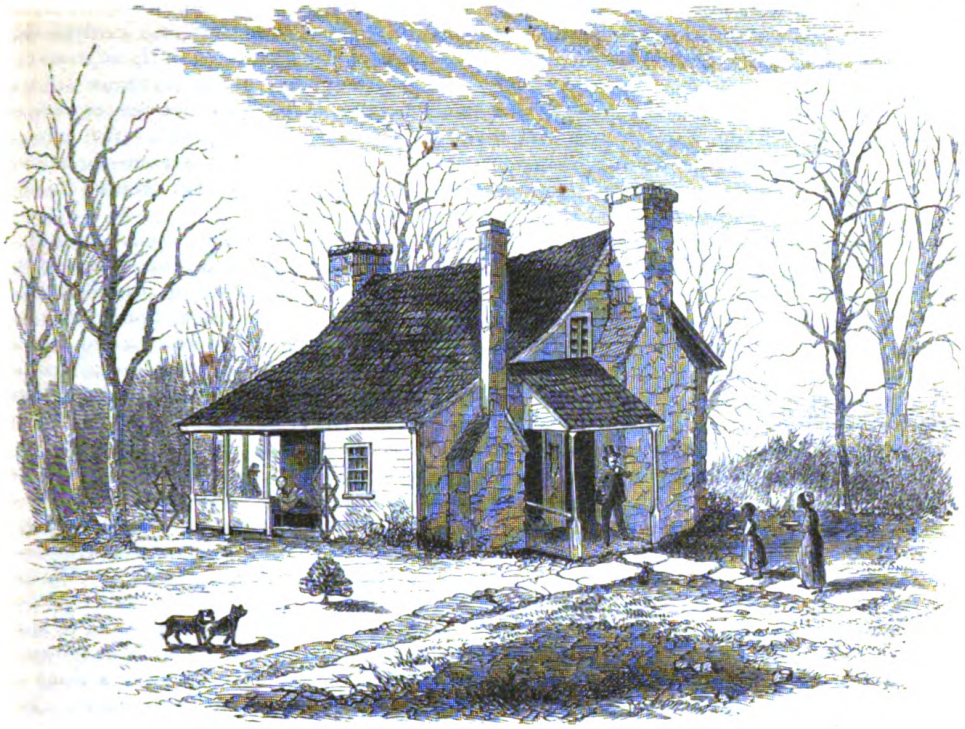
March 3.—Raining. A marauding scoundrel of a cavalryman stole my India-rubber over-coat. May it prove a "shirt of Nessus" to him!

I made a diagram of Winchester and surroundings, with the troops and guns posted according to my messenger's report last night. I showed it to Generals Banks and Hamilton, and hope an immediate advance will be ordered. We have news that Lander's movement is stopped, and the General himself quite sick.

March 4.—On reporting at head-quarters this morning I was introduced to the Council of War. Generals Sedgwick, Hamilton, Burns, and Gorman, Colonel Tompkins, Major Perkins, and Captain Best were present. Maps, topographical plans, and latest information were discussed, but nothing definite resolved upon. They seemed to be waiting to hear from M'Clellan.

March 5.—Lander is dead. There seemed to have been a continual misunderstanding between him and M'Clellan, and, considering the character and positions of the two men, it could scarcely have been otherwise. In the present plan of movement Lander had been ordered to Martinsburg by the nearest route, and instead of obeying, he moved directly for Winchester

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LOCUST GROVE.

by way of Mill Spring Gap, and sent us word he expected a battle there. M'Clellan meanwhile sent a hasty and positive order to stop him. It reached him in time to prevent the expected fight. Next day he fell sick and the day following he died. The doctors differed as to the immediate cause of his death. One said it was from the wound received at Edward's Ferry; another supposed it was from exhaustion, the consequence of over-excitement and exertion; a third intimated it was from an overdose of morphine, taken accidentally. I am sorry for my part that he did not get a clip at Jackson. I think he would have given him an infernal thrashing. I met General Shields on his way to take command of Lander's Division. Shields looks older than when I last saw him, but is full of fire still. They fear at Washington that Winchester may be reinforced from Manassas *via* Snicker's or Berry's Ferry. I gave Shields a sketch of the roads leading to Winchester. A courier brings news of the occupation of Bunker's Hill by General Williams after a skirmish, in which he captured half a dozen prisoners.

March 6.—Variable. Troops are still moving forward. The New York Ninth passed through Charlestown in columns of companies, making a fine appearance. As the roads were opened by the advance of our lines I rode out to see some of my friends in the country. At Locust Grove I met a welcome as manly and cordial as if the eight months of bitter, civil war had never been. Here were the old barn, the white-washed cottage dwelling, and the negro cabins all unchanged as I had seen them in the happiest days of my boyhood. The negroes and negrolings of the present generation looked in all respects the same as those I had seen there thirty years ago. And the master, a worthy representative of the most large-hearted, true, and generous race I have ever known. The neighborhood had not escaped annoyance from the soldiers; but with characteristic carelessness of his own losses and troubles, my friend's whole care seemed to be for his neighbors. The Widow ——, whose corn was seized, and poor old Mr. ——, whose horses were pressed, and worthy Mrs. ——, whose son was a prisoner.

The gravity of his surroundings had by no means quenched his perception of the humorous, as the following anecdote may attest. A picket of Van Allen's cavalry had quartered near his house. One day a mounted vidette came riding in with staring eyes, and reported that he had been fired on from the house of one Wright, near which he was stationed; the ball whistled near his head, and he saw the bushwhacker afterward creeping through the thicket with gun in hand endeavoring to get another shot at him. The house was of course condemned to be burned; but before the order was executed inquiry developed the following facts: An infantry soldier of one of the Massachusetts regiments was prowling about seeking what he might devour. He presently drew a bead on a sheep, missed it, and narrowly grazed the trooper's head. Perceiving the proximity of a mounted picket, he endeavored to sneak away unseen, and hence the alarm.

Before returning to town I rode over the country paying several visits, and conversing

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freely with the inhabitants. The people and the army do not understand each other, and hence most of our difficulties. The inhabitants have been led to believe that the army was a horde of Cossacks and Vandals, whose mission was to plunder, destroy, murder, and lord it over the land without mercy or remorse. Hence they are received with distrust and terror, and their slightest disorders magnified into monstrous and menacing crimes. The soldiers, on the other hand, thought they were entering a country where every house was a trap and every thicket a masked battery. In every man they saw a concealed enemy, a spy, or assassin; and in every woman a furious spitfire and perhaps a poisoner. Mutual acquaintance and an interchange of courtesies will soothe and do much toward obliterating these prejudices, the result of reckless political partisan teachings. There is no foundation for this war among the people—neither in their interests nor their feelings.

March 7.—There was a terrible stampede last night on our left near Kabletown. A squadron of the First Michigan Cavalry was sent out to relieve the infantry picket belonging to Colonel Maulsby's Maryland regiment. As the cavalry approached they were fired into by the guard, killing one man and three horses. The fire was hastily returned, and both parties took to their heels, creating an alarm equal to that which brought on the famous "Battle of the Kegs." Fugitives from the Maryland regiment reported they had been attacked and their pickets driven in by a large force of cavalry. The troopers came in at full speed, saying that large bodies of infantry were moving on our position, and had already destroyed or captured the Maryland regiment. The combined report in the morning was, that a regiment of infantry and a squadron of cavalry had been surprised and cut to pieces during the night. This choice morceau was greedily swallowed and keenly relished by the secession element until the return of the Second Massachusetts, which had been sent to the scene of trouble, dissipated the illusion.

The Dutch caterer for the staff mess went to the country on a foraging expedition, and having found some fowls to his mind, offered the proprietor a United States Treasury note in payment. The rebellious citizen refused the proffered money with great contempt, saying, as he thrust it back:

"No, I don't want your damned Yankee trash."

"Vel," replied the cool campaigner, "I do vant, very much, dese secesh chickens—zo I dakes 'em;" and repocketing the despised currency he lifted the fowls and departed.

As a general thing, however, and in spite of the unavoidable irregularities attending the movements of armies, there seems already to be a notable improvement in the tone of feeling between the soldiers and citizens, and the friendliness is increasing from day to day. If the military question were satisfactorily disposed of there would presently be a sweeping reaction in favor of the Government; for notwithstanding the astonishing reticence of those most deeply implicated in the revolution, there are many unmistakable indications that the experiences of the first year of King Jeff's reign have not been of a character fully to sustain the enthusiastic hopes and promises that cheered its opening scenes.

March 8.—Fair and mild. Society was thrown into a ferment to-day by the advent of a wagon-load of negroes, composed of several families, with their household goods and plunder *en route* for a free country. They were halted for half an hour before the Provost-Marshal's office, and then passed on to Harper's Ferry. Since our occupation of the country negro men have never ceased to flock into our lines, and, as a matter of military police, were arrested and confined in the county jail, which was used as a guard-house. They were here held and maintained to prevent the nuisance of so many unrecognized loafers in our camps. Without any authority or wish to return them to their owners, the General was embarrassed to know how to dispose of them. The Quarter-master at Harper's Ferry had demanded a detail of men to load and unload army stores. This seemed to afford a solution of the difficulty. The blacks were marched in squads to Harper's Ferry, and set to work, earning their bread and beans in Uncle Sam's service. This looked ominous; but as these refugees were only males, it was thought probable they would presently become disgusted with the work and rations at Harper's Ferry, and return voluntarily to their homes and families. These calculations were founded on knowledge; for the idea of freedom from work predominates in the negro's brain at this time. But the sight of this family of emigrants, with its household goods and gods, passing northward unchecked, could not be misunderstood. Hitherto the negroes who had gone went light-handed and as fugitives; now the exodus has commenced in open day, laden with the spoils of the Egyptians. The sensation created is profound. The land utters a smothered groan and curses deep, which would be louder but for the presence of military power. Even the professed Union people meet us now with clouded faces, and the growing friendliness of the inhabitants has received a chilling check.

There is a good deal of murmuring among our own men and officers. They say they did not leave their homes to fight for the liberation of the negroes. The Government had professed that it had no intention of meddling with that subject. Their cause was "National Unity," and that alone. They did not wish to see it complicated with indifferent or mischievous questions.

This incident reveals the real subject of difficulty between the sections. The sentiment of Christendom demands Abolition. That party at the North which tolerated and protected Slavery heretofore is becoming more and more fee-

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ble. On the other hand, Southern sentiment has become gangrenous on the subject. They submit to all other losses with exemplary patience. The death of their brethren and children on the battle-field is regarded as a dispensation of Providence, and borne with Christian resignation. They will even discuss their favorite doctrine of State Sovereignty with moderation and liberality. They do not assert it so arrogantly as they did a year ago. But the slightest rub upon this black tumor drives them frantic. They seem at once to lose all traces of common-sense, decency, and discretion. It is both painful and humiliating to listen to the atrocious nonsense that is put forth on this subject. After having convinced himself and every one around him that the advent of the Yankee army brings robbery, rape, and murder in its train, at the first intimation of an advance our estimable citizen, etc., abandons his terror-stricken family, his houses and lands, his cattle and crops, and endeavors to escape to some place of safety with half a dozen miserable niggers, sources of continual anxiety, expense, and irritation. Casting every other interest to the winds, disregarding every natural tie, he seems content if he can manage to hide his smutty idols for a few weeks or a few months longer from the Yankee invaders, whose sole business in making war on the South is to steal away this valuable property. Nothing but long-continued indulgence in partisan malignity could have brought a once fair-minded and enlightened people to such a point of mental degradation.

I have been continually hoping against conviction that by some turn of affairs there might be a speedy termination of this ruinous and unnecessary war. I now perceive how futile have been these hopes. I know that this war can not end except by the abolition of Slavery. It is equally evident the South will not surrender it while there is a drop of blood in her veins. "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

March 9.—Yesterday it was proposed to make a reconnoissance to Berryville, and I had expected to accompany it. To-day I hear that two brigades of infantry and a regiment of cavalry have gone forward. I am annoyed at not having been informed of it in time. We received news from Old Point of the sinking of the United States frigates *Congress* and *Cumberland* by the rebel iron-clad steamer *Merrimac*. The Secessionists are chuckling as if the United States Navy was destroyed.

March 10.—Our reconnoitring force have occupied Berryville, and advanced thence toward Winchester as far as the Opequan, without finding any other enemy than a few cavalry pickets. Our army trains and reserve batteries are in motion toward Berryville, but there are as yet no moving orders for the staff. Our secession friends have news of a great fight raging somewhere. They go out to hear the cannon, and meet together in little knots, discussing flank movements, grand strategy, and falling back on somewhere, with a rebel victory and a slaughter of Yankees to complete the feast.

March 11.—Made my preparations for a move, and reported at head-quarters. Perceiving there was no movement there, I asked and obtained permission to go to the front. Colonel Clarke of the staff and myself rode to Berryville together. Shortly afterward Captain Abert, with the Topographical party, came in and established himself in comfortable quarters, which, with the freedom of old companionship, I shared with him. As we were about retiring for the night a message was received from General Banks requesting us to meet him at a point indicated about midway between Charlestown and Berryville.

The Captain was too unwell to turn out; but I got ready, and, accompanied by Luce, started for the rendezvous. The moon shone bright, the air was calm and temperate, and altogether the night was impressively beautiful. The white tents of Abercrombie's brigade looked silent and dreary as a mist upon the water, and rows of half-spent fires, with an occasional twinkle of moonlight upon the bayonet of a sentinel, indicated where the troops were lying on either side of the road. We cantered gayly along the fine turnpike, until halted by the sharp challenge of a mounted sentinel. I rode forward alone and, with his cocked pistol at my breast, gave the countersign, and we were permitted to continue our gallop until we passed the five-mile post. There, in a wood, we saw a number of men and horses grouped around a fire. As we approached an officer came out and halted us. It was Captain D'Hautville, Aid to General Banks. I immediately dismounted and joined the circle of consulting officers. General Banks informed me that M'Clellan occupied Manassas, the enemy having precipitately abandoned the place on his approach. The question of our movement upon Winchester was discussed. There seemed to be no probability that we should find an enemy there; but by a rapid forced march directly from Berryville to Strasburg we might catch Jackson, or at least some of the stores he had been moving at his leisure from Winchester during the last ten days. General Banks seemed annoyed at the idea of Jackson's escaping unscathed; but the council presently broke up, as usual, without determining upon any thing. General Banks and attendants rode back to Charlestown, while we accompanied General Sedgwick to Berryville. The remainder of the night was passed in sweet and dreamless sleep.

March 12.—Fair and temperate. After an old-fashioned Topographical breakfast we had a visit from Colonel Clarke, who was in search of quarters for the Commanding General and staff. I hope this does not indicate that we are to spend any time here. About nine o'clock I called at General Sedgwick's quarters, and while there information was brought that Generals Williams and Hamilton were in Winchester. This created an excitement, and seeing

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UNION PEOPLE.

Colonel Brodhead at the head of a squadron of cavalry, I proposed we should ride forward. He consented, and with his staff and escort we started toward Winchester. We were welcomed with many demonstrations of joy by the inhabitants along the route. There seemed to be a great deal of Union sentiment among the middle and lower classes, but no cambric handkerchiefs nor national flags were waved from the better class of mansions. On entering Winchester we found the town alive with negroes and Federal soldiers; the crowd very sparsely sprinkled with white citizens. The houses generally were sealed up, both doors and windows, yet several were decorated with the Union colors, and their open windows crowded with ladies and children waving handkerchiefs and throwing bouquets. These demonstrations delighted both officers and soldiers.

We rode directly through the town and took the street leading to the Romney road, intending to take our quarters at Senator Mason's house. On coming in sight of it we perceived the United States flag waving from the portico, and understood that we had been anticipated. Turning aside, the Colonel observed a pretty residence which seemed to be unoccupied. We dismounted, and our knock was presently answered by an old-fashioned Virginia negro servant. To my surprise the major-domo saluted me by name, and I ascertained the house belonged to some dear friends then absent on a visit to the lower part of the State. Every thing had a comfortable air, so we made ourselves at home without further ceremony. After rest and refreshment we called to see General Shields, who was already in town. We found him lying down, suffering apparently from exhaustion; but he received us cordially, and we presently got into an animated conversation. The General told us some characteristic anecdotes of Jeff Davis, whom he knows well and despises. He says the Secessionists made a fatal mistake in placing Davis at the head of their movement. He is a narrow-minded martinet in military matters, and will sacrifice the cause to his vindictive prejudices and obstinacy. He is entirely wanting in that comprehensiveness of view and personal magnanimity essential in the leader of a great revolution.

On the street I have seen a number of my old acquaintances of secession proclivities, who refugeed from the northern tier of counties at the first burst of war. They say that for the last six months life in Winchester has been insufferable, and they determined to remain within our lines at the risk of hanging, rather than follow the fortunes of the Confederacy further South, as many others have done through folly and terror. I advised these people to return to their homes, and if they had committed no especial outrages against their neighbors they would not be disturbed.

March 13. — Clouds. General Banks and staff arrived to-day and established head-quarters in town. The advance of Williams and Hamilton yesterday by the Martinsburg road was not contested except by some irregular cavalry, with whom they exchanged a few shots at long taw. Our cavalry rushed suddenly into the town, and thus captured a few stragglers — not unwilling ones perhaps; but of supplies and ordnance stores the enemy has left nothing beyond half a dozen cannon-balls and several bushels of old shoes and rags. As I was lounging down street a lady in black issued from one of the closed and contumacious houses, and in a manner betokening suppressed agitation inquired if she could by any possibility get a letter to her son in Richmond. I told her a letter might be sent by way of Fortress Monroe, and offered to forward it for her. She thanked me, and then asked some news of the war. I told her Manassas was occupied by M'Clellan, and Johnston had retired behind the Rappahannock without a fight. She asked, with sudden vivacity, "Is that true, Sir?" I replied the news was official. I thought she would have fallen on the steps as she exclaimed, with a look of agony, "Good God! then Jackson is cut off!" I thought it quite probable, and turned to leave, while my fair questioner regained the door and entered, closing it after her.

I rode alone upon the hills overlooking the town, and inspected the fortifications upon which we have speculated so much during the past winter. I was profoundly grieved and

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mortified to see what mole-hills had been imposed upon our excited imaginations for impassable mountains. On the hills were the platforms of several heavy guns, flanked and protected by detached lines of rifle-pits, which I rode over with as little difficulty as I would have found in clearing the gutters of a highway. The only thing like a regular work was a very small redoubt on the Martinsburg road, which commanded that road, but was a trifling obstruction, easily knocked to pieces by field-artillery, and very easily turned and avoided, as the country was open and practicable in every direction. Our deserter, S——, of Patterson's campaign, gave a very accurate description of this work, but the drawing made by the engineer officer after his description was more formidable than the work itself. The soldiers' burying-grounds near the deserted cantonments tell a true and painful story of disease and death during the past winter.

On returning to head-quarters I was ordered to reconnoitre the road to Berry's Ferry. Without unsaddling I started, accompanied by Lieutenant Babcock and half a dozen dragoons. We had ridden about four miles when a courier, riding at full speed, overtook us. He brought an order to return, as information had been received that Ashby's cavalry occupied the road in force near Millwood. I doubted the report about Ashby's cavalry, but was glad of an apology to escape a long and wearisome ride.

March 14.—I met an old friend this morning who described to me the arrest of Union citizens which took place on the retreat of Jackson's army. Venerable and gray-headed men, accused of no crime but that of loyalty to their country, were seized and marched like felons through the streets, tramping through mud and rain between files of soldiers, followed at a distance by their weeping families. It was the most humiliating and damning scene that had occurred since the war, and had gone far to disgust honest but misguided men with the revolution.

The General thinks of going to Washington, and says he wishes me to go to Castleman's, or Snicker's Ferry, where Captain Abert is constructing a military bridge. I asked if I might not turn aside by the way and visit Charlestown, where I hoped to meet my wife and daughter. This permission was granted, but with an appearance of reluctance, so that when I took the road to Berryville I doubted whether I should take advantage of the permission. At Berryville I found no one at the topographical head-quarters but my quondam minstrel, Adam, now acting cook. Captain A. and Luce were both at Snicker's Ferry looking after their bridge. Adam's assistant in the kitchen was a negro cook lately deserted from the enemy. He comprehends the situation, and expresses it graphically. Bob says the loss of the battle at Bull Run only served to open Uncle Sam's eyes and made him see things clear. At the same time it makes the rebels stark mad. They began to believe in their own braggadocio, and they thought the war must end presently. This made them careless, wasteful, and loose in their discipline. It has also unfitted them to meet their late reverses, which have cast a gloom over their spirits proportioned to their former elation. While waiting here for a cup of coffee Captain A. and party returned. Their observations and report are complete, and after dining we rode back to Winchester together.

I had intended that my service with General Banks should terminate with the occupation of Winchester. Meanwhile I had received a letter from General Birney saying that he still kept my place open for me, having relied on a temporary appointee to fulfill the duties of Assistant Adjutant-General until I should be enabled to join him. Considering my engagements in the Valley concluded, and eager to take part in the more interesting operations of the Grand Army, I asked permission to rejoin Birney immediately. General Banks responded by a flattering refusal, saying that he was about to move his division over the Blue Ridge by way of Snicker's Gap, to take position on the Rappahannock, from whence, doubtless, he would be called on to co-operate with the Army of the Potomac. I must accompany the division in this movement, after which I might join Birney if I desired. I am but a grain of corn cast into the mill of the gods. Let them grind: any thing but inaction.

March 15.—Raining. The General commanding started for Washington by way of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad. I had permission to accompany him as far as Charlestown, where I intended to pass a day or two with my friends. At Summit Point I saw my old and esteemed friend P—— S——, who recognized me with many demonstrations of joy. I presented him to the General as one of three in Clarke County who had had the moral courage to express his real sentiments by voting against the ordinance of secession. He was greeted by all present with the respect due to his heroism.

March 16.—Fair and cool. I had a quiet, lazy day among my friends and relatives. Since the fall of Winchester the tone of Secessionists in this region is much modified, while loyalty is becoming more confident and outspoken. The Government will have no trouble with the mass of this population. Their restoration to the world, its commerce, comforts, and conveniences, is more than their ill-temper can hold out against. Many are evidently pleased in spite of themselves.

March 17.—Cold and clearing off. I went to Harper's Ferry with some friends *en route* for Baltimore. General Sedgwick is now in command here. His command is leaving the Valley for service elsewhere. In the afternoon I took the train for Winchester, and found General Williams's head-quarters engaged in a punch-drinking. Every thing seemed in high feather, and Shields was concocting a plan to

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circumvent Ashby, who was hanging around and annoying our picket-lines. I stopped at the guard-house to see two prisoners of Ashby's command just brought in. They had no information of any importance. As they retired the elder said to his fellow, "Lord! what a good sleep we'll have to-night! We don't have to watch the Yankees."

I called on General Shields and heard a detail of his plan to catch Ashby. He would send Colonel Mason with a brigade by a flanking road to the left, which came into the main turnpike at Middletown. After this column had got started fairly he would move with his main force on the Strasburg turnpike and keep Ashby amused until Mason struck his rear at Middletown. Shields's force was about ten thousand infantry with thirty guns. It reminded me of a bull undertaking to catch a fox, for such a slow-moving mass to start in pursuit of a legion of light cavalry only twelve or fifteen hundred strong, operating, too, in a country open and practicable every where, and perfectly well known to them. But behind this rather shallow plan it was evident that Shields had hopes of getting a fight out of Jackson. Pleased with his enterprising and gallant spirit, I volunteered to accompany him, and my offer was accepted with thanks.

March 18.—I slept last night with Colonel Brodhead. His regiment accompanies the expedition, but as the movement is several hours behind time we need not take the road until after dinner. In due time we mounted, and, passing the slow-moving column, overtook General Shields and staff near Middletown. While we stood upon a height, locating important points in the topography of the country, Colonel Mason's adjutant rode up and reported that his force already occupied Middletown, while Ashby had taken position between them and Strasburg, behind Cedar Creek. This of course. Our plan was as feasible as that of a child who tries to catch a bird by throwing salt on his tail. As we entered Middletown a column of smoke was seen rising in the direction of Strasburg. This, we were told, was the turnpike bridge over Cedar Creek.

As our advance reached the bluffs overlooking the stream Ashby opened upon them with three guns. I accompanied Colonel Brodhead, who rode rapidly to the front to take command of his regiment. Our skirmishers lined the hither bluffs, lying in groups among the cedar thickets and alternate open ground, paying no more respect to the whizzing balls and screaming shells than if they had been missiles from potatoe guns. A battery of Parrott guns stood in position unlimbered, but maintaining the same contemptuous silence. The column of cavalry, with drawn sabres, occupied the main road, ready for a move when ordered. An officer rode back for General Shields, who was near the rear of the column. Meanwhile the enemy, on the opposite side, kept bumming away with his three guns, supported by a dropping fire of musketry, to neither of which did any one deign to make the slightest response, until a company of sharp-shooters, with rifles carrying four-ounce balls, came up, and, by way of experiment, sent a few of their patent missiles over the stream. When General Shields arrived on the ground the sun was just setting, and the enemy's cannon were withdrawn. By the light of the burning bridge it was seen that a mill-race and dam interrupted the crossing, and no one was found who knew the ford. Volunteers were called for to find the crossing, but so little spirit was shown that it was pitch dark before the volunteers were ready. The firing from the other side had ceased, and our men bivouacked on the ground they occupied. Brodhead and myself rode back to Middletown, where we found food and lodging for ourselves and horses.

March 19.—During the night the Colonel had a violent chill, and before daylight started back to Winchester, accompanied by his adjutant. When I arose the Colonel's orderly, Michael (a bloody Irishman), reported to me, informing me that his commander had left himself with two men and the light carriage under my orders. He also intimated that, as I was poorly mounted on a quarter-master's hack, he should like to have permission to "stale me a horse" that would become me better. I thoughtlessly acquiesced and went to breakfast.

Before I had finished my meal Michael entered with a beaming countenance, and in a stage whisper informed me that he had stolen me an illigant horse from a "domd secesher." On going to the door I found the animal in hand, but was met at the same time by an application for his restoration. His owner, a poor man with innumerable children depending on him for support, with no other means of subsistence but this horse, all loyal citizens who loved the United States government and was always opposed to secession—all this backed by at least twelve respectable and loyal fellow-citizens, who with hats in hand responded at every pause as regularly as they do in church—"We beseech thee to hear us," etc., etc. I told the fellow to get home with his spavined tackey, and mounting my own raw-boned stumbler, hurried to the front, followed by Michael, rather disgusted with the results of his zealous service.

I joined General Shields just as he was about moving forward. Between Cedar Creek and Strasburg we found the smoking embers of the enemy's bivouac, with some remains of a hasty breakfast. There was nothing very tempting even to a campaigner's appetite. From the heights near Strasburg we could see Ashby on Fisher's Hill, about two miles distant, figuring on the inevitable white horse. He tried his guns, but the missiles fell about midway in the intervening meadow—so distant that we could scarcely hear the explosion of the shells.

Lieutenant-Colonel Daum, Chief of Artille-

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REBEL TROOPERS AT BREAKFAST.

ry, undertook another flank movement, for the purpose of getting his batteries within effective range of his light-footed antagonist. So he went creeping around the hills with his guns, like a boy trying to get a shot at a robin. After two hours' manœuvring he got twenty or thirty guns in position, and all the infantry massed to support him in due form. Meanwhile Ashby cleared out, and the Michigan cavalry followed across the meadows and up Fisher's Hill by the winding road, all visible from our position behind Strasburg, but concealed from the artillerists. As the head of this cavalry column appeared on the summit of Fisher's Hill Daum opened upon it with a startling roar. The Michiganders retired precipitately, or they would have been destroyed before the mistake could have been communicated to the zealous artillerists. As it was, they lost four horses killed, and one or two men bruised, but not seriously. Ashby, meanwhile, had set fire to several more bridges and railway trestles, and by the time we again got in motion was quietly in position at Tom's Brook, waiting for us.

As our advance showed itself he opened again while we were at least two miles and a half distant. It was now about noon, and the futility both of flank movements and direct pursuit being satisfactorily demonstrated, a halt was ordered. The command had started with but three days' rations. Half the time was consumed, and it was determined to return. The troops seemed much dissatisfied at the retrograde, and the plucky commander equally disgusted at not having found a fight. He damned the rebels roundly. He had hoped, as they had disgraced themselves by their political follies, they would at least redeem their honor by making a manly fight. Thus far they had done nothing but retreat and burn bridges.

At Strasburg the command halted for the night, the General concluding that he would bring up supplies from Winchester, and remain here until further orders. Although there was no especial military capacity displayed in this movement, I was nevertheless pleased with Shields's spirit and enterprise, as I believed at this time we had only to advance boldly to conclude the war.

March 20.—A northeast storm with chilling rain. Arose with an atrabilious headache, and started for Winchester with my two orderlies. On the way passed several regiments of Shields's division *en route* for the same place. Middletown was a scene of general lamentation, chiefly on account of bee-hives plundered by the Yankee bears. At Newtown an old man rushed out, and, seizing my bridle, asked me to dismount and come into the house. I felt so weary that I yielded easily to his importunity. I found a cozy interior and a motherly dame arranging the table. My venerable host informed me that he was a Union man and stone-deaf. He wanted to hear news of the battle, and feared to question me in the street lest the neighbors should overhear and bring him to grief in case our army retreated. I gave him to understand there had been no battle, and only one or two men hurt. He was astonished, and said his neighbors had told him that a whole train of wagons loaded with Federal dead had passed through town last night. While I partook of a lunch my entertainer told dreadful stories of the abuses put upon them by the rebel troops. They had been robbed of horses, wagons, grain, and cattle without measure or remuneration. Their sons and negroes were conscripted and carried off with-

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SERFDOM.

out remorse. Every man that dared open his mouth to remonstrate against these outrages was called a d—d abolitionist, and menaced with death and confiscation. While the tenor of these complaints was an infallible test of the citizens' political opinions, all joined in doing injustice to the poor soldier. The noble profession of arms, in whatever cause exercised, soon elevates a man above the baser influences of partisan politics. According to my observation it was very seldom that the soldiers of either army condescended to discuss the political bias of a horse, a sheep, a bee-hive, or a fodder-stack. They stole with admirable impartiality.

Arrived in Winchester, I reported at head-quarters, and found General Banks returned. He informed us that there was a tremendous excitement in political and military circles at Washington. It was stated that the supposed formidable rebel works at Centreville and Manassas were a sham, mounted with Quaker guns, and occupied for some time past by not more than ten or fifteen thousand men. Certain political leaders were bent on breaking down M'Clellan, and Congressional resolutions to that end were in preparation. While there may be good grounds for the national mortification and disgust at these developments, it will be most unfortunate if their resentment shall be permitted to embarrass the operations of the Commander-in-Chief, now that he has taken the field. With a rapid and resolute concentration of all our forces upon Richmond I have no doubt it would be abandoned without a serious struggle. Drive the Confederacy out of Virginia, and it will perish of its own meanness in six months. Nothing but the pride and power of this misguided old State has given the least prestige or semblance of respectability to the accursed movement.

The bridge over the Shenandoah at Snicker's Ferry is completed, and the division will begin its march eastward to-morrow morning. Shields's division will be left for the protection of the Valley, with head-quarters at Winchester. This all seems satisfactory enough, but I do not like the idea of our standing on the defensive any where. According to my theory every thing should move and attack unceasingly, until all armed opposition to the Government is crushed, and the Southern people liberated from their oppressors.

March 21.—Clouds. Hearing that my wife and daughter had reached Charlestown, I wished to see them before starting on a distant campaign. The General accorded the permission with his usual complaisance, and yet I thought I detected some reluctance in his manner. As I could think of no reason why I should forego my visit, I determined to use the privilege without inquiring further. The General himself leaves to-day for Washington, and from there will join his command on the Rappahannock. M'Clellan has fallen back from Manassas, and is transporting the army by water to Fortress Monroe. He will move on Richmond by way of Yorktown and Williamsburg. This is the plan upon which every thing has been waiting. I must confess I do not see its advantages. We can not beat the rebellion by strategy or manœuvring. We must beat it by main force.

In due time I reached Charlestown, and spent a happy evening with my family. We celebrated the twelfth anniversary of my daughter's birth, and the feast was cheered with the tidings of Burnside's victory at Newbern, in North Carolina.

March 23.—Clouds. Returning from an afternoon walk I met an acquaintance, who, with some trepidation of manner, informed me that there was a rumor of an engagement near Winchester; that Shields was wounded, and the battle still raging. As my informant was a loyalist I was somewhat disturbed by the news, but thought it exaggerated perhaps. These tidings, although vague, served to ruffle the serenity of the evening. After I had gone to bed I was aroused by a knock at my chamber door. My brother-in-law had called to inform me that there certainly had been a battle near Winchester, and the National troops had suffered great loss. This was conclusive as far as it went, but it did not prevent my sleeping soundly.

March 24.—I called on Colonel Maulsby, who commanded the post, and asked for news of the fight yesterday. He could give me no satisfaction as to its character or results, but said his regiment had marching orders. This looked serious; so, taking leave of my family and friends, I started for Winchester by the Berryville turnpike. As I rode out of town I met a friend, who earnestly endeavored to dissuade me from riding alone. He said the country was full of rebel cavalry, who would make an especial mark of me. I felt the full force of his friendly remonstrance, knowing that he was in the confidence of the enemy. But for that reason I was the less disposed to acknowledge any timidity. I thanked him for his friendly warning, touched my pistol, and rode on my way.

As I passed Clifton I saw five mounted men in gray approaching. I handled my revolver and stood on my guard, determined not to surrender on any terms. To my relief, they turn-

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ed out to be a party of fugitive servants. Three of them were mulatto boys from Winchester, who had taken service with some of our officers. The sound of the guns had so alarmed them that they started forthwith for a free State. I advised them to keep directly on to Harper's Ferry, deliver up their horses, and report to the commandant there. A little further on I saw at some distance ahead a group of saddled horses standing by the road-side. They resembled the horses of the local rebel cavalry. I hesitated a moment, but at length determined to push through. As I passed I perceived that several of the horses wore side-saddles, indicating rebels, but not dangerous ones. On nearing Berryville it was with unfeigned pleasure that I returned the salute of a Federal sentinel, and presently thereafter met an acquaintance of the Topographical party. He informed me that Mr. Luce had gone out the day before with Henshaw, the teamster, to survey the road toward Milnwood, and that both had been captured — wagon, horses, instruments, and all. Poor Luce! This is a fate we have often half jocosely prophesied would befall him. I inquired the news from Winchester, but my friend had heard nothing of a battle there.

In this uncertainty I entered Berryville. Here I found Colonel Gordon, of the Second Massachusetts, with his regiment, on the march for Winchester. There had been a severe battle, and all Banks's troops were recalled and moving thitherward. The enemy had been worsted, and was retreating toward Strasburg. I suggested to Gordon, who was in command of a brigade, that Banks's troops, now on the Berryville and Snicker's Gap road, should march directly toward Strasburg, and thus cut off the enemy's retreat or take him in flank. The Colonel's orders were peremptory, and he could not assume so much responsibility. We rode to Winchester together, and there had the first satisfactory news. Jackson had been severely beaten, and was in full retreat, ours pursuing.

Without dismounting I rode out to look at the field of battle, which was about three and a half miles distant, on the ridges west of Kernstown. Broken fences and fields deeply rutted by the wheels of the artillery first indicated that I had arrived upon the ground. Presently I saw the dead body of an artilleryman, with the top of his head blown off. The body had been inclosed in a pen of rails to prevent its disturbance by hogs. Passing through a wood I perceived further traces of the fight in the splintered forest trees. I at length reached the ground where our line of battle stood, and there saw some of our soldiers engaged in collecting and guarding the slain. Some thirty or forty bodies were stretched side by side on a rude grille made of fence rails; others were lying as they fell in the edge of the wood. The soldiers directed me to a thicket and stone-fence, where the rebel line had been formed. On approaching this thicket I observed what appeared to be a white border about three feet broad, which belted the wood with great regularity, its lower edge some four feet from the ground. This was where the fire of the National troops had splintered the trees and reaped the undergrowth. The regularity of this terrible work was astonishing, and bore witness to the skill of our Western riflemen. Within and behind this thicket, and along the stone-fence as far as I could see, the dead of the enemy lay thickly strewed, from their dirty gray and butternut jeans clothing often difficult to distinguish from the gray limestone rocks, decayed logs, and withered leaves, among which they were lying. Of forty or fifty bodies which I took the trouble to examine every one had a bullet through the head. Upon reflection I conclude that this is owing to the fact that they fought under cover, generally with only their heads exposed, and, further, that a shot in the head kills stone-dead; and such only were left on the ground where they fell. From wounds elsewhere, however mortal, the man does not die immediately, and is usually carried off.

Riding about half a mile to the rear of this line I found in a stack-yard several other dead bodies of men and several horses, two of which had been completely disemboweled by a shell. Behind this position, in a lofty wood, lay another line of rebel dead, with several horses. Among them lay the body of a large white horse, which no force nor persuasion could induce my animal to approach. It is a noticeable fact that, while he stepped among the human corpses with perfect composure, the sight of one of his own kind stretched in its gore filled him with the wildest terror. And indeed it was a cruel scene for man or beast to look upon. There was even a fascination in its very ghastliness, which presently drew me back to the bloody thicket, where the dead lay in greatest numbers. Dismounting here I tied my horse to a branch, that I might stroll about at will and glut my fancy on this feast of horrors. I was alone, no living thing within sight or hearing except my horse. The sun had set, but a dusky red twilight still glimmered upon the discolored and distorted faces of the dead, and occasionally lit up with a startling gleam their stony, staring eyes.

It must be that the strong fascination which constrains us, as it were, to dwell on scenes of death and agony, apparently so revolting to our nature, has a deeper motive than the mere gratification of a morbid curiosity. In thus communing with the dying and dead, do we not instinctively seek to catch a glimpse of the world of spirits through the gate by which a soul is passing, or from the cold and cast-off garment of humanity to snatch some clew to the awful mysteries of life and death?

Darkness came on apace as I continued to wander among the rocks and bushes, thinking that perchance I might see some face that I could recognize, stumbling now and then over a hummock of gory rags, scarcely recognizable

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KERNSTOWN.

as the withered remains of what was but yesterday a fellow-man, perhaps a personal friend. Anon I heard a trampling in the leaves as of some one approaching. It was a gaunt sow, followed by her filthy family, who went nosing among the bodies, tearing open the bloody haversacks, and greedily devouring the dead men's rations of corn-bread and crackers. I drove the ghoul-like beasts away, and sat down at the foot of a tree to resume my meditations.

To me this day had appeared as an epitome of human life. The sun had risen upon me surrounded with friends—the faithful, the loving, and the beautiful. The meridian passed in hopeful, anxious, and changeful activity. The evening finds me weary and dreaming amidst silence, shadows, and death. I was glad when the notes of a distant bugle released me from the nightmare that seemed to bind me to this dreary spot. Though faint and far away, it stirred my blood like strong wine. There had been a battle, and the banners of my country waved in victory—

"Good Lord in heaven, it was a joy
The dead men could not kill."

I hastily mounted and rode out into the open ground, where I met Colonel Gordon and two officers of his staff who had also come out to view the field.

We returned to Winchester together, and there repaired the fatigues of the day by a hearty supper. After this refreshment I went out to visit the hospitals. The court-house and several other buildings were filled to their capacity with the wounded of both parties. The men lay upon the floor and benches with no other bedding than their blankets and knapsacks. There were wounds of all grades and characters. Some whose upturned eyes and stertorous breathing showed them in the agonies of death. Others lay stark and quiet, their faces covered with a hat or blanket placed by a friendly hand. These had died after being brought in. A Confederate captain—Glancy Jones was the name, I think—lay among the wounded, having both eyes and the bridge of his nose plowed out by a musket-ball. He was delirious at intervals, and raved about forming his company and charging. Another Confederate, delirious from a bullet wound in the head, tore off his bandages, and starting up from his place would pitch himself about the room so violently that he had to be carried into the dead-room to prevent his injuring the other wounded. He lay here exhausted and curiously picking the bloody lint from his wound and rolling it into little balls. He died before I left the room. An Ohio volunteer lay upon his back with the brains oozing from a shot-hole in his head, uttering with every breath a sharp, monotonous cry like the creaking of a wheel. The surgeon told me he had been in this condition for thirty-six hours without apparent change. The large majority of the cases lay quiet, and apparently without much suffering. Many were complaining of want of something to eat. A stout, fine-looking Federalist, supposing I was a surgeon, called my attention to his shattered thigh, observing in a cool, manly tone that he could wait if there were more pressing cases that required my attention; but he did not wish to lose his leg if it could be prevented.

The history of the battle of Kernstown, as I understood it, is this: The Richmond authorities, perceiving that the National troops were leaving the Valley to reinforce M'Clellan, ordered Jackson to make a demonstration which would detain them. When already in motion to accomplish this object he received information from a lady of Winchester that all the Yankee troops had left the place except two or three regiments which remained to guard the military dépôts, which were filled with supplies. Acting upon this information, and eager to secure the much-needed stores, the rebel commander, with more haste than discretion, made a rapid dash upon the place with his whole force, consisting of seven or eight thousand men with twenty-five or thirty guns. On the afternoon of Saturday, the 22d, his advanced cavalry under Ashby attacked and drove in the Federal

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TURNER ASHBY.

pickets, and, finding no force to oppose them, actually dashed into the southern suburb of the town. Shields, with premeditated subtlety, had, on retiring from Strasburg, marched all his troops through Winchester and located them on the northern side, leaving in the town only enough for provost guard and picket duty.

This disposition deceived the fair zealot of the secret service who sent Jackson the information. The feebleness of the opposition to Ashby's dash served to confirm this impression. Shields, surprised by the suddenness and audacity of the attack, hastily collected a few men nearest at hand, and with a battery went out to drive Ashby off; while engaged in locating the guns a shell from one of the enemy's guns struck an artillery horse in the head, and exploding at the same time killed the rider and inflicted a wound on General Shields, not dangerous, but severe enough to disable him completely for the time. Ashby was driven back, and the picket line re-established, when night put an end to the encounter.

On the following morning (Shields being confined to his bed) Colonel Kimball took command by right of seniority, and marched out with about eight thousand men of Shields, and Broadhead's Cavalry of Banks's Division, tak-

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ing position near Kernstown, and engaging the enemy with artillery at long shot. This game was continued during the morning without any decisive results or developments. As the day advanced the enemy's fire increased, and his lines began to press us, the infantry showing themselves in force behind some thickets and a stone-wall which served as a breast-work.

There was for a time some light skirmishing and manœuvring between the Federal right and the enemy's left to secure a flanking position. About four o'clock in the afternoon, it appearing that the enemy's artillery was predominating, the National infantry were ordered to attack. The Eighty-fourth and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, the Eighth and Fourth Ohio Regiments, executed this order with great spirit. The enemy, with the advantages of his covered position, resisted with obstinacy, and for half an hour the roll of musketry was incessant and deadly. Finally, a regiment (I think Colonel Thoburn's First Loyal Virginians) turned the rebel left, and thus, ousted from their stone-wall defenses, they were presently driven from the field with great slaughter and the loss of several guns.

Our troops followed their success zealously, and in a wood about half a mile to the rear encountered another body of the enemy, who attempted to check their advance. The resistance was spirited but unavailing, and the field was speedily cleared. Our troops, notwithstanding the rough work they had performed, were eager to follow the affair to a crushing conclusion; but the sun had already set, and they were drawn off. The senior officer on the field, probably not feeling himself sufficiently in command to insure the necessary unity of action, did not care to assume the responsibility of a further pursuit. For, as I understand, General Shields, from his bed in Winchester, still continued to receive reports and issue orders.

The débris of the enemy's force fell back upon some fresh reserves that were moving up the Valley turnpike to their support. As night had closed the action the enemy bivouacked behind Kernstown, making a great show with his fires to deter the Federals from another attack, which was much apprehended. Next morning, March 24, Jackson was in full retreat up the Valley. General Banks got information of the battle at Harper's Ferry, where he was *en route* for Washington. He returned in all haste, took command, and now led the pursuit.

The National loss at Kernstown was eighty-four killed and four hundred and twenty wounded, making a total of five hundred and four. The report of wounded was needlessly swelled by an honorable emulation among the regiments to show the longest list of casualties. Many of those reported were so slightly hurt that they did not leave their ranks. The enemy's loss in killed, wounded, and missing exceeded a thousand, of whom it was estimated that six hundred were *hors du combat* from death and wounds, three hundred and thirty prisoners unwounded, and the unestimated residue scattered to the mountains. The dead and nearly two hundred wounded fell into our hands, with two guns and three caissons of the artillery.

The conduct and results of this action were highly creditable to the troops engaged. They had met equal numbers of the enemy on a fair field, and under a favorite leader, had driven them from strong positions, captured guns, and utterly routed them. In rebel accounts of the action it is stated, apologetically, that they commenced the fight with a single battery, supported by a handful of men; that their troops, marching rapidly up the Valley turnpike, reached the field by detachments; and that, at the conclusion of the fight, not more than twenty-five hundred, or three thousand, or four thousand had been engaged. [I have heard these diverse estimates given at different



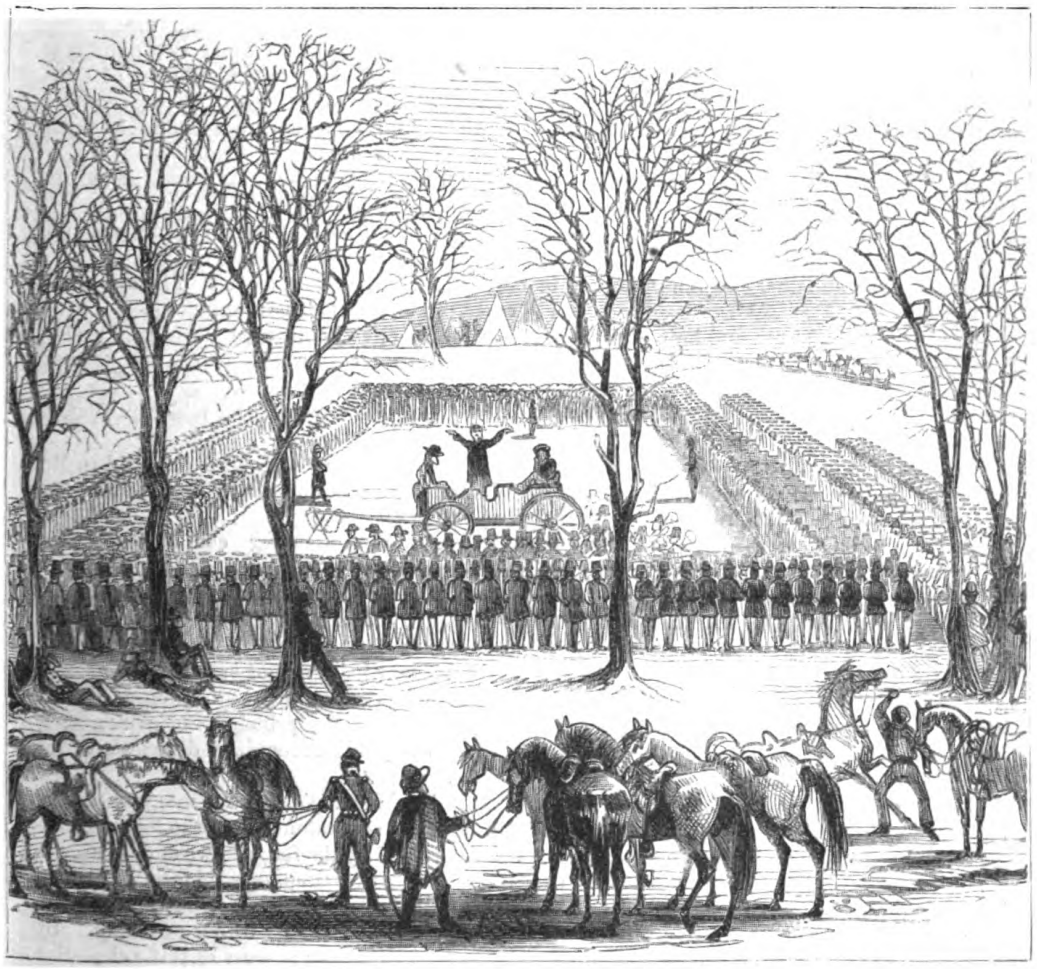
AFTER THE BATTLE.

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times by rebel officers who were present, and spoke with equal positiveness as to numbers.] Without pretending to decide upon the numerical accuracy of these statements I have no doubt their onslaught was made in the manner described, and that they fought with spirit, although very rashly and unskillfully managed. I am also informed by the United States officers on the field that our battle was fought entirely by the infantry of our right wing, consisting of half a dozen regiments named, and numbering in the aggregate about twenty-six hundred men. Our left and centre were not engaged at all. It thus appears that the fight at Kernstown was not a general battle, but only a partial engagement of the opposing forces. That there was not much generalship displayed on either side, and that, considered as a test of the pluck and efficiency of the rank and file, the palm belongs most indisputably to the National infantry. Our officers all say it was the Soldier's Battle.

Before dismissing the subject I must be allowed to anticipate, that the ensemble of the narrative may be complete. Although Jackson had been deceived, defeated, his army nearly ruined and fugitive, the essential point of his campaign was gained. General Banks's force was detained in the Valley, and most important movements from the Rappahannock did not take place. Whether these fatal results were due to Jackson's strategy or Washington tactics I am not informed.

March 25.—This morning I started for the front, diverging from the direct road, to look again at the battle-field. I saw several parties of citizens, male and female, looking among the bodies for their relatives and acquaintances. Those recognized were covered with a sheet and carried away. Beyond the field I found the Mayor of Winchester with a party engaged in collecting and burying the unclaimed dead in a trench. There were several young women here searching for their friends as the corpses were carted in. Traveling from hence across the fields I struck the Valley turnpike at Newtown, and rode from there directly on to Strasburg, where I found General Banks's head-quarters. The pursuit had added a few prisoners to our count, but otherwise was futile, and had been abandoned.



THANKSGIVING FOR THE VICTORY.

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A LONDON POLICE COURT.



THE POLICE MAGISTRATE.

WHAT a record of folly, of guilt, of squalid want, improvidence, and vice—of fashionable dissipation and vulgar crime—is that curious document of many-handed signatures and fabulous nomenclature called the "Charge Sheet," which is placed before the magistracy every morning, and faithfully reports the misdoings of the district—or rather, such of them as are "found out"—during the preceding night! You might almost fancy, on glancing at the names of the offenders, that the criminality of London is about equally divided among the Smiths, the Joneses, and the Johnsons of the town.

Here is the hopeful son and heir of my Lord Screwby taking his turn in the dock with "Opera Jack," "Seven Dial Sam," and "Bedfordbury Bill," just out on ticket-of-leave. And the women, too! The bearded stranger from a foreign land, who has just stepped in to get a taste of London life "under lock-and-key," may well look startled to see the proportion which the fair and tender sex maintains in that sad collection of "night-charges;" for it is a fact that nearly two-thirds of the daily complaints for rioting and drunkenness are preferred against women.

But the sanguine believer in the popular notion that there is a law for the rich and none for the poor, must wait till the night-charges are disposed of, and the "summons-business" begins, if he would learn how the said "poor" would be likely to improve their shining hours if greater facilities were afforded them for taking "legal proceedings" against one another.

To-day there are sixteen summonses on the list, having relation to sixteen assaults, committed by sixteen people (nearly all women) against sixteen other people—each of the complainants and defendants being armed with at least half a dozen witnesses, ready to swear point-blank against each other: and oh, gentle reader, if you would see the oath-swearing system in all its fullness of perfection, take thyself unto Bow Street or Worship Street some thirsty July afternoon, and behold a well-educated gentleman sitting in open court, and receiving £1200 a year, chiefly for adjusting the squabbles arising daily among the female denizens of his district, who have parted with their only shawls or shoes to obtain the price of the summons—a charge of two shillings, imposed by the Legislature in the vain hope of checking frivolous complaints.

It is worthy of note that the magistrates, having their peculiarities also, adopt altogether different methods of dealing with this class of business.

His Worship, Mr. A., being a stickler for legal precision in regard to the rules of evidence, stops the witness every two minutes to remind her of the "inadmissibility of statements irrelevant to the case, or having reference to alleged misdemeanors not embraced in the terms of the summons." Thus:

"Please yer Worship, this female at the bar, if she can call herself sich—"

"Now, my good woman, no reflections upon the defendant, if you please."

"Well, Sir, ever since last Tuesday-week, come next Christmas twelvemonth—"

"Never mind about next Christmas twelvemonth. Be good enough to confine yourself to what occurred last week."

"Please yer Worship, she told Mr. Waters, her landlord—"

"Don't bother us with what she said to Mr. Waters, the landlord, but tell us what she said to you" (getting angry).

"Well, Sir" (getting confused), "Mrs. Finch told me—"

"Never mind what Mrs. Finch told you" (enraged); "it isn't evidence, and it can't be taken down."

In this way half an hour or more is consumed in the useless effort to get an ignorant woman to conform with the principles of evidence, as laid down by the recognized decisions of the courts.

But his Worship's brother-magistrate, Mr. B., is not so scrupulous about the legal restrictions imposed by the forensic wisdom of ages in the way of giving common evidence. His theory, in dealing with a woman especially, is to let her have her own say in her own way. By suffering this simple process of self-exhaustion to go on it is surprising how soon the real facts

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of the case, and, better still, the real *motives* of the proceedings, are ascertained. Thus:

"Please yer Worship, I'm a lone, 'lorn widow, without a husband to protect my character, and I lives by working hard at the tub for the support of nine children, four living and five dead, please yer Honor; and ever since that female at the bar come to live in our yard—which it was last Christmas twelvemonth—there's never been no peace whatsumever; for she is *that* scandalous that no one wouldn't condescend to have nothin' to say to her; which she owes her landlord nine weeks' rent, and is known to be no better than she should be, please yer Worship! not that I wishes to have any thing to say to her, nor any sich, if she'll have the goodness not to millest me, after strikin' my daughter with a flat iron, and raisin' a bump on her head as big as a coker-nut, which her back-comb was driv' right into; and all because the pump at the top of the yard, as is common to all alike, and mostly to them as pays their way—which the poor child happened to splash her ladyship by accident, as I have nine witnesses to prove upon their Bible-oaths; and the nasty, millishious wretch threw a whole bucketful over the poor girl, as is just left the hospital with a fit of rhoomatics in her head; and I, bein' the only mother of the child, couldn't stand by and see it done, and no sooner was the word said than she struck me here, yer Worship, and kicked me here, and scratched me here, and bit a piece out of my gown, which the flesh is gone, as I've brought to show the court; and she tore my new bonnet, as cost six and sixpence last Tuesday week, into shreds and patches (crying), which if she'll pay the money, yer Worship (softening), I've no desire to punish the woman, for the sake of her poor children; although she has been six times to this court for assaults and battery, which is a place as I never set eyes on afore this day—my character being well known in the neighborhood as a hard-working, industrious woman (sobbing bitterly), which the police can prove."

When a woman of this sort comes to tears there is hope of speedy relief for the court, while the magistrate, by simply listening to the illegal narrative, is enabled to grasp the entire "merits" of the case, *pro* and *con*. He sees that the only object of the complainant is to recover the price of her bonnet; and as the defendant has no objection to pay the money, now that she has "had her spite out," the quarrel is adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties, without examining any of the sixteen witnesses in attendance, all of whom, fraternizing with complainant and defendant, repair to the nearest tavern to "finish up the afternoon."

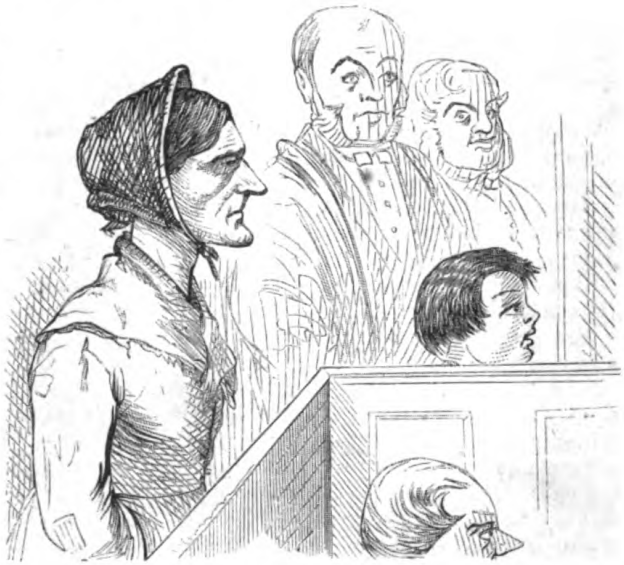
Then there are the cases of "distress." Real, helpless poverty hides its rags, and shudders at the bare thought of publicity; but your idle, ne'er-do-well goes straight to the magistrate without a blush; and the benevolent "A. B. C.'s" and "X. Y. Z.'s" who contribute so liberally to the poor-boxes of the London police courts, and "respectfully request acknowledgments in the *Times*," little imagine to what extent they are responsible for the affliction daily befalling their fellow-creatures.

Here is a forlorn-looking Irishman, accompanied by his wife and two children, found begging within the very precincts of the court; and the woman (usually the "spokesman") tells a doleful story about their having scraped their earnings together to join a wealthy brother at the diggings, and being robbed of every farthing in a lodging-house near the docks the night before the vessel started, necessitating their return, penniless and barefooted, to Cork. The woman is affected to invisible tears; the man wipes his unmoistened eye, and the well-drilled children—boy and girl—roar a chorus of assent. There is a benevolently-disposed, bald-headed old gentlemen in the body of the court, who thinks it perfectly monstrous that the magistrate can listen so dispassionately to such a tale of woe, or hesitate for a moment to empty the contents of the imaginary poor-box into the unhappy woman's lap. His indignation is increased when he hears the man and his wretched offspring ordered "out of court," in order that they may be examined separately as to the details of their calamity.

"Now, my good woman, that's your husband, is it?"

"Yes, plaise your Honor, and a honest, hard-working—"

"Never mind that. When were you married to him?"



THE OLD THIEF CONVICTED BY THE YOUNG WITNESS.

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THE GENTLEMAN WHO TELLS THE MAGISTRATE HE DINED AT GREENWICH YESTERDAY.

"When, yer Honor? Well, about twelve years ago; and I—"

"Where did the marriage take place?"

"Did yer say where, Sir? Yes, Sir, I think it was in Tipperary, yer Honor; and hard work it was to get the money for the diggings—"

"What is your husband's name?"

"His *name*, yer Honor? Macarthy, yer Honor."

"What was *your* name before you were married to him?"

"Cromartie, yer Honor."

"Are these your only children in twelve years?"

"Well, yer Honor, they're the only darlings left to us by the marcy of Providence; or there would have been five, but for the three that was taken from us with the typhus; and a trouble it was to us till we rais'd the money for the diggings—"

"Call in the man."

He is placed by the jailer at the opposite end of the dock.

"What's your name, my man?"

"Kelly, yer Honor."

"Oh, indeed! I thought it was Macarthy."

"So it is, yer Honor; Kelly Macarthy. I didn't know it was me other name ye were axing fir."

"And so this woman is your wife, is she?"

"Yes, yer Honor; and a hard-working, industrious—"

"Wait a bit. What was *her* name before you were married?"

"Well, yer Honor, I hardly remimber, for it was a long time ago—"

"A *long* time ago!"

"Not exactly that; I meant about seven years ago; and it's a long time to remember a name that yer've no further use for—"

"Oh! you've been married seven years, then?"

"*About* that, your Honor—to the best of my recollection; bit if you ax me wife, she'll tell yer right, yer Honor."

"*Where* were you married?"

"I'm not sure, yer Honor, for I've a bad memory; but if you ax me wife—"

"Surely you remember where you were married?"

"Well, then, I think it was Dublin, to the best of my belafe—"

"Then, if your wife said Cork—"

"Oh, certainly; Cork it was, yer Honor."

"It so happens, then, that she did *not* say Cork. Come, Sir, how many children have you? Perhaps you can remember *that?*"

"There's the two darlings in court here to-day, yer Honor."

"Oh, but haven't you *lost* some children?"

The woman holds up three fingers, and makes a secret sign across the dock.

"Plaise, yer Honor, I didn't think of the three that died with the measles—"

"But how many have you had?"

The man looks dismayed, and the woman holds up five fingers. The man mistakes her meaning.

"Well, I never thought to mention the five we have in service, for they're no sort of trouble to us, and earning the honest penny for themselves; and if ever we get to the diggings—"



ACQUITTED. SENT FOR TRIAL.

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THE FREQUENT VISITOR.

"Never mind the diggings. How many children do you make of it altogether?"

"Plaise, yer Honor, I'm no hand at calculation—I'm no scholar; but if you'll ax—"

"I think I can help you, Sir. Two here to-day, three dead, and five in service—that makes ten. Ten children in seven years. Can you explain that, my man?"

"Well, yer Honor, I'm no scholar; but if you'll ax my wife—"

"Stand down, Sir. Call in the two children. Put the boy in the box (a dirty little urchin of about eight). Now, boy, look at me. Where's your father and mother? Don't look at these people; I know you don't belong to them. Come, tell the truth." Boy (crying)—

"Please, Sir, my father he was transported for life for picking up a handkercher in the Dials; and mother she sells oranges in the street."

Here the jailer observes:

"I know these children, your Worship. They belong to Muddy Moll, as she is called. She hails mostly about the dark-arches, in the 'Delphi, and gets her living by letting these children out at sixpence a day to the beggars of London."

"No, please, Sir, 'taint no such thing. Me and my sister Kate, we gets a honest, respectable living, we do, by running after 'busses, and turning topsy-turvy for the 'musement of the gents outside, we do."

By this time the magistrate comprehends the whole case. He commits the man and woman to three months, as rogues and vagabonds, and hands over the boy and girl to the tender mercies of the master of the work-house. Even the sympathetic stranger in court yields to the conviction that the magistrate was right, and he has already abandoned his intention to write to the *Times* about "man's inhumanity to man."

But the magistrates, being mortal, have their little prejudices and weaknesses too, and it is curious to note how these are consulted by the shrewder attorneys, police, prosecutors, and witnesses who habitually come before them. I remember a knowing officer of the Mendicity Society, who called regularly at the police court every morning at ten to ascertain which of the magistrates was sitting—whether it was Mr. A., who never spared a beggar, or Mr. B., who never committed one—a contingency which settled the nature and extent of his operations for the day. Ay, and you may have seen some of the more cunning of the professional beggars themselves, who have enjoyed perfect immunity on Mr. B.'s days, paying an early visit to the court, and regulating *their* operations too, quitting the district altogether on Mr. A.'s days for a moral certainty.

Then the inspector of the Z division, who has long since discovered Mr. B.'s antipathy to publicans, and Mr. A.'s invariable leniency toward the same class, will be sure to select the former to investigate his charge against the landlord of the "Magpie and Stump" for having sold Mary Watkins a "leetle drop" of gin during the prohibited hours of Sunday, although she was *not* a *bona fide* traveler, and had no excuse to offer except that she was "seized with the pinches in the left side," and had prevailed on



FRIENDS AND RELATIVES OF THE PRISONERS.

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the humanity of the defendant to make her a present of the gin, which the barmaid and potman swore was a free gift, but which the sergeant and the inspector declared they saw her pay for.

In the same way the cabman, having faith in the proverbial tendency of Mr. A. to crush the persecuted and immaculate fraternity to which he belongs, takes good care not to apply to *him* for a summons against the gent as only give sixpence for being druv two mile and a quarter on a wet night, but waits patiently for Mr. B.'s day of sitting; while, on the other hand, individuals who step forward "on public grounds" to expose the extortionate demands and insolent demeanor of No. 104,632, will be careful to select Mr. A.'s day, in order that no mercy may be shown toward the ruthless offender.

Then Mr. A.'s notorious and extremely crotchety veneration for Acts of Parliament makes him the terror of every man who simply requires the magisterial signature to a formal affidavit; while Mr. B.'s utter contempt for Acts of Parliament in general makes him the special favorite of all prosecutors who are perfectly satisfied of the enormous delinquency of their servants, but who happen to have no legal evidence against them. On no account can you prevail on Mr. A. to "stretch the law," even where culpability is morally certain; while the precept of Mr. B. is, "I am guided by the rules of common-sense. If my decision fits the Act, so much the better; if not, the Act is defective, and ought to be amended."

Thus, as we have already shown, Mr. B. acquires a reputation for getting through a vast amount of business in an incredibly short space of time; while Mr. A. may be often found sitting on the bench two hours after the proper hour of closing the court, poring over the Acts of Parliament which are piled about him, in order that he may be able to give a strictly legal decision, "according to the statute in that case made and provided," upon the important question which has been debated before him by a couple of attorneys (not remarkable for their civility to each other), as to whether a man who has swallowed a bad half-crown can be said to have counterfeit money "in his possession."

THE QUIET HOUR.

Oh, most I love the quiet evening hour,
When the red sunset deepens in the west,
With gold and crimson for the day's last dower,
And slowly fades upon the mountain's crest
The rosy light with which his brows were crowned,
While twilight shadows softly gather round.

Then all the air is hushed, no sound is heard
To mar the solemn stillness of the hour,
Except, perchance, the twitter of a bird
High up within her leafy shaded bower;
Or the low bell that tinkles on the ear
As homeward slow the loitering kine draw near.

How pleasant here beneath the porch to sit,
Your hand in mine, Love, gazing on the scene,
Ere yet within the evening lamps are lit;
And silently, its darkling shores between,
To mark the sinuous river, winding, flow,
A line of silver, through the vale below!

And one by one within the blue above
To watch the gleaming stars like lights appear,
And fairest of them all the Star of Love,
Bright-shining Hesperus, rising calm and clear;
While, seeming inlaid in the heavens serene,
The slender crescent of the moon is seen.

On yonder knoll how often, couched at ease,
Hid from the hot sun's summer noontide glare
Beneath the sheltering branches of the trees,
I've listened to the brook which babbles there—
Yon thread of light that down the steep slope swerves
To left and right in many-changing curves!

How black the shadow of the fisher's skiff
Upon the shining surface of the stream!
And see above, where, on the high walled cliff,
Fades out entire the last faint lingering gleam;
And cloudy shapes of vapors, thin and pale,
Rise like dim phantoms from the darkened vale!

There is a twilight of the heart that holds
All thoughts, all feelings in its gentle sway,
Like that calm evening hour that softly folds
Its shadowy arms about the dying day;
A sweet repose, a waveless lull that fills
The yearning breast, and every longing stills.

See round us, Love, how closely draws the night!
No longer in the dim porch let us sit,
While circling bats wheel by in noiseless flight,
But enter where the evening lamps are lit,
And leave the tired earth to its welcome rest—
The hour is past that you and I love best.

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HOURS WITH THE DEAD.

THE time was when, even in this young and progressive land, the Church and the Grave seemed reverently secure from secular encroachment. That time has passed away. The "spirit of improvement," so called, hesitates no longer at the portal of the most sacred sanctuary whether of the living or the dead. The massive stone and ivy-covered temple where our fathers and our grandfathers worshiped, and where ourselves and our children hoped still to worship undisturbed, is, by a vote of the vestry, thrown down before our very eyes and the place thereof knows it no more. Would that the sacrilege ended here; but alas! the sacred precincts of the grave-yard are invaded, the tombs of our ancestors are despoiled, the bleached bones of our parents and relatives are recklessly huddled together in rude heaps, and trundled by strange hands over the complaining pavements to be deposited in some place without associations to us, and without a single guarantee that they shall rest even there for any definite or lengthy period. The Gothic towers and stained windows give place to some marble depository of fashionable dry goods, or to the flashy frontage of a theatre, against both of which establishments the solemn church-walls had for so long a period frowned a moral defiance. As to the grave-yard—a bowling alley may reverberate over the hollow remnant of its tombs, or dashing "turn-outs" convert into a fashionable drive the soft hillocks where slept the mortal remains of those who were most near and dear to us in their lives.

All this is very sad, but apparently we have no help for it. Like other irreparable evils in life, we must steel our hearts and numb our sensibilities and take the world as it is. There is left to us only the faint consolation of a hope that the cities and towns of our country may at last reach some defined limit in the size and population which will enable their citizens to feel *at home* in their houses and in their churches, and attain in some degree that feeling of reverence for the past which can alone secure permanency of family association. Then shall we build for those who are to come after us as well as for ourselves, and lay upon the self-same shrine our memories and our hopes. It is when these innovations tread, as it were, upon our own grave-clothes that our sensibilities shrink before the startling profanation. Who of us has not experienced—or if he has not, may not experience—this rude and forced re-acquaintance with those who have been laid away in the chambers of the dead? If it has not come to pass, it may yet come; for there is no grave so mute but it is liable before the wand of avarice or pride to yawn and deliver up the fleshless bones and mouldering corpses which affection, with reverential hands, once laid there in the newness of death, trusting that quietness was to be their portion until the last trump should sound.

Similar reflections must crowd the mind of all who are suddenly called out of the dazzle and bustle of everyday existence to go silently and sadly to the resting-places of their dead ones, and superintend their removal to some new and far-off sepulchre. Within my own experience, although but a lad at the time, one of these sad scenes left upon my memory an indelible impression. Perhaps it was this very season of youth which made the revelation a permanent record in my past, and tinged my thoughts with a certain sober maturity. What has the bright butterfly-period of life to do with winding-sheets and charnel-houses? Is it well that the unalloyed bliss which springs from the ignorance of darkness and death should be suddenly checked in mid-career by sights suggestive of an end which we knew not of? I was an infant when my mother died, so that I carried through life no remembrance of her beautiful face and lovely disposition, and happily, perhaps, no personal association with her death. That was the inheritance of others, and on none did the bitterness of the separation inflict more misery than on my father. Her name was seldom afterward upon his lips. It seemed a subject too sacred and too private to escape, even in words, from that inmost shrine where daily and unceasingly it seemed to be the only source of his consolation.

The family tomb where my mother's remains rested, together with those of my grandfather, grandmother, and other deceased relatives, was one of a row indicated by tablets set in the brick wall of the oldest burial-ground in the city. This sacred inclosure, where still sleep the remains of two or three generations of families, occupies the corner of a large public "common" or park, which beautifies and refreshes the heart of the city. At the period to which I am about to refer the broad "Mall" or graded walk extending around this public thoroughfare or "common" was interrupted by the burial-ground, the southern exposure of which flanked directly upon the street running parallel with it. This was of course an inconvenience to pedestrians who frequented the Mall, as it obliged them to take the street to the extent of the grave-yard limits before re-entering the promenade. For many years, however, after the construction of the beautiful public walk, this obstacle to its perfect symmetry was unheeded, simply because it was considered irreparable. The idea of sacrificing any portion of the sacred inclosure in order to administer to the mere idea of beauty or public convenience never entered into the imagination of the most idle loiterer along that charming, shady thoroughfare.

But, *tempora mutantur!* the idea was at last enunciated, then quietly talked about, and finally resolved upon, as a public necessity to which private interests ought to yield. The proprietors of those tombs which lay so directly in the way of the proposed extension of the Mall were applied to with the view to obtain the necessary consent to their removal. Of course it was met by an indignant refusal—a refusal so posi-

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tive that for a while longer matters remained as they were. At last one of the proprietors being persuaded that the desecration would sooner or later take place in spite of every effort to avert it, procured a tomb elsewhere and had his family remains moved thither. After this the others yielded, my father among the rest, and it was decided, as an unavoidable necessity, that that quiet, reverend depository must be made vacant and the contents removed to a distant cemetery where, at least for many years to come, no similar intrusion need be apprehended. It was intimated that the proprietors of the city tombs might have all the time they required for the necessary removal, that they might have full opportunity to reconcile their feelings to the disagreeable necessity, as well as to secure and prepare elsewhere new places of depository.

This was a great relief to my father, who postponed any action in the matter until a convenient period. Selecting a dark, drizzly night, that the sad work might not attract the prying eyes of the passers-by, he communicated to myself alone his intention, asking if I would like to be present to render such slight offices as would be useful. I felt instinctively that he had not suggested this without much consideration, and that my presence would be to him a comfort on the occasion. Without a shadow of hesitation or a feeling of dread I agreed to accompany him.

It was past midnight when my father and I, hand in hand, walked silently into the burial-ground, closed the iron gate noiselessly behind us, and picked our way between the hillocks of rank grass and the dim, obtruding grave-stones to the family tomb beneath the long brick wall which divided this silent city of the dead from the living, moving, heedless city without. As we approached through the gloom we saw the two undertakers with the horse and cart, and that the door of the tomb had been opened and preparations made for our arrival. After receiving my father's instructions, uttered to them in a low whisper, two dark-lanterns were lighted, with one of which my father, accompanied by the men, descended into the vault. I was left alone outside with the other lantern, holding it low down and directing its feeble rays into the melancholy sepulchre below. Thus I could observe all that went on therein, as in silence and in sadness coffin after coffin was lifted from the piles and brought out and laid on the grass beside me. Ah, what a melancholy night's work was that for a boy of tender years to be engaged in! At times I was left utterly alone in that dim, ghastly grave-yard, standing between those dark, damp, odorous shapes of death, while far below, as in a cavern, where burned a sickly, solitary light, the shadowy forms of men were removing, without a word of utterance, the other mouldering and offensive remnants of mortality.

From a feeling which can be better understood than described, one coffin in that tomb was for a while scrupulously avoided. It was that in which lay all that remained of her who was my mother. Apart from the desire to postpone the disturbance of that sacred casket, there were appearances about it which indicated that its condition was very unsafe. I saw my father examining it with care and apprehension, and then four hands were cautiously placed at the corners, and it was lifted from its position. Suddenly the sides and top fell inward with a hollow, crushing sound, and the whole mass slid to the ground with a reverberating knell. My poor father clasped his hands in silent agony and gazed upon the contents thus awfully exposed to view. I directed the rays of my lantern from without more fixedly upon the spot, and for a moment we all looked but spoke not. Whatever there had been of form within the coffin before it was lifted had passed in a sightless breath of dust, and nothing was left of all that womanly loveliness but disjointed, scattered bones. But in their midst lay a stained white satin ribbon in the form of a bow—the ribbon with which he had gently bound the crossed wrists of those snowy hands before the coffin-lid shut her forever from his mortal gaze. Ah, how sad that little faded ribbon—how poignant the rush of memory—how horrible the circumstances under which that remembrance was awakened!

Fortunately, some such occurrence among the many mouldering coffins there deposited had been anticipated and provided for, and the vault was at last decently vacated and the iron door locked upon its more than emptiness to us. Then the loaded wagon rolled through the grassy ways between the hillocks, and with a sense of blessed relief we stepped into the carriage and followed the dreary burden through the cold, deserted streets of the city, and out with the early dawn to the verdure of the open country, and into the beautiful grove of the cemetery, and at last saw those beloved remains deposited in quietness and in safety where the hand of man will not, it is hoped, touch them again with impunity.

To those who are familiar with the various circumstances and manifestations of death the scene I have attempted to describe will be less impressive than to others. As we grow older and see friends and relatives taken from us, and follow their remains to their last resting-places (or at least to what we *hope* may be their last resting-places), the shroud and the coffin and the tomb become measurably stripped of the horror with which we first beheld them. There are others whose avocations in life are so inseparably connected with the dead that sensibility becomes blunted, and the association with that which is generally repulsive to most of us is freed from even an idea that is unpleasant.

The experience of medical students sufficiently attests this fact, and I have witnessed many scenes which, although to me invested with horror, presented nothing but attraction to my companion of the knife and scalpel. To

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come upon death in any shape is bad enough, but to find one's self suddenly in a large room surrounded by the dead, when one was only looking for and expecting to meet the face of a living friend, is by no means a pleasant surprise. Such was my fortune on one occasion in Paris, when, to keep an appointment with a student of the *Quartier Latin*, I visited, one morning quite early, the Academy of Medicine. The hollow court-yard of that famous institution has, on one side of it, a row of doors, each opening into small surgical or dissecting rooms, appropriated to the students. The visiting-card of the occupant is generally tacked upon the door as a sign. On the morning in question I went to my friend's room (a small and horribly-smelling place, having on the walls and tables various implements of his profession), but he was not there. In fact it was too early for many to be about, and I saw no sign of vitality but the sleepy porter at the outside gate, who had admitted me as a friend of a student. A mysterious black-covered wagon stood in the court-yard, apparently newly arrived, as it was backed up to a large open door on the opposite side of the square, as if recently discharged of its load.

While waiting for my student friend to arrive I sauntered slowly across and entered this open door, and immediately found myself the only living being in a large, bare, brick-floored apartment, upon which lay extended, side by side, twenty corpses of both sexes, stark, rigid, and cold. I had no idea of retreating; on the contrary, a dreadful fascination held me spell-bound till I had gazed and become perfectly familiar with each of the shrunken, ghastly, fixed faces before me; some, open-mouthed and open-eyed; some with clenched teeth and hands; some almost featureless with the inroads of wasting disease before vitality had ceased. In a corner of this room a pile of children's corpses had been thrown promiscuously together, as being of less interest and value to those for whom these "subjects" were designed.

I had been in this strange company some minutes when footsteps approached, and a man in a blue cotton blouse came into the room. Casting an inquisitive eye at me, as if to say, "I wonder what *you* want at this time of day," he proceeded, with the utmost *nonchalance*, to go through a process which evidently was his daily occupation, and one of the perquisites of his position. Lifting up the head of a female corpse, he straightened out the long black hair and immediately severed it with scissors from the crown. This process he repeated with each. Then tying together the accumulated "glory of woman," he proceeded with pincers to extract from the stiffened jaws all the teeth of either sex which were found to be in a perfect condition! Loaded with these united spoils he vanished at one end of the building, while I, sick and faint at heart, got out of the door at which I had entered, eager for fresh air and for forgetfulness.

I had not taken many turns in the court before my student made his appearance, and in the course of another half hour most of the class had assembled, and stood about the vicinity of the chamber of horrors waiting for the "distribution." As each name was called aloud the individual alluded to proceeded to select his "subject," manipulating them in turn until he found the one whose physical condition of fat or lean presented the most suitable development of the part to be dissected. Having satisfied himself in these respects, the student would seize the body by the lower limbs, sling it over his shoulder as carelessly as if he were a butcher taking a lamb to the slaughter (and perchance the resemblance was just), and stride across the court to his surgical den, there to lock himself in with his helpless victim, to be absorbed for the rest of the day in the fascinations of physiological research. It was a curious thought, as the eye ran down that long row of dark-closed doors, that behind each, securely locked in his silent sanctum, was one in the strength and ambition of youth bending with bare arms over the rigid forms of death (which yesterday was a living patient of the hospital), and absorbed with intensity of interest in the developments of his revolting but necessary profession.

It is a mooted subject, particularly in this country, where the facilities for such investigations are extremely limited, how far this robbing the grave of "its due" is justified by the demands of science. Where, as in France, it is a fully recognized necessity, but little secrecy or evasion of the law is practiced. Here, as is well known, the student who desires *matériel* for the prosecution of his studies, obtains his "subjects" not infrequently by means which will not bear the revelations of the daylight. How far these practices extend nowadays I do not know, but probably they are by no means entirely out of fashion among our young friends of the scalpel.

Many are the incidents connected with this grim trade which have escaped professional secrecy. The manner in which my old friend Dr. X. (not Cross-Bones) narrowly escaped detection on one of these occasions occurs to me as an excellent illustration of the serio-comic. A woman died at the Chelsea Hospital, who, being nameless and friendless, was consigned to the adjacent Potter's Field. Out of respect to the poor creature, who had for a long time been a patient in the Doctor's ward (or perhaps from other considerations), he attended her remains to the grave, and witnessed their interment. As he stood over the sexton, busy with the duties of his sad office, the Doctor narrowly observed the measurement of the grave and the quantity of earth thrown in. That night, in darkness and in silence, he took that measurement again, and removed that earth. Carefully concealing the body in a long cloak provided for the purpose, he set it up beside him in his one-seated gig, placed a cap on its

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head, and drove along the turnpike in the direction of his home. Without encountering any person on the road he reached the toll-gate, from whence emerged the sleepy keeper with a lantern, the rays from which he concentrated upon the conscience-stricken Doctor and his dummy companion. The disguise, however, was sufficient to prevent suspicion, but unfortunately the sudden stoppage of the gig threw the corpse forward with a jerk, and but for the presence of mind of the driver would have precipitated it, with all the horrible consequences, directly into the face of the faithful guardian of the highway. Instantly the Doctor seized it by the collar, pulled it back into its upright position, exclaiming, "Hullo, Tom, what are you about? If you *are* drunk, you might at least keep from falling out of the gig!" Then settling with the toll-man, and muttering something about "the folly of people drinking more than they can stand," the vehicle passed on, and the interests of science were secured.

Among the standard reminiscences with which the adventurous Doctor is wont to entertain his guests on a winter evening is the one in which he tells them, in his inimitable manner, how he and his stupid friend "Tom" passed the Chelsea toll-gate.

Another prominent member of the medical profession was at one period the lessee of the Boston Theatre. The two occupations, however, never seemed to conflict with each other. He made his professional visits by day, passed the evenings at the theatre, and, at times, half the nights in his dissecting-room. One evening, after the performances at the theatre, I accompanied him to his "den," and witnessed a most skillful dissection of the "human form divine." The contrast from the crowded, glittering, noisy play-house to the solitary, sombre, and silent chamber of death was most impressive. A single lamp, suspended from the ceiling, threw into strong relief the inanimate body extended upon the table, over which the skillful surgeon, without uttering a word, went on with his grim work from midnight until dawn.

He told me that he never had a nervous apprehension or alarm but once, and that was when his light accidentally went out, leaving him in utter darkness at the moment that he made the first incision of the knife into the body before him. No sooner was the light extinguished than he received a violent blow upon his face from the hand of the corpse! He rushed from the room in an agony of terror, fully impressed with the idea that life was not extinct, and that he had pierced the flesh of a living being. Hearing, however, no further sounds in confirmation of this horrible idea, he recovered his self-possession, relit his lamp, and proceeded to investigate matters, when it appeared that the string had given way with which he had tied the arm of the corpse in an elevated position to enable him to operate more freely upon the muscular fibres. The fall had brought the dead, cold hand in unpleasant proximity with the face of the operator. Thus was the awful phenomenon explained in the most satisfactory manner.

OUR GOLD MINE IN CONNECTICUT.

I.

BENJAMIN CHESTER, Esq., with an income of three thousand per annum, derived from well-invested funds, and myself, John Wheatleigh, with an easy post in the Treasury and fifteen hundred, were old schoolmates and fast friends. Ben's quarters were always pleasant to visit. A comforting odor of tobacco greeted the nostrils as one entered the sitting-room. Many pleasant evenings have we passed together there, each sitting on two chairs, the table between us, a bottle convenient, and tumblers handy. Neither of us thought it worth while to form decided opinions regarding political affairs, so our intercourse was never marred by any quarrel. We might have gone on in the same happy way until now had not that prime cause of disturbance in all ages—a woman—taken it into her head to bless Ben with her affections. Miss Helen Banker—an orphan, residing with her uncle—was the party who threatened for a time to part us two old chums.

The old tobacco-caddy on the mantle was displaced by Helen's photograph. Our cozy evenings with pipes and the *et ceteras* soon vanished. Instead of enjoying such things as he already possessed, Ben began to sigh for Miss Helen and the means upon which to marry; for though the young lady had a few hundreds per annum, their united means would not reach that minimum sum—five thousand—with which alone could happiness be had in the city. How to get these odd thousands became Ben's constant thought. Although college-bred, he had not the remotest particle of practical knowledge, and the reflection did not tend to comfort him. His manner changed for the worse. Moody and taciturn, he forgot the usual hospitalities of the place, and I had soon to help myself if I wanted any thing. At last I became tired of seeing him, and finally gave him a piece of my mind, telling him that he was a fool to pine for any woman; and that unless Miss Helen would be content to begin domestic life on the scale which he could afford she was not worth having, but was a cold and calculating woman, unfitted to be the wife of any warm-hearted man like himself.

With these words of comfort I left him, and sought the society of a clever designer of bank-note embellishments who lived in Bleecker Street. In this person's room I tried to forget all about old times, and had succeeded in drawing comfort again from a meerschaum when I received a note from Ben requesting me to call upon him.

On an evening in the spring of 1862 I found myself again entering Ben's abode. I was glad to find that the cheering influences of the past

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still lingered on the spot. The gas was burning rather dimly as I entered; the fragrant weed was burning brightly, though, in Ben's great pipe; the bottle, a beautiful old lopsided affair, was in its place; Helen's photograph was hanging by the mirror, and the tobacco-caddy was restored to its proper position. Ben greeted me warmly, and produced the materials for a regular old-fashioned evening, while I selected two chairs as usual, sitting in one with feet up on the other.

While thus preparing for comfort, Ben rose, went to the door, and locked it. This struck me as singular, but as I was decidedly on the most comfortable side of the door, it did not matter; but when Ben came to me and placed his hand on my shoulder, and faced me, I began to feel alarmed. A little cousin of mine once drowned her kitten in the well, and went about with features expressive of a strong desire to tell all about it, yet fearing to do so. This expression, magnified to suit Ben's cast of countenance, struck me as he leaned over and said:

"Wheatleigh, can you keep a secret?"

Just then my eye rested upon a bright red spark in one corner of the room, and was soon aware that the spark was the lighted end of a cigar which was being vigorously smoked.

I must have appeared bewildered, for Ben remarked:

"Oh, never mind *him*; he knows all about it!"

From the corner there came a deep voice reassuringly:

"Ay, ay, go on wi' yer tawkin'; doan't ye moind me."

"Come forward, Dowling," said Ben; "let me introduce my friend Mr. Wheatleigh."

Out of the corner then came a great body with a shock head of red hair, a bull-dog face, and neck to match, and took its seat at the table.

"Mr. Dowling is a genuine Yorkshire miner," said Ben, with emphasis.

"Noa, noa—it's Cornish oi be, Muster Chester; an' oi can put a hole in wi' any man," said Dowling, looking at me defiantly. His face was covered with blue dots as if from tattooing. I found afterward that they had been caused by a blast which had gone off untimely.

Up to this moment I had said nothing; but now turned to Ben and asked what this all meant?

"Wait," said he. "Dowling, show the bag." Slowly putting his hand into his breast the miner therefrom produced a small canvas bag. From this he took a small bundle of rags, and slowly unwound them until a kernel was visible in the shape of two small pieces of grayish-white mineral. These pieces he placed upon the table, eying them as if they might possibly fly away.

"Look at this," said Ben Chester, holding up one of the pieces; "what do you call it?"

"Gold," I replied, for the yellow metal could be seen in thin filaments traversing the quartz.

The miner assented with an ejaculation complimentary to my judgment, and Ben, relieved in mind, sank into his chair. The rags were again wound about the minerals, and they were stowed away in Dowling's breast. "Oi must be goin'. Oi promised the Butty to meet him at the Miners' Arms; so good-noight, Sur. Good-noight, Muster Chester;" and bowing in a dog-like way, Dowling rose and went to the door, followed by Ben. The pair held a muttered conversation ere the miner departed.

"Now, Ben, let me know what all this means," said I, as he seated himself. "Are you about investing in Colorado gold mines?"

"That gold came from a region much nearer home," he replied. "It came from—from—" he hesitated.

"From where?" I demanded.

"From Connecticut."

II.

I smoked in silence for some seconds. An old saying of a friend—Professor in a college—was, that all the minerals and metals known to man could be found in Connecticut in just sufficient quantity *not* to pay the cost of getting them. I disliked to dispel Ben's golden dreams, but could not resist the temptation to repeat the Professor's remark.

"Pshaw!" he said, "these college men know no more of mines and minerals than Dowling knows of the Differential Calculus. There is gold enough at the Joyce Hill Mine, which is now my property, to make us worth millions." So he was really in for it. I hoped not deeply, for Ben without his coupons would find the world very hard.

"Now, Wheatleigh," he continued, "I wish you to venture an equal amount with me in this affair. I have paid Joyce, the owner of the mine, two thousand dollars for the full mining right; he paying Dowling two hundred for the discovery of the mine's value."

"Remarkably cheap for a mine worth millions," I remarked.

"Joyce is unable to work it, and is better off with the money than with an unproductive mine on his hands. Now I propose that you come in with me on the 'ground-floor,' as they say in the street."—Ben had evidently been employing his time to advantage in the study of Wall Street idioms. "Here is a calculation," producing a paper covered with figures; and, in fact, the whole scheme. The heading, in great letters, read:

"THE JOYCE HILL GOLD MINING COMPANY.—*Capital*, $200,000, *in* 2000 *shares of* $100 *each*."

"You see," he continued, "that I am moderate in my estimate of the value of the mine. I propose that we sell a thousand shares at fifty per cent. on the par value for working capital; this will give us fifty thousand to work the mine. The other hundred thousand I propose that we divide equally."

Fifty thousand dollars' profit on an investment of one thousand, which was all that I had

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in the savings' bank. Glorious! I became deeply interested as Chester went on:

"Here is an estimate of the profits of working the Company's mines for one year."—Here Ben's voice became quite grand and opulent.—"Here is an estimate of the daily expense and daily income, and then multiply by the working days for the yearly totals." And he read as follows:

"ESTIMATE OF THE PROFITS OF THE JOYCE HILL GOLD MINING COMPANY FOR ONE YEAR.

J. H. G. M. Co.	*Dr.*
To 10 miners, @ $2 per day	$20 00
1 mining captain	5 00
Drills, tools, charcoal for forge	5 27
Powder and fuse	8 34
Stamping quartz—20 tons, @ $8	160 00
Amalgamating and reducing to bricks	39 40
Wear and tear	17 50
Total daily Expenses	$255 51
	Cr.
By 20 tons quartz (estimated to yield $800 per ton), to be safe, say $550 per ton	$11,000 00
Daily net Profit	$10,744 49

"This daily profit multiplied by 300, the number of working-days in the year, gives a total of three millions, two hundred and twenty-three thousand, three hundred and forty-seven dollars, say ... $3,223,347
or a sum equal to a yearly dividend of sixteen hundred per cent. on the capital stock at par value.

"Even supposing," continued Chester, "that half of the estimated profits are not realized, we would still earn a dividend of eight hundred per cent., which ought to satisfy any reasonable person."

Now it is morally certain that, had Mr. Benjamin Chester called upon me to assist in getting up this splendid array of figures, I should have hesitated before embarking in the business; but as I was at no more trouble in the matter than merely to glance at the totals, they at once carried conviction to my mind that here, indeed, was a chance to make a fortune. I accepted Ben's proposition, and by the time we separated for the night was quite ready to fight any one who would be so rash as to dispute his calculations.

In the morning I really did experience some uneasiness at the thought that my poor thousand dollars were at the mercy of those evil influences which destroy small capital outside the savings' bank. While Ben was engaged in arranging various preliminaries I spent much time in the society of Dowling and the "Butty," which appellation I found was used by miners to designate a helper, a sort of second-mate to the other. The Butty—whose real name I never knew, as he never gave it, but even on the books was so entered—was very like Dowling in form and features; but instead of red hair he had black, and was a sort of Dowling dyed brown. He limped slightly from a "bit of rock" falling on him down a deep shaft.

By the help of sundry glasses of ale and "arf and arf" at the Miners' Arms I became quite familiar with these two persons, and taking advantage of moments when the Butty was in a pacific mood and Dowling quieted with beer, managed to pick up much information regarding mines. In fact, Dowling remarked: "One ud a thowt as Muster Wheatleigh had been a minin' all his loife." The Butty assenting with: "Poonch my 'ead, but he do larn oncommon lively!"

Dowling's account of the discovery of gold at Joyce's Hill was: that he was crossing the country from Waterbury to Danbury, looking for a job, when he was attracted by the appearance of some small seams of quartz showing in the gneiss by the road-side. He traced the quartz to a small hill on the farm of Mr. Joyce, and at the top thereof found the specimen which he had exhibited. He bargained with Joyce and came to the city, where he met Mr. Chester at the office of a friend in Pine Street, and with the result before the reader.

I quieted all questioning on the part of my mind as to how on earth so valuable a mine could be sold so cheaply, and as to why Dowling had not filled his pockets with the metal instead of taking two small pieces of quartz only, by reflecting that both these things had made matters more favorable for myself and Chester, as no excitement had arisen to prevent our securing the auriferous deposit.

Our Prospectus, arranged by Ben and myself, appeared in a few days after our agreement. This document embodied the financial statement already given; and besides, after dealing with the history of gold from earliest ages, and comparing the yield of various mines, gave the proposed stockholders some idea of mining practically. This last detail was gotten up by myself, and I made free use of all the mining terms which I had learned from Dowling and the Butty. I have reason to believe that when I stated that "an open stope crossing the adit level at an angle of forty-five degrees" was the most feasible way of getting at the "champion vein" I was in error. And also when I stated that the "mundic" was rich in gold. Also when I said "the sinking of a trial shaft on the lode would occupy but a few days." Gneiss, twin-brother of Granite, thy tough texture was then unknown to me!

Our Prospectus contained no report from any geologist or professional man. Ben suggested that we should pay one ten dollars to go and take a look at the place; but I objected on the score of economy, and in truth did not wish to look our gift-horse in the mouth too closely, now that our money was at stake.

For some days after the issuing of the Prospectus we had no result, but by degrees people began to visit our office—a desk in a friendly lawyer's office in Pine Street—and in a short time we had disposed of $20,000 of stock at fifty per cent, which gave us $10,000 for the treasury, and enabled Ben to inform Dowling and the Butty, who had in the mean time been sitting on the stairs smoking clay-pipes day after day, that they must hold themselves in readiness for opening the Joyce Hill Gold Mine.

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Regard for the privacy of retired wealth prevents my naming the President and Directors of the Company. They were men of good standing and capital, which last they risked not in the Joyce Hill Gold Mining Company. Their stock was "free" in consideration of their names. Ben was General Manager, and I was to help him if necessary.

Our expedition to the mine moved, *viâ* the New York and New Haven and the Housatonic Railroads, on an afternoon in June. Dowling, the Butty, five miners, Ben, and myself, with our mining implements, powder, and fuse, were dropped toward evening at a station consisting of one store and dwelling combined, a freight-house, a wood-shed, and a pump. Joyce's Hill was distant five miles by turnpike. The station was the nearest store-keeping place to the mine except a village called Hake's Corners, which was three miles from it in another direction. We demanded supper, but the store-keeper, Canfield by name, told us that he had nothing but molasses and hard bread. We asked for eggs. The hens all laid their eggs so far under the barn that none were to be had until in good time they came forth as chickens. We asked for milk. The cow had died in an attempt to digest half a barrel of cold boiled potatoes. We inquired whether we could be taken to the mine that evening. The horses were both lame in the off fore-foot from losing their shoes the day before. Could we have beds? No; a party of delegates to a religious convention a mile down the road had taken them all. Evidently Canfield was not inclined to be hospitable. He put up his shutters almost before we had finished the hard bread and molasses, and said that he was going down the road to the convention; but I suspect that the sight of the many black bottles which, with Dowling's approval, were circulating among the men, had much to do with his early-closing movement.

Before he was fairly off the Butty offered to "poonch his 'ead," and afterward made the same proposal to all in turn. It was with much trouble that Ben and myself managed to get our men abed on the platform of the freight-house. They were very noisy and tipsy. They sang songs, Dowling acting as leader, and awoke the echoes with strange howls. With Ben I went to the wood-shed, and selecting the softest pile of chips, and spreading our coats and rugs, for the night was chilly, we prepared to rough it for the time. We had hardly lain down before a pale-faced little woman came from the house, and offered us a shake-down by the fire in the kitchen, but we thanked her, and preferred to remain where we were. By degrees our men howled themselves hoarse, and dropped off to sleep; and at last the silence which at night is in the country so profound weighed upon us in deep slumber.

III.

Early next morning we were astir; Ben quite stiff from his hard bed, and myself in rather a poor condition. Five miles of road were to be traversed, so our sleepy followers were aroused, and in a short time we were in motion. The morning air, laden with the perfume of the early flowers of summer, was refreshing, as we marched along past farm-house and barn, brook and pond. In an hour we arrived at the Joyce homestead—a very fair sample of a New England farm-house. It was to the left as we went to Hake's Corners, and stood back from the road about two rods, with a veranda on three sides. It had two dormer-windows in front, and tall chimneys at the ends. Joyce's Hill, a huge boulder of gneiss, fringed at the base with shrubbery, rose out of the meadow land in front; and a path from the garden gate led across the road, through another gate, and thence across the meadow to a small bridge, with single plank and hand-rail, over Goose Creek, a tributary of the Housatonic. The distance from the farm-house to the hill was not more than a quarter of a mile.

We were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Joyce, who had been expecting us, and were soon seated at the table, where a breakfast, good of its kind, awaited us. Thirteen different kinds of "preserves," saleratus biscuit, and salt ham, were the principal articles of food, together with coffee very strong and very bad. There were no children about the house, and I could not help pitying the farmer because there were none.

We visited the mine after breakfast, and something like disappointment was felt by me in not finding gold in plenty at the spot. Dowling pointed out two seams of quartz, each about an inch in thickness, in the gneiss. These seams crossed the hill from east to west, and were soon lost in the alluvial of the meadow, the hill not being more than three hundred feet in length and one hundred in width. A place six feet long and four feet wide was marked out by Dowling; and as soon as Joyce returned from the station with our tools and powder the miners began drilling. The first charge was fired before night, and was the signal for all the inhabitants within hearing to rush to the spot where the New Yorkers were mining for gold. It was many days before continuous labor was resumed by the people about the mine, owing to their time being taken up in watching our operations. Nothing but a narrow escape of one of them from a flying bit of gneiss, after a charge had been fired, dispersed them finally.

The view from the hill was very beautiful. The country fell away and showed the valley of Goose Creek lined with sleepy-looking farm-houses, orchards, and groves of trees. Here and there, with a back-ground of low hills, could be seen white objects, with cross and vane, marking the spot where some village had taken root, and in the shape of church-steeples was throwing out branches toward heaven.

Chester and myself secured lodgings with the Joyces, Dowling and the Butty found board at the blacksmith's near by, and the men dis-

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tributed themselves about the vicinity until our miners' boarding-house was ready. The Joyce farm-house was the scene of a great gathering in the evening, all the neighbors coming to see the new arrivals. We were put to much trouble to invent evasive answers to all the questions put to us. Our parentage, age, condition, etc., were all looked into. One gentleman, who had control of the morals of the place, and who certainly looked very serious, inquired whether or not we intended to erect a distillery, and was only half satisfied that such was not our object in coming to the Goose Creek district, as it seemed that the inhabitants were all very fond of whisky. Our room was lighted by one of the dormer-windows in front, and was very cheesy-smelling, owing to the adjoining garret being used as a "cheese-room." But we slept well for all that, and in the morning I returned to the city, leaving Ben to prosecute the work.

So far I have been so ungallant as to omit any particular mention of Miss Helen Banker. Ben gave me a letter for her, and, in presenting it, I had an opportunity of observing her closely for the first time. She was a good-looking girl of twenty-four, with a stylish manner, tasteful dress, and thin lips. Evidently Ben, in the matrimonial duet, would be second violin. So much determination was not in Miss Helen's face for nothing. She was very polite; and, in a sweet voice, asked me all about the Joyce Hill Gold Mining Company, and about mining in general. She asked me, also, for the address of a dealer in minerals, as she wished some specimens to compare with some others which she possessed. She inquired as to the meaning of "Bull" and "Bear," and as to stocks in general; and I left her feeling that she was a very clever woman whom I should like very much as a friend.

I found that many of the stockholders in the Joyce Hill Gold Mining Company expected me to return with enough gold to pay a handsome dividend by way of a beginning, and was obliged to satisfy them with descriptions of the quartz veins, and the prospect of finding the "champion vein" into which they no doubt led. I had brought with me some pieces of the quartz, and Stiefelbacher, a German assayer, declared that they would yield $550 to the ton.

June and July passed away, Chester coming to the city occasionally, visiting Helen, dropping in at the office, trying to sell some stock, and keeping things pretty well agoing. He had gone down four feet in six weeks. Rather slow progress, as he admitted, but Dowling was confident that the rock would become softer as we descended.

The $10,000 was gradually being absorbed by wages, tools, powder, and the necessary miners' buildings, and a pile of gneiss, hard as the nether millstone, was all that there was as yet to show for it. The vein of quartz remained the same. No gold was visible to the eye. Stiefelbacher proposed that a quartz mill be erected on Goose Creek, but as the proportion of quartz obtained was about three pounds to the ton of gneiss, the proposition was thought premature. Our stockholders by degrees became weary of climbing up stairs to our office, and altogether things began to present a blue appearance. Just at this time something occurred which threatened to wind us up completely.

A learned Professor from New Haven, not employed by us to report upon the mine or even invited to visit it, came over one day with a party of students, and in their presence, and in the presence of Dowling and the Butty and of the miners, declared that no gold ever had been, or ever would be found at the Joyce Hill Gold Mine. Ben wrote me this, and seemed in low spirits. Even the offer of the Butty to "dowse Professor in t' creek" for trying to take the bread out of honest men's mouths did not serve to comfort him. Soon after this a communication, copied from a New Haven paper, appeared, in which the promoters of our enterprise were designated as either knaves or fools, with a leaning toward the former appellation. Stiefelbacher, the assayer, became furious against the Professor; and to prove that gold had been found at the mine, brought to the office a few grains in a paper, and again offered to put up the quartz mill.

Not a soul came to the office after this unfortunate affair, and Ben was obliged to discharge all the miners except Dowling and the Butty, whom he kept on in hopes of better times. Neither our President nor Directors offered to advance one dollar toward getting down to the champion vein, and quite snubbed Ben and myself in the street.

But in the midst of this impending ruin of our hopes Helen Banker stood by us like a Trojan. She came to the office, and held audiences with Stiefelbacher about quartz, until that conceited Teuton fancied that his long hair had captivated her. She encouraged Ben to dig on, and at last invited herself to spend a few days with Mrs. Joyce, and went to the mine armed with sketch-book, and accompanied by Ben, who, like a fond though unfortunate being, hung about her always.

Some days after her arrival at the mine I visited the Goose Creek district again, and found Ben and Helen looking rather melancholy at the sight of the great heap of rock which had come out of so small a hole. Dowling and the Butty took the world easy—the Butty reclining on his back, pipe in mouth, near the windlass; and Dowling now and then going down the not very deep shaft, by means of a rude ladder, to bring up a bottle which he had concealed in some cool grot in the side of the excavation. I went to the hole and tried to think that it was worth what it had cost. I went down the ladder and examined the quartz seams, which on both sides and across the bottom of the shaft were plainly visible. Just before the work had been stopped a shot had been fired in the bottom, and it was now a mass of

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broken rock. By the time that I had finished my inspection Miss Helen and Mr. Chester had returned to the house, and Dowling, in honor of my visit, was engaged in emptying a bottle, offering me a share with encouraging words:

"Doan't ee give it up, Muster Wheatleigh. Whoy, now, we ain't made more nor a scraatch loike in t' hill yet."

And the Butty added:

"Poonch my 'ead, but oi do think as how this be just foolin' wi' the thing."

But I turned away and would listen to no comfort, convinced that the Joyce Hill Gold Mine was a very hard case.

We had a dull evening at Joyce's, the arrival of a box marked "Books" from the station being the only thing which seemed to revive Miss Helen's spirits; for even she had showed signs of the blues. Just after tea Dowling and the Butty called to say that they were going to Hake's Corners for the night, it being their custom to take possession of that town periodically. They had been occupying the boarding-house near the shaft, but as there was nothing there to steal we had no fear about leaving the mine out of doors all night.

By nine o'clock we had all retired, Ben and myself to the cheesy room, and Miss Helen to the one below it on the ground-floor next the parlor. This room was reserved for guests of high degree, and no wandering bachelor ever occupied it.

IV.

There was not much prospect of sleep for us; but by degrees I fell into a doze, and was awakened about midnight by one of the horses kicking in the barn. Finding that the moon's rays were falling on my face I went to the window to draw down the green paper shade. The view from the window was very beautiful by moonlight. The hill and the creek and the meadow were in full sight, and wonderfully calm and silent they all appeared under the soft light. As I was turning away an object moved on the path leading to the mine, and presently a tall white figure emerged from the green wood at the bottom of the hill, and advanced slowly toward the house. The figure seemed to glisten in the moonlight, and moved gracefully along.

Wondering what errand any one could have at the mine at that time of night, and not at all alarmed—for I was no believer in ghosts—I watched the figure advancing. When it came to the bridge it halted, and seemed to gaze upon the quiet scene, and I noticed that it had one hand clasped over the other as if in meditation. Presently it came on again, and I observed a dark stain down the white below the hands. It came on toward the house through the gate on the other side of the road, and then I could see that the stain was *red*, and that the hands were clasped as if in pain. The figure, now quite close to the house, stopped suddenly and looked up at my window. I returned its gaze, though I confess that I was beginning to feel uncomfortable, and saw a pale face, which looked up for a moment, almost shrouded in the white robe. The figure then turned away and disappeared around the corner of the house.

I listened a while, half expecting to hear some one knock; but the silence was unbroken, and I gradually fell into a sleep, which was much disturbed by visions of white figures with bloody hands.

At breakfast, at which Miss Helen did not appear owing to what Mrs. Joyce called "a dreffful headache," I told my ghost story. Mrs. Joyce—who appeared to have some superstitious feelings—to account for the cruel marks which were found upon her hands, at once concluded that the ghost of a poor girl who had been drowned in Goose Creek years before, accidentally as was supposed, had come to earth. Mr. Joyce "reckoned it was Malviny Jones agoing over to see Mrs. Thompson who was very low." Ben laughed at the whole affair, and declared that it was all a dream on my part.

Miss Banker held an audience with Ben just after breakfast, and the result of it was, that he determined to sink one thousand dollars more, if necessary, in the mine. Her pluck and determination were very creditable, but it seemed to me a perfectly hopeless case, and as we went over to the shaft I told Ben so. He said that he could not refuse her, she seemed so confident of success. Fortunately Dowling and the Butty, with another miner who had been hanging about Hake's Corners, returned as they had promised, and they were overjoyed at Ben's orders to set to work again.

The first thing done was to clear away the rubbish at the bottom of the shaft. While the men went at this work Ben and I sat upon the grass outside the heap of rock.

Suddenly there came a great shout from the mine, and out rushed Dowling with the Butty after him in tremendous excitement. Placing a bit of quartz each in our hands they rushed back again, and again returned with more of the same kind. We had struck gold at last! There it was in rounded, tear-like masses sticking out of the quartz, or in sprays and spangles thoroughly pervading it. In less than ten minutes we had taken out $200 worth when, that particular pocket being exhausted, the supply gave out. Dowling was in high glee:

"Look theer now, what did us tell thee? Professor be a danged fool, Butty!"

"Aw'd loike to poonch 'ead of him," answered that worthy.

Ben rushed off to tell Helen the news, while I walked about feeling at least six inches taller than before. The $50,000 loomed up brightly ahead. Gold had turned dull earth to heaven again.

No more work was done that day, the miners being quite too far gone with excitement and Dowling's bottle for further execution.

Ben and Miss Helen and myself went to the city next day, a much more jovial party than we had been. Our desk was covered with the

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gold, and soon the news was about that the Joyce Hill Gold Mine had proved very rich. Our old stock-holders came about us again. Our President and Directors once more patronized us. Stiefelbacher wrote an article utterly demolishing the New Haven Professor. Our stock went up in price. Within a month we had sold it all, and Benjamin Chester and self found ourselves richer by at least $35,000 each after deducting all expenses. All this time the mine lay idle, as we were too much engaged in selling the stock to attend to it; but Dowling had orders to keep watch on the shaft so that no one could carry away any of the precious metal.

I had the pleasure of assisting at Ben's wedding very soon, and saw the pair off for Philadelphia and Washington. I received a letter from Ben in a day or two, and he advised me to quietly retire from the J. H. G. M. Co., giving no reason for his advice. As I had made a snug sum by the affair I felt willing to leave well alone; and, installing our President's nephew and a son of one of our Directors as managing men, I obtained leave from the Department and embarked for Europe, determined to enjoy my good fortune. Knowing that marriage would quite extinguish Ben as an individual, I did not look forward to seeing him very often in the future.

V.

In Paris, moderately partaking of its pleasures, I gradually forgot the J. H. G. M. Co. Occasionally, after a hearty supper, I would dream that the shaft had fallen in, but daylight quite removed the impression. No danger of those cast-iron sides ever giving way.

One morning I noticed in the list of Americans arrived in Paris the names of Mr. and Mrs. Chester, New York, and forthwith betook myself to their hotel. As I have remarked, I did not expect Ben to come out very largely after his marriage, but I was not prepared for the total eclipse of his usual qualities. He seemed regularly cowed and uncomfortable. Madame, on the contrary, was all life and spirits. She looked exceedingly well in her new toilet, and was evidently enjoying herself. I tried hard to arouse in Ben some of his old cordial manner, and told him all that had occurred since he left me on his wedding trip; how Stiefelbacher had triumphed over the Professor; and how I found Dowling and the Butty sound asleep under the fence when I went to give the new men possession.

"Have you seen any late papers from home?" he inquired. I replied that I had not.

He brought me a newspaper with a paragraph marked in pencil, which was as follows:

"A Sharp Transaction.—We understand that the Joyce Hill Gold Mine, of which our readers have heard so much, and the stock of which rose so rapidly in value recently, has proved utterly valueless. The Company, after expending a large amount in mining, has abandoned the enterprise owing to the total absence of the metal. From the expeditious way in which the original promoters got rid of their stock when gold was discovered, it is suspected that they had, for reasons of their own, in mining parlance, *salted the claim!*"

Was it possible? I looked at Ben; evidently he had had no part in such a thing. I glanced at Mrs. Chester. She was trying to look composed; but at last there was a twitching about the lips, and presently she broke out into a burst of laughter, in which, spite of myself, I joined, followed by Ben. When we had recovered our composure Mrs. Chester quietly told me, what Ben had unaccountably neglected to do, that she herself had placed the gold quartz in the bottom of the shaft on the night previous to our finding it, having arrived in time in the package marked "Books."

"Then you were the ghost?" I asked.

"Yes; and pale enough I must have appeared to the gentleman in the window, for I cut my wrist upon the sharp rocks in getting out of the shaft, and was in a dreadful fright, and half-inclined to beckon you to assist me in stanching the wound."

"She would not have told us about it to this day," remarked Ben, "had not I questioned her very closely as to how she obtained the ugly cut. As soon as I knew the truth I wrote to you to sell out."

"You forgive me?" inquired Mrs. Chester.

"With all my heart," I answered. "You had certainly great temptation; but I wonder how our old friends at home will treat us when we return."

"You will find that they have forgotten us completely in the new excitement of oil wells."

And so it proved; for on returning not one person had a stone to cast at us, though the mine would have furnished abundance. Our President and Directors were all engaged in petroleum, and invited us to take a seventy-ninth interest in the one thousandth share in a hundred barrel well.

Mrs. Chester is a leader in her set, Ben following her discreetly. Dowling and the Butty haunted the mine long after the last blow was struck, and then went on voyages of discovery along the Housatonic. The former will probably find another gold mine as soon as he feels in want of a job, and has those two pieces of gold quartz in his pocket, for, without question, he was the original deceiver with regard to the Joyce Hill Mine.

Short, wiry grass is growing about the mouth of the old shaft, and creeping plants are spreading over the base of the mound of gneiss which, hard and unyielding, and settling down not one inch, stands as a monument to mark the site of our Gold Mine in Connecticut.

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ADAM GORROW.

THE Editor laid down the manuscript with a smile. Certainly the author of "The Distinguishing Traits of a Christian Character"—a ponderous mass of foolscap, peppered with exclamation points, quotation marks, and the blackest of black italics—and of the accompanying note (on half a sheet, and innocent of postage for an "immediate reply"), which modestly suggested for the Christian Character that it "should be run through the Magazine, and afterward issued in book form," would have been simply confounded had he seen that smile.

The wind, turning a leaf, had turned blackly into sight a paragraph of the quoted italics:

"*I have no proof from the Bible that all infants are to be damned; still they can be saved only by the free grace of God, reigning through the righteousness of Christ. They are originally sinners, and deserve the curse.*"

Therefore the Editor had arrested the manuscript on its way to the waste-basket, and laid it down with a smile. It was a singular smile. There might have been a little indignation in it but for its studied calm; there might have been much indifference in it but for its intensity; there was neither the one nor the other; there was simply the curdled bitterness of years.

"There is one thing which has more resemblance to ourselves even than our face, and that is our physiognomy; but there is yet another thing which more resembles us than this, and that is our smile," says Victor Hugo. If Déruchette smiling was simply Déruchette, Adam Gorrow's smile then was absolutely Adam Gorrow. That was as one interpreted. There was a place where it was not. Still it was not a promising smile. As he crumpled the manuscript in his hand some words ground between his teeth; they sounded like—"Cursed cant!"

His head dropped into his hands—it was a favorite position of his; and there for an hour in the gathering shadows of the little dingy office he sat and mused.

Men like Adam Gorrow take solid comfort in such hours. A thinker and a skeptic of long, slow growth—hardly a man to be "reformed," one would fancy. Out of the fallen fancies and ruined hopes of forty-eight years he had riveted systems for himself in welded links: "*L'experience de beaucoup d'opinions donne à l'esprit beaucoup de flexibilité et l'affermit dans celles qu'il croit les meilleures.*" He thanked Joubert for that, relishing the words as only skepticism could. The quaint old legends of Eden and Ararat, the pleasant rhythm of the Prophets, the dream of Nazareth, the superstition of the Cross—he knew them through. He had trusted them, anatomatized them, recoiled from them, forgiven them. He could listen blandly, hat in hand, to the exhortations of a clergyman. He could accept a tract with graceful thanks—it was excellent to light cigars. He could stroll now and then, on comfortable Sunday mornings, into St. Somebody's to hear the music and count the audience; the sublimity of the sense of pity was really refreshing. He was a "Liberal Thinker." He was a "large-minded man." None of your Calvin and Servetus dogmas for him. He objected to brimstone. Humanity was his study, Charity his gospel.

Accordingly, he sat there that night, rolling that sentence—the picked flaw of a mosaic, the representative of an extreme, the voice of a body of Christians who (*Laus Deo!*) are few and faint in Zion, the offshoot of a magnificent stupidity beneath the serious notice of a child—as a sweet morsel under his tongue, clustering around it the jeers of Hobbes and Voltaire, suffering it to compress the scorn and dye the bitterness of years. Had the subject been Eels instead of Eternity, would it have affected our day's marketing?

Verily it may chance that Adam Gorrow had company in the darkening, dingy office. We have heard of one who wandereth up and down upon the earth, and goeth to and fro in it. We have heard as well of one who stood in the way before Balaam and his ass. The face was shining, but the sword was drawn.

There was a curious inlet on the harbor coast, shut in by tortuous rocks—they were jagged and black; the water seethed there, and was sucked into unseen caves and crevices with a hissing sound. One house stood apart from its neighbors, facing the sea. It was a high house, and would have had a cold look—the salt of the spray having worn its paint—but for the studied brightness of the curtains and a morning-glory on the piazza trellis. There was one window down stairs from which the shades were always drawn, the sweep and tracery of muslin faint against the glass, and a pictured back-ground shifting with stereoscopic changes. The passers had a way of crossing the street to look in at that window, especially if the night were cold.

The favorite group was one of two: a woman and a baby. The room had a pretty droop of acorns on the walls and carpet, pictures, and a Clytie; a sewing-table and an open grate; ruins of block-houses; little red shoes with tagless strings, and the toes rubbed brown, thrown under the chairs; a few flowers, and a kitten. The woman and the baby used to sit by the fire; the profile of one and the pink feet of the other held out for warming were the fine points of this picture.

This was the place where Adam Gorrow's smile was not Adam Gorrow.

He stood looking in a moment that night, either because, warm with his quick walk from the horse-cars, he was in no haste to brave the sting of the night-air, or because he liked the picture. It was probably a little of both.

Yet he stood long, and the sight was pleasant. It was always pleasant, waiting just so for him when the work of the day was over; but to-night, by reason of some chill either in the air or in himself, it seemed to deepen in a

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glow of color and warmth. He said something half aloud as he turned the key about its being "worth while."

A door opened softly before he was fairly in the hall. His wife always came out to meet him.

"Late to-night, Adam."

"A little—yes. I will tell you about it presently. Wolcott in yet?"

"No. I don't exactly understand; he is apt to be here by this time."

"Some college spree, probably; he will come in the course of the evening. However, I wanted the boy here early, to see about the yacht and to-morrow's fishing. Rebecca, what's the matter with your eyes? Do you expect me to be brought home, like the unfortunate little boys in the tracts who fish Sundays, my body in the cold embrace of death and my soul in brimstone? Come! Dot is growing as blue as a morning-glory out here in the cold."

He drew her in by the fire, kissing her cheek and the baby's, as was his custom. She shivered a little under his touch, and made him no reply.

He took a cigar when dinner was over, drew up his study-chair by the grate, and waited for her, watching her idly through the puffs of fragrant smoke, as she tripped about the room picking up the red shoes and the block-houses, and making ready for Dot's half-hour's "toasting" before bedtime.

She was a little woman, built like a reed. To look at the suppleness of her fingers, the veins on her forehead, the childlike curve of her lips, one would have said that a breath would sway her. Watching her eyes—they were gray and steadfast—one would think of a rock in a tempest, perhaps. There were a few lines upon her forehead: she had seen storms. Her husband's face was something different in her presence always. At the turn of her head or flutter of her dress it softened and changed. Certain expressions of his she never saw.

She came and sat down by him presently, near to the fire, hushing the baby to sleep in the golden glow, hushing and talking together. She had a pleasant voice. Her husband was apt to chat at this hour whether he had any thing to say or not, for the sake of hearing it. To-night there was something to say.

"Rebecca, here's a choice morsel for you."

He tossed over to her a bit of the crumpled manuscript.

"I staid an hour in the office masticating it; the delicate, sulphury flavor is delicious."

He watched her while she read it. Something which he expected to find in her face was probably missing, for he elevated his eyebrows with the peculiar twitch of a man who turns an unexpected corner on a windy day.

"Well?"

"Well!"

She laid down the paper with an amused little smile.

"What do you want me to say about it, Adam?"

The question seemed to irritate a little.

"What do I want you to say? I don't *want* any thing in particular."

"Oh!"

"Except to know, as a scientific curiosity, what you think of it."

"I think it is very funny."

He twirls his mustache discontentedly.

"You certainly have a remarkable use of adjectives, Rebecca."

"I really can't think of any other, Adam."

"But you?—you delude your poor little brain into the idea that you are one of these people. Now, I really should like to know what you do with such doctrine."

She held up the fragment of paper, twisted into a paper boat for Dot, her eyes twinkling. He bit his lip.

"But think of Dot burning for ever and ever—look at her now!—looks as if she deserved it, doesn't she?"

Poor Dot, sublimely unconscious that she was made the subject of theological discussion, was concentrating her energies of soul, mind, and body at that particular moment on a spirited endeavor to get all ten of her pink toes into her mouth at once. Mrs. Gorrow broke into a merry laugh. Her husband's eyebrows arched as if he had turned a second corner. At least he had expected to shock her. He had seen her shocked once or twice thoroughly, and had never forgotten the sight. She caught Dot up in her neck for a sudden kiss, and answered him then.

"Adam, do let us talk about something sensible. I really thought you must be joking with me. I don't know a thing—now, Adam, you know I don't, and you're just trying to tease me—about 'original sin' and 'deserving the curse,' or whether Dot is 'one of the elect.' But I know that if a little staring bundle like that, that doesn't know enough not to sit down in the fire-place and build block-houses out of the coals, has done any thing under the moon that it deserves to be punished forever and forever and *forever*, for there would be just as many kittens and snails in hell as there were babies, and that's all I want to know about it!"

"But this sentence is a direct quotation from an Orthodox minister in good and regular standing, Rebecca. That is what they teach."

"My minister never told me any such thing," said Mrs. Gorrow, with her childlike smile. "Besides, if he had, it would have made no difference to me. The Bible doesn't say so. It says"—she hesitated.

"What?"

"You don't like to hear about the Bible sometimes, you know, Adam. I don't like to bother you. I was going to say something about the little children that He took in His arms. How I always *did* wish that Wolcott and Dot had been there!"

She seemed to have forgotten that she was speaking aloud, her voice growing dreamy and low.

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Her husband looked at her; then turned his head abruptly away. He hesitated, perhaps, to break the sweet serenity of her face, for he did not speak at once. "That a God of love could ever have created such a world on such principles of government is a moral impossibility. Look at it — torture, horror, blood, misery, slaves, prisons, gibbets, battle-fields, sickness, agony, death."

"And sin," she said.

"One long drama of misery from cradle to coffin," he continued, without noticing the interruption, "and nine-tenths of us rewarded for it with eternal torments."

"Why, I didn't know nine-tenths of the people went to hell, Adam! Who said so?"

He did not tell her; perhaps he could not recollect at the moment.

"The sufferings of brute creatures alone," he went on in the hard, set way with which he was wont to dwell on the old arguments—"why, some of the greatest thinkers of the world have based their defense of atheism on that, Rebecca. And you—why, you can not see so much as a dray-horse beaten but it haunts you for twenty-four hours. Think of the awful story of those ages before the appearance of man; a world peopled with dumb things, drowning in deluges, crushed in earthquakes, seething in volcanic fires, preying upon each other—the rocks tell the tale—living, and agonizing, and turning to dust, for what purpose? for what end? Give me the mystery of this hideous lavishness of pain! Let your Christian preachers answer if they can."

He had forgotten that his wife was there, perhaps. He did not often seek to wreck her simple faith; neither would he destroy his baby's rattle.

She looked up; a puzzled cloud which had been in her eyes while he spoke fading as one caught her full face, by reason, it seemed, of the cut of her lips—one neutralized the other.

"Adam, I don't like to think about those horrible things. I can not answer you. You argue better than I. But some things are true, Adam, after all."

She stood up a moment looking into the fire; then kissed him once, and went up with Dot to put her to bed.

She was gone some time. He leaned back in his chair with folded arms and knotted forehead, thinking.

No, she could not argue with him—the idea of Rebecca's arguing with any body! Poor little thing! It was a pretty faith of hers; he would not disturb it again. If she lost that expression of the mouth she would lose half her beauty. Besides, it suited her—the faith.

He took a fresh cigar just then, remembering against his will how it suited her, reading over the story of their married life. It had not been an easy life for her, poor child! Little more than a girl when it began, those days up in Addison came roughly to her. A drudge of a teacher on six hundred a year can not help it if his wife does her own work all day and sits up all night with sick babies. He had not been able to help it (except, be it recorded, by taking his turn of the vigils). He had looked on, and broken his heart in looking. Then there was his trial of medicine, and chemistry, and surveying, and, he hardly liked to think what not besides, and the failures. Then that long sickness in the mountains; she never left him from beginning to end. After that the slow working into authorship and editorship, the barren uncertainty of the future, the growing, clamoring children, the pinching, the planning, the hoping, the fearing, the toiling of years.

Of late there was Wolcott. The boy had been like other college boys; no worse. But it had troubled his mother. Through the whole her face shone down on him that night as he thought it over, the same; pale, quiet, with steadfast eyes, with trustful smile. He could remember times when his manhood had broken down, when he had gone alone to groan and swear and sob, to curse the future and curse the past, and curse the fate that made him, when she had stolen in to put her arms around his neck and say, "It will all be right, Adam." *Right!* What had he known of right? or she? Well, what had she?

He could remember that year singled from all the years—they had loved those children. Between one spring and autumn he had stood with clenched hand three times beside a grave. It nearly killed Rebecca. He used to wake up night after night and find her in the cold on her knees. He asked her once, half savagely, what she was doing. "Bearing it," she said. If ever a fancy held reality, that was real to her. He had seen her still, white face grow rapt, her smile come like sunshine at mention of their names. She ceased after a while to go often to the spot where the poor little dust was lying; she said she thought that they came into the nursery where they used to play and heard her when she sang over her work, so she went instead and sat there. Adam Gorrow had never scoffed, he could have told you, at the "silly, pleasant notion;" he would as soon have trampled the daisies on his children's graves.

In all this time, from the hour that he had slipped her little marriage ring upon her finger, through poverty and pain, through weariness, weakness, discouragement, through days and nights in which he had come to her—and he remembered that they were not few, but many—disheartened and peevish, manlike, adding his burden to hers, through very irritation that he was powerless to relieve her of it, he had never received from *her* a word of petulance, an impatient look. Through it all, from first to last—on what hidden manna feeding who could tell?—she had resisted the subtle under-current of his Pantheism, keeping the simple beliefs of her childhood as purely, as unquestioningly, as she learned them at her mother's knee. On what strength stronger than his did this fragile creature lean? What love dearer than his?

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What wisdom wiser? She! why she had never so much as turned a leaf of Paine; was dumb before the sentimentality of Rénan; had scarcely heard of Strauss, of Paulus, of Descartes, He could shatter her arguments as he would crush a child's cob-house with his heel. He was her husband. She loved him, as woman loves, implicitly. The wisdom of ancients, the romance of heroes, meant to her but Adam Gorrow. What, then, was this with which she had withstood him all these years? How *dared* she not believe the mathematics of his nicely-demonstrated theories?

Such questionings had thrust themselves into his honest home before; as he treated them that night, so he had treated them before.

He rose with a smile—his characteristic smile—threw the stump of his cigar into the grate, paced the room twice, took a book and began to read—upside down. By what he would have called "a chance" the leaf on which his eyes fell was bound upside down:

"I am ready to acknowledge that of the intellectual conception of God as Creator, Cause, Germinant Life, Lord of the Universe, etc., I am not prepared to assert or deny any thing—I know nothing. . . . . If I were compelled, in intellectual gladiatorship, to surrender them all I should not feel in the smallest degree dismayed. My God is not the philosopher's God."

"Hum! honest, to be sure. Robertson was a man; there was no denying that." Exactly why the book was shut with a snap Adam Gorrow would have found it difficult to explain. At least he could have had no objection to the discovery that a man was honest? A volume of Voltaire, which he had left under a pile of magazines, served as substitute, and turning the leaves hurriedly, he read:

"Nay, further, in questions of great consequence a reasonable man will think it concerns him to remark lower probabilities and presumptions than these; such as amount to no more than showing one side of a question to be as supposable and credible as the other; nay, such as but amount to much less even than this. For numberless instances might be mentioned respecting the common pursuits of life where a man would be thought, in a literal sense, distracted who would not act, and with great application too, not only upon an even chance, but upon much less, and where the probability or chance was greatly against his succeeding."

Cheated again! The "Analogy," not Voltaire; he remembered now having taken it down for reference in that critique last night. The old argument of Butler's served him food for many a witty sarcasm and *bon mot*. Nevertheless it haunted him uneasily, like a ghost with whom he had made an unfair bargain.

Throwing the book impatiently upon the table he knocked off another, something of Rebecca's. As he stooped to pick it up, the strong gaslight fell upon the words:

"Who art thou, O man! that repliest against God?"

He strode to the window, his reading finished for that night.

While he stood there drumming restlessly upon the sill, and looking out to the low line of surf that wavered through the blackness, a sharp ring at the door pealed through the house, and his wife came in a moment after with a letter.

"From Wolcott. If he should be sick? I'm afraid—"

She went to the light, standing with her back to her husband, reading.

"What is it?"

She made him no reply.

"What is it, Rebecca?"

She read on in silence. She read through in silence; dropped slowly into a chair. He picked up the paper from the carpet where it had fallen: he read it twice, he read it three times, gathering its meaning:

"My dear Mother,—You are expecting me home as usual to spend Sunday, and I have hardly the heart to tell you that you must expect in vain; for to-morrow, for next week, for how long, if there is any God, He only knows. When you read this I shall be on the way to California, Brazil, China—I don't know and I don't care which; somewhere out of sight and out of mind. The long and short of it is, I am expelled from college.

"I've been a wild fellow, mother, and broken your heart, and cursed myself for the drinking, and debts, and gambling, and all the rest of it. I used to be sorry for that, and hated to look at your photograph after a spree, and meant to sober down and behave myself since your last letter.

"But this thing they've kicked me out for is worse than all that—so much worse that I haven't the pluck to say it out and have it over with, and so I'm writing this nonsense like a fool, and the lines are all running crooked—something must be the matter with the lamp.

"But I suppose it's got to come.

"Twelve of us fellows—most of them wretched profligates and confirmed infidels, a few good-hearted, thoughtless chaps, who were only drunk and unwarned—went one night last week into an unfurnished room, double-locked the door, muffled the windows, and held a mock communion service.

"There! it's out now.

"Mother, upon my word I didn't know what they wanted of me. I had taken too much; when I found out what it was I hadn't the pluck to back out.

"It is only for your sake that the thought of it drives me to desperation, night after night, as I lie awake. Father won't care, of course. If he is angry at the expulsion, he can comfort himself with Emerson and the rest of those books on the lower shelf. I am so used to his way of looking at these things that it never would have seemed any thing but a rich joke to me if your face had not hung up there above all the glare and noise, like a face in a cloud, and looked—and looked—and looked.

"The thing has leaked out, nobody knows how, and I and the rest out of college with it. If I came home and saw your eyes, I believe it would drive me into insanity. I'm off, the Fates know how or where. I am going to begin some other sort of life, and live it till you have forgotten your miserable Wolcott."

"The boy is a fool, Rebecca!"

She had no answer for him.

"Rebecca!"

He turned to see what was the matter. She was sitting just as she had sunk into the low chair, her hands dropped like the hands of the dead. The attitude did not strike him as it might at another time; he began to pace the room stormily, heedless of it.

"Such a disgrace—public expulsion! I am ashamed of him! And to crown it by that silly notion of running away—I should never have expected it of a son of mine!"

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Her eyes shot out a sudden light; she half rose from her chair, her hands raised as if to gesture him away.

"Disgrace, Adam! It is not that—not *that!* Oh, Adam, how *could* he?—my little boy. And he used to kneel down with me at bedtime and fold his hands, and say—"

"Why, Rebecca!" He drew her up against his arm; she was panting like a suffocated thing. "Don't, Rebecca—don't take it to heart so! He won't do it again. He shall promise you—I will make him; he shall not make his mother look like that. That was a boyish letter; he won't go to China; he will be home again before long, and it will all be right. I will make it right. Why, Rebecca, look at me!"

But she turned away from him—her husband; for the first time for twenty years she turned from him.

"Let me go!" in a singular, sharp, lonely voice. "Let me be with God; there is nobody else to whom I *can* go now."

She was out of his arms before he could stop her. He listened to her slow steps up the stairs, to the balusters creaking as she clung to them for support, to her chamber door closed and locked, and her footfall overhead.

Perhaps a sense of awe crept over the man against his will. What was the mystery of this Presence which had shut her in with itself? *Had* she help where his strong right arm had failed her? *Was* there love which could be comfort unto her, and *his* forgotten?

He listened to the last stepping of her foot by the bedside, to the silence which fell against it; then, with a singular expression about his mouth, seized his hat and strode away to the sea.

The wind was high. It was likely to be higher yet. There was a peculiar soughing heard miles away in the unbroken blackness, low, like a mutter, and distinct all the while from the steady roar and rolling in of the breeze. It threatened storm before morning, he thought, turning his face against it; at least, a heavy swell. It was singularly dark. He could scarcely see, as he forced his way to the beach against the gusts, the outlines of the rocks. The low, irregular flash of the surf made whiteness here and there. Sky and headlands melted into common gloom.

He had spent many hours there, pacing among the shadows of the cliffs—reckless hours, anxious hours, solemn hours—but never one like this. His face, could any have seen it, would have told as much. A certain surprise was in it, which to a man of Adam Gorrow's years and thinking seldom comes.

This thing had grated roughly; the disgrace of it was keen; he had been proud of the boy, as any father of his first-born. Perhaps he had looked to him to realize certain dead literary aspirations of his own—there was a little of his mother's play of fancy there to help; perhaps he had always "builded" the child's future "better than he knew," awaking now to see the structure dashed at his feet; it was sudden.

But beyond that?

He had just asked himself the question when he stopped his rapid pacing up and down the beach—it was moistening fast now with the spray of the incoming tide—to listen to the wind. It was a remarkable wind for that season of the year; the weight and whirl of it carried the tale of South Sea tornadoes. He began to think that it was time to be at home with Rebecca; she would be wondering what had become of him; but took a turn or two more upon the sand to answer the question.

"Well, beyond that?"

He might, yes, he might have recoiled a little at the deed itself; after all, he was capable of it; probably, out there face to face with the night and the sea, he did.

An honest blasphemer is an impossibility. There is that in the worst of us which shudders at it; bounds are set that we may not pass over; the sword, which flaming turns this way and that, guards a germ of reverence in hearts where there is little else to be guarded.

There were moments that night, while the hideous scene pictured and repictured itself before him upon wind and wave, in which he—even he—would have shrunk from the touch of his son's hand. It was as when

> "Some great painter dips
> His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse,"

recoiling, awed before his own work. Adam Gorrow knew that. It was his work, and his only. Like the voice of his son's blood crying unto him from the ground, the words echoed themselves over: "Father won't care, of course." As he had sown so had he reaped; from the wind the whirlwind. Well, why should he care?

The tide was rising fast now, and he had begun to retrace his steps. The gale pelted him with flakes of foam, and blinded him with clouds of dust; gasping, he turned for breath, and puffs of dried sea-weed, with which the air was full, choked him. It was very dark. Through mist or dust or bewilderment, he could scarcely tell which, the lights along the shore seemed blotted out. Swept along like a feather before the wind, he held out his hands groping for the way. The path led up in the shade of the cliffs; it would be somewhat sheltered there. Turning to aim for it, he came sharply upon a pile of timber, left out of the track of ordinary tides, for shipping. He was thrown against it violently, and stopped with a bruise or two on the lee-side to take breath.

At that moment he tripped upon a stone and fell. At that moment also he heard a singular sound like the pressure of a battering-ram upon the timber—a creaking, a tottering, a crash—he half struggled to his feet, but they went down, he and the mass together.

How long he had lain there he never knew;

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hours, perhaps. He was conscious of himself at last, wedged in, crushed, helpless, shapeless; of his own blood falling drop by drop between his lips from a log that jutted over his face; of the slight tickling of rain-drops on his forehead, where his head hung free of weight, lolling like the head of a dead man; of the roar of the surf and storm, heard dimly as the surf and storm of a dream.

He struggled with a blind instinct to free his hands, to turn his face, to escape that hideous dropping of his own blood upon his tongue. He might as well have struggled in his grave.

The low, black sky across which, through half-closed eyelids, he could see the rain tossed in gusts by the wind, weighed upon him and crowded him in with the sensation of being weighed upon and crowded in by black marble. Up far through the mist a faint glow glimmered on a headland. The gurgling of the full tide was near. He listened to it, perhaps; he looked at the glow on the headland perhaps; an idea coming to him that he had looked and listened thus for centuries, and should look and listen thus for centuries more; other than that, he had no thoughts. Time was passing.

Suddenly he felt his head raised from below. It rose, it rested; it swayed in a sickening chill; something washed against his temples with a splash. It was the tide.

Adam Gorrow began to think; only his soul and God can now know what. The glow upon the headland was sharpening to his vision; he could see what it was—the light up stairs in their own room, where he had left Rebecca on her knees. He clenched his helpless hands, and his lips grew livid at the sight. A wave swept over him then and blotted it out.

It was horrible. To lie there and listen to the sly curdle of the foam creeping in among the timber; to feel the slow rise of his incapable head, the chill and swash of the water over the mangled mass of him in the gripe of the logs, the sick swaying of the board over which his arms were pinioned back; to hear his ineffectual voice dying in faint cries, thinned and scattered by the wind, mocked by the surf, swallowed by the far roar of mid-ocean; to see through all, in flashes, that steady light upon the headland—horrible! To lie through the awful hours waiting for the slow undermining of his prison, to feel the stealthy, outgoing tide sucking it and him away; to see, perhaps, as he drifted out, a woman's shadow at the windows; to toss there, a mangled thing on which her eyes should never fall, an atom at the mercy of the storm, resolving into the elements from which he came; to howl and spin in the night and horror, one with their essence forever.

Adam Gorrow was a brave man; but his face grew ghastly in that hour. And time was passing.

Words came to him as he grew weaker—a fragment:

"What manner of man is this that even the winds and the sea obey him?" What meaning could they have for *him*? Why should they seek *him* out? What message could *he* gather from them? "Unmeaning jingle;" it was odd that he should recall having said just that of them once to Wolcott; he was a little fellow then. How the boy looked! he had his mother's eyes. But the words came; whether in the shriek of winds, or the pounding of surf, or the sinister sucking of the tide, he could not tell; yet there they were, distinct to syllables like a voice within his ear: "Adam Gorrow, what manner of man is this that even the winds and sea obey him?" Curious!

Lights? Were those lights upon the shore—in the mist—wavering, flickering, lost, there again?

The slow ebb was sucking at the timber. The helpless head hung, staring up at the log from which the blood was dripping.

A voice? A woman's? Great God! that she should be so near—so near: "Adam Gorrow, what manner of man is this?"

A cry rang out over the sea. The mass trembled, tottered, fell. The tide swept out a little wreck of stained and floating timber. The spot where it had stood lay smooth and wet. A star-fish, freshly tossed there, curled into the sand, and a few scarlet pebbles were scattered about.

So after all there was a future and a soul. God pity him! He had been carried by whirlwinds to a point of land across which two oceans roared and clutched at each other, and tossed him back and forth as children toss a ball; to grasp at rocks that turned to slimy weeds and feel his fingers slipping down, and grasp again and feel them slipping down.

He had spent cycles in the heart of storms, blown in simoons over scorched sands of the tropics, frozen the wastes of Siberia, moaned across the solitudes of the sea, sobbed in writhing forests, wailed through the eternal silence of the poles. He had struggled years in quicksands which were always just closing above his head; had fallen for centuries into wells that had no bottom; had lain bound forever under African suns, with the pattering of unattainable water in his ears; had spent eternities half-buried in a grave over which live men were walking, every step a thunder-clap. He had gasped, famishing for the fabled food of Tantalus, had turned the wheel of Ixion, had climbed with Sisyphus the never-ending hill. He had agonized in tombs of fire, suffocated in the Styx, spun through the blackness of darkness, where Di Rimini was wailing, trod never-ending circles to a deep below the lowest deep, with Dante looking on. He had lived through, and relived, and lived again, the horrors of De Quincey's dreams; been grinned at and chattered at by his monkeys, been fixed on the summits of his pagodas, been worshiped, been sacrificed, done the deed "at which the ibis and the crocodile trembled," been buried in his stone coffins in his "eternal pyramids," with

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mummies and sphinxes, laid "confounded with all unutterable slimy things among reeds and Nilotic mud," been chased, been dogged, been confronted, been strangled and kissed by his "damned crocodile." He had undergone over and again, and yet again, the agony of 1820, paragraph by paragraph, word for word:

"The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere—he knew not where, somehow, he knew not how, by some beings he knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting....'Deeper than ever plummet sounded' he lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives....darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with a sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to him, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells!—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated, everlasting farewells!"

He shrieked her name out: "Rebecca, Rebecca, Rebecca!" and, turning, saw her.

Close beside him—close—the fire-light of their own room ebbing in tides of gold about her, her arms about his neck, her cheek to his. His thoughts narrowed themselves distinctly under her touch. He struggled to raise his head, his voice sounding to him like the voice of another man.

"Is there a chance?"

She kissed him twice, and drew her long hair down between him and the light; she would not let him see the wreck of him that lay there. He was answered.

He closed his eyes for a silent time, feeling her warm breathing on his cheek.

"Rebecca," then, "I want to see your face."

She waited, clinging to him.

"Your face, Rebecca, full in the light—so."

The poor, pitiful, pleading face! It looked down at him from its loose, neglected hair, curve and color gone, haggard lines about its mouth, its eyes only unchanged. He looked it over; he read it well.

"What do you do with your God *now*?" he asked of the pitiful face.

"I trust Him, Adam."

"Look at this thing lying here; it was your husband once. Look at it, I say! Whose work is it?"

"I trust Him, Adam."

"Where is your boy? He was your little innocent baby once, who would have gone with you into your widowed old age. Where is he? What is he? Who decreed from all eternity to make a blasphemer of your first-born son? Whose work is that?—no, you shall not turn away your face! Whose work, I say?"

Her voice quivered—yes, quivered—but her steadfast eyes were all alight.

"Adam, Adam, I trust Him!"

"Look into my eyes, Rebecca—now—do you know where I am going?"

He wrung the question out from livid lips; tore it into syllables as if an eternity hung upon it. She sat and stared at him, shivering; there was a curious, convulsive movement of her lips, like one in the last torments of the rack.

"You know where I am going. I know. He knows. He has no place in His heaven for your husband. You'll stand and sing among his fine white angels forever and forever without your husband. Whose work is *that*?"

Her voice broke into a thin, sharp cry:

"Adam, I can't help it—I can *not* help it! He's all I have. He died. He is sorry. He—"

He struggled up, drinking in her words like a famished thing, drinking in the light of her lifted eyes. Darkness swept over them then, and stillness over the words.

The darkness was shifted at last by fitful gleams of fire-light upon a wall. The stillness was broken by a baby's "coo." He lay very quietly, not caring for more than the one sight and sound for a while. It was pleasant. The rest came to him presently, as he was able. Dot in a cradle by the hearth; Rebecca busied softly about the room, with the old childlike smile; something—it was difficult to tell what—crouched in the shadow at the foot of the bed.

It was such a pretty dream! And a breath would blow away pretty dreams. It might have been minutes, or it might have been hours, before he stirred or spoke. At last, feeling a little stronger, he called her. He knew by her cry, by her eyes, that life had come. So he lay and looked at her.....

They had forgotten all else but one another perhaps. Dot had cooed herself to sleep in the cradle, and the figure in the shadow of the bed was still. It was a kneeling figure; its face was crushed down into the clothes; there were tears upon it, could any have seen them. Rebecca drew her hand from her husband's after a while, and went to it, and led it to the bed.

"It is only Wolcott, Adam. He didn't go to China. He's going to be a good boy. He is sorry."

They had left him alone, by his wish, for an hour. At the end of that time his wife stole softly in. He had been fumbling in the imperfect light with a little worn book of hers that lay upon the table. Upon certain words there was a small wet mark. He handed the book to her in his weak way, and she read:

"'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

"You will tell Wolcott?"

"Yes, Adam."

"Now I think I will go to sleep. Kiss me, Rebecca."

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THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS.

CHAPTER IV.

VENABLE'S FIRST SHOT.—THE HONEY HUNT.

A WORLD of work there was to do, but for it there were plenty of willing hearts and hands. A garden to be plowed, fenced, planted, kept clean; a log-house, sixteen feet square, to be built for Hark, Rohamma, and Scip; a larger house built of cedar logs, consisting of two rooms, each twenty feet square, with a ten-foot hall between, all under one roof, with a gallery ten feet broad running along the whole length of the house on the south side. Then there were chimneys to build, stables to put up, a hundred other things to do—enough to fill, brim full, every day for years to come.

Now, the fact is, the McRobert family had not been the earliest risers in all Virginia. Far from it. The sun had shown himself high and long before either of the parents generally made their appearance, for they loved to linger long around the fireside at night, hearing music, reading, conversation, before going to bed. Venable and Will too, unless there was something like a rabbit hunt in the wind, or a sliding upon snow fallen during the night, were apt to be the last up—hardly well awake at a late breakfast. Bessie was the earliest riser of all. Up from her warm nest in the little crib by her parents' bed at early dawn she was out with the rest of the birds, singing sweeter than any of them. It was impossible to sleep soundly after she was up; so that if it had not been for her it is impossible to tell when the family *would* have risen.

As for the servants—catch them up long before the master and mistress? not exactly. Around their fires, talking and cooking and eating by turns—discussing all events upon their own plantation and all the plantations for ten miles around—it was far into the night before they slept. If it had not been for Watkins the overseer, not a soul would have even looked out until sun up. But there was no late rising with him—he was wide awake before three, up and out. He took their very business away from the chanticleers of the whole neighborhood. His awakening powers were not exactly like those of Bessie in the house, but far more effective. Sharp as a razor, and as cold and thin too, if Watkins ever woke late in the morning from that eventful day when, at three o'clock A.M. to a second, he first opened his eyes upon the hills of Vermont, then I am mistaken. If he slept at all, it was like a razor, blade turned down in the handle—cold, keen, even between the sheets—ready for use any instant. Mr. McRobert, his employer, did not find *him* too late a riser. The precise reverse.

But when the family left their old home they left something behind them besides "Old Virginia." The parents, at least, silently—without a word even to each other about it—resolved to begin a new life with a new home. And all the circumstances conspired happily to this under the new skies. In the first place, they had been so very busy all day—hard at work at a thousand things—that they were too tired to sit up late. An early supper, a little reading and conversation, family worship—and the household was sound asleep before ten. Then there was so much to do toward their new home—something left with reluctance the night before—that daybreak found all the family astir. The boys sprang from their beds first, with more eagerness than ever they did to hunt or to slide or to fish; their work now was something far more important and interesting to them. And as every member of the household had his own or her own particular world of work to do, it was the same with all.

It was as much as Mrs. McRobert could do to keep her family in clothing. Though their attire was of the strongest material many a rent made by mesquit thorns had to be mended. Unused to work, it would have gone hard with her had it not been for her increased health and strength. The children—and her husband most of all—were astonished and delighted at the new bloom in her cheeks, and the new light in her eyes, and the new elasticity of her step. And so it was with her husband. With both of them this going to a young country was like going back to their youth—to the days when they were first married; they were beginning life afresh, only a great deal wiser and happier even than before. Had they remained in Virginia after the loss of their property it would have been in a reduced, humiliated condition. Every thing they saw would have reminded them of the past. With every one they met the conversation would have unavoidably turned upon their change in life, with all its painful incidents and results. The whole thing would have weighed upon them, a heavy burden for life.

As it was, they threw the whole matter off their shoulders, almost off their very memory, left it all behind them in Virginia in coming to Texas. No scenes, no circumstances, no persons there to remind them. Every thing new, fresh, animating—appealing continually to them for ever-fresh exertion. It was indeed a kind Providence that led them from Virginia to Texas. Even if they had lost none of their property the removal would have been a wise one for the wonderful effects it wrought in them, as we shall see. As it turned out the loss was the greatest possible blessing, the lever which raised the whole family in every sense of the word, bodily, intellectually, spiritually to a higher level by far than they would otherwise have known. It was the kindness of their Father in heaven—a Father who delights to bless his children in unexpected ways, and by events and means which seem least likely of all.

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May passed in hard work—by the end of it the large garden had been fenced, planted, and gave promise of a luxuriant and abundant supply of vegetables. The negro house, too, had been all neatly finished, and the logs hauled, hewn, notched, and ready for the larger house. All looked anxiously forward to its completion. It was a good mile to Uncle Frank's; besides, they wanted to be in their own home. We see with what joy the birds build their nests; what a glad flying about, and eager twittering, and enthusiastic energy they throw into the matter from dawn till dusk. Men possess the same instinct. People who inherit fine houses, all built to their hands, have no idea what an enjoyment they miss in not having to select a site from the hands of Nature, and clear it up, and plan and build according to one's own fancy, or rather two's own fancy, for half the pleasure is in the discussion between husband and wife, the deferring to each other, and suggesting and proposing.

Since Adam and Eve left Eden hand in hand, the sweetest of all food is that which a young couple eat when they sit down for the first time at their own table in their own house, though it be of logs and the table a goods' box; and the sweetest slumber known since Adam and Eve left their couch of roses in Paradise is that which such a pair enjoy when they lie down at night for the first time under their own roof, even though the stars twinkle through it every where.

On the 26th of June the house was all finished. Early that morning the moving began. The night before Hark had unfortunately left his axe up in the cedar brake, and while all else were busy packing and starting off for the new place, as Hark could not be spared, Venable had to leave immediately after breakfast for the brake to bring in the axe.

"I do declare it's *too* bad," he said, as he mounted Slow. "I wouldn't have missed going with them this morning for any thing, and here I have to ride alone way up into that dreary brake. However, I'll take my rifle along; who knows but I might get a crack at a squirrel?"

Now ever since Venable obtained his rifle he had been practicing with it at a mark behind the house of evenings when matters more important had been attended to. So far he had never killed any thing, though he had wasted any quantity of bullets in trying.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Slow, old fellow!" said he to his horse, as they entered the brake after a ride of a mile or two. "Behind that clump of bushes yonder is Plum Spring. It's early in the morning yet, who knows but I might find a turkey, or a squirrel, or something at the water? I'll tie you here any how, creep up and see. A squirrel of my own shooting to carry home for our first dinner in the new house, wouldn't it be grand!"

So saying he alighted, tied his pony to a bush, motioned Duke, who now came breathless after him from the house, to lie down by the horse, then taking his rifle he crept cautiously up toward the spring. Arrived in fifty yards of it he peeped carefully through the brush, and the rifle actually fell from his hands, while the sudden beating of his heart was really painful. No wonder. There stood a noble buck right before him, drinking! It had arrived just as he did, was drinking eagerly as if very thirsty. The wind too was from it toward Venable, so that it could not detect the boy by scent.

For nearly five minutes Venable sat looking at the buck without even a thought of his rifle. He was even shaking in every limb with the "buck ague" that old hunters so laugh at in new beginners.

Suddenly the thought flashed upon him, "Oh, if I only could kill it, wouldn't it be grand! I'd give a million of dollars—what would they say? I'll try any how, I know I'll miss; but I'll have a shot any how."

With shaking hand he picked up his rifle and ran it through a forked bush that happened there, just the thing. Then taking a long aim at the side of the buck—for it stood broadside to him—he shut his eyes and fired. The next instant he tried to jump up with a hurrah of mad excitement on his lips; but he was so weakened by the sight that he could not at first utter a syllable or stir from the spot. The instant he fired the buck had sprung straight up in the air, it seemed ten feet high to Venable, and then had fallen almost in its very tracks, shot through the heart. In a few moments the boy was standing on him weak and almost delirious with excitement and joy. He whistled to Duke, ran toward his horse, then ran back lest the deer should disappear before he could get back. Finally he untied the pony and led him snorting and shying to the spot. Then he tied him firmly to a sapling as near the buck as possible, and let him get a little accustomed to it. Then he thought about the axe, untied the pony again, galloped on him a few hundred yards to where it was left, got it, hurried back, tied Slow as before, and attempted to raise the hind legs of the buck upon the saddle so as to draw it up on the back of the horse. Hard work it was, and the perspiration streamed from every pore.

At last he succeeded: the buck was balanced in the saddle, and Venable walked beside, steadying it by the immense antlers with his left hand, while he held the reins and supported the rifle and axe upon his shoulder with the right. And thus, slowly and safely, he made his way along the road by which they had hauled rails to the new place.

It seemed as if he would never get there; but he arrived at length, and there were all the family just arrived. His heart beating fast, and a great deal prouder than Alexander the Great after a battle, he was among them before they knew he was near. You can imagine the sensation he made, the shouts of surprise, the questions! The hero sat down from sheer exhaustion, while Uncle Frank and Will took the

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buck off the pony and hung it by the hind hoofs to a limb of a tree behind the house. But his proudest moment was when Uncle Frank, after walking round and round it as it hung, looking at it with his head on one side said, as he sharpened his knife on his palm before proceeding to flay it, "Well, Ven, you'll do; I never saw a finer buck, nor made a better shot in my life."

Venable had only one request to make. "Mother," said he, "can't Rohamma cook some of it for our first dinner? My having to go for that axe was not so bad at last," he continued, to himself, as he walked into the house to wash his hands and change his bloody clothes. "Pa says things always turn out best—and I believe they do."

From that day Will, and all the rest too, looked upon Venable as being much more of a man.

"Oh! it was all accident my hitting it," he said; but he thought a good deal more of himself for it notwithstanding. Many a deer did he afterward supply their table with, but no shot so triumphant as that; it remained one of the sweetest joys of his life.

That afternoon and night Uncle Frank remained with them to help arrange matters.

"I noticed bee signs a month or two ago down the river," he said, next morning at breakfast. "The sun is just rising; we have plenty of time. Now you've got venison plenty, suppose we try for some honey too, to set up housekeeping with? Suppose I take Venable and Will with me?—we needn't be gone long."

No sooner proposed than agreed on. In a few minutes they were off, loaded down with axes and as many buckets as they could hang about their horses. Riding south down to the river, at Uncle Frank's request, they alighted near a sandy flat and tied their horses.

Their uncle then coolly took his seat on a log beside the river, crossed his legs, and fanned himself with his hat.

"But where's the honey?" said Will, looking around.

"Don't you see there?" replied his uncle, pointing to the moist sand. "There they are, sure enough."

Following the direction of their uncle's finger, the boys observed two or three bees on the sand, apparently sucking up the moisture.

"Now, boys," said Uncle Frank, suddenly mounting his horse, "you stay here with the buckets and things until I come back, or you hear me call."

He spoke with his eyes fastened on the bees, and as he spoke one of them rose from the sand, circled round and round in the air, then darted straight off into the forest, the Texan hard after it, his eyes fastened upon it and his spurs driven into his horse. In a moment he was out of sight.

"It would take sharper eyes than mine to follow a bee on horseback," said Will.

"There's no telling what one can do till they try," answered Venable, very gravely, with a thought of yesterday's shot. "I suppose," he continued, "it's easier to do it because, when the bee starts, he goes straight—makes a bee-line, they call it—for home. If he was to fly crooked nobody could follow him."

"I hope we won't have to wait long," said Will. And they did not; for in a few minutes they heard their uncle's "Hoop-pee!" sounding in the distance—a shrill cry on the upper-keys of the voice which can be heard amazingly far, owing to its sharpness—just as a pointed arrow or a conical Minié bullet flies farther than a blunt stick or a slug. In a minute the boys were on their animals, with all their things, and in a short time had reached their uncle. They found him seated on a log.

"Now, boys," he said, "take the three horses and tie them way off yonder a hundred yards. If the bees get at them we'll have more dancing in our fandango than is agreeable. Leave the things here. We've managed to kill two birds with one stone this morning," he continued, as the boys returned. "We'll attend to this one first;" and he pointed to a swarm of bees clustered in a thick knot upon a log near by. At his direction the boys rapidly collected wood for a fire, in the midst of which he flashed some powder, setting it into a blaze. Upon this they heaped leaves so as to make a dense smoke.

"But what are we going to take them home in?" asked Venable.

"Always have your saddle-blanket made into a bag," replied Uncle Frank, producing his own, and opening its mouth; "it's just as easy, and there's no telling what use you may have for it when out hunting."

So saying he picked up some long switches which he had cut, and bending each into a circle, held by its ends wrapped together, he placed them in the bag till it could stand on its mouth a round box. He then produced a bark with honey in it, and rubbed well the inside of the bag-box with the honey.

"Now, Venable," he said, "I want you to take hold of this string here at the upper end of our hive. Hold it over the swarm, and drop it, easy, down upon them. I'll guide the mouth of the bag on them myself. Don't be afraid of a sting or so."

Slowly and cautiously the thing was done, and the swarm safe inside the bag. Uncle Frank then cautiously worked the mouth of the bag together.

"But it will never do to tie up the mouth, uncle; they'll die for want of air," said Venable.

"Cut slits in the bag," said Will.

"And let the air in and them out," replied his uncle. "No, Sir, give me your hat—it's straw coarse platted—the very thing." And in a few minutes he had managed to slip the crown of the hat in, and had tied the mouth of the bag firmly around it over the hat-band.

"There's a good bag of bees for your mother, boys," said their uncle. "Tie the end-string to that swinging branch, Venable, so that

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the brim of the hat will rest on the ground. That's it. Now for the honey."

"Where on earth did you get it from?" asked Venable.

"Do you see that hole about the size of a dollar in that cotton-wood?" said their uncle, pointing to a spot on the side of a huge tree, some ten feet from the ground; "and do you see this long stick?—that's the where and the how."

"But how did you reach up there—rode up to it on horseback, of course?"

"Guessed right; and I had to ride away fast enough when I drew out the stick with the honey."

"But now for good, hard work," continued the Texan. "Off with your coat, Venable; make a big fire, Will; have plenty of leaves ready by it to make a smoke. Now for the axes—it's soft wood—hollow at that."

Soon the woods rang with the sound of the axes.

"Look out, Duke! out of the way!" cried Venable, as he dashed his axe into the side opposite his uncle. But it was a good hour's work, with many a panting, perspiring pause before the tree gave sign of falling.

"Leaves, leaves, Will!—pile on leaves!" cried his uncle, as the tree at last came down with a thundering crash. In an instant Duke and Snap both were into the boughs of the fallen tree, expecting to catch a possum at least. They acknowledged their mistake with loud yells, as they dashed out again with a swarm of exasperated bees after them which seemed to fill the whole foliage.

As to the boys, following their uncle, they fled toward the horses for dear life. It was some minutes before they ventured back, and even then they were safe only in the thickest of the smoke. Gradually their uncle managed to drag the fire till it was against the trunk of the tree near the hole. Then, mounting the trunk, he began cutting a deep, long notch at the hole and another three feet above.

Then, as Will and Venable enveloped him in smoke by fresh leaves, he managed with a few sturdy blows to split out the piece between the notches. As he did so he dropped his axe and ran, the boys after him. Venturing back after a while they saw, with eyes smarting with smoke, a sight worth seeing. The side of the hollow split off revealed in the huge trunk layer on layer of the finest honey, enough to fill barrels instead of buckets.

"Eat as much as you like, boys," said their uncle, handing each a comb as large as a dinner-plate, and taking an enormous bite out of another himself. "It's about dinner-time, and this is our only dinner. It can't hurt you."

I am afraid to say how much they *did* eat; but having satisfied themselves, and a little over, they proceeded to fill their buckets. As to Uncle Frank his hands were full, carrying the bag of bees.

"Oh, uncle, it's such a pity to leave so much honey!" cried Will, after they had filled all their buckets and were starting.

"It won't be lost, Will," replied his uncle. "The bees will carry it off to some other place near by, which we will hunt up some of these days. Besides, a gentleman in black will be along to-night who is desperately fond of honey. Who knows but what somebody may fix to collect him too? Never mind that now, come along!"

The boys were too tired, satiated with honey and occupied in balancing their buckets, heavy and overflowing, to ask more questions, and they were soon at home.

The honey was gladly received by Mrs. McRobert. Hark soon had a box made into which the swarm was transferred. It was the beginning of a long range of hives, the descendants of that swarm, in course of time.

"Now," said Mr. McRobert, as he glanced at the boys grimy with perspiration and smoke, and sticky from head to foot with honey, "I think the best thing you can do when you get cool is to take a good bathe in the San Hieronymo."

CHAPTER V.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.—THE STORY OF TEXAS.

"You had your adventures to-day, all of you," said Mrs. McRobert at tea that night; "yet, though I remained close at home, I'll warrant I had the strangest adventure of all."

"What was it?" was the exclamation of all.

"I was alone all the morning," said Mrs. McRobert. "You, Frank, and Venable, and Will—the very dogs with you, were out after the honey. Mr. McRobert had Hark with him out in the field, Rohamma had taken Bessie and Scip with her down to her washing on the spring. I was sitting alone in the house sewing. Seeing a shadow on the floor I looked up, and came as near fainting as I ever did in my life.

"Was it a bear, ma?" asked the excited Will.

"A gotht, wasn't it?" said Bessie.

"It was a man," said their mother, "and such a man! His face was all covered with a beard that seemed to reach to his very waist. His clothes, all tattered, hung about him in rags."

"Black—broadcloth, in fact, were they not?" asked Uncle Frank.

"Yes, and I could not help noticing it even in my fright. He held his hat in his hand, instead of having it on his head in the house, like one used to good society. In fact, by his manner and all he seemed to be a gentleman that had been lost in the mountains for weeks."

"But what did he want?" asked her husband.

"Well, although I was terribly alarmed at first—being alone, his manner reassured me. 'I beg pardon, Madam,' he said, with a bow, 'for coming so abruptly upon you. I must,

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indeed, be an alarming object, as I see by your fright. Excuse me, but could I have a drink of water?'"

"The very same!" ejaculated her brother.

"I thought it strange," continued Mrs. McRobert, "that he should come to the house for water when there was the spring outside the gate. I suppose I showed this in my face, for he immediately went on: 'The truth is, Madam, I am exceedingly hungry; I believe I am starving, even.'"

"It's the very same man I saw once," interrupted her brother. "I came upon him suddenly in the woods near this a month ago. One of my oxen had died a day before of something or other, and, if you believe me, that man had actually driven away the buzzards, had cut out some of the flesh, and was cooking it on a little fire when I came on him. The moment he heard my step, without even waiting to look around, he jumped and ran for his life. I didn't want to shoot him, you know; and before I knew what to make of it he was out of sight."

"Oh, mother," said Venable, "don't you remember Rohamma coming up so frightened from the calf-pen one night, saying she saw a man there trying to milk one of the cows into his hat?"

"Yes," replied his mother, "but I thought at the time it was only one of her fancies—she is so bitterly opposed to Texas. I told her not to say a word more about it."

"Hark was telling me of having seen such a man in the cedar-brake," said Mr. McRobert. "Now I recollect, he said he came on him early one morning fast asleep in a kind of nest he had made of cedar-bark."

"I wonder if it could have been his knife I picked up that day on the flat rock at the spring! You know how we wondered about it. Here it is," continued Venable—"such a beautiful pearl-handled knife! And here is C. R. on the silver of it. I never noticed it before."

"But you have not told us all," said his father, now deeply interested.

"There is little more to tell," replied his wife. "I supplied him amply with every thing I could lay my hands on in the safe, wrapped up in a towel. I did not know what to say. 'A thousand thanks, Madam,' he said, as he turned to go. 'If you will do me one favor more I will be under the greatest obligations; and that is, please do not mention to any one my visit.' I managed to say that was impossible; I must inform you all as soon as you returned. He hesitated a moment, with his hat in his hand, as if to say something; then thanked me again, made a bow, and was gone. It all seems like a dream to me. I was glad enough to see you return."

"Who can it be?" mused her husband. "Who can tell but he may watch to see us leave the place, and come again when you are alone?"

"I am not at all afraid of him," replied his wife. "It would be well always to leave Duke at home. We women know some things by instinct. I'm not at all afraid of him—only sorry. I'm satisfied he would not attempt to hurt me, or any one. He looks scared, like a chased rabbit. All he seems to wish is to keep out of sight. It was only for food that he came to the house."

"It can't be a Texan," said her brother, "or he could kill all he wanted to eat in the woods. But perhaps he hasn't got a gun; that's strange. Black broadcloth too. Hunters don't wear *that* among the chaparral. I can't make it out at all."

"A great many singular people come to Texas," said Mr. McRobert, in conclusion.

"Watkins told me one day that it was the Botany Bay of the world," said Venable. "And he said, Uncle Frank, that when the Texans took Texas from Mexico it was the grandest piece of rascality the world ever saw."

"The sharp overseer that did the swindling, wasn't it?" asked his uncle.

"Yes," replied his nephew; "but a good many people in Virginia said so. Uncle George said so the day before we left. I remember hearing Mr. Hudson say so over and over again at the court-house when he was running for Congress, just before Texas was annexed. How was it, uncle? Can't you tell us all about it? It's an hour before bedtime yet."

"Yes, Frank, we would all like to hear," said his brother, as they rose from the table and took their seats about the room. "In some way I have not read much on the subject."

"We must remember, however, that it is a Texan that is telling us," said Mrs. McRobert, with a smile, as she took up her sewing.

"Well," replied Uncle Frank, taking the big rocking-chair, "let me sit down here, for a backwoodsman has always to be moving even when he is sitting still. Get on your night-gown, Bessie, and get in my lap; I'll talk you to sleep. The battle of San Jacinto happened in this way—"

"Oh no, Frank, go back of that; begin at the beginning," said his brother.

"It won't take long to tell you all the facts, even beginning at the start," said Uncle Frank. "All Mexico and Texas was once the realm of a people about whom we know almost nothing—a civilized, prosperous people; where they came from, and where they went to, too, for that matter, nobody knows. Some year in the first quarter of the sixteenth century Cortéz conquered Mexico, and added it to the Spanish kingdom. Spain, like a fool, appointed only Spaniards governors, and all other offices too were filled only by people sent out. This enraged the native residents of mixed Spanish and Mexican blood. When Napoleon invaded Spain Mexico set up for itself, and never would go back under rule of the Mother Country, but started a sort of make-believe Republic, patterned after the United States—on paper. Now, as to Texas—"

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"What does 'Texas' mean, uncle?" asked Will.

"Texas, or '*Tejas*,' is Spanish for wigwams. Well," continued the Texan, "La Salle, a Frenchman, was the first European on Texas soil, landing in 1685. For many a long year after there was a continual quarrel between France and Spain for possession of the soil, with many an insurrection of the Indian inhabitants against both. For a hundred and fifty years Texas has been the scene of wars and adventures of all sorts, and for thousands of years before that, for what we know. Now for the history of *our* Texas. In 1821 Moses Austin, a Connecticut man, obtained from Mexico permission to colonize three hundred families in Texas. He died soon after, leaving his son, Stephen F. Austin, to carry out his plans. He did so, and Texas and Coahuila were recognized as forming one State of the United States of Mexico, under the Federal Constitution of 1824."

"What was the difference," asked his brother, "between that Constitution and the Federal Constitution of *our* United States?"

"Just this," replied the Texan: "the Mexican Constitution did not recognize the right of trial by jury; made Roman Catholicism the only religion of the people; made Congress, instead of the courts, the highest interpreter of the laws; permitted the President to command the armies of the Republic; and failed to define the rights of the several States of the Confederacy."

"The first settlers of the country, then, were all Roman Catholics, or became suddenly so on arriving?" asked his brother.

"Well, they all thought that no government had any right to require any such test, and therefore paid no attention to it. It was in 1827 that the Constitution of the State of Texas and Coahuila was adopted, and sworn to by the officers and people of the State. Certainly there was no robbery of Mexico by unprincipled men from the United States, so far. The colonists settled the country by the express encouragement and grants from Mexico, continued for years, and confirmed again and again by successive Administrations. One of the first things that began to alarm Mexico was the effort made by the United States to buy Texas from it. No less than three such efforts were made by the United States between 1825 and 1829. The fact is, Texas was really a part of the territory purchased by the United States from Napoleon under the general name of Louisiana, and ought never to have been given up to Spain."

"I never knew that before," said his brother.

"It's none the less true," continued the Texan.

"Once alarmed about Texas, Mexico began a long series of tyrannical acts toward it. Revolution followed revolution in Mexico until, in 1835, Santa Anna abolished the State Legislatures, overthrew the whole fabric of the Government, assumed despotic power. Talk of the thirteen colonies cutting loose from England! Texas had a hundred times greater cause for separating from Mexico! Texans *would* have been indeed slaves if they had done any thing less. At a Convention of the people at Washington, March 2, 1836, Texas was declared an Independent Republic. On April 21 following, the battle of San Jacinto—the Yorktown of Texas—was fought and won, and Texas was free! That's the whole story."

"Tell us, uncle, do tell us something about San Jacinto," said Venable. "You were there, you know."

"I'll make a short story of it then. You see it was on Sunday, March 6, that the Alamo was stormed and all the garrison butchered. The Mexicans under Santa Anna were sixteen to one of the Texans, and they lost in the fight three times the whole number of Texans engaged. It was the noblest fight in the world. Travis and Crocket and the rest refusing to retreat, refusing to surrender, holding out so long as a grain of powder or a bullet was left, then taking to their knives and clubbing their muskets, fighting till they were actually stifled, overwhelmed, suffocated by the Mexicans pouring in shoals over the walls upon them. Then Sunday, March 27, Fannin's command, which had surrendered under promise of quarter, were butchered in cold blood by order of Santa Anna. I knew two young fellows there, mere boys, when they were being marched out to be shot, waving their hats above their heads and dying with 'Hurrah for Texas!' on their lips; three hundred and thirty men butchered in cold blood. This was the way Santa Anna invaded Texas from the west.

"You may suppose the country was alarmed. Men, women, and children abandoned every thing and fled eastward, swarming along all the roads; crossing, one hardly knows how, the rivers—cold, hungry, ragged, worn to death with fright and fatigue. The whole country was emptying itself eastward before the Mexicans, burning up the houses and towns behind them as they left to leave as little as possible for the yellow rascals. It was a terrible time, I tell you.

"All this time the only army Texas had in the field was under Houston, and that was retreating eastward, too, to make a better stand. At last the army—seven hundred and eighty-three strong—came face to face with the Mexicans on the prairie of San Jacinto. Old Sam—Houston, I mean—commanded us, while Santa Anna was General of the Mexicans.

"There was some little skirmishing on the 20th; the morning of the 21st, however, dawned clear and bright on the two armies. About 9 o'clock, who should come along but General Cos with reinforcements for Santa Anna, making the enemy some sixteen hundred strong. It didn't make any difference; they were bound to be whipped. On account of the bloody massacres by the Mexicans there was such a feeling in our men that they were ready and eager for fight, certain to whip at that, with

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fifty thousand men if it was necessary. I remember it all as if it were yesterday.

"There was a small *mot*, that is, grove of trees, between our camp and them, behind which about 2 o'clock we formed our lines. Deaf Smith had just come in after cutting down the bridge over the bayou, the only way they had to escape after the fight, as there were deep sea marshes all around them. The fact is, Santa Anna, coward and bully as he was, felt sure the victory was his—after a hearty dinner he lay down to take his *siesta*, as they call it. *We* were wide awake, I assure you. I never felt so bright and happy in my life. Our cannon, the 'twin-sisters,' began the work by being run in two hundred yards of the 'Greasers,' where it poured grape and canister thick and fast into the Mexicans.

"The first roar of the cannon was like dropping a live coal in a powder magazine. Such a shout along our lines, 'Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!'

"Just then the Mexicans fired into us.

"We held our fire, wrathful as we were, till in pistol-shot; then poured in a fire—every Texan aiming at his man—that swept their breast-works almost bare.

"But we did not stop to see. On we went over the breast-works, right on top. In fifteen minutes it was all over, and the Mexicans flying like sheep—the Texans after them. They didn't even have time to fire their loaded cannon.

"Before dark fell there were six hundred and thirty killed, two hundred and eight wounded, and seven hundred and thirty taken prisoners. The whole prairie was a perfect wreck—guns, camp equipages, dead and dying Mexicans—while we had only eight killed and twenty-five wounded.

"Oh, well, next morning five of us were out by dawn to see what was to be seen. After we got out from the camp, Sylvester—one of us—was about shooting a deer that he saw, when he noticed a Mexican trying to steal along. He shouted to us, and when we rode up to him he threw himself on the ground and covered himself with his blanket. He lay there like a worm at our feet. I told him to get up, but he only uncovered his face.

"I had to order him to get up I don't know how many times. When he did he came fawning toward Sylvester like a whipped dog, shook hands with him, and then kissed Syl's hand, and it was none of the cleanest either.

"We asked the poor trembling thing who he was? He was only a private soldier, he said. I had noticed some studs in his shirt-bosom too fine for any common Mexican. When I pointed to these the poor fellow actually burst out crying, the tears running down his dirty cheeks. With his dirty face and tangled hair and whiskers, and crouching, pitiful, whining way, I would just as soon have thought of killing a sick baby.

"He was too frightened to walk or even stand, so I helped him on my horse and carried him into camp. As I led him past where the Mexican prisoners were guarded they looked as if they could not believe their own eyes, and kept exclaiming, '*El Presidente!*'

"Sure enough, it was Santa Anna!"

"And did they kill him and all the prisoners, uncle?" asked Will, with breathless interest.

"No, no," replied his uncle, "that's the difference between Mexicans and Texans. Every kindness was shown to them all. As to Santa Anna, it would have been a blessing to his own country especially if he had been killed in the fight."

"But why do Mexicans regard him as such a great man?" asked Mrs. McRobert.

"Only because he is the greatest man they have," replied the Texan. "A sun-perch not larger than your hand is a whale among minnows, you know."

"What sort of people *are* the Mexicans, uncle?" inquired Venable.

"I have lived among them a long time now," replied his uncle. "Some Mexicans were among the noblest patriots of our Revolution; yet an ignorant, lazy, treacherous, cruel, cowardly set they often are; some noble exceptions, of course. I am speaking of the lowest class of Mexicans, and I hope they really are better than I think them—an old Texan may be prejudiced. No wonder they are mongrels—a mixture of Indian, Negro, and Spanish. They are more like what I have read of the Hindoos than any thing else. Give a Mexican his blanket and his mustang, his tortillas, and a handful or two of red peppers, a fandango now and then, and a game cock, a pack of cards, and a bottle of brandy, and he wishes nothing else on earth.

"The Government—or, rather, the misgovernment—of their own country is in the hands of a few men: the mass of the people are like sheep, knowing and caring nothing whatever about any thing beyond their little daily personal wants. I said there were exceptions. I am speaking of the mass of them."

"But what makes all the difference between them and us, uncle?" said Venable.

"Oh, we are of a totally different stock and blood. Our ancestry and training has been altogether superior. Besides, their climate is a voluptuous, enervating one. They have never had motive enough to rouse them. Their Government is only a Revolution and a Tyranny alternately. They don't read or think—never expand themselves by *exertion*. Above all, they are cursed with a religion which would drag down any people, once fastened firmly on them—it has been their religion from the start, and it has kept them down."

"I was in Francisco's cabin one day," said Venable, "and he had stuck up some red, glaring pictures of the Virgin Mary and a little queer crucifix in one corner. As for me, I've no contempt, only pity for them."

"Yes, to have such things in their cabins, and to go to church and to confessional, and to pay their priests, is about the whole of their

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religion. It restrains them in nothing, and it teaches them nothing. Their having that instead of no religion at all is someway a providence, however, I suppose. I'm an old Texan, however—maybe prejudiced."

"It is strange," said Mrs. McRobert, "that we send missionaries far away to the Hindoos and Chinese, and no one seems even to have thought of sending the Bible to these at our doors. You are too harsh upon them; how can they help being exactly what they are?"

"It would do no good," replied her brother. "Other people have some spirit in their religion. The Irish Catholics, for instance, they feel warmly for it, will argue and fight for it; but Mexicans are sluggish and indifferent. To do any thing with one of them is like trying to do something with a man made of straw or sand. He will nod his head and say, 'Si, si, Signor!' to every thing you say, and neither understand nor care any thing about it. There is nothing in a Mexican to get hold of—don't seem to have a bone in their body."

"But they improve as Americans mix in with them, do they not?" inquired his brother.

"About as much as fire does with water," replied the Texan. "No, they yield, give place, die off, but never rise. It's the old story of Indian and white man—the one race melts away like snow before the other. Mexico is worth annexing just in proportion as it becomes Americanized, and no faster. As if Mexico was not yielding before the superior race fast enough, it is, in addition, everlastingly at war in itself, tearing itself to pieces, bleeding itself to death, steady decrease all the time. Before long the whole country will come under the Stars and Stripes, sink under our flag of itself, without any taking on our part, in sheer self-exhaustion. And a magnificent country it is, except for its population; that's the only bad part of the country, the population. Mines of all kinds of ores in abundance, the most beautiful scenery, the most fertile soil, the most healthful and delicious climate in the world; it is beyond any State yet in the Union far. I'm glad to see Texas filling up so fast with emigration. It is like filling up a reservoir until the time comes to let it pour over Mexico. Our plan is to do nothing now, nothing wrong against Mexico; a wrong-doing always kicks back on the wrong-doer like a dirty musket—only to wait. Filibustering is the very thing we ought not to do; it only throws things back. We've only to wait—wait's the word—and Mexico is ours; all quietly, naturally, inevitably, of its own accord, as the only thing it can possibly do; ours, fairly, lawfully ours; with nobody in the world to say a word against it. But, dear me," said the Texan, rising from his rocking-chair, "how I have been talking! Where shall I lay Bessie? sound asleep an hour ago. I must be up early. I intend going over to the honey-tree to-morrow. Unless I am mistaken we'll get something besides honey out of that hollow I cut before to-morrow night."

CHAPTER VI.

A DOUBLE ADVENTURE.

BEFORE breakfast was over, Uncle Frank, who had gone home the night before, appeared at San Hieronymo—as the new place had come to be called—his rifle in his hand, his belt displaying two revolvers and a huge bowie-knife—evidently armed and equipped for fighting, if need be, as well as hunting.

"I want you to go with me this time, Morton," he said to his brother; "I'm satisfied there's something more at the bee-tree worth bringing."

But his brother resisted all his entreaties. He was not fond of hunting at any time. Besides, he wished to get thoroughly settled first in his new home, and a vast deal remained yet to be done. As to the Texan, it was impossible for him to confine himself to work; there was not excitement enough in it for him.

"I suppose, then, I must take Venable," he said. "I don't like to, however."

"I'm sorry to hear you say so, uncle," said his nephew, who had acquired a passion for hunting since his exploit with the buck, and who was always eager to go along.

"You will see," replied his uncle, "why I don't want to take you before night. However, come along—only you must mind exactly what I say."

"Oh, take me too, uncle," cried Will.

"No, *Sir!*" replied the Texan, in a decided tone.

It took but a few moments for Venable to get ready. In addition to his rifle, his uncle made him add a butcher-knife to his arms. The dogs were tied to prevent their following. In a short time they had ridden down the river to the edge of the forest. Instead, however, of going direct to the bee-tree, the Texan plunged into a dense bottom thicket.

"I want to go to the tree roundabout, on account of the wind," he said.

"What wind, uncle?" asked Venable; "and what are we hunting?"

"You'll find out soon enough, only watch out and do exactly as I tell you," replied his uncle.

But their road was obstructed in a way they had not thought of.

"What tracks are these?" inquired Venable, suddenly stopping and pointing to the ground. "It must be some of our pigs. I didn't know they came as far from the house as this."

"Oh, pshaw!" said his uncle, as soon as he saw the tracks; "why didn't I think of it? We must turn right back. Come quick!"

But while his uncle was speaking Venable had discovered, but a few feet before them, the animal that made the tracks. Seeing it was a wild animal, with an "Oh, uncle, look there!" Venable raised his rifle and fired.

"Oh my! what *did* you do that for!" exclaimed the Texan. "Drop your rifle and up into that sapling, quick! Here they are!—

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quick! quick!" and the uncle himself sprang for the nearest tree and clambered up, his companion doing the same into another near at hand.

But he was not fast enough. Before he was half-way up he felt something hook into his shoe and pull. He held on to a limb he had seized with all his might, and the string of his shoe breaking, it was torn off as he scrambled up.

Seated at last in a fork of the tree, some eight feet from the ground, he did not know whether to be frightened or to laugh heartily. The whole ground below was swarming with scores of a small animal. It resembled a hog, especially in the tusks and head. The body, however, tapered off behind, and was singularly striped with black.

With bristles up and furious snapping of the tusks the creatures crowded around the trees in which the hunters had taken refuge, eager for battle, their little eyes sparkling with rage. But the boy could not refrain from laughing aloud when he looked up at his uncle. There he sat in the small tree into which he had scrambled, and which was bending and swaying with his weight, a look of the utmost alarm and concern upon his face. Venable had supposed that his uncle would not have taken to a tree even from a lion, and this sudden terror and his ludicrous position amused him beyond measure, though he himself took good care to hold on tight all the time.

"What are they, uncle? What are we going to do? When are they going away?" he asked, at length.

"They are peccaris—Mexican hogs; we are going to stay where we are until they leave—unless we wish to be cut to bits by their lancet tusks—and when that will be I can not say," his uncle replied, not in the best humor. "There is no use of attempting to kill them all; besides, I have only enough powder and balls for the bee-tree."

There was no help for it but patience. Once or twice Venable attempted, holding firmly with his left hand to a limb, to slash at them with his knife in his right hand, but it only made them more furious, and he began to be alarmed lest they might tear down the tree in which he was lodged. At times he could not but laugh; but after an hour spent in this way, he began to think it was not so funny as it might be after all, for the creatures showed no intention of leaving whatever.

"They certainly are the spryest things, to be hogs, that I ever saw," said the uncle, at length. "I had a tame one once, and when it was feeding I have tried a hundred times to pull it by the tail, but always, before I could get my hand on it, it had its snout there instead."

Another hour passed; and how much longer they might have had to remain it is impossible to say, had not relief suddenly come from a most unexpected quarter. All at once the creatures stopped and began to sniff—then suddenly dashed away with wild grunts, and were out of sight in a moment.

"Hush!" said the uncle, "be perfectly still; draw yourself up a little into the tree, but don't breathe hardly. Yes, I thought so—here he comes!"

As he said this an enormous black bear made his appearance from toward the river, and passed deliberately within fifty feet of them. To Venable the animal seemed among the bushes of gigantic proportions, and he trembled with excitement.

"It's not the peccaris he is after," said the Texan, sliding down his tree when the bear had got well past, and motioning to his nephew to follow him. "Just as I thought; it's the honey. He's been here last night, has been to the river to drink, and is going back. Nothing in the world a bear likes so much as honey! Now, Venable," he continued, "I think you had better go to where we have tied the horses and go back home; it's a dangerous job for a boy like you to be in, and I'm bound to fix his flint for him before I leave."

Venable by this time had regained his rifle, and long and hard did he plead: "You let me start with you, you know, uncle," he urged.

"Yes, I know, but I've thought better of it; go home, Ven—go home; some other time you shall try it with me," was his uncle's only reply.

Very discontentedly the boy went to his horse, while his uncle plunged into the forest.

Mounting, and riding slowly along the river-bank, the young Texan reached the spot from which they had trailed the bee to its hive. A sudden thought struck the boy, and he drew rein and stopped to consider.

"Uncle don't want me to go with his consent," he reasoned to himself, "for then he would blame himself if I got hurt. But suppose I go *without* his consent, he can't blame himself then; he can say he told me to go home. Here's the track of our horses to and from the bee-tree. I'll go a little ways, any how, and see. Besides, if I might get hurt so might he, and I ought to be near to help."

This reasoning did not satisfy his conscience at all, but the passion for hunting had seized upon him since killing the buck, and both in men and in animals there is no instinct or passion stronger, when once aroused. Many a quiet student or business-man does not dream of possessing such a dormant passion until some success in sport starts him for life with eagerness in a path never before thought of. Even fishing—in some respects the meanest, least exciting form of hunting, except when sharks or whales are the game—often becomes a mania. The exciting elements of both chance and skill unite in hunting to give zest to it; and better indulge with fishing-tackle and rifle than with lottery-tickets and cards.

In a few minutes the excited boy had hid his horse, and, rifle in hand, was cautiously approaching the bee-tree. Every few moments he would stop to listen for his uncle, and then

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creep nearer and nearer. At last he could see the tree lying as they had felled it, although the opening was out of sight, hidden by the brush. Still he heard and saw nothing of his uncle.

"I wonder what can keep him," thought he. "I'll tell you what you had better do," he said to himself; "you just climb this cotton-wood here; you'll be safe there, and can see every thing too."

No sooner said than done. This time he carried his rifle up with him as he rapidly but silently ascended to the first fork.

He was hardly seated before he heard in the distance the crack of a rifle.

"Why, that's uncle now," he said to himself, and he began to descend. "No, I won't," he continued, resuming his seat; "it might be somebody else; any how I'll wait a while and see."

So saying, he glanced toward the opening in the bee-tree now full in view, and saw a good deal more than he had bargained for.

The stump of the tree was toward him—the top of the fallen monarch of the forest from him—the chasm in its side not more than sixty feet from where he sat. The bear was actually inside the opening. Having eaten all it could from the outside it had squeezed itself in, and, with its body half up the hollow, was greedily devouring its favorite food. Thus it was that it had not heard or smelled the approach of the boy. The delicious food and the honey daubed all over its head and nose, and the bees swarming fast and furious around, had made it oblivious in its bear's paradise to every thing else in the world.

Now Venable had seen bears in shows, but this was the first he had ever seen loose in its native forests, and the difference is very great. He was startled, but not terrified. In the first place, he was safely up a tree; in the second place, he was expecting his uncle every moment. For half an hour he sat looking on, when he again heard the sharp crack of a rifle, more distant than before. He knew it must be his uncle—it was in the direction in which he had left him—besides, there was no one else in the forest that he knew of.

For some time before this it had occurred to him that it would be a glorious thing if he could only kill the bear—ten times greater than the killing of the buck. He had dismissed the idea, however, as impossible. "My ball couldn't hurt him much through all that wool and fat," he thought; "if I only had a fair crack at his head it would be different."

But now it suddenly occurred to him—"Suppose uncle is off after other game—he may not come here at all; and when he goes home and finds I'm not there, how will he or any body know where to look? And who can tell how long that bear will stay there eating?"

This put a new face on the matter. Slowly the idea dawned on him of actually attempting to kill the animal. But it was full half an hour before he could resolve upon the step. At last he thought, "It'll do no hurt to try; any how I'm safe up here." Saying this to himself, he took aim—resting his rifle in the fork of a small branch—at the centre of the animal's back, and fired.

As the sound rang on the air the bear gave a desperate plunge backward out of the hollow of the tree; but the plunge was so violent that it was carried down along the trunk into the hollow below the cut. Venable could now see that its whole head was coated thickly with honey and wax; the wool so plastered thereby over its eyes that it was blind for the time. The slit made in the tree was narrow also; it must have been with difficulty that it had forced itself in. Now, gorged and swollen with eating, it was no easy matter to get out.

In a little while, too, the young Texan could guess, at least, that the ball had broken its back. For ten minutes it was writhing, struggling, and turning itself, a huge black mass of honey and wool, before it occurred to Venable to load again. This he did as rapidly as possible. By this time the bear had got its head and fore-shoulders out of the slit, and was trying, evidently in great pain, to get the rest of its body out. Again the crack of the rifle woke the forest echoes, but the ball struck the earth to one side.

Another convulsive struggle of the bear. Full half of its body was out, and it stopped an instant, panting, when another ball from the tree struck it on the head, and the monster lay, half in and half out of the tree, motionless.

But the young Texan had no idea of descending from his nest. "There's no telling what might happen," he said to himself. In a few minutes he heard a rustling beneath him, and could detect among the bushes his uncle creeping cautiously up, his rifle in hand, cocked, ready to fire. The boy felt strongly disposed to call out, but he was ashamed at having disobeyed his uncle, and was silent for the moment. Meanwhile his uncle had reached the very tree he was in, and, peering from behind it, had caught sight of the bear, and leveled his rifle to fire. The next instant he lowered it from his shoulder with a puzzled expression, then let it fall into the hollow of his arm. He saw that the animal was dead. Walking forward—cautiously at first—he finally punched it with the end of his rifle, exclaiming:

"Well! who in cre-a-tion?"

This was more than Venable could stand, and sliding rapidly down the tree he approached the astonished Texan.

"Oh, uncle," he exclaimed, "I'm so sorry! I ought to have gone home. Please forgive me. I was only up there waiting for you to come."

His uncle only replied by taking a seat beside the bear on the tree, paying no attention to the enraged bees swarming around him, looking steadily at Venable.

"And it was you who shot it?" he said, at length, after regarding him a while in silence.

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"Yes, uncle, I'm very sorry; I waited a long time for you first. Are you angry with me?"

"Angry with you!" said his uncle, with sudden energy. "Angry with you! I guess *not!* But how was it?"

Venable then gave him a full account of the whole matter, to which his uncle listened with grave and even respectful attention. It was evident to the boy that his uncle thought a vast deal more than ever of him, and his heart bounded within him.

"Now, Ven," he said at length, "off with your coat, roll up your sleeves, out with your knife, we must get to work."

In a short time they had dragged the bear—and hard work it was—away from the bees, flayed it, then disemboweled it, then cut up the huge carcass, tied it up in the skin, laid it on the stronger of the two horses which Venable brought up for the purpose, and were slowly on their way home.

"It was a panther I got after," said the uncle, as they went. "Or rather it was a panther got after me. I had two good shots at him too. It's the second time we've had a pitched fight. I'll tell you about it. You know my Dutchman up in the Cedar brake, Hoogenboom. Well, he has a wife and a cabin full of white-headed children way up among the mountains. One cold day last winter the Dutchman had gone over to New Braunsfeld. I happened to be in the wagon, Francisco driving the oxen, going toward the cabin. When we were within a quarter of a mile of it we heard the most awful screams.

"I was sure it was Indians. My rifle had been left behind—never leave it behind you, Ven, when you go out, you'll be certain to be sorry for it before you get back. I ran on, however, telling Francisco to come on with the wagon. When I got to the cabin, there was the woman and all her children outside, yelling like forty. They were all at dinner, when all at once a panther lighted right in the centre of the table, making a beautiful smash of plates and things. The smell of the fried pork had drawn it, and it had jumped in through the open door. In half a minute the woman and her children were outside. Before the woman had done telling Francisco had stopped the team in front of the cabin. None of us had any thing except a pair of tongs the woman had brought out in her hurry.

"While we were consulting what to do the panther climbed up the chimney and made a jump from the roof at Francisco, who was riding on one of the oxen, knocking him off between the yoke on to the wagon-tongue.

"I snatched the tongs and jumped on the animal, and began pounding it the best I could; but it managed to slip out, and was gone like a shot. I knew it this morning by one eye knocked out with the tongs. I dare say we will meet again, and next time—never mind!"

SLACK A LITTLE.

Slack a little! Slack a little,
Darling wife;
Why such breathless haste and hurry
All thy life?
Slack the vigor of thy striving,
Ere too late.
Tell those monsters, Care and Labor,
Just to wait.

Slack a little! Slack a little,
Busy hand!
Slack thy rubbing and thy scrubbing,
Drop the sand;
Minister thy blessings slowly,
And the longer!
Bind love's thousand precious tendrils
All the stronger!

Slack a little! Slack a little,
Weary feet!
'Tis a thorny road ye're treading,
Death to greet.
Slack your quick and fearless stepping,
Spare your strength!
Ye the golden streets of Heaven
Shall tread at length!

Slack a little! Slack a little,
Precious heart!
Slack the fervor of thy throbbing
Ere we part.
Thrill not thus with every sorrow,
Anxious ever!
Trembling like an Angel Lyre
Forever.
Strung for high and holy themes,
Slack thy sorrow,
Heaven those rapturous themes may wake
Perhaps to-morrow!

Slack a little! Time how fleeting,
Slack thy wing!
To my heart's long-cherished treasure
Let me cling!
Go to Mirth, and from his chalice
Take the pleasure;
Pilfer Wealth, and from his palace,
Take his treasure.
Why such haste my night to bring,
Slack, O Time, thy scythe and wing!

Slack a little! Slack a little,
Death, O Death!
Vain thy strife and panting haste,
All out of breath!
See! she fears not thy approaching—
Thou hast no sting!
Clasp her! in thy cold embracing
She will sing!
Slack, O Death! how sure thy loss,
Thou wast conquered on the Cross!

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THREE DAYS OF TERROR.

ON the tenth of July, 1863, my mother and myself arrived in the city of New York. We had set out on a grand tour of visitation. After vegetating year after year in a New England village, we had sallied forth in genuine country fashion to hunt up our kinsfolk in various parts of the land. We were in no hurry. We had the whole summer before us. We wished to avoid crowds, noise, and excitement, to stop whenever we pleased, as long as we chose, and have a slow, old-fashioned, sociable, sensible journey. Thus far our tranquil visions had been more than realized. For three weeks we had been loitering placidly along our way, and nothing had occurred to mar our tranquillity. We hoped now to spend a few days quietly with my brother J., call on various friends and relatives, visit Central Park and a lion or so, shop a little, and move onward at our leisure.

But man proposes and Fate *disposes*, and nothing in New York turned out as we expected. Instead of visiting our friends and meandering leisurely about the city, we were caught in a mob and penned up in our first stopping-place. From the first moment of our arrival every thing went wrong. J. did not meet us at the boat as he had promised, and we had to find our way without him in a drizzling rain. The streets were dark, dirty, and crowded with ill-looking people. The whole city was enveloped in fog and gloom. The home regiments had gone to drive the rebels from Pennsylvania, and many hearts were trembling. The household which received us had its full share of anxiety. Its youngest member, a youth of seventeen, had gone with the volunteers, and other friends were in the Army of the Potomac. The disappointing brother, too, was employed on a sad mission, helping a friend to Gettysburg to find the body of a slain brother; so that within doors we found it as dismal as without, and our first impressions of the great city were any thing but cheering.

Our prospect was limited to two rows of brick-houses and a broad expanse of house-roofs from our room in the upper story. "Nobody was in town," but the streets were jammed with carts and children, and the noise and clatter were incessant and deafening. The weather continued most oppressive. Low, dingy clouds possessed the sky, and not a breath of fresh air was attainable. I thought New York a most detestable summer residence, and resolved to leave it as soon as possible.

On the third morning of our sojourn, however, the sky brightened. The sun attempted to shine, and the papers brought good tidings. Lee was retreating, Meade pursuing, the Potomac rising, and our spirits rose with it. At breakfast Central Park was moved and carried by acclamation; but soon some pattering raindrops brought out an opposition, which induced us to defer our jaunt till settled weather. So we scattered in various directions—J. down town, and I to Broadway. But even there I could see nothing attractive. Every thing looked hot, glaring, and artificial, and every body looked shabby, jaded, and care-worn. An overworked horse dropped dead in the street before me, and I was glad to take refuge for a time in the Astor Library.

Returning thence at mid-day I first saw signs of disturbance. A squad of policemen passed before me into Third Avenue, clerks were looking eagerly from the doors, and men whispering in knots all up and down the street; but I was too much a stranger to be certain that these appearances were unusual, though they annoyed me so much that I crossed at once to Second Avenue, along which I pursued my way peacefully, and once at home thought no more of it. We were indulging ourselves in siestas after our noonday lunch, when a great roaring suddenly burst upon our ears—a howling as of thousands of wild Indians let loose at once; and before we could look out or collect our thoughts at all the cry arose from every quarter, "The mob! the mob!" "The Irish have risen to resist the draft!"

In a second my head was out the window, and I saw it with my own eyes. We were on a cross-street between First and Second avenues. First Avenue was crowded as far as we could see it with thousands of infuriated creatures, yelling, screaming, and swearing in the most frantic manner; while crowds of women, equally ferocious, were leaning from every door and window, swinging aprons and handkerchiefs, and cheering and urging them onward. The rush and roar grew every moment more terrific. Up came fresh hordes faster and more furious; bareheaded men, with red, swollen faces, brandishing sticks and clubs, or carrying heavy poles and beams; and boys, women, and children hurrying on and joining with them in this mad chase up the avenue like a company of raging fiends. In the hurry and tumult it was impossible to distinguish individuals, but all seemed possessed alike with savage hate and fury. The most dreadful rumors flew through the street, and we heard from various sources the events of the morning. The draft had been resisted, buildings burned, twenty policemen killed, and the remainder utterly routed and discomfited; the soldiers were absent, and the mob triumphant and increasing in numbers and violence every moment.

Our neighborhood was in the greatest excitement. The whole population turned out at once, gazing with terror and consternation on the living stream passing before them, surging in countless numbers through the avenue, and hurrying up town to join those already in action. Fresh yells and shouts announced the union of forces, and bursting flames their accelerated strength and fury. The armory on Twenty-second Street was broken open, sacked, and fired, and the smoke and flames rolled up directly behind us.

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With breathless interest we watched their rapid progress till diverted by a new terror. Our own household had been invaded. My brother's wife was gone; no one knew whither. Above and below we looked in vain for her. We could only learn that a note had been brought to her just before her disappearance. What could have happened? At such times imagination is swift and mystery unsupportable. We were falling into a terrible panic, and devising all manner of desperate expedients, when the wanderer appeared, looking very heroic, accompanied by J., all bloody and wounded. He had been attacked by the mob while passing a little too near them, knocked down, terribly beaten, and robbed of watch and pocket-book. Reality for once had outstripped imagination. For a time all our attention was absorbed in him. The wounds, though numerous, were happily not of a dangerous character. The gang which attacked him, attracted by his little tri-colored badge of loyalty, were fortunately only armed with light fence-pickets; so that, though weak from loss of blood, and badly cut and bruised in head, limbs, and body, no serious consequences seemed likely to result from his injuries.

Outdoors, meanwhile, all was clamor and tumult. Bells were tolling in every quarter. The rioters were still howling in Twenty-second Street, and driving the firemen from the burning armory. The building fell and the flames sunk, and then darkness came all at once and shut out every thing. We gathered gloomily around my brother in the back-parlor. An evening paper was procured, but brought no comfort. It only showed more clearly the nature and extent of this fearful outbreak. It only told us that the whole city was as helpless and anxious as ourselves. Many were in far greater danger, for obscurity is sometimes safety; but the black, lowering night, and the disabled condition of our only male protector, oppressed us heavily. Our neighborhood was all alive. Men tramped incessantly through the street, and women chatted and scolded in the windows; children cried and cats squalled; a crazy man in the rear raved fiercely for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy; but over every other sound every few moments the bells rang out the alarm of some new fire. Some were very near; some at a distance. We would start and count the district, and tremble for the *Tribune* or the Arsenal.

Thus passed the eve, till at last we separated and tried to compose ourselves to rest; but who could sleep with such terrors around them? That fiery mass of frenzied creatures which had passed so near us in the afternoon was raging somewhere in the city, and that frightful roar and rush might any moment burst again upon our ears. They might sweep through our street and scatter every thing before them. Fires kindled by them illumined many parts of the city.

As the clocks struck twelve a great shout startled me, and a light flamed right up before me. A huge bonfire had been kindled in the middle of the street not far below us. Wild forms were dancing about it, and piling on fresh fuel. Great logs and beams and other combustibles were dragged up and heaped upon it. Sleep, now, was of course impossible. From a seat in an upper window I saw it rise and fall, flame up and fade. Was it a plaything or a signal? In either case I dared not leave it. A gang of noisy boys gathered around it. "Bring out Horace Greeley!" once was called. At last, after two hours' watching and wondering, a heavy shower put out the fires and drove the rioters homeward. Dark figures slunk to darker lanes and hovels, and rest and quiet fell on the distracted city.

At break of day it roused again. Another cloudy, foggy, warm, oppressive morning. Very early I resumed my post of observation. A black, charred mound loomed up below, and cinders, smoke, and soot filled the air and encrusted every object. Rough-looking men were already astir. A car passed down the avenue crowded inside and out; another passed; another, and no more. No rattling carts were heard, no shrieking milkmen. All ordinary sights and sounds were missing. Soon hordes of ragged children attacked the heap of rubbish in the street. Little fair-haired girls and toddling boys bore off great armfuls of sticks and brands. Meanwhile the larger children, great boys, grown women, had hurried off to the smoking ruins in Twenty-second Street, and returned laden with spoils. Charred beams, baskets of coal, iron rails, muskets, and musket-barrels were carried by in vast quantities. The "dangerous classes" were evidently wide awake.

Our household meanwhile bestirred itself slowly. J. had rested little, but was free from fever or any alarming symptoms. Much time was spent in dressing his wounds, and some in preparing breakfast. There was no milk, no ice to be had, and meat and bread were on the wane; and so I ventured out with my sister H. for supplies. We found our street full of people, excitement, and rumors. Men and boys ran past us with muskets in their hands. We heard that a fight was in progress above Twenty-second Street. The mob had seized a gun-factory and many muskets; but the police had driven them off and taken back part of their plunder. It was cheering to find that the police were still alive. Second Avenue was densely thronged, but no cars were running. A great crowd surrounded the ruins of the Armory and blackened the Twenty-second Street crossing. Men talked in low, excited tones, and seemed afraid of each other. The stores were mostly closed and business suspended. With difficulty we procured supplies of provisions and a newspaper; but percussion caps and ammunition were stoutly denied us. No one dared to admit that they kept any such articles lest the rioters should take them away by force. A

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friendly bookseller at last supplied us. He had been out in disguise, he said, and heard the rioters boasting among themselves. One said he had made a hundred dollars already, and now he had arms and meant to use them. All the shops on the avenue had been threatened. The mob were gathering in great force in our vicinity, and things looked every moment more threatening; so we hurried home as fast as possible, and I took my post again at the window.

New and strange sights met my eyes. Such multitudes of people every where; filling street and sidewalks, crowding all the doors and windows, the balconies and roofs of the houses. Many were merely spectators; some not far distant were *actors*. In the First Avenue the crowd was now very dense and clamorous. The liquor store on the corner was thronged with villainous-looking customers, and the women who had welcomed the mob on their first appearance were again talking loudly as if urging them on to action. "Die *at home!*" was the favorite watch-word which often reached our ears. Every thing indicated that a collision was approaching. We caught, after a time, a glimpse of soldiers, and heard the welcome rattle of musketry, distant at first, then nearer and nearer. The soldiers marched to and through Twenty-second Street and turned down First Avenue. The mob yelled and howled and stood their ground. Women from the roofs threw stones and brickbats upon the soldiers. Then came the volleys; the balls leaped out and the mob gave way at once and fled in every direction. A great crowd rushed through our street, hiding in every nook and corner. We closed doors and blinds, but still peeped out of the windows. The soldiers marched slowly back up the avenue, firing along the way; crossed over into Second Avenue, marched down opposite our street and fired again. Again the mob scattered, and scampered in droves through the street. Yet another volley, and balls came tearing down the centre of our street right before us, dashing along the pavements and carrying off frames from the trees. A boy on the sidewalk opposite was struck; he fell in a pool of blood, and was carried away to die. The streets were now cleared, the crowds had vanished, the soldiers withdrew, and the mob was quelled. For two hours peace and quiet prevailed. Our neighbors retired to their several abodes. We took dinner by gas-light with closed blinds, and flattered ourselves that the worst was over.

But as night came on the sun came out, and men crawled out into sight again. A stranger on horseback rode slowly up the street. Crowds quickly gathered around him. Swarms rushed out of the old liquor store and from all the neighboring alleys, and greeted him with shouts and cheers. We saw him waving his hat and haranguing the multitude, and heard their storm of response, but could catch no words. Great bustle and preparation followed. Women were foremost among them, inciting and helping. The rider slunk off again eastward as he came, while men formed in bands and marched off down the avenue. A squad of lads, decently clad and armed, marched down our street and joined those on the corner, were received with loud cheers, and sent on after the others.

The sun set clear, and a beautiful night came on; a radiant midsummer night, but darker to us than the preceding. Dark skies seemed more in harmony with the scenes around us, and the contrast only deepened the gloom. The papers brought no encouragement. Fearful deeds of atrocity were recorded. The mob were increasing in power and audacity, and the city was still paralyzed and panic-struck. The small military force available could only protect a few important positions, leaving the greater part defenseless. Our inflammable neighborhood was wholly at the mercy of the mob. Again with heavy hearts we assembled in the back-parlor and discussed probabilities and contingencies. Our position on the very edge of one of the worst of the "infected districts" had in it, after all, one element of security: the mob could not touch us without endangering some of their friends. The incessant din and clamor without were little calculated to strengthen our courage. The warm, bright night set every evil thing in motion, and man and beast conspired to fill the air with all manner of hideous and discordant sounds. The tramping, scolding, screaming, squalling, and raving of the preceding night were repeated and intensified. Cats and dogs squalled and howled, bells rang incessantly, and mingled with all these sounds came at intervals the most mournful of all, the long-drawn piercing wails of Irishwomen bemoaning their dead.

Worn out with listening we resolved at last to try to rest. I made up a bundle, put my clothes in running order, read the most comforting Psalms I could find, and laid myself down to sleep. Scarcely had my head touched the pillow when a new alarm of fire sounded. Lights streamed through the door of my room and illumined the houses opposite. "Another fire in Twenty-second Street!" was the cry. The police station had been set on fire, and volumes of smoke and flame were rising again very near us. From the rear windows we saw it all with the utmost distinctness; heard the roaring and crackling, and felt the heat of the flames. Soon they wrapped the house and caught the adjacent fire-tower, whose bell was clamoring even now for aid. The mob yelled with delight, and drove off the eager firemen. The flames soon wreathed the tower and rose in majestic columns. The whole neighborhood was flooded with light. Thousands of spectators gazed upon the scene, crowning the house-tops as with statues of living fire. The blazing turret shook and reeled, beams snapped and parted, and the bell plunged heavily downward, "tolling the death-knell of its own decease;" but its dying notes were lost in the triumphant shouts of the mob maddened by their success.

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We heard them hurrying on to the gas-works, leaving the waning fires at last to the firemen. We could hear them pounding and shaking the gates, swearing at their inability to force them, and then rushing off again for some easier prey.

The fires were now quite subdued, and we ventured to return to our several rooms. It was past midnight, but the city was still wide awake. The streets were thronged, and the opposite houses were all open and brilliantly lighted. They belonged to the better class of tenement houses; and their occupants, though not themselves rioters, so far sympathized with them as evidently to feel no fear of them. Many were chatting at this time about the doors and windows with a careless merriment which I could not but envy. I gave a parting look up and down the street, and again sought my pillow. The tramping in the street gradually subsided, the din and discord slowly died away, and a slight stupor was stealing gently over me, when a sudden rush and scream brought me again in an instant to my window. There was a spring and a chase, and then such piercing, thrilling cries as words can not describe. I could see nothing. Not a person was in sight; but from the vicinity of that wretched liquor store I distinctly heard dreadful cries, and caught these broken words: "Oh, brothers! brothers! Save me! save me!"

The sounds thrilled through the opposite and nearer houses. Lights quivered and wavered, and doors were shut hastily. The cries and groans continued. There were confused sounds as of dragging and lifting, and then silence. A mist had veiled the stars, and darkness fallen upon the street. Our noisy neighbors were struck dumb. Every door and window was closed, and every light extinguished. I trembled from head to foot, and could scarcely grope my way to the back chamber. Part of our household were still watching there, more bells were tolling, and three new fires were raging. Destruction and death were on every side.

Again I returned to my old position in the window, and peered out into the darkness. All things looked ghostly and ghastly. The houses opposite were dissolved in mist. I seemed to see through them far down into the heart of the city, and heard in the distance the roar as of great multitudes in commotion. What was passing I could not tell, but any thing and every thing seemed possible at this hour. Would the night ever end, or any thing be left should morning come? Once only the welcome report of musketry reached my ears. At last the glimmering of dawn appeared. The mist dissolved; the wandering houses came back to position; the street resumed its old familiar look, and men and boys their ceaseless tramp, tramp, tramp.

One of these men stopped across the way, and said, in a low, scared tone to some one in the house: "They hung a Massachusetts —— over there last night." One word was lost to me—what it was I can only conjecture; but whether citizen, soldier, or negro, I do not doubt that some poor fellow very near us met the fate of so many others in those days of terror; and though his name and story may never be known on earth, his cries for help will surely rise up in judgment against his murderers.

But another day had come, Wednesday, July 15th. A long, bright, blazing midsummer day was before us. There was little change in the aspect of affairs without. The city was not all burned down, we found. The newspapers were still alive, and insisting that more troops were on hand and the mob checked; but we saw no signs of it. The morning indeed passed more quietly. The rioters were resting from the labors of the night; but business was not resumed, and swarms of idle men still hung about the streets and stores. No cars were running in the avenues, no carts in the streets. No milkmen came, and no meatmen, and not a soldier or policeman showed his head.

The day dragged on heavily. There was little to be seen, and nothing to be done but write letters that could not be sent, and wonder at our situation. Little had we thought that our quiet pilgrimage would lead us to such turbulent and tempestuous scenes. All our plans had been brought to naught. Visiting, shopping, sight-seeing, were not even to be considered. All ordinary pursuits and pleasures had ceased, social intercourse was given up, and nothing remained but chaos and confusion. We heard but the vaguest reports of the doings of the city, and still less of the outer world. The war at the door drowned the battle afar off.

It was most humiliating, it was almost incredible, that such a state of things should exist in the heart of a civilized and Christian community. "Was this your joyous city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were among the honorable of the earth?" Could it be that this great city, the pride and boast of the nation, was trampled down and held under the feet of these mad rioters? She seemed utterly prostrate and helpless. Her vast treasures, her immense store-houses, her long lines of palaces, her great multitudes of citizens, were bound and offered up for sacrifice. The whole nation was trembling and terror-struck. No one could see when and where it would terminate.

Flight seemed the only refuge. Could not we, wearied travelers, at least steal away to some green nook and be at rest? We discussed plans and dismissed them. Nothing seemed feasible. There were no cars and no carriages, and no one to help us to them. J., though improving, was still unable to go out, and we were unwilling to leave him and his family in such circumstances. We were bound, hand and foot, in this miserable neighborhood, unable to stir out of doors, and with the prospect of another night of horrors.

The day, though quieter than the preceding, was far more irksome. The brick walls and glaring streets, the heat, confusion, and con-

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finement were intolerably wearisome. The sun blazed more and more fiercely. The stillness was oppressive and ominous. It seemed the calm before a storm. Already clouds were gathering in the horizon. As night approached we heard drums beating, and gangs of rioters marched up their favorite avenue. The whole population bestirred itself at once. Men, women, and children rushed out cheering and clamoring, some hurrying on with the crowd, some hanging around the corner. Many soon returned, laden with spoil—bedding, clothing, and furniture. The crowd increased rapidly in the street and around the liquor store. Great excitement prevailed. There was loud talking with fierce gestures. Some ran thither with fire-arms, some with poles and boards. Then some one shouted, "They are coming!" and a small band of soldiers appeared marching up our street. The mob seemed to swell into vast dimensions, and densely filled the whole street before them. Hundreds hurried out on the house-tops, tore up brickbats, and hurled them with savage howls at the approaching soldiers. Shots were fired from secret ambushes, and soldiers fell before they had fired. Then they charged bravely into the mob, but their force was wholly inadequate. One small howitzer and a company of extemporized militia could do little against those raging thousands. A fierce conflict raged before our eyes. With breathless interest we watched them from door and windows. We feared the soldiers would be swallowed up and annihilated. Some now appeared in sight with a wounded officer and several wounded men, looking from side to side for shelter. Their eyes met ours with mute appeal. There was no time to be lost; the mob might any moment be upon them. There was a moment's consultation, a hasty reference to J., an unhesitating response: "Yes, by all means;" we beckoned them in, and in they came. Doors and windows were at once closed, and the house became a hospital, and seemed filled with armed men. The wounded men were carried into my brother's room; the Colonel was laid on the bed, and the others propped up with pillows. There were a few moments of great commotion and confusion. We flew for fans, ice water, and bandages. Some of the soldiers went out into the fight again, and some remained with the wounded. A surgeon, who had volunteered as a private under his old commander, dressed the wounds of the sufferers. The Colonel was severely wounded in the thigh by a slug made of a piece of lead pipe, producing a compound fracture. The wounds of two others, though less dangerous, were severe and painful.

Twilight was now upon us, and night rapidly approaching. The soldiers had been forced to retreat, leaving the mob in great force and fury. We heard them shouting and raving on the corner, and knew that we were in great danger. Already they were clamoring for the wounded soldiers who had escaped them. We thought of Colonel O'Brien's fate, and could not suppress the thought that our own house might be made the scene of a like tragedy. Could we defend ourselves if attacked? A hurried consultation was held. We had arms and ammunition, and, including J. and the slightly wounded soldiers, half a dozen men able and willing to use them. But we could not "man our lines." We were open to attack at once from the front and rear, the roof, the front basement, and the balcony above it. We might, indeed, retreat to the upper stories, barricade the stairway, and hold it against all the assailants that could crowd into the hall. But if they chose to fire the house below we could not prevent it, and then there would be no escape either for our wounded or ourselves.

The Colonel promptly decided the question; resistance was hopeless, could only make the case worse, and must not be attempted. Not only so, but all signs of the presence of soldiers must be removed. Arms, military apparel, and bloody clothing were accordingly concealed. The Colonel was conveyed to the cellar and placed on a mattress. The young soldier, next to him most severely wounded, was assisted up to the rear apartment on the upper floor and placed in charge of my mother and myself. The soldiers who had remained were then ordered to make their escape from the house as they best could, and to hasten to head-quarters with an urgent request that a force might be sent to our relief. The surgeon was also requested to go, but would not listen to the suggestion. He had been regimental surgeon for two years under the Colonel, and insisted on remaining by his side, to take care of him, and to share his fate whatever it might be. He took his post, therefore, in the cellar, extemporizing as well as he could some scanty means of concealment for both from the boxes and bins which it contained. The remaining soldier, though severely wounded in the foot, could yet walk with pain and difficulty; and it was decided that, as soon as it should be safe or necessary, he should try the chances of escape through the scuttle and over the roofs of the adjoining buildings.

J., with his bandaged head and disabled arm, was liable to be taken for a wounded soldier, and his wife and her sister, Mrs. P——, insisted that he also should betake himself to the roof. He could render no material assistance if he remained; on the other hand, his presence might precipitate a scene of violence which would not be offered to ladies alone. They did not feel that they were personally in danger—so far there was no report that the lawless violence of the rioters had been directed against women; and if he could get away he might be the means of bringing speedier relief. Very reluctantly he yielded to these considerations, and prepared to accompany the wounded soldier. The mother of the household took refuge in her room on the second-floor. To her daughter-in-law, wife of an absent son, was assigned a post of observation at

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a front window. The two heroic women, H. and her sister, remained below to confront the mob.

Of all these arrangements, made mostly after we had assumed the charge assigned us, we at the time knew nothing. In utter darkness and desolation we sat above by the bedside of our young soldier, receiving his farewell messages for his mother and friends, and knowing not how soon he might be torn from us. There was no human power to help us in this extremity; we could only trust in Him "who stilleth the madness of the people." The suspense was terrible. In the rear, as we stole an occasional out-look through our closed blinds, we could see men here and there climbing the fences; they might be rioters breaking in, or residents breaking out. All was confusion and uncertainty. We knew not friends from foes.

In front the demonstrations were still more alarming. The rioters had taken possession of the street, stationed a guard on both avenues, and were chasing up and down for the soldiers. Then they were seen searching from house to house; beginning, fortunately for us and ours, on the opposite side, proceeding toward Second Avenue, then crossing the street and coming back gradually toward us. At last they reached the house next to ours. A few moments we waited in breathless silence. Then came a rush up the steps, and the bell rang violently. Not a sound was heard through the house. Again and yet again the bell rang, more and more furiously. Heart throbbed, nerves quivered, but no one stirred. Then came knocks, blows, kicks, threats, attempts to force the door. Come in they must and would; nothing could stay them.

Having gained for the retreating party all the time she could, Mrs. P—— at length unlocked the door, opened it, passed out, and closing it behind her, stood face to face with the mob, which crowded the steps and swarmed on the sidewalk and the adjacent street. What could she do? She knew that they would come in, that they would search the house, that they would find the men; but she was determined not to give them up without an effort to save them. Possibly, in parleying with them, she might at least calm somewhat the fury of the passion that swayed that howling mob; possibly in that brutal and maddened throng there might be a few with human hearts in their bosoms to which she might find a way, win them to her side, and enlist their aid in saving the lives of the intended victims. That was her only hope.

"What do you want?" she asked, while the air was yet ringing with the cry that came up from the crowd, "The soldiers! the soldiers!" "Bring out the soldiers!" One who stood near and seemed to be a leader replied, "There were two soldiers went into this house, and we must have them. You must give them up."

"There *were* two that came in, but went out again. They are not here now."

She spoke in a low but perfectly clear and steady voice, that compelled attention, and the crowd hushed its ravings to catch her words.

"Let us see; if they are not here we will not harm you; but we must search the house."

"We can not let you in; there are only women here—some that are old and feeble, and the sight of such a crowd will frighten them to death."

"They shall not all come in," was the reply; and after some further parley it was agreed that half a dozen only should enter and make the search. The leader gave his orders, the door was opened, and the men detailed came in; but before it could be closed the mob surged up, pressed in, and filled the hall. Many of them were armed with the stolen carbines.

"Light the gas!" was the cry.

"My sister has gone for a light."

It came, and the parley was renewed. The leader again demanded the soldiers; insisted that they were there, and said it would be better for themselves if they would give them up. She persisted in the statement she had made.

"She is fooling us, and using up the time while they are getting away by the roof!" cried one, and pressing forward with his musket pointed at her, endeavored to pass her. Very deliberately she took hold of the muzzle and turned it aside, saying, "Don't do that. You know I am a woman, and it might frighten me."

The leader returned to the charge. "We know the men are here, and if you give them up to us you shall not be harmed. But if you do not, and we find them, you know what a mob is. I can not control them; your house will be burned over your heads, and I will not guarantee your lives for five minutes."

"You will not do that," was the reply. "We are not the kind of people whose houses you wish to burn. My only son works as you do, and perhaps in the same shop with some of you, for seventy cents a day."

She did not tell them that her amateur apprentice boy had left his place to go to Pennsylvania and fight their friends the rebels. A young man, whom she had noticed as one of the few of decent appearance, stepped to her side and whispered to her, advising her compliance with the demand, assuring her that the men could not be controlled. The tone more than the words indicated to her that she had made one friend; and she found another, in the same way, a moment later.

Meantime the leaders were consulting whether they should go first above or below, and decided on the latter. Stationing one man with a musket at the door, and one at the stairs, they proceeded, pioneered by H., first to the parlors, and then to the basement, thoroughly examining both. Most fortunately the sentinels were the two young men in whom Mrs. P—— felt she had found friends, and she was not slow to improve the opportunity to deepen the impression she had made. But now the crowd outside, thundering at the basement door, burst in the panels, and forcing it open, with terrible

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oaths and threats rushed in and filled the lower hall. Part joined the searching party, and some hurried up the first-floor. One, crowding past the sentinel, was striding up the stairs. We heard his call to his comrades, "Come on up stairs!" and our hearts sunk within us. But the sentinel's stern command, enforced by his leveled piece, brought him back.

The main party, having ransacked the basement rooms, now turned to the cellar. In a moment a loud shout announced that they had found a victim. The surgeon was dragged up, forced out at the lower door, and delivered over to the crowd outside. A blow from a bludgeon or musket felled him to the earth, inflicting a terrible wound on the head. "Hang him, hang him!" "To the post at the Twenty-second Street corner!" were the cries as they hurried him off. The search within proceeded; a moment more and they had found the Colonel. A new and fiercer shout was sent up. An order from a leader thrilled through the hall, "Come down here some of yees wid yer muskets!"

At the first cry from the cellar Mrs. P—— sprung for the basement, intending to make her way at any hazard. A sentinel stood at the head of the stairway; a stalwart brute, reeking with filth and whisky. He seized her, with both arms about her waist, with a purpose of violence quite too evident. She struggled to free herself without raising an alarm, but in vain; then a sudden and piercing shriek, which rung through the house, made him for an instant relax his hold, and, wrenching herself away, she hurried back and sought the protection of the friendly sentinel.

"He will not let me pass; I must go down."

"You must not," he replied; "it is no place for you." And then he added, looking sternly at her, "You have deceived us. You said there was no one here, and there is."

"I would have done the same thing for you if you had been wounded. Look at me; do you not believe me?"

He did look, full in her eye, for an instant; then said: "Yes, I do believe it. You have done right, and I admire your spirit."

"But I must go down. Go with me."

"No; it is no place for you."

"Then go yourself, and save his life."

And turning over his charge to the sentinel at the door, he did go. Meantime the searching party, having found the Colonel, proceeded to question him. He said he was a citizen, accidentally wounded, and had been obliged to seek refuge there.

"Why did you hide, if you are a citizen?"

Because, he said, he was afraid he should be taken for a soldier. They would not believe, but still he insisted on his statement. Then the muskets were sent for, and four pieces leveled at his head, as he lay prostrate and helpless.

"Fire, then, if you will, on a wounded man and a citizen. I shall die, any how, for my wound is a mortal one. But before you fire I wish you would send for a priest."

"What, are you a Catholic?"

"Yes."

This staggered them; and while they were hesitating the sentinel joined the group, and as soon as he looked on the Colonel exclaimed: "I know that man. I used to go to school with him. He is no soldier."

This turned the scale. The leaders were satisfied, and decided to let him go. But before leaving him they rifled his pockets; and here he narrowly escaped falling into renewed danger. While the parley was in progress his fingers had been busily occupied in quietly and coolly removing from his pocket a quantity of bullets which he had forgotten, and which, if they had been found, would certainly have betrayed him.

Those of the mob who had remained above, disappointed of their prey, with oaths and execrations protested against the action of their leaders, and sent the ruffian at the head of the stairway down to see if it was all right. But the positive statements of the friendly sentinel, which Mrs. P—— had the satisfaction of hearing him rehearse, as the two met in the lower hall, disarmed even his suspicions, and the rest could do no otherwise than acquiesce. So well satisfied, indeed, were the leaders, and, as it is not unreasonable to suppose, so impressed with the resolute bearing of the two ladies, that they volunteered to station a guard before the door to prevent the annoyance of any further search. As they had found the two men who had been reported to them as having entered the house, it did not seem to occur to them that there might be still others concealed; and so they took their departure, leaving the upper stories unvisited.

The surgeon in the mean time had been no less fortunate. In the crowd which hurried him off to death there happened to be one or two returned soldiers who had served in the same regiment with him, and when he came where it was light recognized him. They insisted on saving him, and, raising a party in their favor, finally prevailed, and having rescued him escorted him in safety to his home.

While these events were passing below our alarm and anxiety were beyond all expression. Our poor charge especially was in the greatest distress; ignorant of the fate of his Colonel and comrades, and apprehending every moment that he might himself be found and dragged out by the mob. Of course we knew but imperfectly at the time of it what was going on. We knew that the soldiers were in the house, and that men bent on their destruction were seeking for them. We heard the clamor without, the cry for "The soldiers!" the rush into the hall. Then we heard the calm, steady tones of the ladies, holding the mob in listening attention, and took courage. We heard the movement through the parlors and downward to the basement. Then came the irruption of the fierce crowd into the lower hall; and very soon loud cries from below told us that some one was

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found. It might be the surgeon or the Colonel; it might be my brother, for we did not then know that he had effected his escape.

Again came up screams from below, ejaculations, loud words. Could it be that another was found? Again the heavy tramp of many men, this time moving upward and talking eagerly and rapidly. They paused in the hall; we dared not move or breathe; would they come up the stairs? No! The door is opened, men pass out, it is closed after them, and all is silent. Have they gone for others to complete the search, or to murder those already carried out?

Venturing at last below, as the stillness continued, I learned how favorable a turn affairs had taken. But though relieved for the moment, we were still in great anxiety, and in not a little peril. No one knew certainly what had become of J. The Colonel was greatly in need of immediate surgical attendance, and removal from the damp, chilly cellar. Our poor young soldier, too, was suffering much, both in mind and body. He was a volunteer of a day's service only, and this first experience of civil war was very painful. The rioters might learn or suspect that they had been deceived, and return to the search. He could bear to be shot in open fight, but not to be so hunted down. Help seemed to him impossible. The whole military force in the city, he knew, was already detailed on special duty, and none could be spared for us. If the rioters should come again nothing could save him; any further attempt at concealment would be worse than useless, and flight in his condition was impossible. We tried our best to cheer him, and to wait in patience, trusting to Him who had thus far kept us in safety. The weary hours dragged heavily onward. My mother and myself still sat in the dark with our young soldier, while the other ladies attended to the Colonel in the cellar.

The continued absence of J. gave us now much uneasiness. What had become of him we could not conjecture. From time to time I looked out from my old loop-hole in the front window. All was dark and desolate. Not a light in the opposite houses; not a person in sight but the men stationed before our house by the rioters. These marched back and forth in silence while a large body were carousing around the old liquor stand. "Come on," I heard one call, "and bring eight or ten with you!" They might come on again any moment, maddened with drink and disappointed vengeance. As time went on they grew more and more uproarious, singing, dancing, swearing, and yelling.

Anxious and troubled, I wandered from front to rear, now leaning out of the window to catch every movement without, and carrying back reports to my still more anxious and troubled soldier.

It was now, we thought, past midnight. We had no hope of relief, no thought or expectation but of struggling on alone hour after hour of distress and darkness; but as I was listening in my window to some unusually threatening demonstrations from the mob, I heard the distant clank of a horse's hoof on the pavement. Again and again it sounded, more and more distinctly; and then a measured tread reached my ears, the steady, resolute tramp of a trained and disciplined body. No music was ever half so beautiful! It might, it must be, our soldiers! Off I flew to spread the good news through the household, and back again to the window to hear the tramp nearer and fuller and stronger, and see a long line of muskets gleam out from the darkness, and a stalwart body of men stop at our door. "Halt!" was cried; and I rushed down stairs headlong, unlocked the door without waiting for orders, and with tears of joy and gratitude which every one can imagine and nobody describe, welcomed a band of radiant soldiers and policemen, and in the midst of them all who should appear but my brother, pale and exhausted, who had gotten off the house-top in some mysterious way and brought this gallant company to our rescue!

There was no time for inquiries or felicitations. The wounded men were our first care. Our young soldier in his delight had hobbled to the stairway, and was borne down in triumph by his sympathizing comrades, while a larger company brought the Colonel from the cellar. A pitiful sight he was, all bleeding and ghastly, shivering with cold and suffering great pain. Both soldiers were placed carefully in the carriage brought for their conveyance, and then we ladies were requested to accompany them immediately. It was unsafe to remain in the house, soldiers could not be spared to protect it, and it was best for us to go at once to the Central Police Station.

There was no time for deliberation or preparation, with two wounded men waiting. My mother was stowed away in a corner of the carriage, the other mother of the household perched up with the driver, and the remainder straggled along with my brother in various stages of dilapidation — some without bonnets, and some without shawls, and some in the thinnest of muslins and slippers. My own clothes were locked up and the keys unattainable; so I snatched what I could and ran with the others. Our military escort soon brought us into subordination. While we had been preparing, one of the two companies had been fighting, and had utterly dispersed the mob on the corner; but this we had hardly noticed, so intently had we been occupied. They were now ready to resume their march. We were formed into column with the utmost formality and precision. One piece of artillery and one company of infantry preceded, and another of each followed the carriage, marching slowly and majestically along the middle of the street; while we ladies moved as slowly along the sidewalks, surrounded by officers, policemen, and newspaper reporters.

The change was so sudden, so unexpected, so magical, that it was difficult to believe that we

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were really in the body. We, who had been so lately in the depths of darkness and desolation, were now encompassed by armed bands eager to help and serve us. Dangers, seen and unseen, were still around us; great fires illumined the southern sky; house, furniture, and clothing were left behind us unprotected, but still we could only exult in the rescue of our hunted soldiers and our own blissful release from suspense and terror. With joyful hearts we followed our martial guard. This midnight flitting was full of romantic interest. The streets were silent and dark, lighted only by distant lurid flames. Slowly and solemnly the long, black procession moved onward down the broad avenue, through narrow and winding streets, stopping only from time to time for water for the wounded soldiers, or to scatter the foes lurking around us. Sometimes the skirmishers in advance charged out into the darkness, sometimes fired down the cross-streets, but no serious interruption occurred; and at last, after a weary march, the steady light of the Central Police Station gladdened our waiting eyes.

All now was life and animation. Well-dressed citizens were hurrying to and fro. Stalwart soldiers lined the street and guarded the steps and entrance, through which we were conducted to an inner apartment, and with much state and ceremony presented to the chieftains of civic power. Three days' experience of anarchy had made us feel the blessedness of lawful restraint, and surely no body of men ever looked so beautiful as these executives of law and government. Such fresh, radiant, energetic, clear-headed, and strong-hearted leaders looked able to conquer all the rioters in the land. Every body was wide-awake, dispatches coming and going, messengers flying about in all directions.

We were received with great civility and offered every possible accommodation, but the best attainable were somewhat scanty. The two rooms had each a table, a writing-desk, and a stack of arms, but no sofa or rocking-chair, no chance for napping or lounging. We saw at once that it was no resting-place for us, and after a brief council resolved to follow the fate of our Colonel; and so, leaving a spot which shines brightly in my remembrance, we continued our march to the St. Nicholas Hotel, obtained admittance, ascended four flights of stairs, parted with our kind and gentlemanly escort, and sat down to rest at half past two Thursday morning!

Sleep was of course still impossible. The exciting scenes of the night, and the incessant roar and rumble of Broadway, kept all awake; and at four o'clock loud cheers brought us to the window to see the glorious returning "Seventh" marshaled before us, and with all our hearts and voices we joined in the welcome which greeted them. A brighter morning dawned upon the city; other regiments had arrived in the night, and we knew that it was now safe. Broadway was busy and noisy. Business was resumed, and the mob much subdued, though still rampant in our old neighborhood. A reconnoissance showed that it was still unsafe to venture there. We passed the morning comparing notes and considering what to do with ourselves. My only desire was to quit the city—to beat a retreat as soon as possible. Our quiet tour had been rudely interrupted, our plans and purposes brought to naught; we had suffered great fatigue and anxiety, and we were unwilling to stay a moment longer. It was humiliating to leave our luggage in the enemy's country; but what were clothes to rest and quiet? A place for our heads was of more consequence than *bonnets!* Our friends were compelled to stay, but we could go; and most happy were we, now that we were sure of their safety, to improve that privilege. And so at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, just three days from our first glimpse of the rioters, we shook the dust of New York from our slippers, and, trunkless and bonnetless, sped up North River.

STOOL-PIGEONRY.

LOUNGING on corners contiguous to "cigar divans," or sauntering leisurely along our fashionable thoroughfares, may be seen any day, from noon to sunset, individuals of dubious physiognomy, whose raiment and demeanor blazon forth the fact that they neither toil nor spin; men with superlatively glossy hats and artificially blue-black mustaches; resplendent in the matters of velvet and jewelry; immaculate as to linen: a trifle over-gorgeous, perhaps, and diffusing a somewhat too strong aroma of musk; attractive specimens, nevertheless, of sartorial and tonsorial art. These men are to most of our city readers cognizable at a glance as stool-pigeons—decoys in the pay of gambling hells and other disreputable establishments, and are, doubtless, to the unsophisticated majority, types of the highest pseudo "respectability" attainable by their class. It is not of these, however, that this article shall treat. There are recondite mysteries of stool-pigeonry which some few have to their cost explored. Besides these gay-plumed birds there be other less known varieties; demure, sad-colored pigeons—cooing doves, so to speak; pompous, white-neckclothed pouters, ay, even silken, soft-billing "turtles," whom to suspect were mild delirium, to detect utter frenzy.

The prevalent mania for incorporating "Companies" in every imaginable department of speculation has elevated stool-pigeonry almost to the dignity of a science, while the lavish expenditures and ingenious devices of the modern advertising system have resulted in rendering bribery and corruption not only admissible, but even "respectable." Men whose social standing should keep them above reproach sell their good names and honorable consciousness for lucre with as little compunction as Esau

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sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage. Mammon and morality are at open war, and it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell the issue of their strife, if poor morality be left to its own unaided resources.

Of clerical stool-pigeonry in relation to quack medicines, musical instruments, wishy-washy novels, and other bepuffed wares, it would be superfluous as well as indelicate to say much. The numerous "testimonials" wherewith are studded the columns of most newspapers, state the case forcibly enough, and imply their own homilies.

The political stool-pigeon is such a very Proteus in form that to attempt his thorough description were a task requiring years of observation and reams of manuscript. From the diplomatic Premier, who disrupts nations by plausible mock-conciliation, or the incorruptible Congressional candidate, hired by his pretended opponents to draw votes away from his pretended fellow-partisan, down to the shallow trickster who bribes, bullies, or cajoles ignorant or venal electors into fraudulent ballots—through all the gradations of party chicanery in Cabinet, Congress, Lobby, and "Ward-meetings," ranges the repertory of the political stool-pigeon. Now we hear of him in the Imperial Chamber of Deputies, sounding by well-feigned opposition the probable reception of some doubtful measure projected by his royal master; anon he greets us in the Western country as a mountebank on the "stump," with howling energy of declamation exhorting his "feller-citizens" to "rally round that grand palladium of liberty, the ballot-box, and demonstrate to an attentive universe the superior intelligence of Squashville by giving an overwhelming majority to the upright and unimpeachable Seth Partyhack, who now, through his disinterested medium, solicits their suffrages"—the said upright and unimpeachable gentleman having given him, the orator, five hundred dollars in cash, and a promissory-note for as much more, payable after his election. Sometimes he may be seen plying busily between the City Hall and the Astor House, wherein, just before municipal elections, assemble in mysterious conclave the magnates—the *Dii ex machinâ*—of State and City politics; or, mayhap, shouldering his way, with many oaths, through the motley crowd that throngs "Old Tammany" on council nights; but almost before we have had time to note his appearance, hey, presto, change! Our London correspondence shows us that he has doffed his Democratic disguise, and is creating a great hubbub in Parliament about some new "Reform" bill or "Ministerial crisis."

Of all the forms of stool-pigeonry, however, the one most nearly concerning our social integrity is that practiced in speculative financial circles. Has thine eye, O reader! ever been caught by the announcement of some much-promising Stock Company for "mining, manufacturing, or chemical purposes," for the promulgation of some new patent of incalculable value to mankind, or for the reaping of rich dividends by prodding the earth's bowels in the "oil region?" Hast thou, after running over the list of directors, and finding therein names well known to thee of prominent bankers, merchants, and professional men, been led, in the lamb-like innocence of thine heart, to invest a hardly-spared portion of thy worldly goods in their auriferous shares? Hast thou then dismayedly watched the quotations of thy stock as, day by day, its market-price dwindled, until at last thou wast glad to rid thyself of it at the sacrifice of more than half that thou hadst expended? Dost thou even now wonder how men of such repute for financial sapience could have so overestimated the probabilities of lucrative success, and seek to soften the acerbities of thine own lot by sympathetic condolence with them whose losses must have exceeded, as their shares outnumbered, thine?

A whispered word in thine ear, good friend! These mighty capitalists, these reliable directors, the mere sound of whose names did seduce from thee thy little store, were not losers but gainers by the transaction that impoverished thee. They were stool-pigeons; decoys, the sale of whose gratuitous stock brought them clear profit at a price ruinous to thee; and thou wast duped, swindled, fleeced, villainously robbed!—robbed, not as by vulgar cut-purses, who at least run risk of legal penalty, but through the agency of "respectable" "*'ticers*," who, keeping safely within the letter of the law, and assured of a share of the booty, lured thee into the den of thieves where thy despoilment was accomplished.

A, who owns some worthless acres of land in a rocky district of Pennsylvania, consults with B, a speculative broker, as to the best means for converting dirt into "dross." B, for a handsome con-sid-er-ation, undertakes to incorporate a Company, with a capital of, say, one million, in ten thousand shares—par value ten dollars, subscription price two dollars per share. To this end he hunts up five or six bank-officers and eminent mercantile men of purchasable probity, who will allow their names to head the subscription-list and constitute the Board of Direction, in return for one thousand shares of stock to them, and each of them, delivered. The general public, always ready to follow the lead of wealthy notoriety, is then graciously allowed to compete for a certain number of shares at "the present low price," and a meeting of corporators is held, whereat a committee is appointed to examine the property prior to a transfer of the title-deed. This committee, consisting of A and B, with perhaps two or three of the purchasable probities (who give themselves no further trouble in the matter), returns a report in a week's time, giving a glowing description of "surface indications," "hundred-barrel" wells already flowing, and other phenomena guaranteeing at least fifty per centum interest on the investment. A receives a quarter of a million for his unarable land (one-

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fifth of which sum goes into B's pocket as "commission"), and is elected president of the Company. A flaming prospectus is issued, setting forth the immeasurable advantages of this particular incorporation over all other incorporations, and proudly referring to the report of its Committee and the social standing of its officers. The remainder of the stock is thrown into the market, enhanced, possibly, by a little judicious "cornering;" and while the excited "outsiders" are eagerly buying, A, B, and their stool-pigeons quietly dispose of what cost them nothing, and chuckle over the discomfiture of their victims, when, after falling gradually from dollars to cents, the stock finally ceases to be quoted at all.

Did our space permit we might elucidate other mysteries of stool-pigeonry. We might tell at length how great manufacturing firms have lent their influence to patentees of wondrous processes, and how, after thousands—ay, hundreds of thousands—had been obtained by false pretenses from other firms in the same business, these alchemic secrets failed to give any result. We might speak of grave geologists and chemists, bribed to append their signatures to fictitious reports and false analyses of mining ores. We might obscurely hint at monstrous frauds wherein complicity as stool-pigeons attached to some of either sex who still make vaunt of their "respectability;" but if we have said enough to put the gullible public upon its guard against "respectable" Stool-pigeonry our task is done.

THREE HUNDRED A YEAR.

I SUPPOSE that it is as proper to experiment with moral armor as with Palliser's projectiles; also, that much of the pith of experience is in that very homely old proverb, "The proof of the pudding is in eating;" also, that I may ask my readers to assist me with the experiments referred to—as in these days a writer no longer courteously shows his readers through his chapters, expatiating all the way in the spirit of "Thrice learned are ye now, and nine times learned shall ye be;" but, after rolling up the curtain, falls cozily to work with his audience to make his story or deduce his theory.

For reasons of my own I prefer also to reverse the usual order, and first state my case in point—at least one of my cases—and afterward the point itself, only premising that the portion of Miss Margrath's history with which I commence is strictly true.

For our purpose we need to know nothing of her before that time when, after twenty-nine years of suffering and dependence, she became an independent woman. That might mean, for some people, ten thousand a year; with her it was the salary and position of teacher in a public school. She held it just three months, and then there came to her a cry for help from a brother, a hopeless invalid. Those who should serve abused him. She resigned the situation—which had been procured for her with great difficulty, and was considered a perfect godsend—to the intense indignation of her friends, and went to her brother, in spite of their passionate remonstrance. But it was a weight about her neck.

The case itself, which she had now taken into her own hands, presented uncommon difficulties. A man's disease—when you talk of ordinary invalids—is in his lungs, his throat, his stomach, his liver. He is specifically treated, and is amenable to doctors and medicines. You make him comfortable, and he, in consideration of bodily debility and corresponding mental weakness, obeys you. But here was a man who fell ill, when a lad, of mismanagement; was kept ill by ignorance and quackery; and was now bedridden, and dying as fast as a powerful constitution and tenacious will would allow. His malady was exhibited neither in lungs nor liver, but through the nerves, which, some one says, are the tram-ways of intelligence and sensation. His nerves were tramways of pain; the ordinary sensations of seeing, hearing, and feeling were agonies. These agonies became at times extreme; in these extremes he was frantic. The sight of the dearest face was then a torture, and he writhed under sounds and jars as under hot coals.

Now if the sight of a face, the opening of a door, the sound of a voice, the whisk of a broom, the rustle of a dress send your patient into convulsions, unless at exceptional times, if you mean to see, feed, help, and make such a patient comfortable, you must resign yourself to be guided neither by rule nor convenience, but by the varying symptoms of a subtle and constantly changing malady; you must abnegate entirely yourself, your comfort, opinions, and customs. This is what Miss Margrath did. She became the intelligent, quick-witted, sweet-voiced pendant of the bell by which he called her to his bed when he was able to bear her presence, and only wished she could conquer the outside difficulties as easily.

She was living in an old frame building, in the poorer section of one of those country towns that get stranded among the hills in an evil hour, and have neither the energy to grow nor the self-respect to die. The street was a hill; the house was built against it. The plank-walk was not far below the level of her windows. All day men clattered over the walk and wagons rumbled down the hill. They tenanted only a flat. There were two tiers of families below them. Children squalled, dogs barked, people walked heavily about and transacted their existence with the usual everyday noises. The house was a wooden shell, echoing every noise faithfully at the sick man's pillow, while his bed jarred at every step beneath. Miss Margrath's first move was to suspend the frame of his bed from the ceiling by four cords, so that he swung clear of the floor, as in a hammock. But I could hardly tell you what care, what thought, what anxiety this device

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cost her before perfecting. First, it was to be invented; and though such a device may be common, she had not seen it before, neither have I. She only knew that human ingenuity was nearly unlimited, and out of ingenuity a remedy must come. When she had found it, it was to be executed; and to save her little purse she tried it herself, hacking at the floor and beams with an old case-knife, and achieving holes that made the carpenter stare, though she could not save the little purse after all.

Next, there were the noises of living, already mentioned. Some were unavoidable; some—like cutting wood beneath his window—were not unavoidable; and against this Miss Margrath remonstrated. The people were sullen. They "had hired their place, and had a right to do what they liked for all the whims of any man." She coaxed and explained; they were dogged and persistent. She would have bribed, but, alas! she was too poor. She watched her opportunity, took the wood to the cellar, cut it herself, and offered to install herself as hewer of wood in future, so they would spare her brother. That struck shame into the hard hearts and thick skulls, and made an end of the wood-chopping. For the dogs and children, and the treaties and bargains made and attempted with the parents and owners, space would fail me if I should attempt the history. Whatever hurt him she fought. Noise—except in his states of reaction and torpor—was torture. In this world nothing is done without noise. Imagine his life and hers!

He was too weak to eat in the usual way. He took his food by spoonfuls and sips, with exhausted pauses of from half an hour to hours between. A breakfast was sometimes the business of a day. Whatever could be done for him must be done in similar installments—that is, as he was able to bear it. She swept his floor, for example, a foot at a time, and with a bundle of old cloths in place of a broom. She seldom stirred from the house lest he should ring his bell—no stranger could enter his apartment. She answered this bell perhaps forty times a day, and at night she lay down by his door. With winter came new trouble. Watching the first vacancy in the rooms below, she had applied for them herself, and taken the rent on her shoulders to keep them vacant. Already straitened, this reduced her to extremity. It was bitterly cold, and the wind searched the old house through and through; and as she could afford but one fire she was obliged to sit in the sick-room, where three-fourths of the time the patient could not see her face. As the outline of her head was visible from a low chair through the curtain across the foot of his bed, she sat on the floor. She could neither read nor write, because paper rustles; or sew, because working-materials can be dropped. When her posture grew unendurable she crawled like a snake out into the cold again. There was necessity for further retrenchment, and she retrenched again. She stopped the extravagance of three meals a day. According to the state of her finances, she ate once a day, or once in two days, till she went about, bowed from weakness, as we see men and women in extreme old age; till, finding that natural laws could not be braved in this way, she allowed herself Indian meal twice a day.

She had one pleasure only. The poor sufferer for whom she exhibited this devotion had his days of reaction and comparative freedom from instant pain. In these days he bitterly repented him of his frantic ravings—as if, poor soul! they were within his control. In these days he talked to her of his art—he had an art—and told her fondly how alone and exactly she comprehended his wishes and tastes. In these days also he delighted and astonished her with the fancies and reasonings of a brilliant and powerful mind. So you see she found honey even in the gall of bitterness, and that reward at the hands she loved best for which more true women than one would give a life. In this way she lived a year, and then he died.

Miss Margrath buried her dead, and four days after, through a series of uncommon events—or, as she called it, a Divine Providence—she stepped quietly back into the school that she had "thrown away," and that lost and much-lamented salary of three hundred a year.

I felt then that her troubles were ended; that she had stepped down from her distress into a comfortable and uninteresting position, and was preparing to sluice off my sympathy into other channels. She was equally penetrated with a deep sense of her affluent and prosperous condition, and confided to me what she should do with her surplus wealth. Heaven knows how many poor and embarrassed folk were to be made glad out of that three hundred a year!

This was before she went hunting for a room with board.

She commenced, as people generally do, with defined notions of what she wanted. On the second day she discovered that the point was, not what *she* wanted, but what the boarding-house keepers wanted. That was: first, a gentleman; if that was not to be achieved, then two ladies, in an apartment with a bed, chair, wash-stand, and standing room near the door. And by those of the milder sort, who might possibly wedge in a single woman somewhere, five dollars a week was the lowest sum mentioned—fuel and lights extra.

"Impossible!" declared Miss Margrath, firmly. "I receive only twenty-five dollars a month. If I pay five dollars a week I should have left only five dollars a month for coal, kerosene, shoes, clothes, paper, postage stamps, and so on.

On the third day she became deeply convinced of her own smallness and weakness in a crowded, bustling world, and prepared herself to be thankful for a shelter in any decent attic that she could occupy at four dollars a week. On the fourth day she was blank.

"Can't you write about it?" she asked me,

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in a sort of helpless desperation. "How can I live on a salary that was fixed years ago, when the price of lodgings, coal, car-fare, books, York Mills, flannel, sewing cotton, shoes, stationery, every thing that can be bought, sold, eaten, drunk, used, consumed, has nearly doubled since? The boarding-house keepers are a unit on prices. But five dollars' spending money a month! Why, the maids of all work who have 'no extra fire and lights,' and none of the requirements of a lady, get six, eight, and ten dollars a month besides their board. What can I do? I am not an expert at the needle. This salary is entirely insufficient. Why is there not something else that women can do? Without this three hundred a year I should be entirely helpless."

"But the helplessness of women is their best armor," I broke in. "I have just read it, on the authority of a certain statesman, who is opposed to the feminine clamor for more chances of labor, and thus disposes of all the perplexities cognate to the vexed 'Woman Question;' and I know that a large number of respectable and intelligent people agree with him."

Miss Margrath looked obstinate. "A truth," she replied, "will work, my dear, whether it is in iron, and you call it a gun, or in words, and you call it a theory. If helplessness is the best armor for women, then it would be the best thing for me; and it is evident that if I were really helpless I should starve or go to the poor-house. I think if your statesman were in my place his first move would be to bring pressure somewhere to raise his salary. If he failed in that he would enter on some other business. If he knew no other he would learn one. Why then should he oppose himself to the female clamor for the same privilege in the same position? It is God who made me a lonely, struggling woman. I should prefer to be somebody's petted daughter or wife. But since I am not such a one, if I can not earn my salt by sewing, and can barely live by teaching, why should I not urge for better wages or a more lucrative employment? What is this panacea? It does not mean cessation from labor, for none of its advocates propose an asylum for maintaining the ideal helplessness of women. Has it any practical application? If so, why will it not apply in my case? If not, is it not a wickedness to make it a stumbling-block—I do not say in the way of such women as I, but of those who are forced to support families on half of my income? There are so many people having no personal interest in the matter who are satisfied with a phrase like that, when they might otherwise inquire into our case and help us."

Miss Margrath is a low-voiced, gentle, ladylike little woman, and I was surprised at her warmth. But I confess that I sympathized with it; and I have commenced with this bit of her history, hoping that you will sympathize with her also—I do not mean with her views; but the best way of understanding an evil is to experience it. The next best way is that it should be experienced by a person in whom you are interested. I thought that possibly, as she is an actual person and I have told you something about her fortitude and devotion, that you would experience a moderate interest in her and her perplexities. Some among you, no doubt, advocate the helpless theory, and in that event I wish that you would apply it to her case as she herself has stated it.

The point is, you know, not whether it is desirable for women to be self-dependent; but whether, when they are so by the providence of God, it is best that they should live in pinching poverty, often in extreme misery, or whether they should enjoy the same chances for a competence and ease as the male laborer? We ask this question, and are answered by such assertions as "Helplessness is woman's best armor;" "Men can not admire masculine women;" "Woman's sphere is the domestic hearth," etc. Have these answers any bearing on the question? How shall we apply them to Miss Margrath's case? If they will fit any woman's case surely they will fit hers. I long for some lucid exposition of what is actually meant by these phrases. Something besides the dust of formulas about meekness and submission that any agitation is sure to raise about our ears.

Meekness and submission are excellent things in women. I wish they could be all adorned with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. But what has this to do with bread and butter, fire, roof, and clothes? Or if they have some occult connection, where is it? and how are we to use it? Does it mean that we are to drift down stream, and trust to the gallantry of men to get us off when we run upon a rock or stick fast on a bar? The gallantry of men is an agreeable item in a woman's existence, but there are many lives like Miss Margrath's, in which there are no men to be gallant; no man who would have title or disposition to interfere or to help. What is to be done then? And there are many women who can hardly row the boat at all, because of the weight of some great hulking fellow who lies in the bottom of it. What is to be done then? I believe that the majority of men will work to the death for their own, and will readily and generously lend a helping hand to any friendless woman whose case comes under their observation. But an occasional kindness, or the gallantry shown on the street and on routes of travel, is not a way of earning honorably a comfortable subsistence, and that is what is needed.

What has the talk about modesty and the home virtues to do with it? Miss Margrath, our case in point, is a woman of exquisite gentleness and refinement. She is a home heroine. Besides that one year's sharp experience just narrated, she has spent the best of her life in the house of sorrow and by the bedside of the sick. She has no yearnings after trowsers or the outside rides on omnibuses so pathetically deplored. But despite this fact and all her admirable qualities—the very qualities so contin-

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ually insisted upon—she is none the less perplexed by her narrow salary; none the less eager for a better prospect.

I say over again, the question is not whether woman shall unsex herself and make herself a small-voiced, ridiculous little man; but whether, when she is obliged to depend on her own resources, she shall be so prepared by a wise education, and so fortified by public opinion, that she shall have any resources worthy of the name. It seems to me that I can hardly state our needs and wishes too often, for out of the many papers, speeches, and opinions of our unfriends on the subject I find none that answer to the point. They all laboriously dispose of other issues, and in the fog of words our case is lost. The question is tangled with an overgrowth of side issues, like the suit in Chancery that the lawyer left to his son as a valuable legacy, till many people have come to regard it very much as Dickens's alderman did the reform agitation. He was always sure to come out strong against feeding paupers and vagabonds on turtle-soup out of a gold spoon. So if women find that they are hampered by the want of a practical education, and that there are twenty women to every situation, and ask for help, they are at once supposed to be demanding the right of suffrage and a man's hat—perhaps I should say trowsers, as I believe we have the hat already. If we state plaintive facts, we are thought to be bitterly aiming a thrust at that good old Salic law which declared that a woman could not serve in battle because of the decorum of her sex, nor advise, because of her limited intellect, nor keep counsel, owing to the infirmity of her disposition. It seems to me that this turtle-soup and gold spoon sort of misapprehension does infinite mischief. There are people who sympathize heartily with distress but not with Bloomers; those who would readily be convinced that the laborer was worthy of her hire if they were sure that the argument meant justice, not "isms."

It is not out of cold and cruel indifference, but out of general fogginess, that we are so often answered by a contrast between a round, rosy, sparkling, loving, little woman, and a spare, spectacled, abstruse female, with her hair in a knob; or a dreadful woman who calls men by all the bad adjectives in the language. And once more, what have these portraits to do with our claims? There are spare females and viragos among the most conservative of womankind; there are smiling, sparkling little women who would have no dinner unless they earned it; and, for that matter, it is cold and hunger, every minute work, and all the year round anxiety, that makes the nose sharp and the skin gray, pinches the mouth, dulls the eyes, draws dark circles about them, and wastes the figure. It is comfort and hope that keep women fresh, plump, and well-natured; so that those gentlemen who are averse to gaunt, haggard, and sharp-tempered women, should work in behalf of the great army of working-women, if only in the interest of their eyes. But round or raw-boned, rosy or haggard, these qualities have nothing to do with the demand for more work or better wages.

If all working-women—I include in that term all teachers, governesses, artists, authors, etc.—if all these women were ugly, bad tempered, and professed objectionable "isms," have not disagreeable people the same right to fair wages and business chances as the interesting people? and is it not desirable, for the interest of society, that they should have this right? Is not a woman, solitary and penniless, a widow left penniless, and with or without children, a woman deserted by her husband and left with children or without, a girl grown to woman's estate, and the care of infirm parents or little brothers and sisters, are not all these women evidently obliged to labor? and are there not thousands of such women in every city? Is it any body's fault that these women are obliged to work? and is it right for them to work under such circumstances? If so, is helplessness their best armor? or can helplessness be considered as a weapon or working material? Also, if it is right to labor at all, and statistics prove that there are dozens of sewing women to every chance, of teachers to every situation, of boarding-house keepers to every prospect of profit, and hundreds of girls for whom there is no room behind counters, in mills, and in factories, is it a Christian duty to find work and fair wages for these women, or should we hand them over, in the name of all that is good, to starvation, temptation, and the devil? If the number of women who must support themselves increases, ought we to make provision for this fact or not? If so, ought we to accustom ourselves and our children to think that it is creditable for a woman to labor as it is for a man? and ought we to teach a girl, whose prospects are not assured, any thing that will be of practical use, or a little French, less music, and a smattering of arithmetic and grammar? Also, if it is right for a woman to work at all, ought she to receive the same money for the same labor as a man, or one-third as much, because she is a woman?

A large number of people will answer these questions affirmatively, and consider them as unnecessary, as an elaborate disquisition on "the sum of two-and-two make four." Will some one of that large number of other people, who vaguely consider the urging of such questions as upside-down-ism, tell us why these questions should not be answered in the affirmative? and if none of the things proposed should be done for these hosts of women, what shall be done? Something must be done. As Christians we have no right to pass suffering by on the other side.

It seems to me that these questions so disentangled contain their own answer, though perhaps that is because I am already convinced; and that our great difficulty is that of interesting people in ideas, needs, wishes, and

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beliefs, with which they have no flesh-and-blood connection. As said a friend to me:

"I used to label all proposed changes in the condition of women as strong-minded "isms," and put them aside with a smile. I was comfortable, and I thought that the position of our sex was admirable. It was not till I was myself pushed into the arena and set at work that I discovered the hitch in the system. I am a favored woman by comparison. I have congenial work and fair pay. I am not half-starved or half-frozen; but I have children, and since I have acted toward them a father's part I feel for them that anxiety that we call paternal: I desire for them the position and education that their father could have given them. I have as much industry, will, energy, and capability as many of the average men that I see about me. I could do more than just bar the wolf from the door, as I am doing now, and I have gone over and over the narrow ways left open for women, looking for a gate into a wider field—and there is none. Formerly I could not have been convinced that one was needed. Now that I sharply feel the want, it does not seem to me unfeminine to wish and work for some such opening. I am told that men will not help us in such attempts because they wish to find in us their opposite, not a pale copy. As there are no statistics I must answer from within the sphere of my own observation, but that has been an extended one. I think that the various grades of working-women can claim as large a share of feminine beauty, virtues, and excellences as their luckier sisters. I find that I myself am yet capable of the trimmest boots, the daintiest gloves, and the most heart-breaking hats, if I can get them; and that I do not yet disturb myself about the equality of the sexes, though I confess I side with the little girl, who, as her brother strutted pompously about, declaring—

'Shall I, a future barn-yard king,
Stay cooped up in a pen,
And hovered o'er as if I were
No better than a hen?'

exclaimed with much indignation: 'You ain't no better than a hen; you ain't no better than I be!'

"If, then, one does not lose feminine conditions and instincts by earning four hundred, seven hundred, or a thousand a year, I do not believe three thousand or five thousand a year would produce the deprecated change. For the disapprobation, in common with most women, I have a deep desire to be pleasing in the eyes of the opposite sex; but if I were offered the choice between this disapprobation on the grounds just mentioned and an opening in business that would insure the future of my children, I think I should accept the disapprobation and the business chance; though I should certainly be very sorry, and should not rest easy under it."

So far my friend.—Do you think she is very unreasonable?

OLD AUNT MATILDA.

IN TWO PARTS.-PART I.

IT is now a good many years since Matilda Hastings was a young girl spinning wool in her mother's garret of a summer afternoon. The sunshine streamed in at the curtainless southern window and made a golden path along the carpetless floor, up and down which she ran by the side of her big wheel, piecing "roll" upon "roll," and singing:

"We are marching forward to Quebec,
And the drums are loudly beating,
America has gain'd the day,
And the British are retreating.
America has gain'd the day,
And the British have departed,
So open the ring and choose another in
That you think will prove true-hearted."

Strange to say, only one word of her song had in her mind any meaning attached to it, and that word was the last, which dropped from her tongue again and again with a deliciously tender trill. As to that great day when the British came to the worse, and the United States held up their heads under flying colors, she thought nothing about it; she thought only of her sweetheart, Nathan Armstrong; who but he was the man for her? true-hearted and altogether lovely!

Ah, how poor and plain and worthless seemed all the young fellows of the neighborhood in comparison! No blue eyes but his had such tenderness in them, no tongue but his such truth upon it, no courage was so stout, and no morality quite so sincerely moral. She had a slender gold ring on her third finger that he had given her, and she had a good many dried roses in her bureau drawers that had one time after another been slipped out of his hand into hers.

They were not engaged—that is to say, not by any positive pledges given or taken—but Nathan had kissed her a good many times, and it was always understood that he should go with her to church of a Sunday evening, and to the quilting and the evening party, and once he had said to her, as at parting they lingered under the wide-spreading apple-tree by the door-yard gate, "Will the time ever come, Tilly, when we shall always be together?" and she had not said him nay.

He had not been long home from college at the time our story begins, and once or twice since his return matters had not gone quite so smooth as they used; still, there had been no quarrel. A little arrogance, or the like of it, on the part of Nathan, and a little smothered displeasure on the part of the girl—not quite resentment, but something that just for the moment hovered toward it. These trifles, however, did not affect the general stability of the relation between them.

He was made specially at home in the house of Widow Hastings upon that sort of understanding that somehow comes about without words, and came and went when he chose—breakfasting or supping if it chanced—quite as one of the family.

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Mrs. Hastings was, in her motherly way, almost as fond of the boy as Matilda herself; for though he was a little wayward and impulsive, and given to carry things upon occasion with something too high a hand, he had many generous and noble qualities, was healthful in body and mind, young, ambitious, and more than commonly good-looking.

These were cause enough for liking him without our supposing that she superadded the fifty acres of land that had been set apart for him, or the thousand dollars that were invested for his benefit in his Uncle Tom's big commercial house in the neighboring city—Cincinnati. We may, and will, therefore, leave such a supposition quite out of the case, merely suggesting that there possibly are mothers in the world with whom these considerations might have weighed.

It was a pleasant thought to the poor widow, certainly, that her Tilly was going to do so well; and if she was a little proud of it withal, why she had right to be so; and as her girl spun in the chamber she spun below stairs, only her threads were drawn from a material more subtile. She had sometimes spun her threads so long that they easily entangled themselves among the horns of the elder Mrs. Armstrong's sheep and cattle, and drew them off as Natty's portion! An agreeable pastime, and harmless enough, as it turned out. She was a poor widow, as before said, renting her little plot of garden ground and the few acres she cultivated, and the desire of her life was to see Matilda better situated in the world than she had ever been. Not that they had not enough of common comforts; she was thrifty and managing, and her girl, as well as she, did her part cheerfully, and was content to wear a washed and ironed gingham to church, and to make the summer bonnet answer for the winter too.

Ah, they were happy days, the days when they dreamed dreams and saw visions, for they were more like sisters, these two women, than mother and daughter. Mrs. Hastings was young at forty, and Matilda was old at nineteen. Sometimes, as they sat in the glow of the fire-light of a winter evening, it would have been hard to tell which Nathan was courting as he tossed his gay trifles of talk from one to the other.

Strange to say the match was regarded favorably by the Armstrong side of the house—more especially by Mrs. Armstrong, who, in her provident zeal, had already put aside, under lock and key, much fine linen, both for bed and table, marked with the initials M. H. A. wrought cunningly by her own loving hand.

"Natty," she would say much oftener than was prudent, for there is nothing like a little offishness with regard to these affairs if one be desirous of helping them on—"Natty, when are you going to bring Tilly home?" And in one way and another she would make allusion to his private and personal feelings and expectations with a taking-for-granted manner that rasped upon him sometimes, and made him reticent to obstinacy. She was not wise in this, and it contributed its share toward costing her trouble in the end. The other mother plied him some too, though not so directly, and between them he had taken the bit in his mouth and was ambling a trifle, just for the pleasure of having his own head. Matilda was unconscious of all this as she spun in her chamber that day, though even then circumstances were combining to change the amble to a curvet.

She had a sweet seriousness in her heart and in her eyes, and something like a shadow flitted now and then across her thoughts. But Nathan was coming that evening to drink tea with them, and afterward to walk with her in the lane; and she made the wheel fly fast that she might finish the stint imposed upon herself and so gain time, after the early milking, for the dressing of her hair, and the careful arraying of herself in the dimity petticoat, clock stockings, and sky-blue lawn, all of which lay already so neatly folded upon the snow-white coverlet of her bed. Should she wear a rose in her heavy braids, or a knot of violets colored like her dress? This was the question that was uppermost in her thoughts as she reeled up the last skein preparatory to fetching home the cows.

The reel had snapped, and the thread was just being tied round the skein, when the mother's eager, girlish voice was heard calling from the foot of the stairs, "Tilly, Tilly! look out the north window and see what you will see!"

She ran fast enough, and coming back to the head of the stairs the next moment cries anxiously, "Oh, mother, what shall I do? The cows are not even fetched home, and then there is the milking, and then my hair is to do, and all my things to put on! What made him come so soon, I wonder?"

"A pretty wonder, to be sure! as if you didn't know well enough. Girls didn't make-believe so much when I was young!" And then she tells her that the cows came home of themselves, and are already milked, and that she has nothing to do but comb her hair and slip on her dimity petticoat and blue lawn.

Matilda had run back to the window again by this time, and was slyly peeping out. Nathan had never looked so smart. She hardly recognized him at first, indeed, in white trowsers, a rose in his button-hole, and such a shining new hat! He was come for a purpose this evening—that was plain. Her heart was all of a flutter, so that her long hair tumbled down over her pretty white shoulders as often as she wound it up, and she could not clasp her belt till she had tried over and over.

When all was completed she stood on tip-toe before the small looking-glass, not half satisfied—she was looking such a fright—her cheeks on fire, and the handkerchief across her bosom of a tremble. In vain she tried to hum, "We are marching forward to Quebec"—the tune ran into quavers and broke off in spite of herself; and as she set aside her wheel, hoping by a little busy delay to regain her self-possession, the "wheel-

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pin" came rattling to the floor, and the spindle turned itself about and punctured her arm till it bled smartly, and pained her not a little into the bargain.

At last she came down stammering and blushing. "We were not expecting you so soon, Nathan," she said, "and that accounts for my not being ready to see you."

"Oh, it makes no difference!" Nathan answered, playing with his watch-key; "I have been entertained by your mother all the same."

He did not smile, nor speak with that lightness that would have given the words another meaning than they of themselves expressed; and as the large eyes of Matilda rested upon him her hot cheek grew cold in an instant.

"I did not mean to say you had missed me, or any thing of the sort," she said, directly looking down and picking at the frill of her apron—"I only meant to excuse myself for what seemed bad behavior."

"Excuses don't amount to much that ever I found," says Nathan, still twirling his key, and tipping his chair with rude independence.

"Why, Natty, Natty, what has come over you?" says Mrs. Hastings, lifting her hand playfully; "I have a great mind to box your ears for speaking so to our Tilly—don't you see you almost made her cry."

"Made her cry! What for I should like to know? Here, Tilly, here's an orange to make up," and taking one from his pocket he tossed it into her lap.

She thanked him coldly, and laid the orange aside on the table as though it were a gift she did not much prize. He had called her Tilly before only when they were alone, and then with timidity and tenderness of meaning, not at all with the off-hand indifference with which he had spoken it now. It all comes of his going to college, she thought.

"Don't you like oranges?" he said, after a little. "I thought every body liked them that knew what was good."

"Maybe I don't know what is good," she answered; "any how, I don't care much for them."

"I do," says Mrs. Hastings, trying to make matters better. "Ain't this a beauty? Where did you get it?"

"Oh, Uncle Tom brought out a whole lot of 'em this afternoon."

"Indeed! your Uncle Thomas is at your house then? Any of the folks with him?"

"Yes, Aunt Mary, and one of the girls."

"Which one?" says Mrs. Hastings—"the youngest?"

Matilda, for some cause, she could not have told what herself, had fixed her eyes upon him when he said *one* of the girls, and was still looking at him. His eyelids lowered of themselves, and his smoothly-shaven cheek colored visibly as he replied that it was Lamsie who was come with her mother.

"Lamsie? I didn't know there was a Lamsie!" says Mrs. Hastings, as she straightened the table-cloth and adjusted the tea-things; "and I'm sure I thought I knowed all your Aunt Mary's girls. Which one of 'em is it?"

"The oldest, I believe," says Nathan; and then he says, including Matilda with his glance, "she is going to stay out a week, if she can put up with our country fare so long, and I hope you will have a chance to get acquainted."

"I hope so," says Mrs. Hastings; but Matilda felt as if the tone were patronizing, and said nothing.

"They was all purty *little* girls," says Mrs. Hastings, "the last time I seen 'em, but that's four or five years ago, when your Aunt Sarah was buried; and I reckon some of 'em are amost young women by this time?"

Nathan made no reply to this question, for it was meant for a question, and Mrs. Hastings went on directly: "I remember your Aunt Mary had bows of crape on her mourning bonnet that day, the first time I had ever seen crape made into bows, and it looked strange, very purty though. Your aunt is a gay woman for her years, isn't she?"

Nathan says he doesn't know so much about that; town folks always seem gay to country folks, he believes; but he does know that she is a good housekeeper.

"I dare say!" Mrs. Hastings replies with admiring emphasis; and then she asks if the girls take after her.

"Oh, you must see and decide for yourself, but I doubt if this one who is out now knows so much about house-work that she can't learn something of you and Tilly. By George, what delicious cake!"

He was standing up now, and had taken a slice of the pound-cake which Mrs. Hastings had just put on the table, and was eating it. Matilda remarked that in speaking of his cousin Nathan seemed less communicative than common—that he said he *believed* Lamsie was the oldest, as though he did not know; and again, that instead of calling her name he said *this* one who is out now, and somehow she did not like the sound of it.

"Why," says Mrs. Hastings, pleased to see him enjoying her cake, "I was just going to ask you and Tilly to take a turn round the garden while the biscuits were baking; but it seems you can't wait!" And then she says she is afraid he is a spoiled boy, and that she shall have to take him in hand one of these days, for she is sure no one else can ever manage him! Intending that he shall understand, doubtless, that she will take him in hand when he is married, and that Matilda will not be able to get along with him in her overmuch gentleness and sweetness.

But the girl had spirit enough in her own soft way, if she had known it, though it is not likely she was altogether ignorant of the fact. Be that as it may, she had no fears of the sort indicated. What she does fear is that matters are not going quite as she would have them—hence all the fond scolding and familiar gayety.

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Nathan seemed to hesitate over the suggestion of a walk in the garden, took out his watch and looked at it as though he were not quite sure he had the time to spare, and, in the end, said in an indifferent sort of way: "What do you say, Miss Tilly; shall we go? or shall we not?"

"As you please, Mr. Nathan." She had not risen as she spoke, nor did she lift her eyes, and her manner of pronouncing *Mr.* Nathan was just the least bit sarcastic.

"Then Mr. Nathan pleases to go," he said; "shall I have the honor?" and he offered his arm with a sort of mock gallantry that was not just offensive, but, in the circumstances, certainly not altogether agreeable. She arose with more compliance than pleasure in her manner, and they went out together.

"Mind you don't forget yourselves and walk too far!" Mrs. Hastings calls after them.

"Trust me for that!" replied Nathan; and he laughed as though nothing were more unlikely.

Matilda was still further offended, and became severely grave. Nathan seemed not to observe the gravity, but chattered on about this and that, never once lowering his tone or touching even the tips of her fingers. Indeed he walked now before her and now behind her, taken up apparently as much with the sunflowers as with herself.

"Why don't you say something?" he inquired, after a while, standing suddenly before her.

"Because I have nothing special to say," she replied, endeavoring to pass along.

He spread wide his arms, and then she turned and walked the other way.

He came after her now, saying petulantly, "I didn't ask you to say any thing special," and then he pulled out his watch again. It was not the silver one his father had given him when he came of age, as Matilda observed, but a shining new one of gold, with a glittering chain attached that was almost as large as her little finger, and set off by seals and charms without number. She observed all this in silence: another time she would have taken it in her hand, and pleased herself as well as him by admiring and praising it. As matters stood she was not in the humor.

They walked down the path nearly the whole length of the garden without speaking, and at last Nathan made some forced remark about the flower-borders—they were blooming with unusual brightness—"What charm did Matilda exercise upon them?"

"Poor common culture—that was all—she had no charm!"

Then he said, as though he had not heard her self-depreciation: "It is no wonder they bloom, with such hands to tend them."

And then he did take her hand. She drew it away the next moment, for she felt as if she had in some sort solicited his tenderer notice, saying, she only wished every thing she had loved had repaid her as well as her flowers.

"Nonsense, Tilly! What puts such sentimental stuff in your head? Has some one of your admirers been reading Byron to you?"

And he put his arm around her waist and made a playful attempt to kiss her. It was not the deed but the manner of it that caused cheek and brow to flush with so sudden and reproachful a red, and her eyes to lower themselves so haughtily.

"Beg your pardon, Miss Hastings," says Nathan; "I will not offend in that way again." And he fell to cutting off the heads of the hollyhocks with his riding-whip.

If he had lingered beside her a single moment—if his apology had been less off-hand, and if he had not gone slashing at the hollyhocks as he did, she would doubtless have made some concession; but as it was, she could not get her own consent.

The hour was come she had watched and waited for so fondly—Nathan was beside her—they were in the twilight shadows of the garden, and, withal, the tears were gathering to her eyes in spite of all she could do. She turned away her face and busied herself with gathering a rose in order to get the better of her emotion.

"Is that the way you tend your flowers?" he said, coming back to her, for he had seen the tears. And then he said, "There are some days, Tilly, when every thing goes wrong, aren't there? Now every thing has gone wrong with me all day: mother has been teasing me. I told her as much as that I wished she would let me alone; and with that she got cross and fell scolding me, and now you must be cross with the rest."

"Oh, I am not cross, Nathan, I am only sad!" And she turned smiling to him as she tucked the rose in her braids.

Things were in a fair way of being smoothed between them now; but, as he had said, there are days when nothing will go right, and this was one of them.

"Oh, not that way, Tilly!" he cries, abruptly withdrawing the rose from the crown of braids in which she had set it—"that is too high!" and he replaced it so that it quite drooped against her neck.

"There, does that please you?" she asked, when it was done, smiling with as much brightness as she could—her rose had always pleased him till then, no matter how she wore it—a fact she could not but remember.

He made no immediate answer, but without ceremony pushed the hair away from her forehead; then, after observing her attentively, said: "Well, yes, better."

"Indeed!" she replied; and then, with that reproachful generosity women know so well how to use, she said: "However my hair is, yours is certainly arranged to perfection: I never saw it so very pretty and becoming."

"Is it though? I'm glad you think so; for

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I was particularly anxious to look well this evening, and not quite satisfied with my own judgment."

"You would have looked well enough in my eyes any way, you know," she answered, well pleased, and supposing the anxiety had reference only to herself.

"Oh, you're very good to say so, Tilly; allow me to make my profoundest bow," and, smiling gayly, he stooped and touched his lips to her hand. And then he said: "I forgot, really, that I was not to offend in that way any more!"

"You have not offended," Matilda answered, but in a tone and with a manner that told plainly he had offended in some way.

"Well, I am fated for to-day," says Nathan. "Suppose we go in."

She stood still in the path for one moment—her great, solemn eyes fixed on him as if they grew there. Was this, then, her Nathan?

A whole revelation is made to us sometimes by a single word or look, and this brief interview had made one to Matilda. She knew as well as she knew she was alive that Nathan Armstrong was not the great-hearted, true-hearted Nathan she had taken him for; but yet, with that blind perversity that inheres in the nature of woman, she tried with all her might to shut out the truth.

"Yes, let us go in," she said, in a low, strange voice, as she withdrew her eyes from that searching look into the soul of her lover.

He was startled by the something in the tone which the words did not themselves say, and drawing her arm through his, detained her by gentle force. "Not yet," he said, "it is so pleasant here;" and after a slight pause added, "and I am so happy."

Matilda could not help thinking he added the last words to satisfy her, and not to satisfy any necessity there was for saying them in himself. It was Nathan's voice, to be sure, but Nathan's heart was not in the voice.

There were some hives of bees on a rude bench beneath a peach-tree in one corner of the garden, and Nathan, catching at them as for dear life, asked Matilda a dozen questions about their habits and the best method of rearing them. She replied so briefly and concisely that the subject was soon exhausted, and he was obliged to cast about for something else. The currant bushes were discussed, but they were not a very prolific subject either, and then the raspberry vines had their turn, and after that the hops, and the turnips, and potatoes. And then the late rain and its damage to the crops; and this at last brought out a genuine utterance, and left the mechanical utterances to go for nothing—just what they were worth.

"I am sick of farming, and of the life of a farmer!" was the exclamation that had the ring of sincerity in it.

"Oh, Nathan, how can you say so, and with such a nice lot of land as you have?" And then Matilda dwelt on the beauty of the woods and the orchards and the springs of water, and the hills with their sheep and cattle. "All it needs to make it perfect," she said, "is a white cottage nestled under the maple-trees at the end of the lane.

"That's a pretty notion enough that of love in a cottage," said Nathan, chilling all her enthusiasm; "but be-hanged if I believe in it much, after all! Any how, I'm sick of farming; it's all hard and hateful, and I'm sick of it!"

"You don't believe in love in a cottage, after all! After all what?"

"Oh, I don't know—after all that's been said about it," Nathan answered with a slight tone of impatience.

"Well, I do believe in it, and I wouldn't believe in any thing else if I could!" And Matilda began to paint the picture with all the glowing colors that the loving heart reflects so well upon the outward world; but Nathan interrupted her by an ejaculation so completely out of sympathy with her that she could not go on, and both felt it a relief when Mrs. Hastings, from the open window of the kitchen, called out, "Come, children, supper is ready!"

What pains she had taken that Nathan might miss nothing to which he was used at home, and how delicious and plentifully hospitable it all was! The tea-pot was of tin, to be sure, but bright as silver, and the tray was covered with a napkin as fine as her cunning fingers could spin, and as white as the driven snow. The bread was scarcely less white, and the butter was golden and hard, and all printed over with field-lilies. Then there was the honey, and the gooseberries, and the cake, and the cream—but what need that we should name all the inviting delicacies there spread out?

"Come, Natty, you shall sit opposite Tilly," says Mrs. Hastings, herself sitting down; but Nathan blushed, and stammered an excuse—he was sorry, but he could not drink tea with them that night; he had promised to be at home.

"But we will not have you excused!" cries Mrs. Hastings, with good-natured defiance. "Your promise to us is the oldest, isn't it, Tilly? So sit down without more ado. A pretty story it is if I am to go to all this trouble for nothing!"

But still the young man positively declined. He must not, could not, dare not; he had come, indeed, only to make his apologies, and bring an invitation from his mother for Mrs. Hastings and Tilly to pass the evening with her. Would they come? With all his heart he hoped so. And he glanced at Matilda distrustfully. She saw his appeal, but did not answer it with look or smile; and then he said, approaching her and taking her hand: "Promise that you will come, won't you?"

"It shall be just as mother says," she answered, as though it were a matter of no interest to her, and she took her place at the table.

"Really, Nathan, I don't like it one bit!"

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says Mrs. Hastings, half in earnest. "Why don't you persuade him to stay, Tilly?"

"Because I see he prefers to go," she said; "and I am sure I would not stand in his way for the world!"

"Oh, Matilda, you are not angry with me, I hope!" Nathan said, stepping forward impulsively; "if you are going to be vexed about it I will stay at any rate."

She answered that she was not vexed—a little disappointed, that was all; and he, in his dull apprehension, did not feel that a little disappointment on her part was a matter for any serious consideration on his—a matter worth his while to consider at all, indeed. Nevertheless he felt, somehow, uncomfortable with himself as he took his leave.

His father's house was two miles distant from the small tenement in which Mrs. Hastings lived, and for the first half mile of the way he rode slowly, thinking over the constrained interview with Tilly, and of their parting, more like the parting of strangers than lovers. Then saying, "It will all be right when I see her again. I will make it right—I must!" he touched the flank of his gray young horse with the silver spur he wore and galloped home, believing that it was already the same as settled. Lamsie was at the gate waiting for him.

"You good-for-nothing scape-grace!" she said, pelting him with roses as he dismounted, "I have a great mind never to speak to you again as long as I live! Here have I been this long half hour watching and waiting and weeping for you. Just look at my eyes! aren't they all dim with tears?" And she bent her round, rosy face coquettishly near.

Nathan caught her round the waist and kissed her, as she perhaps designed that he should; when, breaking from his arms, she ran down the walk before him, crying, with mock displeasure, that she would go straight and tell her mother.

Lamsie was older than Matilda by three years, but she was only a big spoiled child; and what was more, she was incapable of ever being any thing else. She was one of those soft, pulpy, rosy creatures that decay without ever having ripened into womanhood. She was pretty to look upon, as a doll is pretty, but she lacked soul and lacked heart, if the truth must be told. She had some sentiment, of that shallow character that is exhausted by a year of marriage, and she had really fine hair and teeth, and a great many fine dresses, rings, ribbons, and furbelows. And many a man wiser than Nathan has thought before now that fine feathers make a fine bird.

The sprightly ease and freedom of her manners contrasted, to his thinking, charmingly with the shy ways and bashful sincerity of the country-bred girls with whom he was acquainted. Then every man has his weak hour, not to say weak side; and, besides, there are things happening about us all the time that we do not pretend to account for—as, for instance, how the snake charms the bird; but that it is done we all know, though doubtless the bird, once out of the awful jaws, would be able to give us very little light upon its case.

"And where is Mrs. Hastings and Matilda?" inquires the mother of Nathan as he goes into the tea-room. Then it came out that he had not asked them to come home with him to tea, but only for the evening. "Well," says Mrs. Armstrong, in great displeasure, "it is no wonder they didn't come. I would not have accepted such a poor invitation neither!"

Nathan was perhaps a little humiliated that his mother should be cross with him, and perhaps too anxious to appear independent before his cousin Lamsie, and made haste to say that for his part he was quite willing that both Mrs. Hastings and her daughter should do as they chose; he certainly had not urged them.

"Suppose we run over after tea," says Lamsie, smiling her sweetest, "and fetch them home with us?"

It was not that she cared so much for the disappointment of Nathan's mother, but rather that she liked the prospect of a long walk with Nathan; and besides, she was one of those restless creatures that are never satisfied more than five minutes any where.

"That would be fetching them a day after the fair," says Mrs. Armstrong, who did not like the prospect of the long moonlight walk for her son with the like of Lamsie.

But Nathan said, quickly, "We will go and pass the evening with them, then; we are not obliged to fetch them the day after the fair."

"That will do better," Mrs. Armstrong says, seeing that she could not prevent the moonlight ramble; and then she says she will go along and "make her apology at any rate, since Nathan is no more to be trusted."

"I'm sorry I didn't know your mind, mother," says Nathan.

"I'm sorry you don't know your own," she answers, sharply; and then there was silence till Lamsie broke in with—

"Come now, good, sweet Aunt Armstrong, don't be cross with poor Nat. This Tilly has shown him the cold shoulder, that's evident, and no wonder it put things out of his head. Own the truth now, Nat, isn't it so?"

And then she clapped her hands and laughed, asking him if he didn't feel a little bit better as time went on. Then she ran round to him at the table where he sat, and put a great lump of sugar in his tea, to make up, she said, for deficiency of accustomed sweetness. Then she teased him about his hair, and told him she knew he had been trying to make himself irresistible, and that she had never in all her life seen him look so awfully ugly! "Just see for yourself!" she cried, holding him round the neck, and forcing him to see himself in the polished bowl of his tea-spoon.

"It was too bad of you, Lamsie," whispered Nathan, as his mother was putting away the tea-things.

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To which the girl replied that she was only just in fun, and she was so sorry, and would he forgive her if she'd kiss him, and promise never to do so any more?

Yes, he would forgive her on those terms.

And so she kissed him, and then she said it was all true she had been saying, and she would say it again, and then she ran laughing away.

"Well, Tilly, shall we go and see this charming Miss Lamsie, or whatever her beautiful name may be?" Mrs. Hastings had said when the evening work was done.

Matilda had burst into tears at that, and there was an end of it; for the effect of tears, let poets say what they will, is neither advantageous to the spirits nor the face. In vain Mrs. Hastings had said, "Don't mind, child—the course of true love never did run smooth—it will all be right next time." The more she had tried to comfort the poor girl the less she had been comforted; and so they sat in gloomy silence when the gay voices of the approaching visitors arrested their attention.

The rose was gone from Matilda's hair, and the brightness from her eyes and cheek, and she made no effort to appear more light-hearted than she was; she was young and simple-minded, and knew nothing of the requisitions of society. Besides, she could not readily come into sympathy with the fine young lady from town. If the truth must be told, she contrasted unfavorably that night with her shallow visitor, who had all she knew at her finger-ends, and was not disconcerted by any thing.

Seeing that Matilda failed to entertain her she entertained Matilda, running on from one gay trifle to another as lightly and as thoughtlessly almost as the bird sings. What did she do with all the long days? And wasn't she lonesome, and didn't she get tired of seeing the same old moon and stars every night? Why, she should be moped to death, and run away with the very first fellow that would have her! And she turned smilingly upon Nathan, as though she should be only too glad to run away with the like of him.

Then she found her own way into the garden, and came back with her arms full of roses, which she tossed about with playful profusion—over the heads and shoulders of the two elderly ladies, over Nathan, over the sleepy watch-dog, and all about the neatly-scoured floor. Her fair face was lighted up with smiles and good-nature, her white dress floated about her like a cloud of mist, and the airy nothings of her conversation were pleasing, because they were perfectly spontaneous and free from that tinge of melancholy which is apt to accompany deeper thoughtfulness.

"She is a silly chatter-box, and vain and selfish withal," mused Matilda, as she looked upon her from the dim corner of the room in which she kept herself withdrawn, "but she is certainly pretty." And this last she admitted with a little shiver of her whole body, as if something cold and disagreeable had touched her.

She had done no injustice to the young lady as to her selfishness and vanity; but they were qualities rather intuitively felt than seen as yet, being well hidden by her affluence of spirits and gay good-humor, but sure to come to the surface with the inevitable pressure of time, or under the weight of any sudden trial or misfortune perhaps. A butterfly of the summer, she, that required a garden of roses, and all sunshiny and beautiful things for its pleasure—nay, more, for its very existence.

Matilda must show her the big spinning-wheel, and then she must herself spin a thread or two, and Nathan must come and turn the wheel—the wool was as much as she could manage—and as often as she broke her thread she made him responsible, and gave him a pretty scolding for it; and when she succeeded in winding a perfect thread on the spindle, she clapped her little white hands and screamed with delight.

She wore a green spray and a little bunch of dark-blue violets in her golden hair, and Matilda noticed with a jealous pang that they drooped low against her neck. As she shook back her tresses in her glee the flowers came to the ground, and then Nathan must adjust them; and when in his bashfulness he said he could not reach so high, she answered with coaxing playfulness, "Do now, dear Natty!" And when he still made excuses she dropped on her knees before him and bent her bright head low, so forcing him against his will to replace the flowers.

Her arms were bare and the neck of her dress so low as to scandalize the prim little country maiden, and she offered her a shawl, expressing the fear that she might take cold in the unaccustomed air.

"Oh, how good you are!" cries Lamsie, seizing and kissing the hand that offered the shawl, and then she says she will come and spin for her every day, and help her with the milking, and that in the evenings Nat shall let them ride the horses, and they will have such fun!

She tossed the shawl about her shoulders with an airy grace that Matilda could never have counterfeited, and then she put it over her head and made it into a hood, and crossing her hands demurely called herself a nun, stringing her roses into a rosary the while. Matilda could not relax much, however—she *could* not, I say; she saw that Nathan was charmed, and she found it difficult to accord the charmer simple justice.

There was another who found it difficult too, and that was Nathan's mother. She had already accepted Matilda as a daughter-in-law, and she was determined to accept no other. "The foolish boy!" she said to Mrs. Hastings, as they talked apart, "I feel like boxing his ears and shutting him up in the closet! A pretty wife that chit would make him, to be sure!"

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And then she told Mrs. Hastings confidentially that her brother Tom was trying to coax Nathan off to town; that he had offered him a fine salary, and an easy situation in his establishment; and that she was very much afraid the boy would take up with it. Adding: "And if he does, who knows what will come of it?" And by this Mrs. Hastings understood that she feared he would marry Lamsie. And she hinted as much.

"Ah, that is just it!" says Mrs. Armstrong; "the boy doesn't know his own heart, nor his own head, as it seems; and what will be the worst of it, he will find them out when it is too late—mark my words!" And then she says, spitefully, that the girl's name is not Lamsie at all, but Eunice instead. "That is what she was named any how," she goes on, "and what they always called her while they lived over the store on Fifth Street; but since Tom has made money, and they have gone down onto Fourth Street, and got a stone front, plain Eunice has got converted into Lamsie somehow!" She didn't see, for her part, what pretense they had for it; she was sure the names were not much alike. And then she said she would give Nat a talking to, and see if that would bring him to his senses; and directly after they all went away, Lamsie looking back and laughing and kissing her hand to Matilda again and again. And with her hanging on his arm, Matilda watched Nathan pass out of sight. Only once during the evening had he spoken apart with her, and then he had said with offensive anxiety of tone, "How do you like her, Til?"

"She's a pleasant little thing enough," says Mrs. Hastings, as she locked the door, "but she never did a day's work in her life, I reckon, and Nathan has got too much sense to be carried away with the like of her!"

There was no flutter in Matilda's heart when she slipped the blue lawn from her shoulders, as there had been when she put it on; all there was heaviness, and, to say the best of it, suspense. And this, then, had been the evening to which she had looked forward with such eager delightfulness of anticipation!

She did not sing at her spinning the next day, nor the next; and all the week went by, and still she had not repeated the song that she had joined in her thoughts to Nathan. Lamsie had been to call upon her two or three times, but she had not returned the calls. She had not time, she said; and she feared, no doubt, that Nathan would think she was seeking to see him, and this she would not do, however much she desired it. Matilda knew by this time that Nathan had a chance of going to town, and she almost knew that he would go; still, she thought he would come and talk with her about it before he quite decided.

From the window of the chamber where she spun she could see him at work in the hay-fields that adjoined her mother's grounds every day; and often the wheel stopped, and she stood with the wool in her hand quite still, as she saw Lamsie come into the field with a pitcher of water in her hand, or with a rake across her shoulder. Sometimes, when Nathan stopped to drink, they would remain apparently chatting together a good while; and sometimes they would sit down in the shade, nearer each other than she liked to see them sit.

She could fancy the girl's ringing laugh as she tossed the hay over Nathan while he stooped before her swinging the scythe; and once she saw him chase and catch her, and put his face very close—close enough to have kissed her. All this made her very uneasy, and was enough to keep her from singing, as it did.

"What is the matter, my child? Do cheer up!" Mrs. Hastings said, time after time. But she knew well enough what was the matter, only she had not the heart to acknowledge it openly, and almost thought by ignoring it she could make it as though it were not. Perhaps we have all of us done something of the sort at some time.

Matters, meantime, were going from bad to worse, if the truth had been known. When Lamsie raked the hay for Nathan, and picked out the flowers and tossed them in his bosom, she tempted him to retaliate in the like playful fashion; and so it often happened that their hands met, and sometimes it happened that the playful quarrel ran almost into earnest, and then it was to be made up, and we all know what comes of such things. What came of it with them was, in the first place, that the work was neglected; and, in the next place, that the lost time must be made up, and so Lamsie would stay, hindering and helping, till long after dark, as it fell out once or twice; and upon these occasions, as they walked home through the shadows, it happened that Nathan's arm was around her waist.

Two or three times, at the beginning of her visit, Lamsie had "run in," as she called it, to see Matilda, but the visits grew shorter with each repetition. She had always promised "Nat" that she would assist him in the garden or the hay-field, or at whatever he chanced to be about, and Matilda never insisted that she should break her promise. So the end of the week came, and for several days Lamsie had not "run in" at all.

And now it was known to Matilda, through general rumor, that Nathan Armstrong was going to leave the farm for good and all—going to town to live with his uncle Tom and become a fine gentleman, and forget his country friends and neighbors, so people said. Every word of this sort, and many such were spoken, went like a knife through the heart of Matilda; but she pondered in silence, and breathed never a word of reproach or of complaint. Nathan was blinded, bewildered, for a time, but he was still true-hearted; she never dreamed that he could really prefer another to her, because she knew she could not prefer another to him; and then, had he not told her in a thousand ways that he loved her? She blamed

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herself more, in reality, for harboring a doubt than she blamed him for giving her cause. She was unreasonable; she hoped and exacted too much. But under all and over all there was a boding of ill, that kept her from smiling and from singing as she used.

Mrs. Armstrong was out of all patience, as she said to her neighbor Mrs. Hastings, to think that Nat was come of age now, and had his fifty acres, and his own team, and his choice of the cows, and his father to assist him in the building of a house, and just as nice a little sweet-heart as ever was, into the bargain, and he must go and throw it all away! And for what? He would see for what before he was many years older; but young heads couldn't be put on to old shoulders, she supposed, and Nat would have to burn his fingers before he could be made to know that fire was hot! She had a dozen coverlets and sheets, and table-linen, and all things to match, laid away in the press, that had been called Tilly's things for a year past, and now to think! Well, they might lie there seven years and rot before Tom's Eunice, the lazy, good-for-nothing thing, should have them! She had talked and talked to Nat, but what good came of it?—the more she said against Eunice, why the more he was for her; and he was not a child any more so that she could shut him up in the closet; she only wished he was, and she'd keep him there for one while she guessed.

In this way the disappointed mother got some bitter comfort; but not much, for there is never much comfort to be got out of being wroth with one we love.

Natty was Natty, and her own boy after all; and she could not bear that he should burn his fingers and learn for himself that fire was hot. Perhaps, if he had his own head for a while, he would see the folly of his ways, and be glad enough to come back and settle on the fifty acres. This was the last consolation she could get for herself when she was driven to the wall, and forced, for the time being, to give up her cherished plan. So with one gleam of sunshine among her shadows, she washed, and bleached, and pressed, and knitted, and darned, and mended, and got all Nat's wardrobe in the best condition possible against his going. And the old trunk that had been his father's was packed, and the last day, and the evening of the last day of the home-staying, was come.

"You are going to see Matilda?" says she, when the latest "chores" were done.

"Of course we are," answers Nathan. "Come, Lamsie, get your shawl and hat."

"Is that Matilda's shawl, Eunice, and torn in that way?" says Mrs. Armstrong, taking hold of the shawl, a part of which the careless girl had left among the briers in the hay-field.

"Yes, aunty, but I'll get her another; this was an old thing any how!"

"See that you do," says Mrs. Armstrong, to the manifest annoyance of her son; and then she says, "if you were my girl I would give you a downright scolding!"

"Ah, but you mustn't scold now, dear aunty, because if you do I shall cry; and I am so sorry about the shawl, indeed I am, and I'll give her one of mine, so do pray forgive me!"

She had fallen on the neck of her aunt and was kissing her, and the kind-hearted woman was in some sort pacified, and dismissed her with a little box of the ear that was half in earnest and half in play.

The evening was beautiful, and it was the last walk they would have together through the green lane, so they made it leisurely, and Mrs. Hastings and Matilda were just lighting their candle to go to bed when the click of the gate-latch detained them.

"I was sure he would come, mother! I was sure of it! That is his step!" and putting down the candle Matilda ran and opened the door. It was Nathan sure enough; but not as she expected to see him, not alone.

"I knew you would never forgive me if I came without Lamsie," he said; "and so I have fetched her along. Besides, she needed the exercise, for she does nothing from morning till night; she is a very lazy creature. I wish she was a little more like you, Matilda!"

And with that they came laughing into the house, and Lamsie kissed Matilda on the cheek, saying: "I am sure I second your wish, Nat, with all my heart!" And then she told Matilda that her cousin was a great big story-teller, so he was, and that he made her out as bad as she could be, and that she meant to be avenged on him when she got him away from his friends.

"And so it is really true that you're going to leave your friends, is it, Nathan?" says Mrs. Hastings, turning very serious eyes upon him.

"For a short time," he answers; "that is, I am going to town, but I shall be home every week, you know."

"And you had like to have gone without so much as mentioning it. Really, Natty, I don't think it was kind of you!"

And then he laughs gayly, and says such a trifling matter was hardly worth mention, and that he has been so busy, and that he has intended to come night after night, but has been somehow prevented; and he appeals to Lamsie to say if all is not just as he has stated it to be.

"Oh! we have no fault to find, of course," says Mrs. Hastings, "only we should have been glad to see him." And not another word was said about his going away first or last.

Lamsie asked Matilda about her spinning, and said she was so sorry not to have learned more, and that next time she came to the country she was going to be a better girl; that really her cousin Nat had made her help him all the time; her poor hands were blistered with raking, and she showed the palms to Matilda, asking her to have pity upon a poor, helpless girl that was the victim of such a tyrant! But there was constraint upon all parties; and after a little commonplace talk the visit came to an end, Nathan saying that he had no doubt

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but that he should see them oftener than ever when he came to be further removed.

"You will be more likely to forget us altogether," says Matilda, repressing her tears.

"Forget you!" says Nathan; "not till my right hand forgets its cunning!" But he said it with a lightness and gayety that made the words almost a mockery; and the next minute he was chatting and laughing with his cousin far up the lane.

And this, then, was the parting to which the true and tender-hearted young girl had looked forward with such hope and confidence. For a little while all courage misgave her; her hands and her feet refused to obey her will, and the wheel stood idle against the wall; but she was young, and gradually hope resumed sway; but confidence lingered, for, when once lost, that is not got back so easily. We need not paint nor try to paint the flutterings and sinkings of the heart with the coming and going of the tide; the blushes and the pallor that succeeded one another as news that was agreeable or the contrary came from time to time. Weeks went by, and hope faded into fear, and fear brightened into hope again and again; and at last the fears vanished and hope was predominant—Nathan was come once more.

And they walked in the garden and sat on the thyme bank by the bee-hives in the soft moonlight, and the young man told the girl all about his new life, and all about the high ambition he was beginning to nurse. He meant to be a rich man yet; he had been a baby to think of marrying with only his hands and fifty acres of land! He must wait. He did not say we must wait, but Matilda did not notice that; and perhaps, after all, there was as much happiness in the anticipation as the reality. This was a new tone for Nathan, to be sure—but were they not alone together on the thyme bank, and was not her hand in his, and how should the simple and single-hearted child be distrustful or afraid? Nathan was come back, and every thing must needs be right!

He spoke not one word of Lamsie, and Matilda had not the heart to name her. He called Matilda his good angel, and said how much he had needed her help and guidance amidst the temptations that were constantly being thrown in his way. She would never forsake him, he hoped; never cease to be to him a steadfast star, let come what would. She was very dear to him—dearer than he could say; and he almost wished it were possible to die for her then and there; to have the bees humming about him and the long grass blowing over his face were an end to be coveted indeed! And then he sighed and hung his head, and they remained a long time silent, Matilda pitying him from the bottom of her innocent heart, and wondering why so strange and sad a mood had come over him.

If she had been older or wiser in the world's wisdom she would have seen that all was not right. Perhaps it was as well that she did not see; it put the evil day afar off.

She did not remember till after he was gone how little he had said that was not shadowy and vague; as she looked back and tried to catch it, it escaped her like the mist or the moonlight, and she could not but wonder what it was out of which she had gotten so much happiness at the time.

When her mother asked her at what time Nathan was coming again, she was vexed with her mother. He had said nothing about coming again, and when pressed and forced to admit it, she was more vexed than ever, but not with him. Oh no! He had not thought of it perhaps, and perhaps, in the multiplicity of his cares and the embarrassments of an occupation new to him, he did not himself know when he should come; but it would be as soon as possible, she was sure of that.

Had he not called her his "angel," and said he was "ready to die for her?" This was not saying he was ready to live for her, if she had chanced to think of it, but she did not chance. She saw through the medium of her own affections, and she saw in some sort, as we all do, what she wished to see. And there was besides, even yet, underlying all her fears, an almost unshaken belief in his moral integrity. Almost unshaken, I say, for it had been, as the reader knows, jarred if not moved. She loved him all the same, and she could not bear a hint of his falsity, but somehow she found no rest in her love.

One day, when a month was gone by since his last visit, there came a letter from Nathan. Matilda dare not break the seal, she feared so much, and by this time had reason to fear so much. She hid it in her bosom, and there it fluttered over her heart the long summer afternoon; and not till the evening work was done, and the door of her chamber locked, did she venture to draw it forth. A stifling sensation oppressed her at the first words. "My life-long friend, my good little angel," it began. And then he went on as though no other relation than one of friendship and neighborly regard had ever existed between them. He had fallen in love, he said, but he distrusted his judgment without her sanction, as he always did, and if she did not send him her approval he should certainly be very miserable. The lady was not so young nor so beautiful as herself, and to be frank, he feared, nay, he knew she had not her excellent qualities; in truth he wished she were more like his own good little Tilly! But the meshes of fate were about him, and he was committed irretrievably. He could say to her, his angel, that he hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry. He hoped, however, in case that the *worst came to the worst* (this was underscored and pointed with an exclamation), she and his Lamsie would always be the dearest of sisters, the truest of friends. This was the hope that gave him the sweetest happiness he knew. He thought daily, nightly,

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almost hourly of the delightful hours they had spent together, when it had sometimes seemed to their foolish imaginations that such hours were never to end—ay, he thought of them, and thought of them regretfully. Did Matilda remember them? And would she consent to renew those happy hours with another, more closely joined, but scarce dearer than she! He hoped and believed she would say yes, for there was nothing too much to expect of her generous nature; though, if the cases were reversed, and he should venture to propose such a thing to his wayward Lamsie, she would tear his eyes out! Ah, my angel, my lost angel, I would she were more like you!

Then he said the wedding-day was not even spoken of as yet; indeed it could hardly be called a real engagement, though it seemed to be regarded as such, insomuch that he felt himself tied to an apron-string! And then he said, "Do pity me, my darling! I am sometimes almost miserable!" No, the wedding-day had not been spoken of, but if ever there were a wedding—he hated weddings, and wished the whole affair were over—and if there were bridemaids, and of course Lamsie must have her way about that, would she, his dearest, best, sweetest friend, honor them and make them happy by being one? He would send her a dress—he supposed some flimsy affair would be required—he would send it, that she might have no trouble about it. "And now my dear Lamsie"—Lamsie was carefully erased, and Matilda inserted—"I want you to write me a long, kind, loving letter, such as no other woman would or could write, but just what your generous nature will of itself prompt. Write me, darling, from your very heart, and if you do not approve of the step I am committed to, your better judgment shall be my '*thus far*.' This I promise you sacredly, and that means a promise to be kept come what will." If, however, he had her sanction he hoped she would make haste to follow in his footsteps, and that her mate would be more perfect than he had found. And with this hope he was "always and always her affectionate friend and devoted admirer."

Was ever kindness crueler than this?

Matilda read this letter calmly from first to last, and then she read it again word for word, and then she folded it, and went with it straight to her mother, and when she had put it in her hand she laid her head on her bosom, and said: "Read it, dear mother, but let us say no word about it; and for the time to come I will try to be a better child to you than I have ever been—try to be worthier of the love that I know is true."

"As if you had not always been worthy—as if you had not always been too good!" cried the mother, bursting into a flood of angry tears; and then she said, "God will never let him rest, and I hope—"

"Oh, mother, mother!" interposed Matilda, placing one hand over the mouth that was uttering the revengeful hope, and then she took the letter and laid it in the fire, and not another word was said about Nathan between them, or then, or ever.

A long time after the gray ashes were blown to the winds they sat together in silence, the cheek of the mother resting on the daughter's head, and many and many a night thereafter they sat the same way, each understanding the other's thoughts, but speaking no word that represented the thoughts.

And the heart of the girl did not break—hearts do not break so easily as they are said to do in stories—it suffered and ached and throbbed for many a weary day and month, and then it settled into a dreamless and hopeless quiet, and the face wore its old smile—a little sadder, but not less sweet—and she took up the cares and duties of life with a more steadfast and energetic will.

Matilda did not sing the old song at her spinning, but she sung hymns instead; went much to church, and mused upon the green fields beyond the swelling flood, and tried to lay up her treasures there, not altogether without success, though not in perfect tranquillity.

But though they were so silent in the household of Mrs. Hastings the neighborhood was not silent, and, strange to say, there was little sympathy expressed for Matilda.

"She was in love with Nathan Armstrong," the gossips said, "and he has gone off and married his rich cousin, and left her to dance in the pig trough!" and they laughed as they said it, even as though a good thing had befallen themselves. Then they wondered if she would not be ashamed to show her head abroad, and a few, from sheer curiosity, made excuses to call at her mother's house, simply to see for themselves how she bore herself in her desertion. She was calm, to all seeming, and kindly, and quiet as ever, and they one and all went vexed away that they could not get something of a startling sort to tell about the town.

But to go back a little. The letter was never answered, and one day when the rumor was flying every where that a beautiful daughter-in-law was shortly to be brought home to Mrs. Armstrong, Nathan suddenly presented himself at the door of his forsaken little sweet-heart. He looked unhappy, restless, flushed with excitement, as if he were neither master of himself nor of any thing.

Would Matilda grant him one more last walk in the garden? That was what he was come to ask. He had no right, he made no pretense of right, but would she grant him, of her sweet generosity, thus much? He was going away—going out of the country, and might never have another favor to ask. He whispered this as she bent over her sewing work—a wedding-cap for his mother—beneath the west window through which the sunset lights were shining darkly red, for it was autumn and the close of the day.

She turned the cap of fine yellow lace on her hand for a moment, and then put it down and went with him to the garden. He put one arm

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about her when they turned down the narrow path, but she said, "No, Nathan!" without smiling or blushing, and softly pushed the arm away. Then he asked her why she had not written to him—perhaps that he did not know what else to say.

"Because, Nathan, I had nothing to say to you, nor have I now," she added, quietly, and without anger.

"Oh, Matilda, that is cruel, very cruel—if you only knew—"

"I do know," she answered; "you were good enough to tell me, you remember?"

"But you don't know, you don't begin to know how much I suffer!"

"I am sure I am very sorry."

"Oh, Matilda, don't kill me with such coldness—I had hoped you would help me—it was madness I know, but I hoped."

"You yourself made it impossible for me to help you; and besides, what help can you need? You have money, beauty, every thing *you* desire?"

"I haven't what I desire—it is yourself I desire! to hold and to keep, from this day forward till death do us part!"

And all against her will he put his arm about her and drew her to the thyme bank by the beehives, and so held her as he poured out his heart, stirred now to the very bottom. He told her how his mother had vexed him with her constant importunities, and how she herself had been cold to him and held herself apart, just when he required her tenderness the most; how ambition had blinded, and at last beauty and artfulness bewildered him; and how, by one means and another, he had been pushed and goaded to the very edge of the precipice; but the last fatal step was not yet taken; would Matilda, his own little sweet-heart, all the true sweet-heart he had ever had, or ever could have, help him to recede?

No, she would not help him; he was not the man she had taken him for.

"No, Matilda, nor am I the man I took myself for; help me to be what I once thought myself, and what you once believed me!"

Then he took all the blame upon himself, and abased himself to the very ground, confessing his utmost weakness and wickedness.

But she only said, "How can you begin to be true to me upon a lie to another? No, Nathan, you have shaped your own destiny; I must accept mine."

There was much more between them, but we need not repeat it; it ended where it began. At last Nathan said, picking a faint little flower that was yet struggling for life in the grass at their feet: "Forgive me, at least, and take this in token of your forgiveness."

But she refused the flower. "I can not forgive you," she said, "to-day, nor to-morrow, nor for twenty years."

Then he offered it again, saying her acceptance of his poor gift would add something to his happiness.

"I have nothing to do with your happiness or misery," she said. "They are of your own making; go and keep the faith you have plighted!"

"Is not a bad promise—one that was wrung from me, too—better broken than kept?"

"You might come to think another bad to-morrow. And if you did not, why you are not the man I took you for, that is all."

It was quite dark now, and the wind blowing chill. "Where is your shawl?" asked Nathan, endeavoring to shield her.

"With your Lamsie," she answered, "but let us go in; the last time we walked here I waited till you, in your weariness, proposed it, and I have no desire to repeat that experience."

"Nor any other you have had with me?"

"No, nor any other."

"God help me, then!" cried Nathan, and hid his eyes in his arm that his tears might at least be unseen. And as he sat thus she arose and walked away from him.

A month after this there came a little package to Matilda, sent her from Lamsie on her wedding-day; the package contained a rich and beautiful shawl, and to save the offense, a reminder of the pretty one she had so negligently carried off, and which, if her dear friend would allow her, she begged leave to keep.

Matilda returned the fine shawl with the simple statement that she preferred her own; and this was all the intercourse there ever was between the two women.

MEDICAL DELUSIONS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE possession of medical knowledge was considered by the ancients to be an inspiration from Heaven, and so Ashmole declares physic to be "a divine science, even God's theologie; for the Almighty wrote his Scripture in that language before he made Adam to reade it. The ten fathers before the flood, and those that followed, together with Moses and Solomon, were the great physitians in former ages, who bequeathed their heavenly knowledges of naturall helpes to those they judged as well worthy, in honesty and industry, as capable thereof: and from their piercing beames all nations enlightened their tapers. Abraham brought it out of Chaldea and bestowed much thereof upon Egypt, and thence a refulgent beame glanced into Greece."

Judicial Astrology, Alchemy, and Natural Magic were the progenitors of chemistry and modern medicine: thus, imposture begat science; at any rate it was the forerunner. Nevertheless, it is not to be presumed that the ancients regarded these in any other light than as sciences; in fact, they were the sciences of ignorance. They were the best and most efficacious of the times in which they were in vogue. Astrology was the one of greatest antiquity, and in some of its forms has continued

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with the superstitious to the present day. To a greater or lesser extent "the rising and setting of the stars, the eclipses of the sun and moon, the appearance of comets or other fiery meteors, the aspects, conjunctions, and oppositions of the planets, have all been considered to be intimately influential in the production as in the relief of diseases." Frascatorius, a poet and physician, sought for the causes of diseases in the heavens. Certain positions of the heavenly bodies he considered to be of malignant influence, by which contagious diseases were produced. A conjunction of many stars under the large fixed stars predicted a contagion; falling stars and comets denoted putrefaction. The Jesuit Kircher, after a strict examination of almanacs and astrological tables, contended that putrid diseases had always prevailed at those times when the planets Mars and Saturn were in conjunction. He therefore inferred that those two planets emitted very deadly exhalations, which infected the air and all terrestrial productions with a putrescent tendency, when myriads of animalcules were instantly generated, and the plague, the smallpox, the measles, or some other putrid fevers became inevitable.

Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, says: "Paracelsus is of opinion 'that a physician without the knowledge of stars can neither understand the cause or cure of any disease, either of this [melancholy] or gout, not so much as toothache; except he see the peculiar geniture and scheme of the party affected.' And for this proper malady [melancholy] he will have the principal and primary cause of it proceed from the heaven, ascribing more to stars than humors, 'and that the constellation alone many times produceth melancholy, all other causes set apart.' He gives instance in lunatic persons, that are deprived of their wits by the moon's motion; and in another place refers all to the ascendant, and will have the true and chief cause of it to be sought from the stars. Neither is it his opinion only, but of many Galenists and philosophers, though they do not as peremptorily maintain as much."

Even Hippocrates and Galen held a knowledge of astronomy to be essential to physicians. The latter declares all who are ignorant of it to be no better than homicides. By astronomy these ancient physicians meant astrology. Chaucer, too, in his picture of a good physician, says:

"With us there was a doctor of physike;
In al the world was thar non hym lyk
To speke of physike and of surgerye,
For he was groundit in astronomie.
He kept his pacient a ful gret del
In hourys by his magyk naturel;
Wel couth he fortunen the ascendent
Of his ymagys for his pacient."

This idea, carried to excess in olden times, and the especial favorite of empirics, is now reduced to the one simple fact that diseases are much dependent upon the weather and the state of the atmosphere.

Closely allied with astrology was alchemy, the chief theory involved being the transmutation of the baser metals into gold and silver. Secondary objects were to remedy diseases and prolong life, even to an indefinite period. In all their theoretical practice alchemists were evidently ruled by the want or love of money. Thus Henry VI. endeavored to recruit his empty coffers by recourse to this pursuit. The record of his singular proposition contains "the most solemn and serious account of the philosopher's stone, encouraging the search after it, and dispensing with all statutes and prohibitions to the contrary," referring doubtless to an enactment of Henry IV. prohibiting "the craft of multiplication." Alchemists all over Europe supposed this stone to be endowed not only with the power of transmuting the baser metals into gold, but also the power of curing and preventing disease, and prolonging indefinitely the period of human existence. What connection there can be between a metal-changing agency and a health-giving one it is difficult to conceive; but the analogy was never questioned by any of the multitude of alchemists, as they worked day and night so earnestly and patiently over their crucibles, nor by the people, who were eager to welcome with plaudits the fortunate one who should make the grand discovery.

Elias Ashmole, who styled himself "Mercuriophilus Anglicus," has collected together in his "Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum" many curious pieces on alchemy. He says: "Judiciall astrologie is the key of naturall magick, and naturall magick the doore that leads to this blessed [the philosopher's] stone." He wrote in his diary, under date May 13, 1653: "My father Backhouse," an astrologer who had adopted him for his son, a common practice with those men, "lying sick in Fleet Street, over against St. Dunstan's Church, and not knowing whether he should live or die, about eleven of the clock told me in *syllables* the true matter of the philosopher's stone, which he bequeathed to me as a legacy." "By this we learn," says Disraeli, "that a miserable wretch knew the art of *making gold*, yet always lived a beggar: and that Ashmole really imagined he was in possession of the *syllables of a secret*." He thus verified the hit of Ben Jonson in his play of "The Alchymist:"

"If all you boast of your great art be true,
Sure willing poverty lives most in you."

Puerile as may appear such vagaries, it has nevertheless been maintained that they have been of great advantage to the development of science. For all this, it appears strange that men of eminence in letters and science should have been guilty of the egregious folly of giving their countenance to them. Sir Thomas Browne rendered much assistance to the alchemists of his day. Dr. John Dee held a firm belief in the theory of transmutation, and declared to Sir Thomas that he had "ocularly, undeceivably, and frequently beheld" the change

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of base metal into gold and silver. Lord Bacon speculated upon it, and said: "The sons of chymistry, while they are busy seeking the hidden gold, whether real or not, have, by turning over and trying, brought much profit and convenience to mankind." And Sir Isaac Newton is said once to have entertained the possibility of finding it, and that he also acknowledged that the idle and vain pursuit of astrology had led him to cultivate astronomy.

There appears to have existed even in the present century a "forlorn hope" that what could not be produced by alchemy will yet be effected by modern chemistry. Dr. Girtanner, of Göttingen, a few years ago adventured the prophecy that "in the nineteenth century the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practiced. Every chemist and every artist will *make gold;* kitchen utensils will be of silver, and even gold, which will contribute more than any thing else to prolong life, poisoned at present by the oxides of copper, lead, and iron, which we daily swallow with our food."

We may now pass to notice some few of the delusions attendant upon the ancient systems of medicine and surgery. The real history of these sciences this paper can scarcely touch. It appears as if we must go back even to the garden of Eden for the origin of them. Le Clerc contends that our first parent was not only the first accoucher but also the primary physician and surgeon in the world; and Brambilla, surgeon to the Emperor Francis II. of Austria, attributes the invention of surgical instruments to Tubal Cain, "the instructor of every artificer in iron and brass." According to Dr. Thomson, Geber, of the seventh century, wrote the earliest chemical treatise in existence. Dr. Johnson pronounces the word gibberish or geberish to have arisen from the style of his writings. Among other beginnings, we may notice that Hippocrates was the first physician to relieve medicine from the trammels of superstition and the delusions of philosophy.

The zodiacal signs of ancient astrology are still left to us. The appropriation of the constellations to the various parts of man was of Egyptian origin. Manlius has thus described them: "The Ram claims the head; the Bull, the neck; the Twins, the arms; the Crab, the breast; the Lion, the thorax; the Virgin, the bowels; the Scales, the reins; the Scorpion, the secrets; the Archer, the thighs; the Goat, the knees; the Water-carrier, the legs; and the Fishes, the feet."

Southey, in his "Doctor," admirably and humorously describes the anatomy of man's body as governed by zodiacal signs, as exhibited in that amusing work of the sixteenth century, the "Margarita Philosophica:" "There Homo stands, naked but not ashamed, upon the two Pisces, one foot upon each; the fish being neither in air, nor water, nor upon earth, but self-suspended, as it appears, in the void. Aries has alighted with two feet on Homo's head, and has sent a shaft through the forehead into his brain. Taurus has quietly seated himself across his neck. The Gemini are riding astride a little below his left shoulder. The whole trunk is laid open, as if part of the old accursed punishment for high treason had been performed upon him. The Lion occupies the thorax as his proper domain, and the Crab is in possession of the abdomen. Sagittarius, volant in the void, has just let fly an arrow, which is on the way to his right arm. Capricornus breathes out a visible influence that penetrates both knees; Aquarius inflicts similar punctures upon both legs; Virgo fishes, at it were, at his intestines; Libra at the part affected by schoolmasters in their anger; and Scorpio takes the wickedest aim of all."

Medicine originated in the East, passed into Egypt, thence into Greece, and was soon disseminated over the whole civilized world. It being a popular belief that all disease was caused by the anger of the gods, the supposed remedies were at the outset almost entirely in the hands of the priests, who, with their learning, readily found wide scope to satisfy their cupidity by exciting and acting upon the credulity of the people: therefore the employment of amulets, charms, etc., to satisfy the demands of popular ignorance.

To charms, talismans, and amulets we may allude under one general heading. The charm and amulet differed only in the manner in which they were used. The talisman consisted of certain cabalistic characters engraved on metal or other material, and might be deposited in any place or carried about the person at will, without losing its efficacy, while the others were required to be worn by the individual constantly. Fosbroke, in his "Encyclopedia of Antiquities," arranged talismans into five divisions: 1. The Astronomical, with celestial signs and intelligible characters; 2. The Magical, with extraordinary figures, superstitious words, and names of unknown angels; 3. The Mixed, of celestial signs and barbarous words, but not superstitious, or with names of angels; 4. The Sigilla Planetarum, composed of Hebrew numeral letters, used by astrologers and fortune-tellers; 5. Hebrew names and characters formed according to the cabalistic art. An illustration of the last class is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and reads: "It overflowed—he did cast darts—SHADAI is all-sufficient—his hand is strong, and is the preserver of my life in all its variations."

Arnot, in his "History of Edinburgh," says that "on all the old houses still existing in Edinburgh there are remains of talismanic or cabalistical characters which the superstition of earlier ages had caused to be engraved on their fronts. These were generally composed of some text of Scripture, of the name of God, or, perhaps, of an emblematic representation of the resurrection."

Talismans, charms, and amulets were used not only to cure and ward off disease, but also to avert danger. In the Travels of Marco Polo,

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the Venetian, we read that, in an attempt of Kubla Khan to make a conquest of the island of Zipangu, a jealousy arose between the two commanders of the expedition, which induced an order for putting all the inhabitants of the garrison to the sword; and that in obedience thereto the heads of all were cut off, excepting of eight persons, who, by the efficacy of a diabolical charm, consisting of a jewel or amulet introduced into the right arm, between the skin and the flesh, were rendered secure from the effects of iron either to kill or wound. Upon this discovery being made they were beaten to death with a heavy club.

For many diseases, and for convulsions and fits particularly, rings composed of various substances were supposed to be efficacious. In 1066 King Edward of England, dying, called to him the Abbot of Westminster, and gave to him a ring which was said to have come from the East—a miraculous gift to a pilgrim by St. John the Evangelist; this had been given to Edward by the palmer in token that the monarch's decease was at hand. "St. Edward's ring," long preserved in Westminster, was believed to be powerful in curing epilepsy and the cramp; and hence arose the custom of the English kings solemnly blessing rings for distribution, which were held potent in cure of disease. These rings, made either of gold or silver, were blessed always on Good Friday, and were composed of the metal of the king's offering to the Cross on that day. The ceremony for blessing the cramp rings, and that for blessing epilepsy rings, involved certain prayers, the MSS. of which are still extant. Such rings were called "medicinable rings." The use of these rings did not cease in England till the change of religion, for we find notices of it in 1557 as a custom in full force. It is not even yet wholly banished from the rural districts: "instances occur where nine young men of a parish each subscribed a crooked sixpence to be moulded into a ring for a young man afflicted with this malady (epilepsy)."

Somewhat akin to this strange fallacy was the view entertained by many, in fact by almost all, learned men in the Middle Ages, that the emerald changed color in the presence of any deadly poison. Hence they set this stone in signets, that they might ward off evil to themselves on the sight of this infallible talisman. Southey has made use of this superstition in his wild tale "Thalaba," where Abdaldar places his hand quietly on the arm of the young destroyer:

> "Then, as in familiar mood,
> Upon the stripling's arm
> The sorcerer laid his hand,
> And the fire of the crystal fled!"

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1794, we are told that "a silver ring will cure fits, which is made of five sixpences, collected from five different bachelors, to be conveyed by the hand of a bachelor to a smith that is a bachelor. None of the persons who gave the sixpences are to know for what purpose or who gave them." Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," acquaints us that in Berkshire, England, it was believed that a ring made from a piece of silver collected at the communion service was a cure for convulsions and fits of every kind. If collected on Easter Sunday its efficacy was greatly increased. In the county of Devonshire the people preferred a ring made of three nails or screws that had been used to fasten a coffin, and that had been dug out of the church-yard. The London *Medical and Physical Journal*, for 1815, noticed a charm consisting of a silver ring contributed by twelve young women, which, worn on one of the patient's fingers, was successfully employed in the cure of epilepsy. In Father Jerome Merolla de Sorrento's "Voyage to Congo," he mentions the foot of the elk as a certain remedy against epilepsy. The way to find out the foot in which the virtue lies, he says, is to "knock the beast down, when he immediately lifts up that leg which is most efficacious to scratch his ear. Then you must be ready with a sharp scymitar to lop off the medicinal limb, and you shall find an infallible remedy against the falling sickness treasured up in his claws."

During the visitation of the plague in London, in 1665, resort was had to various delusive means to avert its ravages. Some of these were not only delusive but ludicrous. Amulets composed of arsenic were very commonly used in the region of the heart, upon the principle that one poison would destroy the other. [*Similia similibus curantur.*] For the same purpose quills of quicksilver were worn about the neck, and also the powder of a toad. Pope Adrian, it is reported, was never without the latter. His amulet was composed of dried toad, arsenic, tormentil, pearl, coral, hyacinth, emaraz, and tragacanth.

For headache Grose recommended as a cure "a halter, wherewith any one has been hanged, tied about the head. Moss, growing upon a human skull, if dried and powdered and taken as snuff, is no less efficacious."

For fever, Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," gives the following from a manuscript in his possession: "Wryte thys wordys on a lorell lef: + ysmael + ysmael + adjuro vos per angelum ut suporetur iste homo N., and ley thys lef under hys head that he wete not thereof, and let him eat letuse oft, and drink ip'e seed smal grounden in a morter, and temper yt with ale." "The fever," says Werenfels, "he will not drive away by medicines, but what is a more certain remedy, having pared his nails and tied them to a crayfish, he will turn his back, and as Deucalion did the stones from which a new progeny of men arose, throw them behind him into the next river."

Although not strictly relevant to the subject in hand, we can not forbear quoting a remarkable remedy for a specific fever. It is contained in an old book, entitled "The Breviary of Health, by Andrew Boorde, Phisyche Doctoure," an Englishman, anno 1557:

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A Cure for Ye Lazie Fevre.—The 115th chapitre dothe showe of an evyll fevre, ye wich dothe much cumbre yonge persons, named Ye Fevre Burden, or Lazie Fevre.

Among all ye fevres I had almost forgot ye Fevre Burden, wyth wich many yonge men, yonge women, maydns, and other yonge persons be sore infected now-a-days.

Ye Cause of the Infirmitie.—This fevre dothe cum naturally or els by evyll and slothful bryngynge upp. If it doe cum by nature, then is thys fevre not to be cured—for itt can never cum out of ye fleshe that is bred in ye bone. If it be by evyll bryngynge upp, itt may be holpen by deligent labour.

Ye Remedie.—There is nothing for ye Fevre Burden as is *Unguentum Baculinum;* that is to sai—take a sticke or wand, of a yard of length and more, and lett itt be so grate as a man's fynger; and with it anoint ye back and shoulders well, mornings and evenings, thys doe twenty-one days. If this evyll fevre be not holpen in that time, let them beware of waggynge on the gallows.

Nota Bene.—And whyles they doe take thys medicine, see you putt no lubber wort in thyr pottage.

For ague, the chips of a gallows put into a bag and hung around the neck was said to have been a cure. Spiders were used in a similar way for the same purpose. The most singular charm for the cure of ague, however, was the use of some supposed magical word. For instance, the letters composing the word Abracadabra are to be so written that, reading from the apex on the right and up the left side, the same word will be given as at the top:

A B R A C A D A B R A
B R A C A D A B R
R A C A D A B
A C A D A
C A D
A

or, the same word may be used thus:

A B R A C A D A B R A
A B R A C A D A B R
A B R A C A D A B
A B R A C A D A
A B R A C A D
A B R A C A
A B R A C
A B R A
A B R
A B
A

This word was recommended on the authority of Serenus Samonicus, a physician in the reign of the Tyrian Caracalla. The Jews attributed an equal value to the word Aracalan.

Mr. Marsden, in his "History of Sumatra," mentions seeing a charm, consisting of a long narrow scroll of paper, upon the person of one of the natives, on which was written these singular words: "+ When Christ saw the cross he trembled and shaked: and they said unto him, hast thou the ague? and he said unto them, I have neither ague nor fever: and whosoever bears these words, either in writing or in mind, shall never be troubled with ague or fever. So help thy servants, O Lord, who put their trust in thee."

Another charm for ague was directed to be said up the chimney by the eldest female of the family on St. Agnes Eve. It ran thus:

"Tremble and go!
First day shiver and burn:
Tremble and go!
Second day shiver and learn:
Tremble and die!
Third day never return."

Elias Ashmole, in his Diary, April 11, 1681, has entered: "I took early in the morning a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and drove my ague away. Deo gratias."

Russell, in his "History of Aleppo," mentions a charm used by the natives against mosquitoes! It consists of a little slip of paper, on which are inscribed certain unintelligible characters. The paper is pasted upon the lintel of a door, or over the windows. The power of distributing these charms has descended hereditarily, and on a certain day of the year they are given gratis.

Rich old Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," also mentions the use of spiders and their webs as a remedy for the same disease, in the following short and pleasant narrative. After saying that pæony doth cure epilepsy; precious stones most diseases; a wolf's dung borne with one helps the colic, a spider the ague, etc., he proceeds:

"Being in the country in a vacation time not many years since, at Lindley, in Leicestershire, my father's house, I first observed this amulet of a spider in a nutshell lapped in silk, etc., so applied for an ague by my mother; whom, although I knew to have excellent skill in chirurgery, sore eyes, aches, etc., and such experimental medicines, as all the country where she dwelt can witness, to have done many famous and good cures upon divers poor folks that were otherwise destitute of help; yet among all other experiments, this, methought, was most absurd and ridiculous. I could see no warrant for it. *Quid arenea cum febre?* For what antipathy? till at length, rambling among authors (as often I do), I found this very medicine in Dioscorides, approved by Matthiolus, repeated by Alderovandus, *cap. de Arenea, lib. de insectis.* I began to have a better opinion of it, and to give more credit to amulets, when I saw it in some parties answer to experience."

It is an undoubted fact that most of the cures attributed to these charms and amulets ought properly to be ascribed to mental influences, and the remainder to the efforts of nature. "Imagination," says Lord Bacon, "is next akin to a miracle—a working faith;" and it can not be questioned that in all ages of the world imagination has effected a larger number of cures than medical skill. One or two instances may be cited for illustration: During the prevalence of the cholera in Canada a few years since a man named Ayres, who went from the United States, and was said to be a graduate of the University of New Jersey, was given out to be St. Roche, the principal patron saint of the Canadians, and renowned for his power in averting pestilential diseases. He was reported to have descended from heaven to cure his suffering people of the cholera, and many were the cases in which he appeared to afford relief. Many were thus dispossessed of their fright in anticipation of the disease, who might, probably, but

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for his inspiriting influence, have fallen victims to their apprehensions. The remedy he employed was an admixture of maple sugar, charcoal, and lard.

A more modern and notable instance is thus given. Alexandre Dumas published some time ago, in a Paris daily paper, a novel in which the heroine, prosperous and happy, is assailed by consumption. All the gradual symptoms were most touchingly described, and the greatest interest was felt for the heroine.

One day the Marquis de Calomieu called on him.

"Dumas," said he, "have you composed the end of the story now being published in—?"

"Of course."

"Does the heroine die at the end?"

"Of course—dies of consumption. After such symptoms as I have described how could she live?"

"You will have to make her live. You must change the catastrophe."

"I can not."

"Yes, you must; for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's?"

"Your daughter's."

"Yes; she has all the various symptoms of consumption you have described, and watches mournfully for every new number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now, if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live too. Come, a life to save is a temptation—"

"Not to be resisted."

Dumas changed his last chapter. His heroine recovered, and was happy.

About five years afterward Dumas met the Marquis at a party.

"Ah, Dumas!" he exclaimed, "let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is!"

"That fine, handsome woman, who looks like Joan of Arc?"

"Yes. She is married, and has had four children."

"And my novel four editions," said Dumas, "so we are quits."

In no particular instance was the power of imagination more evident than in what was termed the royal touch for the cure of the king's evil, or scrofula; and this because human credulity attached a thought of something divine to the touch of royalty. But it was mental influence alone, the same which explains the manifest diminution of sickness which was so often seen to follow the driving a nail into the wall of the Temple of Jupiter among the Romans in the time of pestilence. The solemn pomp with which a dictator was chosen for this specific purpose, and the ceremony attending the performance of the act, were well calculated to inspire confidence in the minds of superstitious people. It was the calm, cheerful, hopeful state of feeling thus diffused over the community that produced the result, though the people referred it to the appeasing influence which this public act was supposed to exert upon an offended deity.

The practice of the royal touch, which seems to have originated in the belief that there is something sacred attached to the sovereign, was followed by all the monarchs of England from Edward the Confessor until the accession of the House of Brunswick. In one of the scenes of Shakspeare's Macbeth (Act IV., Scene 3) he distinctly refers to it, and thereby shows the prevalent superstition of the times:

MALCOLM.
Comes the king forth, I pray you?

DOCTOR.
Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

MALCOLM.
I thank you, doctor. [*Exit doctor.*]

MACDUFF.
What's the disease he means?

MALCOLM.
'Tis call'd the evil;
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures:
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction.

Passing over the claim of France to be considered the first to exercise the royal touch for healing, it may be interesting to notice a few isolated facts drawn from English history, which, although they may not enlighten us much, will at least afford some diversion and illustrate to how great an extent the credulity of mankind may be carried.

Collier, in his "Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain," when speaking of Edward the Confessor, says "that the prince cured the king's evil is beyond dispute; and since the credit of this miracle is unquestionable, I see no reason why we should scruple believing the rest." He then quotes William of Malmesbury as his authority, explains the nature of the disease, and adds: "King Edward the Confessor was the first that cured this distemper, and from him it has descended as an hereditary miracle to his successors. To dispute the matter of fact, is to go to the excesses of skepticism, to deny our senses, and to be incredulous even to ridiculousness."

Henry VII., who was a strict observer of religious forms, established a particular service to be used on occasion of healing, which is contained in the Book of Common Prayer, published in the reign of Queen Anne.

Dr. Badger says that Charles I. "excelled all his predecessors in the divine gift; for it is manifest beyond all contradiction, that he not only cured by his sacred touch, both with and without gold, but likewise perfectly effected

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the same cure by his prayer and benediction only."

In no reign, however, did the practice prevail to such an extent as in that of Charles II., and it is not a little remarkable that more people died of scrofula, according to the bills of mortality, during this period than any other. In Evelyn's "Memoirs" we have an account of one of the meetings for healing as follows: "6 July, 1660. His majestie began first to touch for ye evil, according to costome, thus: his ma^tie^ sitting under his state in ye banquetting house, the chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought or led up to the throne, where they kneeling, ye king strokes their faces or cheeks with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplaine in his formalities says, 'He put his hands upon them and he healed them.' This is said to every one in particular. When they have been all touch'd, they come up againe in the same order, and the other chaplaine kneeling, and having angel gold strung on white ribbon on his arme, delivers them one by one to his ma^tie^, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they passe, whilst the first chaplaine repeats, 'That is ye true light who came into ye world.' Then followes an epistle (as at first a gospell) with the liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some slight alteration; lastly, ye blessing; and then the h. chamberlaine and comptroller of the household bring a basin, ewer, and towel, for his ma^tie^ to wash."

So general was the belief in the efficacy of this practice that Charles II. "touched" nearly a hundred thousand persons in the course of twelve years.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, it appears, was touched by Queen Anne, March 30, 1714. When four years and a half old, he was sent to the Queen to undergo this ceremony, at the instigation of Sir John Floyer, a physician of eminence, who practiced at Litchfield, the place of Johnson's birth. Its inefficacy, in this instance at least, was fully established, as he suffered much from the disease during the whole of his life, and bore evidence to the virulence of the disorder.

The history of the "royal touch" might be thus traced as followed by all the monarchs of England from Edward to Queen Anne, with the exception of William III., who rejected the folly. It seems strange that such vast multitudes should have exercised faith in it; but, doubtless, it was that very faith which effected such cures as were supposed to be made by the royal touch. Still, it is a singular fact, that during the reign of Charles II., when we might suppose from the number he "touched" the disease would be almost exterminated, that deaths from the "king's evil" exceeded the number of any former period.

History affords us many other delusions of lesser note, but no less interesting. It was a popular superstition, and exists in the present day to some extent, that the seventh son of a seventh son is an infallible physician. Thus a celebrated ancient author wrote: "The seventh son of a seventh son is born a physician; having an intuitive knowledge of the art of curing all diseases, and sometimes the faculty of performing wonderful cures by touching only." M. Thiers confutes this point by saying much as follows: "Many believe, in France, that the seventh son born in lawful marriage, if no girl comes between, can cure tertians, quartans, and even the king's evil, provided he fasts three or nine days before touching the afflicted. But they reckon too much on the seventh, when they attribute to the seventh child, in preference to all the rest, a power which they might as well ascribe to the sixth or eighth. Of three of these seventh sons that I know, there are two who cure nobody, and the third has confessed to me that he once enjoyed the reputation of being able to cure numerous diseases, although he had never cured any. Consequently M. du Laurent has good reason to reject this visionary power, and place this method of curing the king's evil in the rank of fables."

In Europe, many wells and fountains have various virtues superstitiously attached to them. To those which were medicinal pilgrims resorted, and also the sick for relief. They were called holy wells, or holy springs, wishing wells, etc., and various rites were performed at them at Easter, upon Holy Thursday, and other particular days. Grose, from a manuscript in the Cotton Library, tells us that "between the towns of Alton and Newton, near the foot of Rosberrye Toppinge, there is a well dedicated to St. Oswald. The neighbors have an opinion that a shirt taken off a sick person and thrown into that well will show whether the person will recover or die; for, if it floated, it denoted the recovery of the party; if it sunk, there remained no hope of their life; and to reward the saint for his intelligence, they tear off a rag from the shirt, and leave it hanging on the briars thereabouts, where," says the writer, "I have seen such numbers as might have made a fayre rheme in a paper-myll."

Borlase, in his "Natural History of Cornwall," England, notices a very similar method of curing insanity, mentioned by Carew, in the parish of Altarnum—"to place the disordered in mind on the brink of a square pool, filled with water from St. Nun's well. The patient, having no intimation of what was intended, was, by a sudden blow on the breast, tumbled into the pool, where he was tossed up and down by some persons of superior strength until, being quite debilitated, his fury forsook him. He was then carried to church, where certain masses were sung over him."

Sir Walter Scott notices a practice in Perthshire, where several wells and springs are dedicated to St. Fillan, and are places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. Thus he writes in his "Marmion:"

> "Thence to St. Fillan's blessed well,
> Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel
> And the crazed brain restore."

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"These wells," the poet tells us, "are held to be powerful in cases of madness; and, in cases of very late occurrence, lunatics have been left all night bound to the holy stone, in confidence that the saint would come and unloose them before morning."

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, in their work on Ireland, tell us that the remains of sanctified wells (so-called) are to be found in nearly every parish in the kingdom. They were generally betokened by the erection of rude crosses immediately above them, by fragments of cloth and pieces of rags of all colors, hung upon the neighboring bushes and left as memorials; sometimes the crutches of convalescent visitors were bequeathed as offerings, and not unfrequently small buildings, for prayer and shelter, were raised above and around them. Each holy well had its stated day, when a pilgrimage was supposed to be peculiarly fortunate. The day of its patron saint attracted crowds of visitors, some with the hope of receiving health from its waters, others as a place of meeting with distant friends; but the great majority of them were lured into the neighborhood by a love of idleness and dissipation. The scene, therefore, was generally disgusting.

Until a few years since, according to the same authority, the holy well Tubber Quan, near Carrick-on-Suir, was in great repute for the many miraculous cures effected by its waters. The well was dedicated to two patron saints, St. Quan, after whom it takes its name, and St. Brogawn. The times for visiting it were the last three Sundays in June, when the people imagined that the saints exerted their sacred influence more particularly for the benefit of those who applied for their assistance. It was confidently said, and firmly believed, that at that period the two saints appeared in the well in the shape of two small fishes of the trout kind; and if they did not so appear, that no cure would take place. The penitents attending on these occasions ascended the hill barefoot, knelt by the stream and repeated a number of paters and aves, then entered it, going through the stream three times on their bare knees, but upon the grass. Having performed these exercises, they cut off locks of their hair and tied them on the branches of the tree as specifics against headache. The tree is even now a great object of veneration, and presents a curious spectacle, being covered all over with human hair.

Another delusion, rather than a mere superstition, was once somewhat popular in England, and is referred to at length by Dr. Hooker, and other authorities. Some inventive medical genius made a bold push in the line of discovery, and found that ointments healed wounds much more rapidly if they were applied to the instruments by which the wounds were inflicted. This was undoubtedly a real improvement upon the prevalent mode of treating wounds at that time, for many of the ointments in common use were of such a character that they would irritate rather than soothe a wound, and therefore would retard its cure. It was much better, of course, that they should be applied to the instrument, where, at least, they would do no harm. It took time, however, to discover that the only benefit of thus applying them arose from keeping the wounds out of bad company; and this delusion, strange as it may seem, maintained its sway about as long as medical delusions are wont to do, and prevailed extensively in England and in other countries. And though such things as powdered mummy, and human blood, and moss from the skull of a thief hung in chains, were considered essential ingredients in the weapon ointments of that day, the practice was far from being confined to the ignorant; learned men in great numbers believed in it, just as has been the case with all medical errors and fantasies down to the present time.

From these and other facts we may clearly see that the history of medical delusions most copiously illustrates the truth that folly is very far from being confined to fools. That even pre-eminent wisdom and mental power fail to save from folly in medicine might be shown by many examples; but a few will suffice. Boyle, who has been called "the morning star of medical science," was exceedingly credulous in regard to specifics, and seriously speaks of the thigh bone of an executed criminal as a cure for dysentery. Bacon, who by the force of his wisdom revolutionized the world of mind, was weak enough to attribute virtue to charms and amulets, and could not bring himself to disbelieve the propriety of applying ointments to the weapons that made the wounds instead of the wounds themselves. And Luther, who with such masterly wisdom and energy revolutionized the religious world, gave utterance to the following specimen of weakness and folly: "Experience has proved the toad to be endowed with valuable qualities. If you run a stick through *three* toads, and after having dried them in the sun, apply them to any pestilent tumor, they draw out all the poison, and the malady will disappear."

From this recital of curious facts we have at least learned something of the natural credulity of ignorance, and of the power of imagination in the cure of diseases. Dr. Reid has said: "Medical can not be separated from moral science without reciprocal and essential mutilation." And as fear may induce, so faith and hope, with the recuperative assistance of nature, may cure disease. Therefore the regular practitioner and the empiric aim to endow their patients with confidence in their skill. This effected, in ordinary diseases one-half of the battle is won. Even mere credulity may produce a similar result. Imagination, also, is a potent ally of the good physician; and we know that the times are growing pregnant with the theory that the medical practitioner, to be accounted skillful, must operate upon most of the ailments of the physical organization through the mental.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE year 1866 ended upon a much calmer and pleasanter temper of the public mind than it had known during its course. For that Peace hath her victories was never more strikingly illustrated than by the various elections. Party fury seemed never more angry. There was a desperate and un-American tone in much of the conduct of the canvass which startled those who did not reflect that the passions and methods of war can not readily be abandoned. Very foolishly and wickedly certain orators talked of civil war as a contingency of the result. But that was to assume that we were already Mexicanized. It was a consequence of ignorantly estimating both the character and the intelligence of the American people. How can any sane man imagine that Vermont, or Massachusetts, or Ohio, or Wisconsin could behave like the South American States when a party is disappointed at the polls? He might as wisely expect that an Illinois prairie would break out into volcanic fires.

It used to be charged that the people of the cooler latitudes in this country were pusillanimous. But the event has proved that, while they had the natural timidity of a trading people, they had also that inexorable tenacity which explains Saxon or Norman civilization. What was called pusillanimity was patient confidence in law. The truth is, that the Saxon temperament works out civil liberty to noble and permanent results because it regards it with the head quite as much as the heart. It knows that nothing is sure which is not established in a law which is the fruit of the general sentiment. And as this is its principle it naturally regards the law not as an individual or momentary whim but as a fixed national purpose, and in trusting it, it is only trusting the nation. The Celtic civilization is of a very different kind. It has less respect for law because law is less the mature conviction of the people. Consequently it is readier for more summary, even to revolutionary remedies.

The American doctrine of revolution is the natural growth of this reverence for law: That doctrine is not that brute force may be justly invoked when we are oppressed, still less when we are merely disappointed or anticipate oppression; but only when the oppression is intolerable and lawful redress is hopeless. But to make the oppression intolerable it must be worse than the necessary consequences of war. This was the plain declaration of our fathers in taking up arms. This is the sensible Saxon voice that speaks quietly through the hysterical rhetoric of a hundred other revolutions.

In a system which stands upon the appeal to the people the necessity of revolution can scarcely exist, because it is not to be supposed that the people will intolerably oppress themselves. Nor indeed is it presumable that an intelligent people will long or seriously oppress a minority. If they do, they will presently be at war. In our recent history it will be remembered that no oppression was pleaded, but only the apprehension of oppression; and although liberty was invoked it was not because the liberty of a minority was constrained, but because the minority sought the liberty of oppressing others. A tried to break faith with B, not because B hurt him, but because B was unwilling that he should hurt C. If the worst came to the worst, B had certainly as much right to oppress A as A had to torment C. But nothing came to the worst, every thing came to the best; and it was settled that neither should harm the other.

The condition which dispenses with the resort to force is, that the appeal to the people shall be real and not fictitious; that it shall truly be the people, and not a part, arbitrarily selected, who are called by that name. Thus, in every way, the pretense of the stump orators who hinted or openly prophesied civil war was apparent. If the whole people speak, a man is a fool who opposes, unless their decision be such that honest men will prefer destruction rather than submission even for an hour. But that is a fanciful case. When the people speak decisively, and for objects which are both generous and humane, their will remains unquestioned. Even had the late decision been other than it was, we believe the appeal to blood would hardly have been made by either side. The Court may be supposed to know something of law, and the American people may surely be supposed to have common sense.

As it was, a more tranquil election was never known. Even in the great cities a lady might have quietly gone shopping and have remarked no difference from other days. Those who anticipated riots and broken heads might as well have gone to a Quaker meeting on a Sunday afternoon in the dog-days. And when the result was known—strong and bitter as had been the feeling, wild and reckless many of the speeches, seething as we still were with the heat of the last few years—the acquiescence was as entire as it is in the daily sunrise; and instead of invoking blunderbusses and bludgeons, the most acrid chiefs recommend their host to join the ranks of their opponents. "If you can't get sponge-cake get smelts," said the hospitable man to his servant, determined that his guests should have some refreshment. If you can't have your own way, suggests the sensible man who feels that he can not, why, then, take t'other way.

The guild of the quill or of the pen is always profoundly interested in the discussion of the question of literary compensation; and Mr. Richard Grant White lately opened the matter with vigor and directness in the *Galaxy*. He asks why we have no *Saturday Reviews* in America—meaning why no weekly periodical of the highest class is supported in this country—and offers several answers to his question, drawn from his own careful observation and reflection. The *Nation* replies to Mr. White that there is no *Saturday Review* or highest kind of periodical—of which the *Saturday Review* is very far from being a type, although it perfectly serves Mr. White's purpose of pointing his question—simply because there is no demand for such a paper. The intellectual appetite of the country, in the *Nation's* opinion, does not demand such food as such a publication supplies, while the peculiar condition of the country thwarts the development of the special talent which is found in such papers as the London weeklies.

Mr. White's feeling evidently is that literary labor is underpaid; that a man of equal talent and industry, who would but squeeze along as an author, will prosper famously as a lawyer, perhaps, and the nimble imagination is left free to follow him to the high-stepping pair and the "freestone front," which are the final crown of success to the admiring pop-

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ular eye. Mr. White, however, makes a general plea. He is not arguing his own case, nor censuring publishers as a parsimonious class. Upon the contrary, he expressly recognizes that "publishers do their business, like other men, for profit," and he honorably signalizes by name some of the most eminent publishers of the country. If he speaks of a "seeming parsimony" upon the part of newspaper publishers, it is not to deride it, nor to denounce it, but merely to note the fact that literary payment is inadequate.

There is, however, one evident reason why the man of equal talent and industry may prosper as a lawyer and very doubtfully succeed as a writer. It is indicated by the *Nation* in saying that the training of a clever lawyer is laborious and precise and thorough, while the writer is more or less a dweller in the pleasant land of Bohemia. His gifts come more by nature than by art, and his work belongs rather to the realm of luxury or of recreation than of estimable pecuniary value. A late London letter-writer quotes a remark which he said he heard from Thackeray. "It is very well for you young authors to take your two guineas a page and claim copyright in a reprint: many a long year I worked for Frazer at $8 a sheet of sixteen pages—double columns, you know—and even thought it glorious pay." We are very sure there is some mistake here. Thackeray could never have written much for a double-columned Magazine at the rate of fifty cents a page, and have called it or thought it glorious pay. Forty-five years ago, as Barry Cornwall tells us, the *London Magazine* paid a clever writer a pound on every page for prose and for each page of verse two pounds, while Elia received (very fitly) two or three times as much. But the story of Thackeray serves well enough our purpose. Thackeray was one of the two or three most eminent authors of his time and country. Why was he not always as sure of the same royal income that the two or three most eminent lawyers in England receive? Plainly because upon their learning and sagacity and skill depend the settlement of questions of the most vital and palpable material interest, for which men will gladly pay enormous sums. But there could possibly be no such measure of value for "Vanity Fair" or "The Newcomes." In the nature of things there can not be; for the work of the writer, or the sculptor, or the painter, or the musician, is not a work of necessity, in the ordinary sense, like that of the lawyer.

There is another reason why the writer is at a peculiar disadvantage in America, and that is that he lives in a country in which the demand of a highly cultivated class is less stringent—in other words, where the demand is less—while he is brought into direct competition with the finest foreign supply gratis. To bring it to the point again: the American newspaper publisher can have for his paper at the earliest moment, for half a dollar, the comments of the most skillful foreign critics upon foreign affairs and the cleverest correspondence from the European capitals, for which the English proprietor must pay hundreds of pounds. A liberal writer in London, observing and criticising the late Prussian war, for instance, would probably do his work as congenially to the tastes and convictions of an American reader interested in the question as an American commentator upon the same topic. Why should the American proprietor pay twenty dollars for work which he can have for half a dollar? The same thing is true in many other directions, and in all of them the American writer is at a palpable disadvantage.

But unquestionably, as the *Nation* insists, there is not a very general, on the contrary there is a very limited, demand either for the discussion of purely foreign subjects, or for the essays upon minor morals and manners which are one of the present distinctions of the periodical literature of England. But neither is there any question, it seems to us, that the profession of literature is getting upon its legs in this country. A writer who would be welcome to any double-columned Magazine, although he be very far from a Thackeray, may be sure that he will not be compelled to call fifty cents a page glorious pay. Let him treat in a manly and interesting way any subject which engages the public mind, and he will be heard and rewarded. But he must not make himself the judge in his own case. An editor is an autocrat. He can not give reasons. He knows, and knows not how he knows, what is suitable for his purpose. Complain, then, of his purpose, if you understand it, and show good reasons for changing it, but do not suppose that he knows less of his own business than you. "Isn't this poem of mine infinitely better than that you published last month or two years ago last July?" asks the indignant poet. Possibly, but what then? There is no question of the excellence of your poetry, but of the prosperity of the Magazine, an editor might reply. But must not the prosperity of a publication depend upon the excellence of its contents? Certainly, but excellence in this case is a mere synonym of fitness. What is excellent for the *North American Review* may be very injurious to the *Ledger*.

The whole question may be safely trusted to the unwritten laws which govern all human affairs. Mr. White very justly smiles at the idea of an "American literature," as if it could be made in the course of a year or two by an adroit conspiracy of publishers and writers. The local experiment has never been attempted, we believe, except in the hopes of some of our fellow-citizens in the Southern States, who occasionally issue pathetic proposals for a "Southern" literature, unvexed by the immorality of "Northern" thought. It is a pleasing dream, perhaps, but it is not profitable. The "Southern literature" will be contemporaneous with a Southern atmosphere, untainted by Northern oxygen. The truth is, we must all breathe the same air mentally as well as physically. Dante is found to be as solid nourishment for Yankee minds as the soft air of Mentone for Yankee lungs. Civilization is one, and its great powers, literature, science, and art, are not separated by oceans and mountains. The higher we climb the lower all the hills appear. The ideal goal is not our country but the world; not our nation but mankind. The true economy, doubtless, is that of all working for all. Yet we may be always sure that the perfection of the members is essential to the symmetry of the whole; and it is toward that perfection that the discussion of the question of literary labor and its emoluments directly tends.

A NATION without visible historical monuments is without one of the most subtle and powerful influences of national strength and union; and there can be no poorer economy than the alteration or removal of such monuments for the sake of a few thousand dollars of income. How can the essential value of the Tower, of Westminster Abbey, of St.

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Denis, of Nôtre Dame, of the Duomo at Florence, of St. Peter's, of the Coliseum, of the Doge's Palace, be computed in money? How can the results upon national character of the destruction of the most cherished monuments be accurately estimated? Patriotism and the sentiment of nationality are, as the very words imply, a sentiment, and every material manifestation is of incalculable value in developing and confirming them. There is probably no great city in any country of the world so utterly destitute of true patriotic pride and a fine sense of national honor as the city of New York. It is due, of course, chiefly to the fact that its population is so largely foreign and ignorant. But who shall estimate the actual loss caused by the absence of all the memorials which would invest the city with something of a venerable air, and visibly suggest to the new-comers that they had become heirs to ancient renown?

Such memorials have almost entirely disappeared from New York. The most interesting of those remaining is undoubtedly the old hotel at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, in which Washington parted with his Generals. The story is simply and charmingly told by Irving, and indeed can not be faithfully narrated without pathos. That the building has stood so long is a perpetual wonder, nor can it much longer resist the pressure of the marble and freestone warehouses which are rapidly overpowering that quarter of the city. Another of the old houses is opposite our own windows, the Walton House, in which the citizen Minister of the French Republic, the insolent Genet, married the daughter of Governor George Clinton. It has a quaint dignity of aspect, retaining the air of the past time, like the old Province House in Boston, of which Hawthorne was so fond, and which he selected as the scene of some of his marvelous stories. The Province House is gone—and it is with sincere sorrow we record the unpleasant truth that a building of as much historical interest as any in the country, excepting, perhaps, Faneuil Hall, is about to be altered, so that its peculiar character must necessarily be lost. This is the old State House in Boston; not the conspicuous building, the dome of which, seen far away, crowns the sturdy city; but the building familiar to every one who has been in Boston, which stands at the head of State Street, and which is intimately associated with the men and the times of the Revolution.

The old Boston State House is now about one hundred and twenty years old. It was built four years after Washington was born, and from its balcony the first President received the welcome of the men who had helped win the Revolution and found the Government. In this old building were held the colonial courts. Here, also, were the Council Chamber, hung with the portraits of Charles II. and James II., and the hall of the Representatives of the colony, the body which was afterward known by the awful title, "The Great and General Court." The lower floor was the Exchange of the merchants of the ancient town.

It was here—and we are following the appeals sent to the Boston newspapers by the true descendants of Revolutionary sires—that the encroachments of British imperial power were first strenuously resisted. In the old Council Chamber, said John Adams, "American Independence was born." Here James Otis and Thacher thundered against the Writs of Assistance. Here, in his famous speech of February, 1761, Otis declared that the principles of the writs had cost one king of England his head and another his throne; and here he uttered the war-cry of the Revolution, "Taxation without representation is tyranny." The Boston Port bill, says the *Advertiser* of that city, in an eloquent protest, "was aimed at a rebellion which had asserted itself in the old State House." In its very shadow the Boston massacre was perpetrated. Beneath its roof John Adams and Josiah Quincy defended the officers and soldiers who had caused the tragedy, that passion might not even seem to have overpowered justice; and "when, after hard riding for fourteen days, the Declaration of Independence was brought from Philadelphia to Boston, it was read to the people on the 18th of July from the balcony of the Council Chamber."

If there be a building left in the country of peculiar national interest and importance, which derives the charm of its association from events which are not local but universal—from men who are not so much Bostonians or New Englanders as Americans, and in which, consequently, the whole country has a certain right of patriotic reverence—it is the old Boston State House. If there be one which should be carefully guarded from the sharp tooth of Time, and from which the malign genius of modern improvement should be absolutely barred, it is the old Boston State House. And yet, for a few more thousands of dollars rent, the city Government proposes to remodel the roof, and consequently and inevitably to alter the aspect of this venerable and sacred building. Yet there is not an intelligent merchant who daily passes it upon the way to his office, not one who daily comes out to stand on 'Change and exult in the national security and prosperity, the foundations of which were laid in the quaint edifice at the head of the street, who would not willingly turn out a favorite old horse to pasture for the rest of his days, and smile at any offer to sell him to an omnibus or a butcher. Can not Boston do for its old State House what any Boston merchant would do for his old horse? We wonder that the sons of those who disdained the encroachments of authority beyond the sea have not assembled spontaneously in the noble old building itself, and by the fiery voices of newer Otises and Thachers and Adamses and Quincys protested so vehemently against the desecration of a precious national monument that the city fathers should have heard through their terrapin and trembled, and have withdrawn the offensive proposition as the turtle draws his head into his shell.

Let the modern Otis resist the beginnings. If terrapin be permitted to desecrate the old State House, turtle will be strong enough to obliterate Faneuil Hall. It is an extremely old-fashioned building. It is utterly out of the way of polite audiences, and its lower story is already a market. What is its revenue to the city treasury compared with the palatial shops that might occupy the site at enormous rents? For what earthly use is it fit except for an occasional public meeting? and how much money, pray, does an occasional public meeting put into the treasury? The Music Hall will hold as many people, and they can be entertained by the Great Organ before Sam Adams and Otis and Quincy begin; and it is infinitely more accessible to Governor Hancock with his gout. Besides, the Governor's own house is gone; the Province House has vanished; the Bunker Hill redoubts have been leveled; the old State House is to be coiffed after the latest French fashion. Superfluous

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lags Faneuil Hall upon the earth; off with *its* head, also. So much for Revolutionary memories!

In a letter to William Tudor, written when he was an old man, John Adams urges the preservation of the old State House. Where is the Massachusetts Adams who now authoritatively pleads against the melancholy change? It is the custom in other lands for rulers proudly to inscribe upon buildings which they have erected or restored their names and the date of their benefactions. Which would the municipality of Boston prefer—a plate upon the old State House which should record that, "In the year 1867 this building was surmounted by a roof which destroyed its aspect and character, but increased the civic rents by a few thousand dollars," or one which should say, "Mindful of the Past and of the Future, grateful for the birth and salvation of the nation, the City Government of Boston, in the year 1867, returned unchanged this building in which 'American Independence was born?'"

A FRIEND sends this charade, which is not inferior to Praed's. If any reader guesses it, let him send the Easy Chair the rhymed answer as felicitous:

Lisle Castle standeth strong and fair
In the wide Western vales,
But Cromwell's hands are hard to fill
And Cromwell's treasure fails;
Derby and Settringham are down,
And now with mighty stir
Of men and guns, and trump and drum,
My first has come to her.

The youngest Cornet of the troop
In morning twilight stands,
His corslet glints of burnished steel—
My next is in his hands;
He scanneth keep and barbican,
He scanneth wall and tower,
He glanceth keen where may be seen
The Lady Mildred's bower.

Down the long vale my gleaming whole
Is lost and then is seen,
'Mid hazel copse and alder grove,
And willows waving green,
The hinges turn—the lady comes!
Oh! deep was drugged the bowl,
And soundly may the warder sleep
While they are on my whole.

"In my seventy-seventh year I have been invited to place on record my recollections of Charles Lamb." So writes Barry Cornwall at the beginning of his delightful little memoir of Elia, recently published. It is delightful whether as the work of so old an author or as a general review of the familiar facts of Lamb's Life. There is nothing very new in it, but it is an inimitable introduction to Lamb—a grace before meat.

There are certain authors who are not only tests of taste but even of character. If a youth is passionately fond of Tupper—it is enough. No more light is needed. If a man gives himself naturally, not pedantically nor formally, nor traditionally, but heartily with natural longing and appetite to Shakespeare, or Chaucer, or Jeremy Taylor—that also is enough; we have a clew to the man. So in other arts—the boy who delights in Correggio, whose heart even in the Sistine Chapel wanders yearningly to Parma, and even in Raphael's Stanze does not forget the faces of the cherubs glancing through the palms in the "Flight into Egypt," is a young artist, whose soul is revealed as those angelic faces are. The man who among all Operas prefers Don Giovanni, or Fidelio, or the Barber of Seville, or Robert le Diable, involuntarily unveils himself as he makes his preference known. He rises or falls, he is near or far in our regard just as he instinctively likes or rejects what you feel to be best.

Nor is it altogether a matter of individual taste, if by taste we mean merely whim. Certain things are not disputable. The beauty of a perfect June day or of a rose, the sweetness of the note of the wood-thrush, the fragrance of the wild grape blossom, the brilliancy of the diamond—these are all absolutely beyond question. And certain fames are like them. Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, they are towering facts like the Alps or the Himalaya. They are the heaven-kissing peaks, and are universally acknowledged. It is not conceivable that the judgment of mankind upon those names will ever be reversed. But there is a lesser region, not the glaciered summits of Mont Blanc, but the hill-country, the uplands of meadow and grove and soft brook sides fringed with flowers, full of the singing of birds and the shadows of foliage. This is the more debatable ground; the country of which you can not surely say whether it be rather the mountains condescending or the valleys aspiring. Yet here, too, there are by-ways, and knolls, and sunny lawns, and twilight bowers, the love and seeking of which introduce other men to us like letters from a friend.

Charles Lamb is certainly not a heaven-scaling peak of storms nor an inaccessible cliff sublime in solitary light. He does not stand among the great masters of literature. His own friends were ever disposed to patronize him. Mistaking the form of his genius for its quality they called him "gentle." Yet he is just as positive and appreciable a phenomenon in literature as his friends Coleridge or Wordsworth, and his image is much more sharply cut upon the public mind than either of them. One of the American *Dii majores*, speaking of a literary friend, said: "I am troubled by him. I am afraid I have overrated him, for he likes second-rate men; he likes Charles Lamb passionately." If he liked Elia to the exclusion of others; if among all he greatly preferred Lamb, and had only the usual ceremonious acquaintance and formal and traditional approbation of the chiefs, it was a pity for the literary friend; but still it was not absolutely a second-rate taste, it was a taste for what is essentially first-rate. If a man sincerely loves the songs of Burns better than Hamlet or Lear, is he satisfied with the second-rate? It is a curious criticism upon the critic of whom we speak that he said, "What do the young people find in Shelley? To read him is like dipping up water in which the sand sparkles and you think it gold dust. But it only leaves your fingers wet with a handful of sand." The line between first and second rate is that between genius and talent, is it not? Genius, like light, is always the same. It is not so much the more or less as the form of its appearance which overpowers us. One star differeth from another star in glory, but all stars are glorious.

Lamb said that a solemn organ service should be performed before reading Milton. So we advise all young readers to approach Elia and Lamb's Life and Letters through this soft and exquisite prelude of Barry Cornwall's. It is the work of a very old man, but it is wholly untainted with senility. It describes with vivid tenderness all Lamb's intimate

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friends. Hazlitt, especially, of whom we personally know so little, appears more pleasantly in this book than in any other reminiscence, while the inexpressible melancholy and heroic beauty of Charles Lamb's life and character are affectionately and reverently portrayed. Closing the book, and remembering that its writer is seventy-seven years old, and the sole survivor of those evenings which are as familiar to the lovers of Elia as if they had been themselves present, it lingers in the memory like a strain of the saddest and sweetest music.

At last Italy is free from the Alps to the Adriatic. A result long and passionately anticipated, which has inspired a literature and the noblest sacrifices, the dream and hope of the most emotional nation, has been wholly secured. "A soldier in the sky-blue coat of the Austrian sailed off, on Friday, the 19th of October, to join a ship close by, bearing a yellow and sable flag, embroidered with an eagle. It was the last Austrian Governor of Venice, the last Gesler of his race, General Alemann. The quay was thronged with people; girls, national guards, old men. They made a silent path through them to the water's edge, whence passed the Austrian, a bearded man of iron gray, full of those outward graces which are learned in his military school; a man who could command the execution of Kossuth or Garibaldi with quiet dignity, and go to bed thereafter without remorse.....As his gondola passed off he raised his hat. A silent waving of handkerchiefs from the quay gave him farewell. ....His gondolier landed him, still waving his hand, upon the deck of an Austrian ship. One gun of adieu sounded over the lagune, and Venice contained no soldier save her own, no law but the free behavior of her people, no flag of any designation."

No wonder that there was silence and a certain pride on either side. The Italian, as he watched the slowly receding form of the last of the *Maladetti Tedeschi*—the cursed Germans—could not help thinking that the day so long prayed for was not utterly cloudless, for though the Austrian was going, and Venice was again Italian only, it was not Italy which had expelled the intruder. After all, the patriotic enthusiasm, the popular uprising, the King leading, Garibaldi coming from Caprera, the peninsula trembling with sublime resolution, and the sympathetic world expectant, it was not Custozza nor Lissa—how those names sting!—it was Sadowa, a Bohemian battle, fought by Prussians and Austrians, which made Italy free. So thought some sad-souled Italian who had given the labor and enthusiasm of his life to the salvation of Italy, as he stood in the shadow and saw the Austrian sail away. And as he watched him waving his hand, and heard the one gun echoing over the water and through the silent city, the Italian knew also the Austrian's thought. He knew that there was a kind of triumph in the Austrian heart as its hand relaxed its hold of Venice. "I go," that waving hand receding seemed to say—"I go, but it is not you who force me. I go, but I baffled your last, most strenuous effort. By land at Custozza, by sea at Lissa, I humbled your armies and your fleets. I go, but I am master still. Farewell, foolish, hot, wayward child! It is a man, not you, who lifts my hand."

But the great burst of emotion that followed the departure of the ship must have been sublime. At first there was no sound. "The piazza—or square—the piazetta, the arcades, the housetops were filled with people. Twenty thousand stood there in silence like bewilderment. Not an oar broke the water, not a cry pealed on the land, no bell sounded, no jeer, nor laugh, nor tread of feet shook the solemn vacant pause. Suddenly, like the flash of a spectrum, a tri-color flag ran up to the peak of the campanile—the church tower. A group of men-of-war mounted the harbor light-house. Their port-holes grew white and thunderous. A field-piece in the Piazza answered them back. Those resonances broke the stupor of the people. With a shout like the falling of the city, they fell into each other's arms."

Then every expression of joy and liberty burst out every where. The city was festooned and tapestried with the flag, and under its gracious folds every sign of the late tyranny vanished. The Austrian spy and cannon disappeared. The passport office fell. The railway time-tables gained in time and diminished the rates of fare, and custom-house and passport stoppages were abolished. Palaces and galleries, the secluded homes of art and learning, were opened wide. The Post-office became honest, and letter and newspaper were delivered unread by Jesuit Austrian eyes. On all sides shone the photographic faces of Italians whom Italy has loved and cherished with a secret worship: Manin or Mazzini, Avezzana or Saffi, and the idolized red shirt, the beloved Garibaldi.

"Have you the picture of Joseph Mazzini?" inquired the correspondent of the *Tribune*, to whom we owe the warm and living picture of the scene, to a dealer on the Piazza.

"Oh yes, Signore! but old as '49 when he was among us. You love him?"

"Quite! How much is it?"

"Nothing, Signore—absolutely nothing. It pays me to have a stranger wish him—*addio!*"

And in the midst came the Italian army in barges down the Grand Canal. The bands played triumphal music. The sides of the Canal rang with shouts of welcome. Every grim old palace smiled with gay draperies, and from every balcony flowers were showered upon the soldiers. At the Palace Giustiniani the American Consul unrolled the flag of the Union. Cialdini, bravest and best of Italian Generals, arose and removed his hat to it. His staff followed, and every regiment as it passed lustily cheered the Stars and Stripes. Arrived at the Piazza San Marco the soldiers were removed, and, stepping from the line, were heartily embraced by the people. "The only person," says our authority, "I saw untouched by this beautiful reunion was an Englishman, who said: 'Oh! yas! yas! I da' say! but the city will sadly miss its Austrian customers, you know.'"

But a wise correspondent writes from Florence that he congratulates Italy upon her defeats at Custozza and Lissa. "Victories on the battle-field," he says, "might have inebriated the nation and carried her into the path of military monarchies. Imperialism of the French stamp has now become impossible." These defeats and the failures of General La Marmora and of Admiral Persano "have fortified freedom and constitutional life in the Peninsula, and, smiting national vanity, turned public attention to all that is rotten in Italy. Now that she has succeeded in revindicating her frontiers, she must look to her regeneration by education and honest work."—Wiser words could not be written. The Austrian is gone, let Italy take care that ignorance and vice follow him.

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Literary Notices.

Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals, by WILLIAM F. G. SHANKS. The writer is one of the ablest, and perhaps—taking into account the quantity as well as quality of his contributions—the very ablest of the "Army Correspondents" developed by our late war. Posted successively with the armies of the West and the East, at some of the most decisive periods of the great campaigns, few men had as many opportunities of studying the personal characteristics of the prominent commanders, and of forming an opinion of their military capacities. He certainly formed positive opinions, and has been nowise chary in expressing them in very positive form. While being as far removed as possible from a hero-worshiper, we do not find in his sketches any persistent purpose of belittling those whom history will pronounce to be great men. Yet, while claiming that he has written "with the firm belief that historical truth should only be less sacred than religious truth," he admits that there "has been some gall in his ink." We think that we may detect traces of this gall in the paper upon Sherman. It would be curious to inquire how far this admixture is to be accounted for by the rather cavalier manner in which the present Lieutenant-General was wont to act toward newspaper correspondents. In describing Sherman Mr. Shanks almost uniformly balances his laudatory phrases by a "but," a "yet," or a "though." Of our generals he is the most original, though not the most powerful; the most brilliant, though not the most reliable; the quickest, but not the safest; his "character has many virtues and beauties, but also many glaring defects and faults," and so on. In selecting for illustration the points to be presented, Mr. Shanks seems to us to have had a keener eye for faults than for merits. While we can not pronounce the portraiture to be absolutely untrue, we think it will not be accepted as altogether faithful. Certainly history will not sanction the sweeping assertions of Mr. Shanks that Sherman "never won a battle," and that "all his battles were defeats;" although it may write down that his fame will rest upon his great "Strategic Marches." If we take the word "marches" in its widest sense, including therein all the complex series of operations required to transport a great army from one point to another far distant, and premising that these marches were not mere raids, but movements made for a definite purpose, which, if accomplished, would give shape to a campaign, we may consider that it fairly expresses the peculiar merits of Sherman as a general; that is, he is, as Mr. Shanks correctly denominates him, a great "strategist," rather than a great "tactician." He could, better than any other general, place an army, and maintain it, in the very place where it was wanted. Now, as it happens, this very faculty of "marching" was the very point in which our armies were mainly deficient during the first two years of the war. The Confederates outfought us nowhere; they outmarched us every where. Hence came the disastrous results of McClellan's campaign on the Peninsula; of Pope's campaign in Virginia. Hence came the indecisive result of what should have been the crowning victory of Antietam. Hence really arose the disasters of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and the inadequate issues which followed Gettysburg. When, therefore, Sherman demonstrated that the Union soldiers could not only fight as bravely, but march as rapidly as those of the Confederacy, the ultimate issue of the struggle ceased to be a matter of doubt; it became one only of time. Hence, when Mr. Shanks designates Sherman as the "Strategist," he accords to him a place than which no general could have a higher, unless, indeed, it were the very highest, which should combine both "strategy" and "tactics." Acknowledging Sherman to be our great strategist, Mr. Shanks, and we think justly, considers Thomas to be the "tactician" of the army; while to Grant, with equal justice, he awards the merit of combining both qualities, and therefore of being the "superior of both"—we would rather say of either—Sherman or Thomas. We consider that Mr. Shanks is quite right in making these three men—Grant, Sherman, and Thomas—the leading figures in his "Recollections." It is useless now to attempt to portion out between them the exact share of credit due to each. They, we are sure, would be the last men to attempt to make any such apportionment. There is glory enough for all. It is enough to say that in all military history there is no recorded instance in which any commanding general ever received such true support as Grant received from Sherman and Thomas, or in which that support was so freely acknowledged. That General Meade appears only incidentally in this work is to be accounted for by the fact that the author was not detailed to the army while under the command of that admirable general. How worthily he will appear in a complete history of the war is shown by the campaign of Gettysburg, and in Grant's noble tribute to his services during the closing scenes of the struggle. Sheridan, Hooker, and Rousseau occupy prominent places in this work, and barring some personal details, perhaps not out of place in a series of "Personal Recollections," but which the grave historian of events will discard as trivial, the chapters give a fair idea of the men. Besides the great figures there are, moreover, sketches, more or less elaborate, of fully a hundred other officers of our army. Of the Confederate generals, Mr. Shanks, justly, we think, accords the highest place, in point of ability, to Joseph E. Johnston. That accomplished commander never, indeed, had a fair chance, after his recovery from his wound at Fair Oaks. He had incurred the bitter personal enmity of Judah Benjamin, and consequently of Jefferson Davis. How this happened is narrated by Mr. Henry S. Foote, in his noteworthy work, to which we have heretofore referred. We assume the statement of course to be correct; but whether it be so or not, the fact is certain that Johnston was never thereafter employed by Davis except under compulsion, and then only in the vain endeavor to repair some of the blunders committed by Pemberton, Hood, or some other favorite of the Confederate President and his incapable Secretary of War. Taken all in all, Mr. Shanks's volume is one of the few really notable works for which the war has as yet given occasion. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Authorship of Shakspeare, by NATHANIEL HOLMES.—Mr. Holmes takes up the idea advanced by poor Delia Bacon, that the dramas which the world knows as the "Plays of William Shakespeare" were not written by a certain actor of that name, born at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564, and dying at

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the same place in 1616. He, however, discards the supposition of that unfortunate lady that these immortal works were produced by a club made up of the wits and geniuses of the time, and endeavors to show that they were the production of Francis Bacon, better known to the world by his simple baptismal names than by his titles, "Baron of Verulam" and "Viscount St. Albans." Now that the player was the author of these dramas is as well fixed as any fact of literary history; and the claim can be set aside only by evidence amounting to demonstration. Mr. Holmes certainly argues the case with great ingenuity, but we imagine that his plea will not carry the verdict of the jury. The plea rests upon several special points: (1.) The author of these plays was a man of the most profound genius. This will be granted on all hands.—(2.) That he was thoroughly versed in all the learning of his day, whether in the departments of Languages, Natural Science, Philosophy, Law, or Medicine. This we think is not shown; we see nothing in the plays, in these respects, which would have been beyond the reach of any well-informed man.—(3.) That Shakspeare, the actor, was not, and could not have been possessed of this knowledge. This is not proven, and can not now be proven, for the records of the man are singularly imperfect upon the very points in question.—(4.) That Bacon had all the scientific knowledge required for the production of these dramas. This will be granted without question.—(5.) That Bacon had, beyond these qualifications, the far higher one of the poetic power which would have enabled him to create a Hamlet or a Lear, a Macbeth or an Iago, a Shylock or an Othello, an Ariel or a Caliban, a Portia, a Desdemona, a Juliet, an Ophelia, a Miranda, or a Beatrice. Not the slightest evidence of any such creative power is contained in any thing existing in what are known to be the works of Bacon. Granting all that can be claimed for his great genius, as shown in his great works, we see nothing to indicate that he could have imagined Hamlet any more than he could have painted the Transfiguration; that he could have created Macbeth any more than he could have composed the Messiah; that he could have moulded Juliet any more than he could have modeled the Parthenon; that he could have dreamed Ariel any more than he could have won Austerlitz. That he wrote sonnets in his youth is wholly beside the question; for there was not probably a man about the court of the Maiden Queen who had not done this. But even if all these points had been proved, instead of being merely alleged, it would only go to show that Bacon *might* by possibility have written the plays which we call those of Shakspeare. So, possibly, might Bunyan or Coleridge, had they not been extant before their day. Granting, for sake of argument, that Bacon might have produced these plays, Mr. Holmes, with all his ingenuity, has not found the slightest evidence to show that he did so; nor has he been able to adduce a plausible reason why, having done so, he should have given them to the world without reclamation under the name of this shrewd actor, instead of having claimed them as his own, at least after they had become famous. Ingenious as Mr. Holmes's essay is, he has not succeeded in reducing "our Shakspeare" to the shadow of a name. (Published by Hurd and Houghton.)

Morning by Morning, by C. H. SPURGEON. This volume consists of meditations upon striking and suggestive passages of Scripture. There is one for each day of the year, and the whole is intended as a series of daily readings for the family or the closet. These meditations, or "improvements," as sermonizers would style them, are brief, each occupying a single page. They are marked by a tender devotional feeling, and will commend themselves to Christians of every denomination. In this volume, quite as much as in his published sermons, we can discover the secret of the strong hold which Mr. Spurgeon has gained upon the heart of the religious world. (Published by Sheldon and Company.)

Principia Latina: Part II., by WILLIAM SMITH and HENRY DRISLER. This is simply a Latin Reading Book, designed for those just commencing the study of the language, containing such matter only as will be within their comprehension, and therefore interesting to them, accompanied by a Vocabulary and all necessary Notes. It is a matter of congratulation that two scholars as capable as the English editor of "the Greek and Roman Antiquities" and the Professor of Latin in our own venerable Columbia College should have set themselves to the task of preparing a series of elementary text-books. It is not less gratifying that men so competent to decide have come to the conclusion that the usual modes of teaching the classical languages are radically defective. That such is the case the actual result abundantly shows. From the time when a boy begins, say at the age of ten, to learn the Latin Grammar, to the time when he graduates from college, there are fully ten years of school life, of which quite half will have been mainly devoted to Latin. In that time he ought to have become able not only to read any author, but to write and speak Latin with tolerable facility. He will do this in French or German, and there is no reason why he should not do it in Latin or Greek. But the fact is, that not one graduate in five can read with any tolerable facility ten pages of Latin which have not formed part of his lessons; and not one in a score can write a paragraph of tolerable Latin, or converse for five minutes in that language. The reason of this is clearly stated by Dr. Smith, and by Professor Pillans, of the University of Edinburgh, whose admirable Essay is prefixed to this work. The extant works of Roman authors were written wholly for men. We presume that there were Roman Abbotts and Willsons. We do not suppose that Latian boys and girls of ten were expected to take pleasure in reading Livy and Tacitus, Cicero and Sallust, Virgil and Horace, any more than American children are supposed to delight in Burke's Orations, Milton's Areopagitica, Webster's Speeches, and the Federalist. "If we wish," says Dr. Smith, "boys to read Latin with facility, we must provide them with the right kind of books. The language must be easy, and the subjects suited to their capacity. It would be considered preposterous, in teaching boys of ten or twelve years of age the English language, to employ for the purpose Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion' or Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;' but yet a similar plan is adopted in teaching Latin," and the result is what we all know. This little text-book is a well-considered step in the right direction. We hope at some time to see the design carried still further, and to be able to give our grandsons, if not our sons, by way of Christmas present, a Latin Jack the Giant-Killer and Robinson Crusoe. We have no apprehension that when the time comes they will fail to take to the great works of the great Roman writers, any more than we fear that the lad who to-day is absorbed in the story of the castaway on Juan Fer-

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nandez and his man Friday, will not ten years hence be found poring over the pages of Motley and Bancroft, which to-day he would find wearisome enough. The idea is no new one. It was advanced more than two centuries ago by no less a man than "the Great Schoolmaster," John Milton. Meanwhile, in the name of the rising generation, we gratefully accept this little volume, and are glad to know that its accomplished editors have in preparation a "Principia Græca" on the same plan. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

An American Family in Germany, by J. Ross Browne.—Mr. Browne is no stranger to the readers of this Magazine. During more than a dozen years he has from time to time furnished transcripts from his experiences in many lands, telling his story sometimes in words, sometimes in pictures—often in both. The greater part of this volume, describing social and domestic life in Germany, has appeared in our pages. Interpolated, however, is a charming Christmas story setting forth the "Wonderful Adventures of Little Mitchie with the Old Sea King," which was or might have been told to the American children while resident in Germany. Appended, moreover, is an account of a "Whirl through Algeria," whither the author made one of his many flying trips. We need not say that Ross Browne is a most genial humorist. He has the faculty of seeing more in a rapid trip than most men see in months. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Beethoven's Letters, translated by Lady Wallace. Lovers of music, at all events, will be interested in this series of letters of the great Master. Better than any formal biography could do they set forth the character of the man, and the deep sadness and constant gloom which pervaded his life at almost every period—a gloom which was broken by hardly any thing except his absorbing devotion to Art. We can not anticipate that these volumes will be popular—they lie too far out of the sphere of common experience; but "they will speak to the initiated." (Published by Hurd and Houghton.)

Battle-Pieces, by Herman Melville.—Mr Melville has broken a long silence in a manner hardly to have been expected of the author of "Typee" and "Mardi." Among these poems are some—among them "The March to the Sea" and that upon "Stonewall Jackson, ascribed to a Virginian"—which will stand as among the most stirring lyrics of the war. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Great Rebellion: Its Secret History, Rise, Progress, and Disastrous Fall, by John Minor Botts.—Mr. Botts occupies a place almost solitary among Southern men. There is scarcely another person who had occupied any prominent position who remained in the Confederacy through the war and was known and recognized as a Union man. The history of the book is somewhat singular, and explains the form in which it is cast. In 1861 the French Consul at Richmond applied to a friend to furnish him with information upon the question of secession and the rebellion. This gentleman asked Mr. Botts to give the required information. He complied with the request; and a long letter, or rather disquisition, addressed to the Consul, was the result. This letter forms the ground-work of the present volume. Some months later it was rumored that Mr. Botts was engaged in writing the Secret History of the Rebellion. The Confederate authorities endeavored to seize the manuscript, but Mr. Botts had put it in a place of safety. He was, however, arrested and thrown into prison, where he was detained for some time. Writing for the information of a foreigner, Mr. Botts, of course, found it necessary to tell many things of which the people of the United States are and were perfectly aware. Thus he ascribes the origin of the doctrine of Secession to the disappointed ambition of John C. Calhoun, whose aspirations for the Presidency were frustrated in 1832. Still there is much of information contained in this volume in relation to which the American public are even yet only partially instructed. Perhaps at the present moment the most interesting portion of the book is the scheme of reconstruction proposed by Mr. Botts. He objects to that proposed by the majority in Congress, mainly on the ground that the Constitutional Amendment will not receive the sanction of the number of State Legislatures requisite for its adoption; and that the accompanying Bills will not receive the sanction of the President. His plan, in brief, is that no person who was of the age of twenty-five at the time of the breaking out of the rebellion shall, within ten years, be eligible for any office, National or State, without first taking a solemn oath that he has not voluntarily taken up arms against the United States; has not held office under the Confederate States, or any State in rebellion; and has not in any way given aid or comfort to the rebellion. This enactment to be accompanied by an absolute remission of all penalties or forfeitures for acts committed by and under the authority of those in rebellion; and from all those of thirty and under who could not take the test oath should be required an oath recognizing the supreme authority of the Constitution and laws, "any State law, Constitution, ordinance, or convention to the contrary notwithstanding," and promising hereafter to "obey the laws and protect the flag of the country when lawfully called upon to do so." (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Sanctuary, by George Ward Nichols. The author of the "Story of the Great March" has wrought into a tale many of the incidents and observations gathered during his army life. While the historic element has considerable prominence, it is yet subordinated to the purpose of a story of the civil war, very much as in Scott's novels history is subordinated to the purposes of fiction, and events are the ground upon which are wrought the embroidery of fancy. The story is very decidedly good. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

To "Harper's Library of Select Novels," now including 291 works, the following are the most recent additions: *Sir Brooke Fosbrooke*, by Charles Lever.—*Kissing the Rod*, by Edmund Yates; a novel of very decided power.—*The Race for Wealth*, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, author of "Maxwell Drewitt" and "Phemie Keller;" not inferior to either of those clever tales.—*All in the Dark*, by J. S. Le Fanu, whose "Uncle Silas" and "Guy Deverell" placed him high among the rising novelists of the day.—*Madonna Mary*, by Mrs. Oliphant, whose former excellent novels are an abundant guaranty for the quiet interest and graceful delineations of character to be found in this.

The Parlor Stage, by S. Annie Frost. This volume, if of no very high literary pretensions, will meet a growing social want. It contains about forty domestic dramas and charades, any of which can be represented by the members of a social circle, with no requirements in the way of dress, scenery, and properties which will not be found in any

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well-appointed house. This collection will afford a source of much innocent home amusement. (Published by Dick and Fitzgerald.)

Photographic Views of Sherman's Campaigns, by GEORGE N. BARNARD. Photography has done much to illustrate the details of our civil war. We have before had occasion to speak of Mr. Brady's immense collection of views. These relate largely, though by no means exclusively, to affairs at the East. Mr. Barnard, whose field was mainly the West, has collected into one magnificent volume some threescore imperial photographs of the most important scenes made memorable in Sherman's Campaigns. The subjects are admirably chosen, both in respect to the picturesqueness of the scenes and their historical importance, and the execution of the photographs has reached the highest capacity of the art.

Fairy Tales of All Nations. By EDOUARD LABOULAYE; translated by MARY L. BOOTH. It needs a man or woman to write for children. M. Edouard Laboulaye, Member of the Institute of France, whose brilliant work, "Paris in America," has made his name a household word on this side of the Atlantic, has for many years scattered through various French books and journals a succession of Fairy Tales. Miss Booth, perhaps the best translator of the day, whose rendition into our language of Henri Martin's History of France will take rank among our historical classics, has, with the special assent of the author, selected and translated a dozen of the most striking of these tales. The range of subjects is wide, and all are excellent. A sample of the quality is to be found in "Yvon and Finette," reproduced in an earlier portion of this Number of the Magazine. The longest and most ambitious of these tales is Oriental in scene and character; the title being, "Abdallah, or the Four-Leaved Clover; an Arabian Tale." One might well fancy that it was a newly-discovered chapter from the Arabian Nights. If any one thinks the production of such a tale is a mere pastime, he should be undeceived by a sentence in a letter from the Author to the Translator. He says: "It cost me more than a year's study. There is not a detail in it that is not borrowed from some narrative of Eastern travel, and I read the Koran through twice (a wearisome task) in order to extract therefrom a morality that might put Christians to the blush, though practiced by Arabs."—Taken all in all, we do not hesitate to pronounce this volume to be altogether the most charming collection of Fairy Stories which has appeared for a generation. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 1st of December. It is unusually brief, for the reason that the actual events of the month, apart from rumors and speculations as to the future, present little that requires to be placed upon permanent record.

THE ELECTIONS.

The general result of the recent elections demonstrates that a decided majority of the citizens of the Union, as it now exists, sanction the general scheme of policy set forth by the Republican majority in the present Congress, as opposed to that announced by the President and advocated by the late Philadelphia Convention. How far the decision has been influenced by the actions of the President during his recent tour may be a matter of question. But it is certain that upon the vital point of the choice of members of the next Congress the so-called "Radical" Republicans have fully retained their present overwhelming preponderance in Congress. The present probabilities are that the "Conservatives" will gain two or three Representatives, while the "Radicals" will gain as many Senators; but these changes will not affect the general issue. The "Radical Republicans" will have in both Houses more than the majority of two-thirds which is required to carry their measures over any veto by the President. The general result being thus certain, we do not here give the precise majorities in the different States upon local issues. Maryland and Delaware went "Conservative," every other State "Radical."—With the exception of New York the "Radical" majorities were very large upon local issues. In this State the general question was complicated by special interests. Mr. Fenton, the Republican candidate for Governor, in sanctioning a stringent law respecting the sale of liquor incurred the hostility of a very large class engaged in that business, especially in the large towns. The result was, that in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and their immediate environs, his Democratic opponent, Mr. Hoffman, had a majority of nearly 60,000, fully 10,000 more than had been anticipated. This, however, was more than counterbalanced by unexpected majorities for Mr. Fenton in the country, and the result was, that he was re-elected by a majority of about 14,000, the Republican majority on the remainder of the State ticket being somewhat larger. In the Congressional districts comprised within the cities of New York and Brooklyn the Democrats elected all their candidates, gaining here three members of Congress. Among the members chosen from New York is Mr. John Morrissey, known a few years ago as a professional pugilist, the "hero" of several prize-fights, and subsequently as the proprietor of several establishments usually denominated as "sporting." These Democratic gains were balanced by Republican gains in other districts, so that the representation in Congress, as far as the numbers of each party are concerned, remains unchanged, being 20 Republicans to 11 Democrats. The State Legislature, upon whom will devolve the choice of a Senator in Congress, is Republican in both Houses by about two to one. It was also decided, by a large majority, that a Convention shall be called for the purpose of revising the State Constitution.

THE CONGRESSIONAL SESSION.

The action of the present Congress at its last session having thus been indorsed by the popular vote of the country, there is no reason to suppose that it will recede from any of its requirements in regard to the States lately in secession. There is reason to presume, on the contrary, that more stringent measures will be proposed. Some members of the dominant party—notably among them Gen-

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eral B. F. Butler, elected member of Congress from Massachusetts — have suggested the impeachment of the President. The Message of the President, to be delivered within a few days, and the action of Congress thereupon, will probably furnish the key-note to our political history for the ensuing year.

THE AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Although a number of prominent Southerners have urged upon the lately seceding States the ratification of the Amendment to the Constitution proposed by Congress, every thing indicates that it will not be adopted by any one of these States. Probably the general tone of feeling at the South upon this point is fairly represented in the Message of Governor Worth of North Carolina. We give a resumé of what we judge to be the vital points of this Message: The overthrow, he says, of the Southern cause was complete; the people accepted the issue of the contest, and were willing to submit to the Constitution and laws of the United States. They expected to be restored to their position in the Union upon their acceptance of three essential stipulations: (1.) The renunciation of the doctrine of secession; (2.) The abolition of slavery; (3.) The repudiation of the Confederate war debt.— These terms were complied with; and the people of North Carolina elected representatives to Congress, every one of whom "had always opposed secession until the United States could no longer protect his person or property." Congress had, indeed, prescribed a test-oath requiring every member to swear that he had not voluntarily aided the rebellion; few citizens of the State could take this oath, and the repeal of its requirement was anticipated. Having premised that the South as a whole, and his own State in particular, had complied with what were supposed to be the conditions of "a restoration of their constitutional relations with the American Union," for which they were "sincerely desirous," the Governor proceeds to discuss the proposed 14th Amendment to the Constitution. To some of the provisions therein embodied he thinks "there would probably be no objection;" but to others, or to "the heterogeneous whole," he hopes "the State will never give her consent." The main objection, as formally stated, is to the Fifth Section, which renders ineligible to office all persons who, having taken an oath to support the Constitution, had thereafter aided the rebellion. This provision, as he shows in detail, would exclude from office "the great body of the intelligence of the State." As to the Fourth Section, the really vital one, which regulates the basis of representation, the language of the Governor appears studiously ambiguous. The African race, as a body, he says "can not now participate in governmental affairs with any discretion;" but "a few of them are discreet and virtuous, and have considerable intelligence;" and when the State shall become free to manage her own affairs, he does not doubt that "the question as to what share ought to be granted them in the elective franchise will be candidly considered." The Governor suggests that "the cause of the trouble is the unequal distribution of the African race between the sections; the plain and practical remedy is their more equal distribution." "The people of the South do not regard the negro as their equal;" those of the North consider him as an equal, and "in one of the States the people have given a substantial earnest of the principles they profess by electing two Africans as members of their State Legislature." He therefore suggests that, as the negroes are mostly too poor to pay the expenses of emigrating to the North, "a portion of the appropriation made to sustain the Freedmen's Bureau should be diverted to defraying the traveling expenses of those who may choose to move, allowing each one to choose the State or Territory to which he would go." We assume that the Governor is serious in this proposition, for he asks the Legislature to "propose this plan of national reconciliation to the Congress of the United States."

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* the current of intelligence indicates that the Emperor Maximilian will return to Europe simultaneously with the withdrawal of the French army, the commencement of which is supposed to be at hand, although a little later than was expected. Meanwhile Judge Campbell, of Ohio, and Lieutenant-General Sherman have been sent to Mexico by our Government upon a special mission. The object of this mission, and the instructions under which it is to act, have not been made public.

EUROPE.

From the Continent the telegraph brings an abundance of rumors, but few facts. The most notable rumor is that Russia has entered into a strict alliance with Prussia, instead of one with Austria, which seemed more probable.

From Great Britain the intelligence which most concerns us is that negotiations have been reopened in regard to our claims for indemnity for the damages inflicted upon our commerce by the *Alabama*. —If we may judge from telegraphic messages which have the appearance of having been subject to government surveillance, grave apprehensions are entertained of a formidable Fenian uprising in Ireland. The actual intelligence transmitted up to this date is, however, only to the effect that large additions have been made to the British naval and military force in Ireland.

Editor's Drawer.

A FRIEND in Pennsylvania sends the four following:

Evan Evans is a bright little Welshman in one of the Welsh settlements of Pennsylvania. He is very fond of playing the harp, but complains greatly that he can not improve for the want of proper instruction. A waggish Yankee consequently advised him to subscribe for *Harper's Magazine*, which he did at once, supposing it to be a publication intended specially for harpers. Meeting Evan some time ago we asked him how he liked his Magazine, when he replied: "Tat Yankee is a great rogue; but ta *Harper* is a vera goot book."

SQUIRE L—— was an elder of the church in H——. He was a very pious man, but was fond of using words of which he did not fully comprehend the meaning. In this respect he would have

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made an excellent companion for Mrs. Partington. One day his pastor complimented him on his social qualities, when he replied: "Yes, my dear pastor, I have always enjoyed a good social *crim. con.*" He meant *confab.*

A MINISTER in Maryland was called to the door one bitter cold night in January, by a young man who asked him to perform the marriage service.

"Certainly," said the minister. "When do you require my services?"

"Immediately," was the reply.

"But where is the bride?" inquired the astonished pastor.

"Why," said the groom, "Sal was so bashful she hid herself behind the wood-pile till I had asked you to tie the knot. Come out, Sal!"

Being thus admonished the blushing bride came forth from her place of concealment, followed her affianced into the parsonage, and the loving pair were soon made happy.

THE Rev. Dr. B—— once asked a boy, with reference to the blessed Trinity, "How many persons are there?" As the boy was noted for stupidity the Doctor was delightfully surprised to be correctly answered—"Three." Now it so happened that three prominent members of the church, bearing the family name of Person, lived in close proximity to the church, and to them the boy supposed the Doctor referred. Imagine, then, the Doctor's horror when he asked, "What are their names?" and received the reply, "Jake, Henry, and Mike!"

THEY sometimes have curious decisions out West, as the following note from that region will show:

Having been a reader of the Drawer for a good many years, we feel indebted to it in the following, which we do not remember to have seen in print:

In the early organization of the Indiana courts of justice we had a President Judge and two associates of the Circuit Court, any two of whom would constitute a quorum, to dispense justice — or dispense with it, as the case might be; which duty occasionally devolved upon the worthy associates, as was the case during a session of the W—— Circuit Court not a hundred miles from the Wabash, when a motion to dismiss a suit brought up on appeal from a magistrate was pending. At the close of the argument, the two bowers not being fully advised in the premises, fortified their own opinion by getting that of Mr. W——, a prominent member of the bar and not in the case, who advised them to throw it out. Thereupon Judge —— announced that "the Court, having fully considered the motion, had concluded to throw the case out of court;" and, suiting the action to the word, gathered up the papers in the cause and pitched them out the window!

IT was in the same circuit, but in another county, that Associate-Justices W—— and P——, holding the court in the absence of the President Judge, heard an elaborate argument on a motion for a new trial in a case where an individual had some difficulty with the State, and which, on the trial, had resulted in the individual's being victimized by a jury too scrupulous about the sanctity of personal property. Mr. Justice W—— being aware of an educational deficiency, but somewhat of a wag withal, shifted the responsibility of delivering the ruling of the Court on his associate, who, laboring under a like deficiency, but not aware of it, gravely announced that "the Court, having considered the case in all its bearings, thinks it best to give our fellow-*critter* another chance to get clear, and therefore grant him a new trial."

OLD Judge —— was sitting in a drug-store in a little town in Kentucky when Burnside's army were passing through for East Tennessee. From the candies kept in the window to amuse the children a soldier naturally mistook the *shop* for a confectionery, and putting in his head, he asked, hurriedly: "Any *pies in* here?" The Judge immediately roared out: "No pies, but plenty of *pizen!*"

COLONEL L——, the Sheriff of a northern county in Virginia, one fine morning was sitting on a low horse-block, in front of a drug-store, discussing the state of the world and the rest of mankind. To add to his dignity he wore a long alpaca coat, and had some apples in a pocket which hung out behind his seat. He did not perceive an old sow who quietly approached, until a peculiarly satisfied grunt aroused him. Turning suddenly, he hallooed, "G'out!" but too late, for the sow had obtained possession and held on, the coat giving way some distance up the back, and away went the sow with her plunder, leaving the Colonel to walk home in his roundabout amidst the laughter of the spectators.

DEAR DRAWER,—A friend, while passing through Vicksburg a few days since, was *struck* by a sign in front of an auction-store. As he was not very badly hurt he stopped and copied said sign *verbatim.* Here it is:

WAGGIN FUR SAIL
CHEEP FUR KASH.

THE following is from a Northern Vermont School: As the class in Philosophy was reciting here a few days ago, the question, "Where is the labyrinth of the ear situated?" was given to one of the scholars. The boy did not know. "The next?" said the teacher. "The next" answered up quicker than he ever was known to before: "*In the windpipe!*" School closed for that day.

NOT a hundred miles from Philadelphia lived, a few years ago, a couple of old farmers; they were brothers and bachelors, and both of them had filled out their threescore and ten years on their ancestral farm; they, moreover, belonged to the Society of Friends. The old gentlemen one fall became suspicious that some one was helping themselves from their corn-crib without consent of the owners—and, oddly enough, each, without consulting the other, resolved to watch in person on a certain night, without informing any one of it, and try to catch the thief. Accordingly, about nine in the evening, Joshua, the elder, passed out of the back-door and wended his way to the corn-crib, which he entered, and, closing the door, seated himself on an inverted basket to await developments. Shortly after Joshua left the room John, who had been dozing behind the stove, awoke and bethought him of the rifled corn-crib and his design to watch it, and proceeded leisurely out of the front-door. He had been gone but a few moments when the family within-doors were startled by the most unearthly yells and shouts, and the cries of, "I have got him! yes, I have got him! Help! quick, before he gets away!"

The nephew, albeit somewhat alarmed, rushed

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valiantly to the rescue, to find his two ancient uncles prostrate on the floor of the corn-crib, each holding desperately to the other, and shouting lustily for help to secure the thief he had caught.

The old gentlemen's chagrin can be better imagined than described when they learned the truth; and the subject of stolen corn had to be thereafter carefully avoided in their presence.

A RHODE ISLANDER says: The Drawer being the centre of gravitation for all good things said and done, I beg to contribute the following:

A short time ago I employed a "son of Erin" who was "just over," and who boasted of his experience in all kinds of farm-work. One day I directed Mike to take the cart and oxen and remove a pile of rubbish. Happening near the place where it was to be deposited as Mike drove up with his load, I discovered he was in a state of great perplexity, evidently ignorant of the process of dumping. After studying some minutes, a bright idea seemed to strike him. Seizing his whip, and taking his stand in front of and facing the oxen, he roared out, throwing up both arms at the same time: "Rare up noo, ye bastes! rare up, wull yez!"

DEAR DRAWER,—We have in Leavenworth an old Frenchman, Monsieur T——, who has been long enough in this country to imagine that he speaks English very fluently. Occasionally, while sipping our evening glass of lager at his saloon, he entertains us with some of his first experiences in America. On one occasion he got off the following:

"En France I was ver mootch like to hunt, so ven I arrivéé en New York I take ze gun half douzaine mile in ze country; I see one ver fine what you call him gentleman goose? Gandare, eh? I ask one leetle boy, 'Ees zat gandare wild?' He say, 'Certainment.' Den I fire ze gun and shoot ze gandare; ze farmare run out hees house ver mad, and ze leetle boy say to me, 'Old cock, your goose ees cooked!' I say, 'Oh no, my young fren, voila, he frappé her wings!' Den ze leetle boy laff ver mootch. I pay ze farmare for hees gandare, and ven I come back in New York I speak ze story to my fren Americaine. He laff ver mootch too, and say, 'Bully for ze leetle boy!'"

THE following experience of the General Superintendent of the Michigan Central Railroad is related by that gentleman:

Mr. R. N. Rice, the aforesaid General Superintendent, had occasion to cross Detroit River to Windsor, in her Majesty's dominions, at the time serious competition had reduced the fare upon the ferry lines to the small sum of three cents. When the collector (who was also captain and mate) came around to gather up the fares the three cents were tendered by Mr. Rice, but the fare was declined by the collector, with the remark: "No matter about your fare, Sir, as I am going to Chicago in a few days, and it is quite proper that we people in the business of carrying passengers should extend courtesies to each other!" Inasmuch as the fare to Chicago was eight dollars and a half, our friend, the Superintendent of the Central Road, failed "to see it," and rather insisted on disbursing his ferry fare.

DEAR DRAWER,—Youngsters sometimes do very funny things when they are too young to say them. We have one, responding to the sobriquet of Paddy, a two-year-old, scarcely able to waddle as yet, who has a strong partiality for butter, and always bothers his mother by sticking his fingers in it and stealing it whenever the opportunity offers. One day, after handling some, and giving "Paddy" all she thought he ought to have, she placed the plate in the middle of the table, where he could not reach it, and left the room. Thinking he was unusually quiet, she came back to see what the youngster was about, when there stood "Paddy" with a long, crooked stick, which he would run into the lump and then lick the butter off it, to repeat the operation again!—This calls to mind the rats who, finding a jar of oil, managed to get the delicacy by dipping their tails into the jar in turn, and then presenting them to each other to lick. Was child or rat more ingenious?

WASHINGTON, though notorious for its depravity, none the less boasts of quite a number of Temperance Lodges. One of these, that of the Good Templars, not long since was presided over by a Worthy Chief named B——, who, though his character for temperance and sobriety was unquestionable, was suspected by some of possessing somewhat more than his share of self-esteem. It was his especial delight, when giving the instructions to the candidates undergoing initiation, to enlarge materially from his own vocabulary upon the text of the Manual, thereby protracting the ceremony, tedious at the briefest, to a great length, much to the annoyance of the members. He had a way of closing his lips, at the end of any important remark, in a manner indicative of the greatest degree of firmness and self-satisfaction. He was, moreover, not always sure of his word, and occasionally delivered himself of a genuine bull. On one occasion, after an unusually tedious ceremony, when at the close our Worthy was endeavoring to impress upon the novices the importance of the signs, grips, and passwords, he wound up with the following emphatic and triumphant utterance, which he accompanied with a look of supreme wisdom and rather more than the usual compression of the lips: "By these we are enabled effectually to keep outsiders in and insiders out!" The suppressed titter that was audible in different parts of the room was powerless to convey a hint; and to this day B—— congratulates himself upon the happy manner in which he acquitted himself while Worthy Chief of the Good Templars.

DEAR DRAWER,—My sweet "sprig of geranium" has a fashion, when speaking of her beaux during their absence, of styling them "my swains." Her pa heard her speak thus. I went to see Jennie one evening, and was met at the door by the "old man." After the customary "How do you do?" and comment on weather, he blurted out, "I suppose you want to see Jennie?" I nodded affirmatively. He then called her; and from up stairs, over the balusters, sweetest accents replied, "What do you want, pa?" "Come down at once, daughter, here's one of your *swine!*" Imagine my sensations amidst her ringing laughter after the old boy's exit!

AT a Contraband Sabbath-school, as it is somewhat amusingly termed, conducted by some Presbyterian brethren of Northern proclivities, and located on the sacred soil in Alexandria, Virginia, one of the gentlemen, addressing the children, drew a parallel between the gnarled and knotty condition of

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some trees in the forest compared with their straight and symmetrical neighbors, and the depraved and vicious state of some persons in society. After descanting upon the various causes which impede the growth of timber—as storms, browsing cows, etc., and comparing them to the vicious habits of early years as affecting the character of the adult, he appealed to the school: How is it that we do not find all the trees of the forest straight, beautiful, and symmetrical? An attentive, saddle-colored urchin, who had a little more human nature than Catechism, sang out, "Because God didn't want them all one way!"

The youngster did not realize that he was quoting Pope, and hitting the dogmatic theology of his friend between the eyes.

A FEW evenings since my little Harold, whose ideas of waxing are confined to waxing-string or cord for his dog-harness or peg-top, hearing the text, "And the child waxed strong," asked: "Father, how did they wax him?" A perfectly legitimate question from his point of view.

AN inhabitant of Green Bay, Wisconsin, contributes this:

We have a young man here who is very proud of his native land, and boasts a great deal of Holland, every thing there being on a much grander scale than any thing America ever produced—such as men, buildings, etc. One day, in the course of conversation, the heathen deity Bacchus's name was mentioned, when some one in the company asked who Bacchus was? L—— spoke up: "Why, John, don't you know who Bacchus was? You are a great fellow! He was the man that invented Holland gin. I've seen his picture lots of times in the Old Country!"

DEAR DRAWER,—In a crowd, where it was almost impossible to keep the toes of our boots off the shortest trails flaunted from hoop-skirts ahead, we were pressing our way toward our ferry-boat. At one side marched a "high private," whose face and gait were slightly influenced by something stronger than water. The poor fellow did his best to avoid about a quarter of a yard of silk hailing from a fairy form just ahead. His best was not good enough, and down came the heavy military boot upon the silk. The face that turned did not smile, and the voice was not extremely mild that chided him with, "Take care, Sir!" "'Close [clothes] up in the rear there!' were our orders, marm, always. Them's military orders." The fair face more than smiled, and the worrying crowd joined her laugh with a hearty roar.

MR. P—— and family were boarding for the summer in the country with a farmer who was rather close in the matter of providing for the table. In the course of the summer Mrs. P—— fell sick, and her loving spouse thought that chicken broth would be the thing for her. So down he went to the landlord, and asked that chickens might be slain and the broth provided. The landlord was very sorry, but hadn't got a darned chick. P—— said nothing, but returned to his room, took down his fowling-piece, and sallied forth in quest of game. His route led him behind the landlord's barn, where, to his surprise, he espied quite a lot of spring chickens, evidently in good condition. Without waiting for wilder game P—— raised his gun and fired. Three fine pullets lay weltering in their gore when the smoke cleared away. P—— gathered them up, brought them in to the landlord, and ordered broth made from them for his wife. The countenance of the landlord grew dark, and he rudely charged P—— with killing *his chickens*. "Your chickens!" said P——, "you never were more mistaken in your life. I know you're a man of your word, and you told me not an hour ago that you hadn't a chicken about the place!" The landlord collapsed, and Mrs. P—— got better on chicken broth.

A SICK man was telling his symptoms—which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful—to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming! delightful! Pray go on!" and, when he had finished, the doctor said, with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear Sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

AT a school in New England all the children were expected to kneel down at morning prayers. The consequences of this posture to the nether garments of the uneasy youngsters were in some cases serious. One little girl, whose mother had frequently reproved her for her carelessness in tearing her pantalets, was determined to initiate a reform. So, when all kneeled the next morning, she persistently sat still. The teacher waited; she did not move. The teacher rapped; the girl remained fixed. Then the teacher waxed wroth: "Sarah, kneel down!" was her demand. "I can't do it," was the reply; "for ma said she should punish me if I tore any more holes in the knees of my pantalets!" They prayed standing in that school thenceforth.

PAT, a raw "son of Erin," at dinner one Friday was urged by some of his fellow-servants to eat some beef-soup. Pat declined, as he ate no meat on that day. "But," says one, "this is not meat, it is only soup." "Faix," says Pat, "yez might as well eat the devil as to drink his broth!"

SEVERAL years ago there lived a Frenchman in Northern Indiana named Curteau, who was an Indian trader, and at the annual payments he used to "stick" it to the Pottawatomie Indians in the most approved style, cheating them in every conceivable way. On the occasion of one of these payments he had a lot of needles which he sold to the Indians, charging them half a dollar for each needle. Some of them remonstrated, saying it was too much. Old Curteau said he knew it was, but it was probably the last they would ever get, as the "needle-maker was dead." It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of his needles went off like "hot cakes."

THE Drawer is relished in Colorado Territory, and one of its readers sends the two following:

In looking over the Drawer for October I am reminded of a circumstance that occurred some thirty-five years since in the city of B——.

There was an old gentleman by the name of Adam Luke, that kept a drug and paint store, and administered physic to his neighbors and their apprentice boys. The boys took a great dislike to the old man on account of the large doses of emetic given, and determined to be revenged on him. After consultation they agreed to change his sign, which read: "Adam Luke, Paints and Dye-Stuffs."

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By changing the L in Luke, P in Paints, and marking out Stuffs, they made it read: "Adam Pukes, Faints, and Dyes."

The next morning there was a great crowd in front of the door, laughing and yelling, and the old man went out in a hurry to see what was the matter. Being naturally of an irritable disposition, great was his wrath on beholding his beautiful sign so sadly changed. The apprentice boys were there, and yelled like demons.

The old man in his wrath determined the sign should come down, and running into the store, seized a crow-bar, and, from a second-story window, made a furious lunge at the sign. The bar slipped from his grasp and struck a large negro in the face, and felled him to the pavement. Luke (having also practiced surgery) had to come down and dress the negro's wounds, which only added to his anger.

In that same crowd there was a fussy little fellow that talked very loud, and said he'd like to see any one change his sign. He had a small swinging sign hung to his door-post, which read: "Wm. Jones, Whips and Canes." The boys noticed this chap and his threats, and the following night they painted under the "Whips and Canes" "his Wife." It read: "Wm. Jones Whips and Canes his Wife;" which, I believe, was not far from the truth. It is needless to say the sign was demolished the next morning by the said Jones, amidst the shouts of the crowd assembled.

The boys were there and enjoyed the fun.

We are sorry that so mean a man lives in Maine as the one illustrated below:

Dear Drawer,—As I was looking over your Drawer to-night I noticed a paragraph about meanness; and as you wanted to hear from any body that could beat it, I thought I would see what I could do. So here goes.

I lived with a man in the country a year, who, I think, is as mean a man as is out. No matter what his name is. He had twelve swarms of bees; their hives were full; and the honey was worth twenty-five cents a pound. As he and I were taking out some honey one day he observed: "If that honey didn't bring so much money in the market we would take out a little to eat in the house."

How is that?

If it won't do here is another:

As I was at work one day I found the old gentleman's wallet, with quite a large sum of money in it. I handed it to him directly. He opened and looked all through it, and asked: "How much have you taken out of it?" That is all the thanks I got.

One more, and I am done:

The old gentleman had an umbrella—a bad one at that. One day it was raining, and as it was all the one that the house afforded I took it, and went to a neighbor's for a few minutes. When I went back the old man said: "That is my umbrella; I bought it and paid for it with my own money, and there sha'n't nobody use it but myself."

Dear Drawer,—The Irish are noted, as you are aware, for their contradictory witticisms. If you can beat the following, from a comical domestic of ours, do so, and we shall readily yield the palm. An accident occurred in which catastrophe was involved an acquaintance. The announcement was made by her that "A young comarad" she knew "got kilt in a factory, but didn't die right away. They took him to the hospital, and there he died before he got well."

An officer of the "Old Army of the Potomac" relates the following:

While our army lay encamped near Falmouth, Virginia, during the winter of 1863, my negro boy, Bill, invested his entire fortune—fifty-five dollars—in a silver watch, with which he readily learned to tell the time, and of which he was very proud, and not at all backward in showing. After a few days I missed his watch, and on inquiring what he had done with it, received the following explanation: "De tam ting wouldn't stop ticking after taps; so I jus kick de guts out ob it. I tried for ten days to keep it quiet—sure I did, Massa."

A Southerner writes: The following served to create a laugh among a few favored passengers on the steamer *Von Phul*, on a late trip from Memphis, and is offered as a part of my debt due the Drawer for the many good stories I have read therein:

The steamer was lying at the bank taking on cotton; several of us had collected at the railing to watch the exertions of the deck-hands in rolling it on board, when one old gentleman, evidently inclined to be deep in his remarks, began with a dissertation on the various changes through which cotton would pass before it reached us again.

"We plant it," he said, "plow and hoe it, gin and bale it, and then ship to Europe, whence it is returned to us in the form of cloth of different kinds, and for which we pay exorbitant prices. This, gentlemen, is all wrong, and should be changed. All our cotton should be manufactured at home."

"What you say is perfectly true," remarked a quiet, good-natured looking man on his right. "The cotton passes through all the transformations you mention here, is sent to Europe, and is very often returned to us, with large prices attached, in the form of *linen* handkerchiefs."

Sometimes the sayings of colored folks will provoke laughter in spite of one's self. Last winter, during a revival in a negro congregation in Harmar, one of the members—an old and very earnest Christian woman—relating her experience and rejoicing in the fact that she was a Christian woman, said: "I would rather be a deck-hand on de ark ob de Lord dan be de Captin ob de *Wild Wagoner*." The *Wild Wagoner* was then the Wheeling and Cincinnati packet, and one of the finest vessels above the falls of the Ohio.

A resident in New Orleans sends the following:

While taking a stroll on the levee in this city a few days since my attention was called to one of the watchmen, who was amusing himself by abusing the Radicals and the Northern people generally, and finally wound up his harangue something after this fashion: "My grandfather fit in the Revolution for liberty, and got it, and handed it down to his ancestors, and I mean to do the same thing, and hand it down to mine."

On the day of the late election in Ohio Henry G——, a German, who lives in Harmar, stationed himself at the polls as challenger for the Democrats. Henry is the keeper of a small grocery, in the back-room of which is a short counter, and behind this

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is a shelf, which contains sundry bottles and glasses, indicating that he keeps for sale a little of the "ardent." On the morning in question, when he arrived at the polls it was plainly evident that he had been patronizing his own bar. Some of the Republicans, conceiving the idea that they could have some sport at Henry's expense, induced an old negro to offer his ballot at the polls. Henry challenged, of course, but the negro insisted upon his right to vote.

"What for you wants to vote, eh?" demanded Henry.

"Because I'm more white dan black," replied the negro.

"More white dan black, eh? How ish dat?"

"Well," said the negro, who is as black as a coal, "my mother was a mulatter and my father was a Dutchman and a Democrat."

Henry wasn't troublesome after that.

A WRITER from Tennessee says: I shall make no apology for my first contribution to the Drawer. We have justices of the peace in Marion County the same as other States, and some of them are hard to beat in their decision of cases, as the following will show:

George P. N——, a minor of twenty years of age, after having served three years in the United States army as a private, came home to his father's house, and this year raised a crop. There happened to be a dispute between James, the father of George, and his son, whereupon George went out into the field where his father was at work and commenced pelting the old man with stones, so that he had to flee for his life. James, the father, went to one Harris, a justice of the peace, and got a warrant for George P., his son, charging him with assault and battery, with the intent to commit murder. In due time the sheriff had George before Squire Harris for trial. The usual question of Guilty or Not Guilty being put to the prisoner, he plead "Guilty, but that, being a minor under twenty-one years of age, he was not accountable for his acts, but his father, being his natural guardian, was reponsible for all his acts, civil and criminal." The Court held that this was an unanswerable argument; therefore James was taxed with the costs of the suit, and George P. was discharged. Can any of your squires beat that decision?

THE Drawer wishes all its Southern friends were as sensible and cheerful as the one who writes as follows:

I have been entertained regularly every month since the close of the war with the good things you bring us; and instead of brooding over our "lost cause," discarding Northern literature, etc., as some of our press urge upon us, I rather feel it my duty to contribute to your stock of the "rich, rare, and racy."

We have in our community a family made rich by the war, and their sudden riches has caused them to be dubbed "Mushroom Aristocracy," an equivalent to your "Shoddy Aristocracy." Mrs. Mushroom is decidedly illiterate, and is fond of courting the favor of the "old families." At a gathering at her own house the other evening, a number of the *literati* being present, the conversation turned upon authors, when Mrs. M. remarked that "her favorite author is *Ticknor Field!* She believes she has all his works in her library!" It was painful to see the efforts of the company to keep their faces straight. One of the ladies, more composed than the rest, ventured to change the subject by making inquiries of Mrs. M. concerning her son, who has gone North to college. "Oh! L—— is *so* smart!" said she. "He has already entered the *Refreshment Class!*" She informed the company in the same breath that "L—— is also a musical progeny [prodigy]; he performed some beautiful ditties [duets] with his cousin Mary on the piano!" Just here a very awkward gentleman, becoming fidgety, attempted to tip his chair back and fell to the floor, affording an excellent opportunity for the company to relieve themselves by a hearty laugh. In the course of the evening Mrs. M. also remarked that "if the war had continued another year Mr. M. would have become a *milliner* [millionaire]!"

AN East Tennesseean furnishes the following hunting anecdote:

Several years ago old Judge J—— was familiarly known in this part of the country, both for his legal lore and utter ignorance of every thing else. He resided on the other side of the mountain, and used frequently to come over here to court. One Sunday afternoon, as he was leisurely riding across the mountain, bound for this place, to attend the July term of the Circuit Court, he saw a deer come into the road ahead of him, and lie down behind a log on the road-side. The Judge was a great lover of venison, but unfortunately had no arms wherewith to secure the fine buck that lay before him. Not to be outdone, however, he cautiously made a large circuit around the beast *couchant*, and came on to town. Court held five days, and on the morning of the sixth the Judge procured a gun, mounted his horse, and, with another member of the bar accompanying him, rode off toward the mountain. When within about a quarter of a mile of the aforesaid log the Judge ordered his companion to remain perfectly quiet while he, the Judge, gun in hand, crept slowly and stealthily toward the log behind which the deer had lain down a week before. After a long and tedious crawl he gained the log, and with the utmost silence and caution slowly raised up and looked over, drawling out, as he did so, in accents of mingled astonishment and disappointment, "By golly, he's gone!"

"A VETERAN" sends us a joke which occurred in that most doleful of places, Libby Prison:

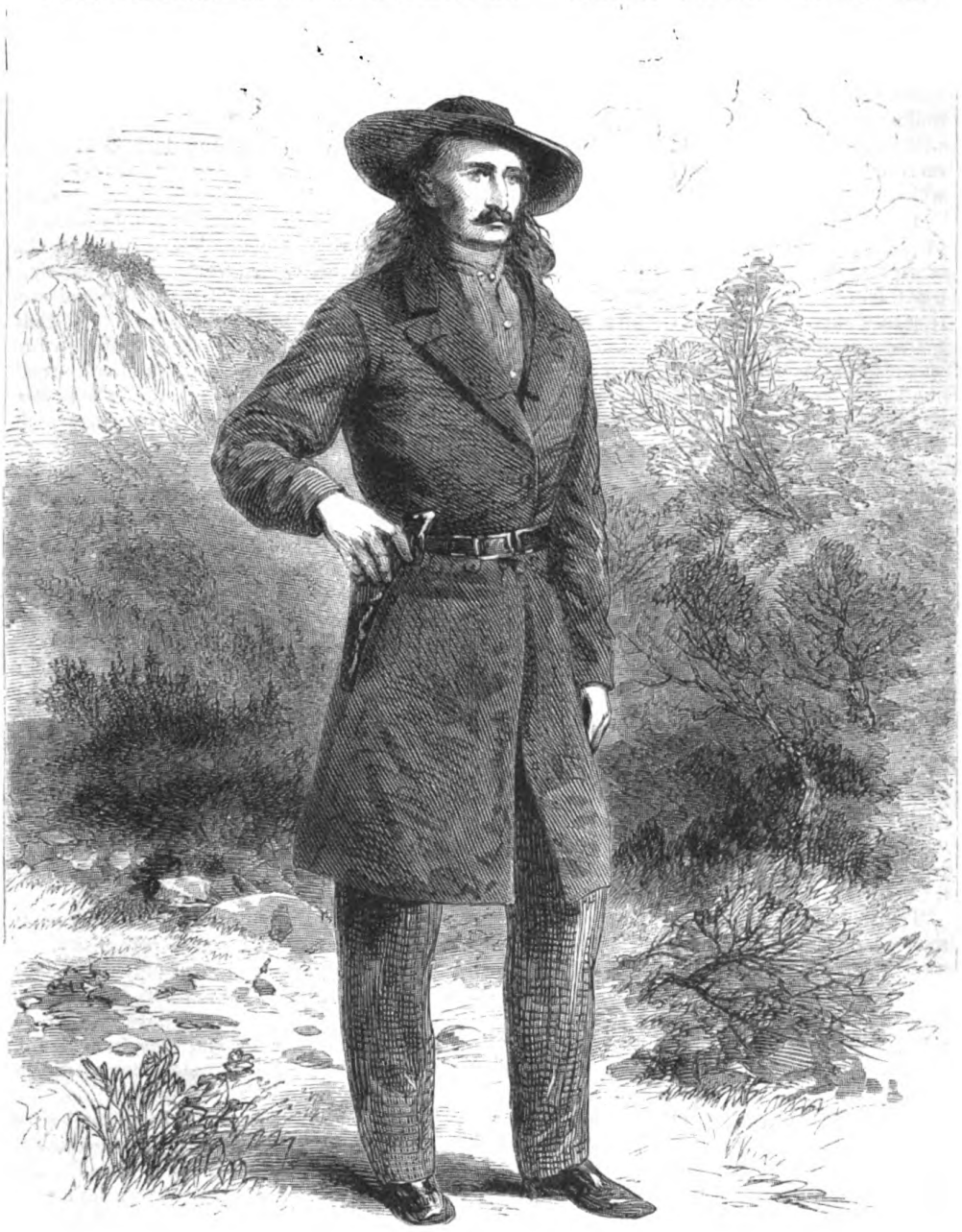
In 1864 I was a prisoner in Libby, and was paroled in October of that year. While Ross, the chief clerk (who, by-the-by, was a fine *little* fellow, and always fond of a joke), was busy paroling the boys, a huge Michigander strolled up to have his name put down. Ross, looking up and seeing such a large specimen of humanity, asked him his height. "Six feet six," he replied. Ross then made the query, "How large do the *boys* grow in your country, old fellow?" "Wa'al, I don't know, boss; but our babies are a mighty sight bigger than *you!*" Ross subsided for that day.

A NEW YORKER writes: At the beginning of the war, when General M'Cormick was killed and brought to life again once a week, a boy came into our office from the next room requesting the loan of General M'Cormick for a few minutes. Subsequent inquiry proved that the *Journal of Commerce* was what was wanted, the similarity of sound having deceived the boy. The paper has not been since known in the office by any other name.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCI.—FEBRUARY, 1867.—Vol. XXXIV.



WILD BILL.

SEVERAL months after the ending of the civil war I visited the city of Springfield in Southwest Missouri. Springfield is not a burgh of extensive dimensions, yet it is the largest in that part of the State, and all roads lead to it—which is one reason why it was the *point d'ap-*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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pui, as well as the base of operations for all military movements during the war.

On a warm summer day I sat watching from the shadow of a broad awning the coming and going of the strange, half-civilized people who, from all the country round, make this a place for barter and trade. Men and women dressed in queer costumes; men with coats and trowsers made of skin, but so thickly covered with dirt and grease as to have defied the identity of the animal when walking in the flesh. Others wore homespun gear, which oftentimes appeared to have seen lengthy service. Many of those people were mounted on horse-back or mule-back, while others urged forward the unwilling cattle attached to creaking, heavily-laden wagons, their drivers snapping their long whips with a report like that of a pistol-shot.

In front of the shops which lined both sides of the main business street, and about the public square, were groups of men lolling against posts, lying upon the wooden sidewalks, or sitting in chairs. These men were temporary or permanent denizens of the city, and were lazily occupied in doing nothing. The most marked characteristic of the inhabitants seemed to be an indisposition to move, and their highest ambition to let their hair and beards grow.

Here and there upon the street the appearance of the army blue betokened the presence of a returned Union soldier, and the jaunty, confident air with which they carried themselves was all the more striking in its contrast with the indolence which appeared to belong to the place. The only indication of action was the inevitable revolver which every body, excepting, perhaps, the women, wore about their persons. When people moved in this lazy city they did so slowly and without method. No one seemed in haste. A huge hog wallowed in luxurious ease in a nice bed of mud on the other side of the way, giving vent to gentle grunts of satisfaction. On the platform at my feet lay a large wolf-dog literally asleep with one eye open. He, too, seemed contented to let the world wag idly on.

The loose, lazy spirit of the occasion finally took possession of me, and I sat and gazed and smoked, and it is possible that I might have fallen into a Rip Van Winkle sleep to have been aroused ten years hence by the cry, "Passengers for the flying machine to New York, all aboard!" when I and the drowsing city were roused into life by the clatter and crash of the hoofs of a horse which dashed furiously across the square and down the street. The rider sat perfectly erect, yet following with a grace of motion, seen only in the horsemen of the plains, the rise and fall of the galloping steed. There was only a moment to observe this, for they halted suddenly, while the rider springing to the ground approached the party which the noise had gathered near me.

"This yere is Wild Bill, Colonel," said Captain Honesty, an army officer addressing me. He continued:

"How are yer, Bill? This yere is Colonel N——, who wants ter know yer."

Let me at once describe the personal appearance of the famous Scout of the Plains, William Hitchcock, called "Wild Bill," who now advanced toward me, fixing his clear gray eyes on mine in a quick, interrogative way, as if to take "my measure."

The result seemed favorable, for he held forth a small, muscular hand in a frank, open manner. As I looked at him I thought his the handsomest *physique* I had ever seen. In its exquisite manly proportions it recalled the antique. It was a figure Ward would delight to model as a companion to his "Indian."

Bill stood six feet and an inch in his bright yellow moccasins. A deer-skin shirt, or frock it might be called, hung jauntily over his shoulders, and revealed a chest whose breadth and depth were remarkable. These lungs had had growth in some twenty years of the free air of the Rocky Mountains. His small, round waist was girthed by a belt which held two of Colt's navy revolvers. His legs sloped gradually from the compact thigh to the feet, which were small, and turned inward as he walked. There was a singular grace and dignity of carriage about that figure which would have called your attention meet it where you would. The head which crowned it was now covered by a large sombrero, underneath which there shone out a quiet, manly face; so gentle is its expression as he greets you as utterly to belie the history of its owner, yet it is not a face to be trifled with. The lips thin and sensitive, the jaw not too square, the cheek bones slightly prominent, a mass of fine dark hair falls below the neck to the shoulders. The eyes, now that you are in friendly intercourse, are as gentle as a woman's. In truth, the woman nature seems prominent throughout, and you would not believe that you were looking into eyes that have pointed the way to death to hundreds of men. Yes, Wild Bill with his own hands has killed hundreds of men. Of that I have not a doubt. "He shoots to kill," as they say on the border.

In vain did I examine the scout's face for some evidence of murderous propensity. It was a gentle face, and singular only in the sharp angle of the eye, and without any physiognomical reason for the opinion, I have thought his wonderful accuracy of aim was indicated by this peculiarity. He told me, however, to use his own words:

"I allers shot well; but I come ter be perfeck in the mountains by shootin at a dime for a mark, at bets of half a dollar a shot. And then until the war I never drank liquor nor smoked," he continued, with a melancholy expression; "war is demoralizing, it is."

Captain Honesty was right. I was very curious to see "Wild Bill, the Scout," who, a few days before my arrival in Springfield, in a duel at noonday in the public square, at fifty paces, had sent one of Colt's pistol-balls through the heart of a returned Confederate soldier.

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Whenever I had met an officer or soldier who had served in the Southwest I heard of Wild Bill and his exploits, until these stories became so frequent and of such an extraordinary character as quite to outstrip personal knowledge of adventure by camp and field; and the hero of these strange tales took shape in my mind as did Jack the Giant Killer or Sinbad the Sailor in childhood's days. As then, I now had the most implicit faith in the existence of the individual; but how one man could accomplish such prodigies of strength and feats of daring was a continued wonder.

In order to give the reader a clearer understanding of the condition of this neighborhood, which could have permitted the duel mentioned above, and whose history will be given hereafter in detail, I will describe the situation at the time of which I am writing, which was late in the summer of 1865, premising that this section of country would not to-day be selected as a model example of modern civilization.

At that time peace and comparative quiet had succeeded the perils and tumult of war in all the more Southern States. The people of Georgia and the Carolinas were glad to enforce order in their midst; and it would have been safe for a Union officer to have ridden unattended through the land.

In Southwest Missouri there were old scores to be settled up. During the three days occupied by General Smith—who commanded the Department and was on a tour of inspection—in crossing the country between Rolla and Springfield, a distance of 120 miles, five men were killed or wounded on the public road. Two were murdered a short distance from Rolla—by whom we could not ascertain. Another was instantly killed and two were wounded at a meeting of a band of "Regulators," who were in the service of the State, but were paid by the United States Government. It should be said here that their method of "regulation" was slightly informal, their war-cry was, "A swift bullet and a short rope for returned rebels!"

I was informed by General Smith that during the six months preceding not less than 4000 returned Confederates had been summarily disposed of by shooting or hanging. This statement seems incredible; but there is the record, and I have no doubt of its truth. History shows few parallels to this relentless destruction of human life in time of peace. It can be explained only upon the ground that, before the war, this region was inhabited by lawless people. In the outset of the rebellion the merest suspicion of loyalty to the Union cost the patriot his life; and thus large numbers fled the land, giving up home and every material interest. As soon as the Federal armies occupied the country these refugees returned. Once securely fixed in their old homes they resolved that their former persecutors should not live in their midst. Revenge for the past and security for the future knotted many a nerve and sped many a deadly bullet.

Wild Bill did not belong to the Regulators. Indeed, he was one of the law and order party. He said:

"When the war closed I buried the hatchet, and I won't fight now unless I'm put upon."

Bill was born of Northern parents in the State of Illinois. He ran away from home when a boy, and wandered out upon the plains and into the mountains. For fifteen years he lived with the trappers, hunting and fishing. When the war broke out he returned to the States and entered the Union service. No man probably was ever better fitted for scouting than he. Joined to his tremendous strength he was an unequaled horseman; he was a perfect marksman; he had a keen sight, and a constitution which had no limit of endurance. He was cool to audacity, brave to rashness, always possessed of himself under the most critical circumstances; and, above all, was such a master in the knowledge of woodcraft that it might have been termed a science with him—a knowledge which, with the soldier, is priceless beyond description. Some of Bill's adventures during the war will be related hereafter.

The main features of the story of the duel was told me by Captain Honesty, who was unprejudiced, if it is possible to find an unbiased mind in a town of 3000 people after a fight has taken place. I will give the story in his words:

"They say Bill's wild. Now he isn't any sich thing. I've known him goin on ter ten year, and he's as civil a disposed person as you'll find he-e-arabouts. But he won't be put upon."

"I'll tell yer how it happened. But come inter the office; thar's a good many round hy'ar as sides with Tutt—the man that's shot. But I tell yer 'twas a far fight. Take some whisky? No! Well, I will, if yer'l excuse me.

"You see," continued the Captain, setting the empty glass on the table in an emphatic way, "Bill was up in his room a-playin seven-up, or four-hand, or some of them pesky games. Bill refused ter play with Tutt, who was a professional gambler. Yer see, Bill was a scout on our side durin the war, and Tutt was a reb scout. Bill had killed Dave Tutt's mate, and, atween one thing and another, there war an onusual hard feelin atwixt 'em.

"Ever sin Dave come back he had tried to pick a row with Bill; so Bill wouldn't play cards with him any more. But Dave stood over the man who was gambling with Bill and lent the feller money. Bill won bout two hundred dollars, which made Tutt spiteful mad. Bime-by, he says to Bill:

"'Bill, you've got plenty of money—pay me that forty dollars yer owe me in that horse trade.'

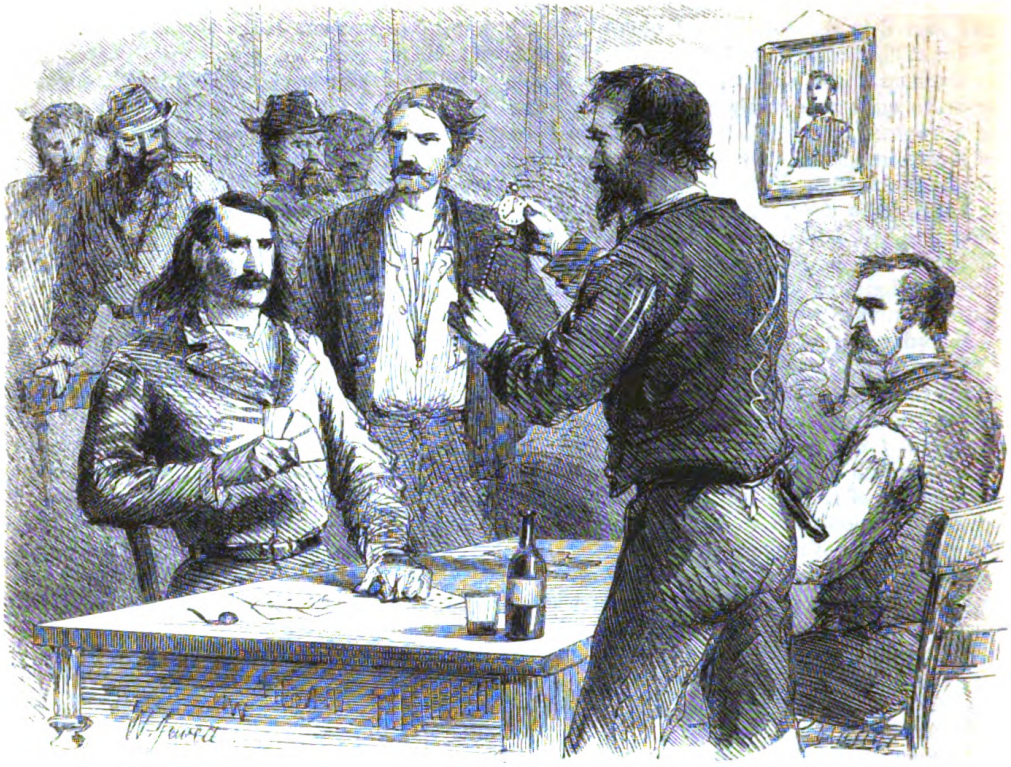
"And Bill paid him. Then he said:

"'Yer owe me thirty-five dollars more; yer lost it playing with me t'other night.'

"Dave's style was right provoking; but Bill answered him perfectly gentlemanly:

"'I think yer wrong, Dave. It's only twen-

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PUTTING UPON HIM.

ty-five dollars. I have a memorandum of it in my pocket down stairs. Ef it's thirty-five dollars I'll give it yer.'

"Now Bill's watch was lying on the table. Dave took up the watch, put it in his pocket, and said: 'I'll keep this yere watch till yer pay me that thirty-five dollars.'

"This made Bill shooting mad; fur, don't yer see, Colonel, it was a-doubting his honor like, so he got up and looked Dave in the eyes, and said to him: 'I don't want ter make a row in this house. It's a decent house, and I don't want ter injure the keeper. You'd better put that watch back on the table.'

"But Dave grinned at Bill mighty ugly, and walked off with the watch, and kept it several days. All this time Dave's friends were spurring Bill on ter fight; there was no end ter the talk. They blackguarded him in an underhand sort of a way, and tried ter get up a scrimmage, and then they thought they could lay him out. Yer see Bill has enemies all about. He's settled the accounts of a heap of men who lived round here. This is about the only place in Missouri whar a reb can come back and live, and ter tell yer the truth, Colonel—" and the Captain, with an involuntary movement, hitched up his revolver-belt, as he said, with expressive significance, "they don't stay long round here!

"Well, as I was saying, these rebs don't like ter see a man walking round town who they knew in the reb army as one of their men, who they now know was on our side, all the time he was sending us information, sometimes from Pap Price's own head-quarters. But they couldn't provoke Bill inter a row, for he's afeard of hisself when he gits *awful* mad; and he allers left his shootin irons in his room when he went out. One day these cusses drew their pistols on him and dared him to fight, and then they told him that Tutt was a-goin ter pack that watch across the squar next day at noon.

"I heard of this, for every body was talking about it on the street, and so I went after Bill, and found him in his room cleaning and greasing and loading his revolvers.

"'Now, Bill,' says I, 'you're goin ter git inter a fight.'

"'Don't you bother yerself, Captain,' says he. 'It's not the first time I have been in a fight; and these d—d hounds have put on me long enough. You don't want me ter give up my honor, do yer?'

"'No, Bill,' says I, 'yer must keep yer honor.'

"Next day, about noon, Bill went down on the squar. He had said that Dave Tutt shouldn't pack that watch across the squar unless dead men could walk.

"When Bill got onter the squar he found a crowd stanin in the corner of the street by which he entered the squar, which is from the south. yer know. In this crowd he saw a lot of Tutt's friends; some were cousins of his'n, just back from the reb army; and they jeered him, and boasted that Dave was a-goin to pack that watch across the squar as he promised.

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"Then Bill saw Tutt stanin near the court-house, which yer remember is on the west side, so that the crowd war behind Bill.

"Just then Tutt, who war alone, started from the court-house and walked out into the squar, and Bill moved away from the crowd toward the west side of the squar. Bout fifteen paces brought them opposite to each other, and bout fifty yards apart. Tutt then showed his pistol. Bill had kept a sharp eye on him, and before Tutt could pint it Bill had his'n out.

"At that moment you could have heard a pin drop in that squar. Both Tutt and Bill fired, but one discharge followed the other so quick that it's hard to say which went off first. Tutt was a famous shot, but he missed this time; the ball from his pistol went over Bill's head. The instant Bill fired, without waitin ter see ef he had hit Tutt, he wheeled on his heels and pointed his pistol at Tutt's friends, who had already drawn their weepons.

"'Aren't yer satisfied, gentlemen?' cried Bill, as cool as an alligator. 'Put up your shootin-irons, or there'll be more dead men here.' And they put 'em up, and said it war a fair fight."

"What became of Tutt?" I asked of the Captain, who had stopped at this point of his story, and was very deliberately engaged in refilling his empty glass.

"Oh! Dave? He was as plucky a feller as ever drew trigger; but, Lord bless yer! it was no use. Bill never shoots twice at the same man, and his ball went through Dave's heart. He stood stock-still for a second or two, then raised his arm as if ter fire again, then he swayed a little, staggered three or four steps, and then fell dead.

"Bill and his friends wanted ter have the thing done regular, so we went up ter the Justice, and Bill delivered himself up. A jury was drawn; Bill was tried and cleared the next day. It was proved that it was a case of self-defense. Don't yer see, Colonel?"

I answered that I was afraid that I did not see that point very clearly.

"Well, well!" he replied, with an air of compassion, "you haven't drunk any whisky, that's what's the matter with yer." And then, putting his hand on my shoulder with a half-mysterious half-conscious look in his face, he muttered, in a whisper:

"*The fact is, thar was an undercurrent of a woman in that fight!*"

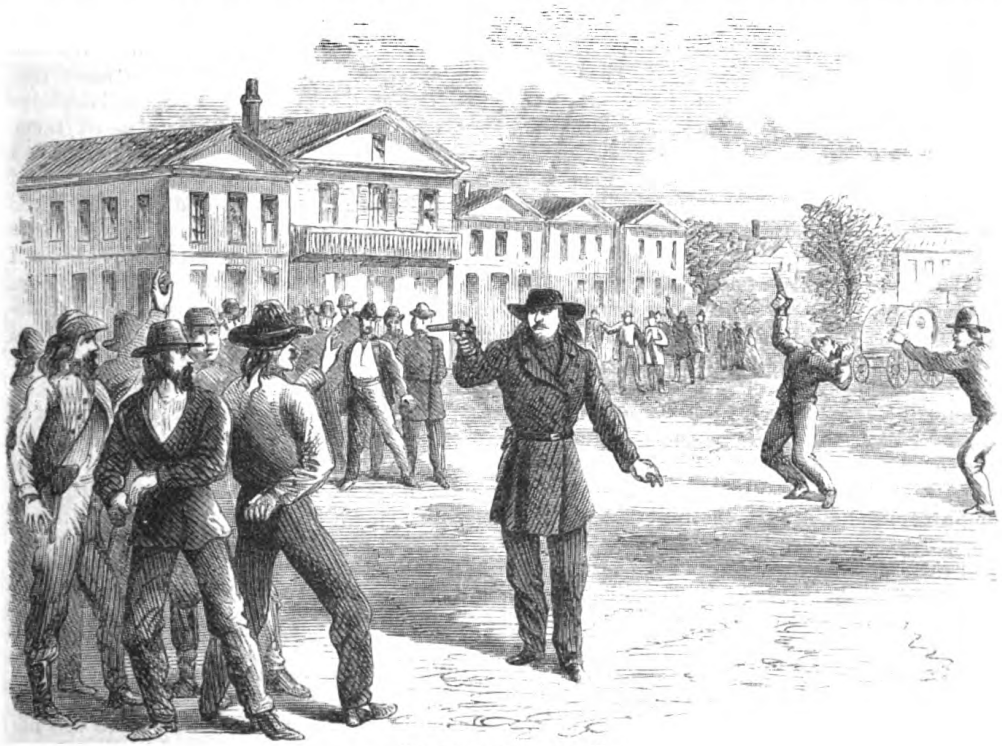
The story of the duel was yet fresh from the lips of the Captain when its hero appeared in the manner already described. After a few moments' conversation Bill excused himself, saying:

"I am going out on the prarer a piece to see the sick wife of my mate. I should be glad to meet yer at the hotel this afternoon, Kernel."

"I will go there to meet you," I replied.

"Good-day, gentlemen," said the scout, as he saluted the party; and mounting the black horse who had been standing quiet, unhitched, he waved his hand over the animal's head. Responsive to the signal, she shot forward as the arrow leaves the bow, and they both disappeared up the road in a cloud of dust.

"That man is the most remarkable charac-



"ARE YOU SATISFIED?"

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FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

ter I have met in four years' active service," said a lieutenant of cavalry, as the party resumed their seats. "He and his mate—the man who scouted with him—attempted the most daring feat that I ever heard of."

As there appeared to be no business on hand at the moment the party urged the lieutenant to tell the story.

"I can't tell the thing as it was," said the young officer. "It was beyond description. One could only hold their breath and feel. It happened when our regiment was attached to Curtis's command, in the expedition down into Arkansas. One day we were in the advance, and began to feel the enemy, who appeared in greater strength than at any time before. We were all rather uneasy, for there were rumors that Kirby Smith had come up from Texas with all his force; and as we were only a strong reconnoitring party a fight just then might have been bad for us. We made a big noise with a light battery, and stretched our cavalry out in the open and opposite to the rebel cavalry, who were drawn up in line of battle on the slope of the prairie about a thousand yards away. There we sat for half an hour, now and then banging at each other, but both parties keeping pretty well their line of battle. They waited for us to pitch in. We were waiting until more of our infantry should come.

"It was getting to be stupid work, however, and we were all hoping something would turn up, when we noticed two men ride out from the centre of their line and move toward us. At the first instant we paid little heed to them, supposing it some act of rebel bravado, when we saw quite a commotion all along the enemy's front, and then they commenced firing at the two riders, and then their line was all enveloped with smoke, out of which horsemen dashed in pursuit. The two riders kept well together, coming straight for us. Then we knew they were trying to escape, and the Colonel deployed our company as skirmishers to assist them. There wasn't time to do much, although, as I watched the pursued and their pursuers, and found the two men had halted at what I could now see was a deep wide ditch, the moments seemed to be hours; and when they turned I thought they were going to give themselves up. But no; in the face of that awful fire they deliberately turned back to get space for a good run at the ditch. This gave time for two of their pursuers to get within a few yards of them, when they stopped, evidently in doubt as to the meaning of this retrograde movement. But they did not remain long in doubt, for the two men turned again, and, with a shout, rushed for the ditch, and then we were near enough to see that they were Wild Bill and his mate. Bill's companion never reached the ditch. He and his horse must have been shot at the same time, for they went down together and did not rise again.

"Bill did not get a scratch. He spoke to Black Nell, the mare we saw just now, who knew as well as her master that there was life and death in that twenty feet of ditch, and that

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she must jump it; and at it she went with a big rush. I never saw a more magnificent sight. Bill gave the mare her head, and turning in his saddle fired twice, killing both of his pursuers, who were within a few lengths of him. They went out of their saddles like stones, just as Black Nell flew into the air and landed safely on our side of the ditch. In a moment both the daring scout and the brave mare were in our midst, while our men cheered and yelled like mad.

"We asked Bill why he ran such a risk, when he could have stolen into our lines during the night?

"'Oh,' said he, 'mate and I wanted to show them cussed rebs what a Union soldier could do. We've been with them now for more than a month, and heard nothing but brag. We thought we'd take it out of them. But'—and Bill looked across the green-sward to where his companion still lay motionless—'if they have killed my mate they shall pay a big price for it.'

"Bill must have brought valuable information," continued the lieutenant, "for he was at once sent to the General, and in an hour we had changed position, and foiled a flank movement of the rebels."

I went to the hotel during the afternoon to keep the scout's appointment. The large room of the hotel in Springfield is perhaps the central point of attraction in the city. It fronted on the street, and served in several capacities. It was a sort of exchange for those who had nothing better to do than to go there. It was reception-room, parlor, and office; but its distinguished and most fascinating characteristic was the bar, which occupied one entire end of the apartment. Technically, the "bar" is the counter upon which the polite official places his viands. Practically, the bar is represented in the long rows of bottles, and cut-glass decanters, and the glasses and goblets of all shapes and sizes suited to the various liquors to be imbibed. What a charming and artistic display it was of elongated transparent vessels containing every known drinkable fluid, from native Bourbon to imported Lacryma Christi!

The room, in its way, was a temple of art. All sorts of pictures budded and blossomed and blushed from the walls. Sixpenny portraits of the Presidents encoffined in pine-wood frames; Mazeppa appeared in the four phases of his celebrated one-horse act; while a lithograph of "Mary Ann" smiled and simpered in spite of the stains of tobacco-juice which had been unsparingly bestowed upon her originally encarmined countenance. But the hanging committee of this undesigned academy seemed to have been prejudiced—as all hanging committees of good taste might well be—in favor of *Harper's Weekly*; for the walls of the room were well covered with wood-cuts cut from that journal. Portraits of noted generals and statesmen, knaves and politicians, with bounteous illustrations of battles and skirmishes, from Bull Run number one to Dinwiddie Court House. And the simple-hearted comers and goers of Springfield looked upon, wondered, and admired these pictorial descriptions fully as much as if they had been the master-pieces of a Yvon or Vernet.

A billiard-table, old and out of use, where caroms seemed to have been made quite as often with lead as ivory balls, stood in the centre of the room. A dozen chairs filled up the complement of the furniture. The appearance of the party of men assembled there, who sat with their slovenly shod feet dangling over the arms of the chairs or hung about the porch outside, was in perfect harmony with the time and place. All of them religiously obeyed the two before-mentioned characteristics of the people of the city—their hair was long and tangled, and each man fulfilled the most exalted requirement of laziness.

I was taking a mental inventory of all this when a cry and murmur drew my attention to the outside of the house, when I saw Wild Bill riding up the street at a swift gallop. Arrived opposite to the hotel, he swung his right arm around with a circular motion. Black Nell instantly stopped and dropped to the ground as if a cannon-ball had knocked life out of her. Bill left her there, stretched upon the ground, and joined the group of observers on the porch.

"Black Nell hasn't forgot her old tricks," said one of them.

"No," answered the scout. "God bless her! she is wiser and truer than most men I know. That mare will do any thing for me. Won't you, Nelly?"

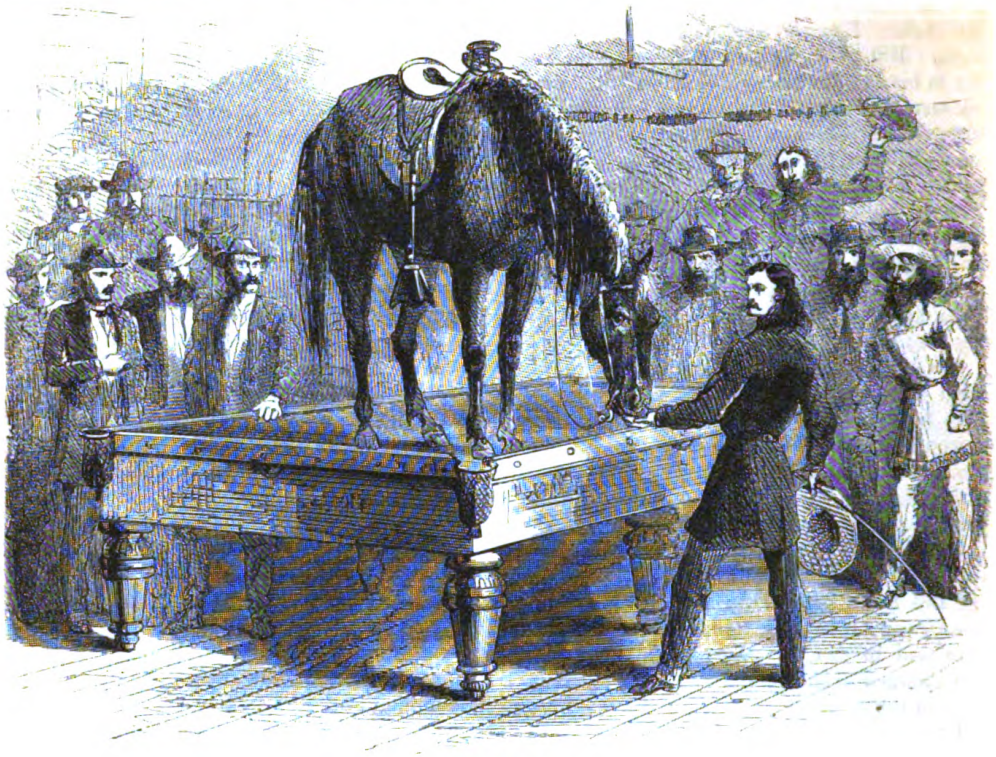
The mare winked affirmatively the only eye we could see.

"Wise!" continued her master; "why, she knows more than a judge. I'll bet the drinks for the party that she'll walk up these steps and into the room and climb up on the billiard-table and lie down."

The bet was taken at once, not because any one doubted the capabilities of the mare, but there was excitement in the thing without exercise.

Bill whistled in a low tone. Nell instantly scrambled to her feet, walked toward him, put her nose affectionately under his arm, followed him into the room, and to my extreme wonderment climbed upon the billiard-table, to the extreme astonishment of the table no doubt, for it groaned under the weight of the four-legged animal and several of those who were simply bifurcated, and whom Nell permitted to sit upon her. When she got down from the table, which was as graceful a performance as might be expected under the circumstances, Bill sprang upon her back, dashed through the high wide doorway, and at a single bound cleared the flight of steps and landed in the middle of the street. The scout then dismounted, snapped his riding-whip, and the noble beast bounded off down the street, rearing and plunging to her own intense satisfaction. A kindly-disposed

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BLACK NELL.

individual, who must have been a stranger, supposing the mare was running away, tried to catch her, when she stopped, and as if she resented his impertinence, let fly her heels at him and then quietly trotted to her stable.

"Black Nell has carried me along through many a tight place," said the scout, as we walked toward my quarters. "She trains easier than any animal I ever saw. That trick of dropping quick which you saw has saved my life time and again. When I have been out scouting on the prarer or in the woods I have come across parties of rebels, and have dropped out of sight in the tall grass before they saw us. One day a gang of rebs who had been hunting for me, and thought they had my track, halted for half an hour within fifty yards of us. Nell laid as close as a rabbit, and didn't even whisk her tail to keep the flies off, until the rebs moved off, supposing they were on the wrong scent. The mare will come at my whistle and foller me about just like a dog. She won't mind any one else, nor allow them to mount her, and will kick a harness and wagon all ter pieces ef you try to hitch her in one. And she's right, Kernel," added Bill, with the enthusiasm of a true lover of a horse sparkling in his eyes. "A hoss is too noble a beast to be degraded by such toggery. Harness mules and oxen, but give a hoss a chance ter run."

I had a curiosity, which was not an idle one, to hear what this man had to say about his duel with Tutt, and I asked him:

"Do you not regret killing Tutt? You surely do not like to kill men?"

"As ter killing men," he replied, "I never thought much about it. The most of the men I have killed it was one or t'other of us, and at sich times you don't stop to think; and what's the use after it's all over? As for Tutt, I had rather not have killed him, for I want ter settle down quiet here now. But thar's been hard feeling between us a long while. I wanted ter keep out of that fight; but he tried to degrade me, and I couldn't stand that, you know, for I am a fighting man, you know."

A cloud passed over the speaker's face for a moment as he continued:

"And there was a cause of quarrel between us which people round here don't know about. One of us had to die; and the secret died with him."

"Why did you not wait to see if your ball had hit him? Why did you turn round so quickly?"

The scout fixed his gray eyes on mine, striking his leg with his riding-whip, as he answered,

"I *knew* he was a dead man. I never miss a shot. I turned on the crowd because I was sure they would shoot me if they saw him fall."

"The people about here tell me you are a quiet, civil man. How is it you get into these fights?"

"D—d if I can tell," he replied, with a puzzled look which at once gave place to a proud, defiant expression as he continued—"but you know a man must defend his honor."

"Yes," I admitted, with some hesitation, remembering that I was not in Boston but on the

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border, and that the code of honor and mode of redress differ slightly in the one place from those of the other.

One of the reasons for my desire to make the acquaintance of Wild Bill was to obtain from his own lips a true account of some of the adventures related of him. It was not an easy matter. It was hard to overcome the reticence which marks men who have lived the wild mountain life, and which was one of his valuable qualifications as a scout. Finally he said:

"I hardly know where to begin. Pretty near all these stories are true. I was at it all the war. That affair of my swimming the river took place on that long scout of mine when I was with the rebels five months, when I was sent by General Curtis to Price's army. Things had come pretty close at that time, and it wasn't safe to go straight inter their lines. Every body was suspected who came from these parts. So I started off and went way up to Kansas City. I bought a horse there and struck out onto the plains, and then went down through Southern Kansas into Arkansas. I knew a rebel named Barnes, who was killed at Pea Ridge. He was from near Austin in Texas. So I called myself his brother and enlisted in a regiment of mounted rangers.

"General Price was just then getting ready for a raid into Missouri. It was sometime before we got into the campaign, and it was mighty hard work for me. The men of our regiment were awful. They didn't mind killing a man no more than a hog. The officers had no command over them. They were afraid of their own men, and let them do what they liked; so they would rob and sometimes murder their own people. It was right hard for me to keep up with them, and not do as they did. I never let on that I was a good shot. I kept that back for big occasions; but ef you'd heard me swear and cuss the blue-bellies, you'd a-thought me one of the wickedest of the whole crew. So it went on until we came near Curtis's army. Bime-by they were on one side Sandy River and we were on t'other. All the time I had been getting information until I knew every regiment and its strength; how much cavalry there was, and how many guns the artillery had.

"You see 'twas time for me to go, but it wasn't easy to git out, for the river was close picketed on both sides. One day when I was on picket our men and the rebels got talking and cussin each other, as you know they used to do. After a while one of the Union men offered to exchange some coffee for tobacco. So we went out onto a little island which was neutral ground like. The minute I saw the other party, who belonged to the Missouri cavalry, we recognized each other. I was awful afraid they'd let on. So I blurted out:

"'Now, Yanks, let's see yer coffee—no burnt beans, mind yer—but the genuine stuff. We know the real article if we is Texans.'

"The boys kept mum, and we separated. Half an hour afterward General Curtis knew I was with the rebs. But how to git across the river was what stumped me. After that, when I was on picket, I didn't trouble myself about being shot. I used to fire at our boys, and they'd bang away at me, each of us taking good care to shoot wide. But how to git over the river was the bother. At last, after thinking a heap about it, I came to the conclusion that I always did, that the boldest plan is the best and safest.

"We had a big sargent in our company who was allus a-braggin that he could stump any man in the regiment. He swore he had killed more Yanks than any man in the army, and that he could do more daring things than any others. So one day when he was talking loud I took him up, and offered to bet horse for horse that I would ride out into the open, and nearer to the Yankees than he. He tried to back out of this, but the men raised a row, calling him a funk, and a bragger, and all that; so he had to go. Well, we mounted our horses, but before we came within shootin distance of the Union soldiers I made my horse kick and rear so that they could see who I was. Then we rode slowly to the river bank, side by side.

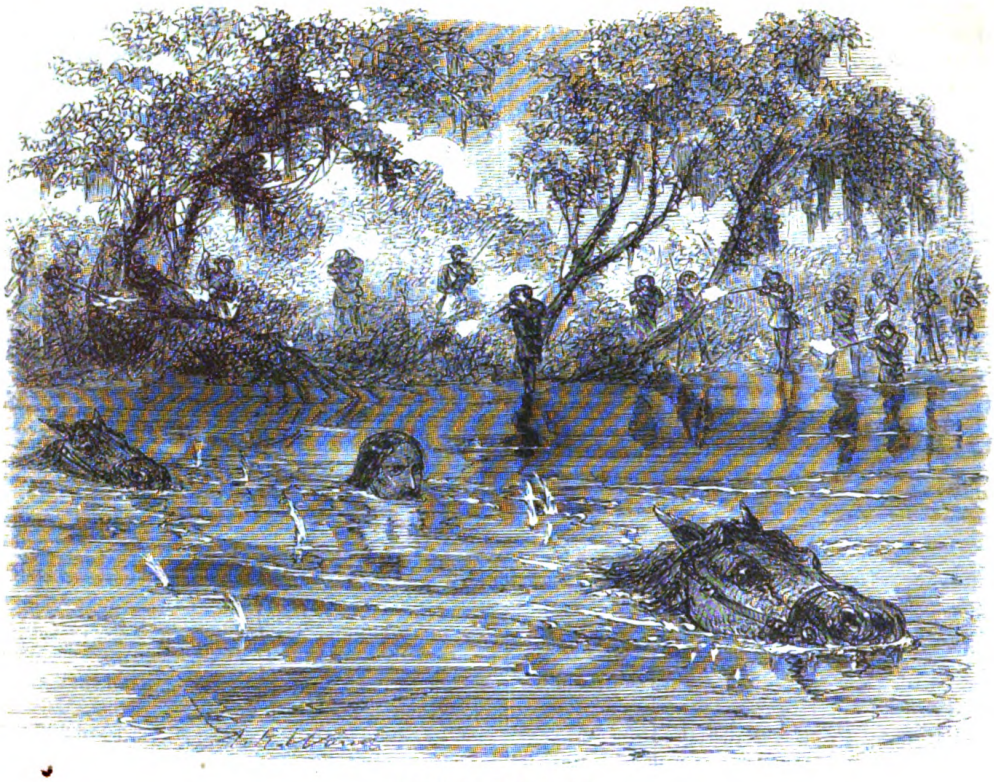
"There must have been ten thousand men watching us; for, besides the rebs who wouldn't have cried about it if we had both been killed, our boys saw something was up, and without being seen thousands of them came down to the river. Their pickets kept firing at the sargent; but whether or not they were afraid of putting a ball through me I don't know, but nary a shot hit him. He was a plucky feller all the same, for the bullets zitted about in every direction.

"Bime-by we got right close ter the river, when one of the Yankee soldiers yelled out, 'Bully for Wild Bill!'

"Then the sargent suspicioned me, for he turned on me and growled out, 'By God, I believe yer a Yank!' And he at onst drew his revolver; but he was too late, for the minute he drew his pistol I put a ball through him. I mightn't have killed him if he hadn't suspicioned me. I had to do it then.

"As he rolled out of the saddle I took his horse by the bit, and dashed into the water as quick as I could. The minute I shot the sargent our boys set up a tremendous shout, and opened a smashing fire on the rebs who had commenced popping at me. But I had got into deep water, and had slipped off my horse over his back, and steered him for the opposite bank by holding onto his tail with one hand, while I held the bridle rein of the sargent's horse in the other hand. It was the hottest bath I ever took. Whew! For about two minutes how the bullets zitted and skipped on the water. I thought I was hit again and again, but the reb sharp-shooters were bothered by the splash we made, and in a little while our boys drove them to cover, and after some tumbling at the bank got into the brush with my two horses without a scratch.

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TAKING TO THE WATER.

"It is a fact," said the scout, while he caressed his long hair, "I felt sort of proud when the boys took me into camp, and General Curtis thanked me before a heap of generals.

"But I never tried that thing over again; nor I didn't go a scouting openly in Price's army after that. They all knew me too well, and you see 'twouldn't a been healthy to have been caught."

The scout's story of swimming the river ought, perhaps, to have satisfied my curiosity; but I was especially desirous to hear him relate the history of a sanguinary fight which he had with a party of ruffians in the early part of the war, when, single-handed, he fought and killed ten men. I had heard the story as it came from an officer of the regular army who, an hour after the affair, saw Bill and the ten dead men—some killed with bullets, others hacked and slashed to death with a knife.

As I write out the details of this terrible tale from notes which I took as the words fell from the scout's lips, I am conscious of its extreme improbability; but while I listened to him I remembered the story in the Bible, where we are told that Samson "with the jawbone of an ass slew a thousand men," and as I looked upon this magnificent example of human strength and daring, he appeared to me to realize the powers of a Samson and Hercules combined, and I should not have been inclined to place any limit upon his achievements. Besides this, one who has lived for four years in the presence of such grand heroism and deeds of prowess as was seen during the war is in what might be called a "receptive" mood. Be the story true or not, in part, or in whole, I believed then every word Wild Bill uttered, and I believe it to-day.

"I don't like to talk about that M'Kandlas affair," said Bill, in answer to my question. "It gives me a queer shiver whenever I think of it, and sometimes I dream about it, and wake up in a cold sweat.

"You see this M'Kandlas was the Captain of a gang of desperadoes, horse-thieves, murderers, regular cut-throats, who were the terror of every body on the border, and who kept us in the mountains in hot water whenever they were around. I knew them all in the mountains, where they pretended to be trapping, but they were there hiding from the hangman. M'Kandlas was the biggest scoundrel and bully of them all, and was allers a-braggin of what he could do. One day I beat him shootin at a mark, and then threw him at the back-holt. And I didn't drop him as soft as you would a baby, you may be sure. Well, he got savage mad about it, and swore he would have his revenge on me some time.

"This was just before the war broke out, and we were already takin sides in the mountains either for the South or the Union. M'Kandlas and his gang were border-ruffians in the Kansas row, and of course they went with the rebs. Bime-by he clar'd out, and I shouldn't have thought of the feller agin ef he hadn't crossed my path. It 'pears he didn't forget me.

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"It was in '61, when I guided a detachment of cavalry who were comin in from Camp Floyd. We had nearly reached the Kansas line, and were in South Nebraska, when one afternoon I went out of camp to go to the cabin of an old friend of mine, a Mrs. Waltman. I took only one of my revolvers with me, for although the war had broke out I didn't think it necessary to carry both my pistols, and, in all or'nary scrimmages, one is better than a dozen, of you shoot straight. I saw some wild turkeys on the road as I was goin down, and popped one of 'em over, thinking he'd be just the thing for supper.

"Well, I rode up to Mrs. Waltman's, jumped off my horse, and went into the cabin, which is like most of the cabins on the prarer, with only one room, and that had two doors, one opening in front and t'other on a yard, like.

"'How are you, Mrs. Waltman?' I said, feeling as jolly as you please.

"The minute she saw me she turned as white as a sheet and screamed: 'Is that you, Bill? Oh, my God! they will kill you! Run! run! They will kill you!'



THE WARNING.

"'Who's a-goin to kill me?' said I. 'There s two can play at that game.'

"'It's M'Kandlas and his gang. There's ten of them, and you've no chance. They've jes gone down the road to the corn-rack. They came up here only five minutes ago. M'Kandlas was draggin poor Parson Shipley on the ground with a lariat round his neck. The preacher was most dead with choking and the horses stamping on him. M'Kandlas knows yer bringin in that party of Yankee cavalry, and he swears he'll cut yer heart out. Run, Bill, run!—But it's too late; they're comin up the lane.'

"While she was a-talkin I remembered I had but one revolver, and a load gone out of that. On the table there was a horn of powder and some little bars of lead. I poured some powder into the empty chamber and rammed the lead after it by hammering the barrel on the table, and had just capped the pistol when I heard M'Kandlas shout:

"'There's that d—d Yank Wild Bill's horse; he's here; and we'll skin him alive!'

"If I had thought of runnin before it war too late now, and the house was my best holt —a sort of fortress, like. I never thought I should leave that room alive."

The scout stopped in his story, rose from his seat, and strode back and forward in a state of great excitement.

"I tell you what it is, Kernel," he resumed, after a while, "I don't mind a scrimmage with these fellers round here. Shoot one or two of them and the rest run away. But all of M'Kandlas's gang were reckless, blood-thirsty devils, who would fight as long as they had strength to pull a trigger. I have been in tight places, but that's one of the few times I said my prayers.

"'Surround the house and give him no quarter!' yelled M'Kandlas. When I heard that I felt as quiet and cool as if I was a-goin to church. I looked round the room and saw a Hawkins rifle hangin over the bed.

"'Is that loaded?' said I to Mrs. Waltman.

"'Yes,' the poor thing whispered. She was so frightened she couldn't speak out loud.

"'Are you sure?' said I, as I jumped to the bed and caught it from its hooks. Although my eye did not leave the door, yet I could see she nodded 'Yes' again. I put the revolver on the bed, and just then M'Kandlas poked his head inside the doorway, but jumped back when he saw me with the rifle in my hand.

"'Come in here, you cowardly dog!' I shouted. 'Come in here, and fight me!'

"M'Kandlas was no coward, if he was a bully. He jumped inside the room with his gun leveled to shoot; but he was not quick enough. My rifle-ball went through his heart. He fell back outside the house, where he was found afterward holding tight to his rifle, which had fallen over his head.

"His disappearance was followed by a yell from his gang, and then there was a dead silence. I put down the rifle and took the revolver, and I said to myself: 'Only six shots and nine men to kill. Save your powder, Bill, for the death-hug's a-comin!' I don't know why it was, Kernel," continued Bill, looking at me inquiringly, "but at that moment things seemed clear and sharp. I could think strong.

"There was a few seconds of that awful stillness, and then the ruffians came rushing in at both doors. How wild they looked with their

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THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

red, drunken faces and inflamed eyes, shouting and cussing! But I never aimed more deliberately in my life.

"One—two—three—four; and four men fell dead.

"That didn't stop the rest. Two of them fired their bird-guns at me. And then I felt a sting run all over me. The room was full of smoke. Two got in close to me, their eyes glaring out of the clouds. One I knocked down with my fist. 'You are out of the way for a while,' I thought. The second I shot dead. The other three clutched me and crowded me onto the bed. I fought hard. I broke with my hand one man's arm. He had his fingers round my throat. Before I could get to my feet I was struck across the breast with the stock of a rifle, and I felt the blood rushing out of my nose and mouth. Then I got ugly, and I remember that I got hold of a knife, and then it was all cloudy like, and I was wild, and I struck savage blows, following the devils up from one side to the other of the room and into the corners, striking and slashing until I knew that every one was dead.

"All of a sudden it seemed as if my heart was on fire. I was bleeding every where. I rushed out to the well and drank from the bucket, and then tumbled down in a faint."

Breathless with the intense interest with which I had followed this strange story, all the more thrilling and weird when its hero, seeming to live over again the bloody events of that day, gave way to its terrible spirit with wild, savage gestures. I saw then—what my scrutiny of the morning had failed to discover—the tiger which lay concealed beneath that gentle exterior.

"You must have been hurt almost to death," I said.

"There were eleven buck-shot in me. I carry some of them now. I was cut in thirteen places. All of them bad enough to have let out the life of a man. But that blessed old Dr. Mills pulled me safe through it, after a bed siege of many a long week."

"That prayer of yours, Bill, may have been more potent for your safety than you think. You should thank God for your deliverance."

"To tell you the truth, Kernel," responded the scout with a certain solemnity in his grave face, "I don't talk about sich things ter the people round here, but I allers feel sort of thankful when I get out of a bad scrape."

"In all your wild, perilous adventures," I asked him, "have you ever been afraid? Do you know what the sensation is? I am sure you will not misunderstand the question, for I take it we soldiers comprehend justly that there is no higher courage than that which shows itself when the consciousness of danger is keen but where moral strength overcomes the weakness of the body."

"I think I know what you mean, Sir, and I'm not ashamed to say that I have been so frightened that it 'peared as if all the strength and blood had gone out of my body, and my face was as white as chalk. It was at the Wilme

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Creek fight. I had fired more than fifty cartridges, and I think fetched my man every time. I was on the skirmish line, and was working up closer to the rebs, when all of a sudden a battery opened fire right in front of me, and it sounded as if forty thousand guns were firing, and every shot and shell screeched within six inches of my head. It was the first time I was ever under artillery fire, and I was so frightened that I couldn't move for a minute or so, and when I did go back the boys asked me if I had seen a ghost? They may shoot bullets at me by the dozen, and it's rather exciting if I can shoot back, but I am always sort of nervous when the big guns go off."

"I would like to see you shoot."

"Would yer?" replied the scout, drawing his revolver; and approaching the window, he pointed to a letter O in a sign-board which was fixed to the stone-wall of a building on the other side of the way.

"That sign is more than fifty yards away. I will put these six balls into the inside of the circle, which isn't bigger than a man's heart."

In an off-hand way, and without sighting the pistol with his eye, he discharged the six shots of his revolver. I afterward saw that all the bullets had entered the circle.

As Bill proceeded to reload his pistol, he said to me with a naïveté of manner which was meant to be assuring:

"Whenever you get into a row be sure and not shoot too quick. Take time. I've known many a feller slip up for shootin' in a hurry."

It would be easy to fill a volume with the adventures of that remarkable man. My object here has been to make a slight record of one who is one of the best—perhaps the very best—example of a class who more than any other encountered perils and privations in defense of our nationality.

One afternoon as General Smith and I mounted our horses to start upon our journey toward the East, Wild Bill came to shake hands good-by, and I said to him:

"If you have no objection I will write out for publication an account of a few of your adventures."

"Certainly you may," he replied. "I'm sort of public property. But, Kernel," he continued, leaning upon my saddle-bow, while there was a tremulous softness in his voice and a strange moisture in his averted eyes, "I have a mother back there in Illinois who is old and feeble. I haven't seen her this many a year, and haven't been a good son to her, yet I love her better than any thing in this life. It don't matter much what they say about me here. But I'm not a cut-throat and vagabond, and I'd like the old woman to know what'll make her proud. I'd like her to hear that her runaway boy has fought through the war for the Union like a true man."

[William Hitchcock — called *Wild Bill, the Scout of the Plains*—shall have his wish. I have told his story precisely as it was told to me, confirmed in all important points by many witnesses; and I have no doubt of its truth.—G. W. N.]



THE FAREWELL.

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SOMETHING ABOUT FISHES.

[The illustrations accompanying this paper have been selected from the chapters on Ichthyology in WILLSON'S *Fifth Reader*. They are here introduced as furnishing types of some of the most notable species of fishes. The chapters in the Reader form an admirable introduction to the science of Ichthyology.]

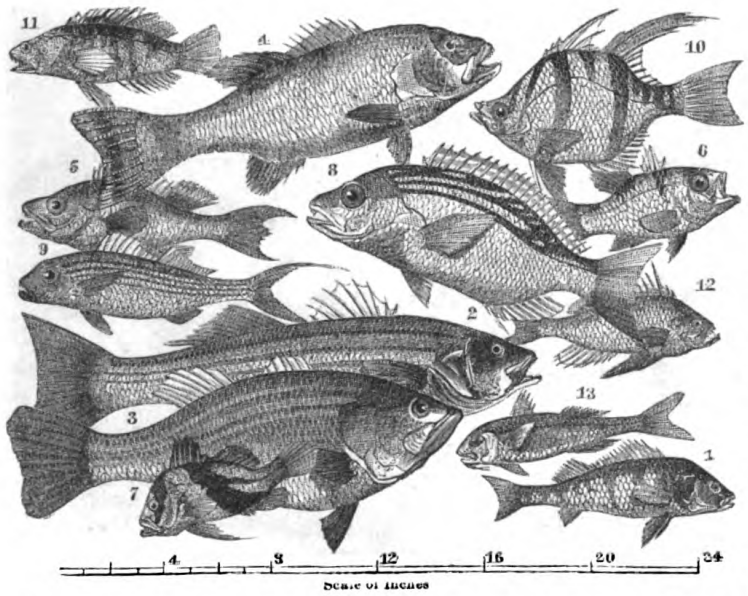
WRITERS on Natural History have been remarkably industrious in collecting facts illustrative of the structure, habits, and economy of animals. Their success in treating of those on land, even to very minute particulars, meets the approval of all intelligent minds; but the races inhabiting the water are more difficult to study. All the very large aquatic animals are less within the control of philosophers than those of a portable size, which are captured more easily. Much, therefore, gathered respecting the first has been through the instrumentality of seamen, who, from the character of their profession, have an opportunity to observe and collect facts which otherwise would have been lost.

Comparative anatomy opens a vast field for contemplation; and, taken in connection with the everyday life of animals in their unrestrained liberty, can not fail of being exceedingly instructive. The more we know of them the more we wish to know, because there is an adaptation of means to ends which demonstrates the existence of a First Cause. They could not have fashioned themselves to meet so many conditions on which the perpetuity of a race depends. Divine wisdom alone could have created and sustained by unalterable laws such diversified animal organizations. Speculations and assumptions are very commonly interwoven with facts in treating of subjects where knowledge is uncertain; hence, if all the flying, crawling, running, and swimming things of air, earth, and water knew what has been said of them, some would be elated with pride, while others could not conceal their disgust at the misrepresentations of their biographers.

Ichthyology is a difficult branch of Natural History to popularize. It is exceedingly embarrassed with technical terms, and therefore the more difficult to simplify and yet retain the essential points. For example, *Malecopterygii* and *Malecopterygii subbrachiati* are expressive in a scientific view, but unless the reader is familiar with the Greek language they rather perplex than aid him in his inquiries.

There are fewer evidences of intelligence in fishes than in air-breathing animals. Their instinctive acts, however, are none the less curious. If they do not border upon reason, they accomplish precisely what results in whatever best conduces to the protection and preservation of the individual. And while the perpetuity of innumerable orders of beings in the sea at first view appears like a matter of chance, it is morally certain that every thing in the mighty deep is regulated by a system of laws as harmonious as those which govern the heavenly spheres!

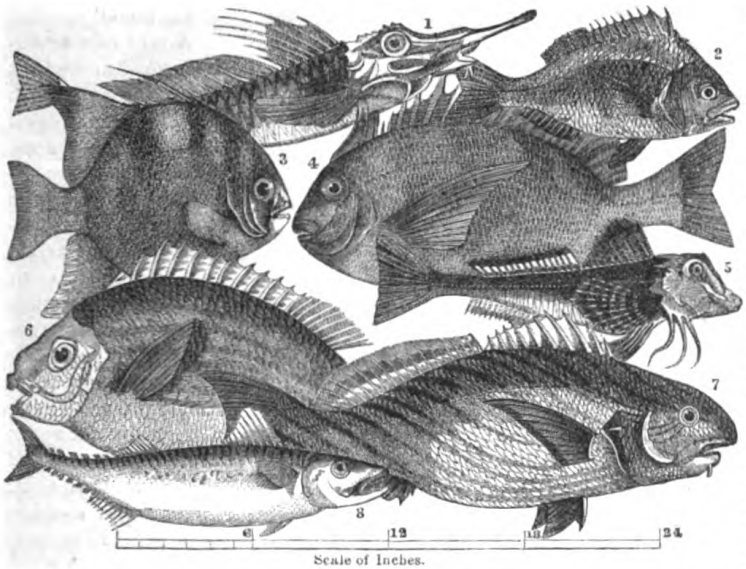
Fishes have singularly constructed bodies. Though apparently all bones, they have none too many; nor are they thrown together without order. Every bone, straight or crooked, is so artistically placed as to offer the greatest amount of resistance to outward pressure, besides affording attachments for muscular threads by thousands, of different lengths, by which every motion in swimming, sculling, curving, rising, plunging, or lying still, solely and exclusively depends. A very slight contraction of one fibre after another must take place in rapid succession, and relax just as quickly, or it would be impossible for them to glide so gracefully through the water. The skeleton of any fish, when closely examined, exhibits a system of osseous architecture that quite puts into the background the most complicated frame-work constructed by man.



1. Yellow Perch.—2. Striped Sea-Bass.—3. Black Lake Bass.—4. Growling Salmon.—5. Black Sea-Bass.—6. Mediterranean Apogon.—7. Two-banded Diploprion.—8. One-spotted Mesoprion.—9. Ruby-colored Etelis.—10. Armed Enoplosus.—11. Lettered Serranus.—12. Spined Serranus.—13. Red Surmullet.—These all belong to the *Perch Family*.

All fishes are divid-

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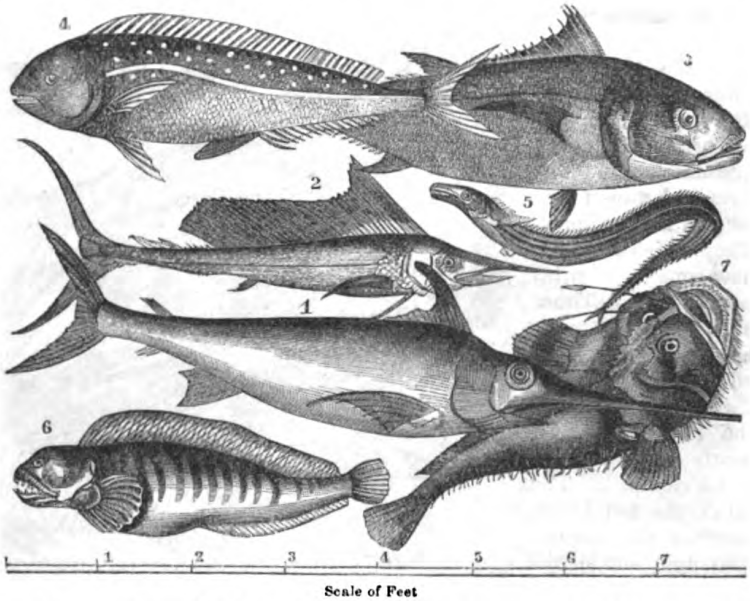
1. Mailed Gurnard.—2. Big Porgee.—3. Three-tailed Porgee.—4. Sheepshead.—5. Rock Gurnard.—6. Sea Bream.—7. Bearded Umbrina.—8. Mackerel.—These, as well as the Perch Family, are all *Spine-rayed Fishes.*

ed into two families, viz., the *bony* and the *cartilaginous.* One has a skeleton tolerably hard and well-developed, particularly the spine, ribs, and cranial bones; while the other, as the sharks, for example, are provided with slender, semi-flexible, or cartilaginous bones. Social fishes, such as are found in shoals, or schools, like cod, mackerel, and herring are comparatively peaceably inclined and fond of company. The other family are solitary in their habits, ferocious in character, and dreaded by those without much means of defense. Flight from a pursuer is their only hope, if hope they have. Thus, in the ocean there are two races of purely aquatic animals corresponding with two distinct families of animals on the land, viz., the herbivorous and carnivorous. Sharks range through every sea slaughtering as they go, preventing the too great multiplication of social fishes, just upon the plan discoverable in the economy of nature of doing the same thing on terra firma.

Here, then, we have an illustration of the balancing power which prevents either race or family from living too long. Ample security for the perpetuation of races has been arranged, so that a physical harmony is maintained, that the best results may be brought about in the water and on the dry land.

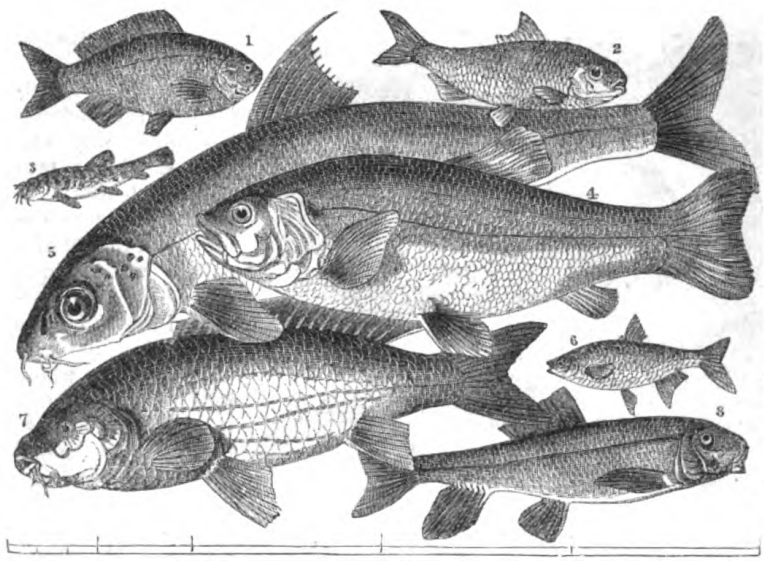
It might be as difficult to satisfactorily determine why one class should be provided with sharp canine teeth, formidable claws, armed with curved nails almost like sickles, and permitted to pounce on harmless, inoffensive quadrupeds whose food is grass, and tear them in pieces, as to explain how moral evil was introduced into the world and still is allowed to interfere with human happiness.

Although one order of fishes are social, living as it were in communities, that is, moving from one feeding ground to another in numbers beyond all computation; the other, their born antagonists, are unsocial in their habits, foraging perpetually in quest of prey. With but few exceptions both are carnivorous. As the population of the waters very much exceeds that on land, were it not for the unceasing slaughter going on throughout all aquatic regions the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and all other marine basins on the globe could not contain the beings constantly coming into existence there. Not only so, were it not that the dead are generally swallowed by the living the de-



1. Common Sword-Fish.—2. Indian Sword-Fish.—3. Tunny.—4. Dolphin.—5. Scabbard-Fish.—6. Wolf-Fish.—7. Fishing Frog.—All *Spine-rayed Fishes.*

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1. Gold-Fish.—2. Roach.—3. Loach.—4. Tench.—5. Barbel.—6. Shiner.—7. Carp.—8. Sucker.—These belong to the *Carp Family.*

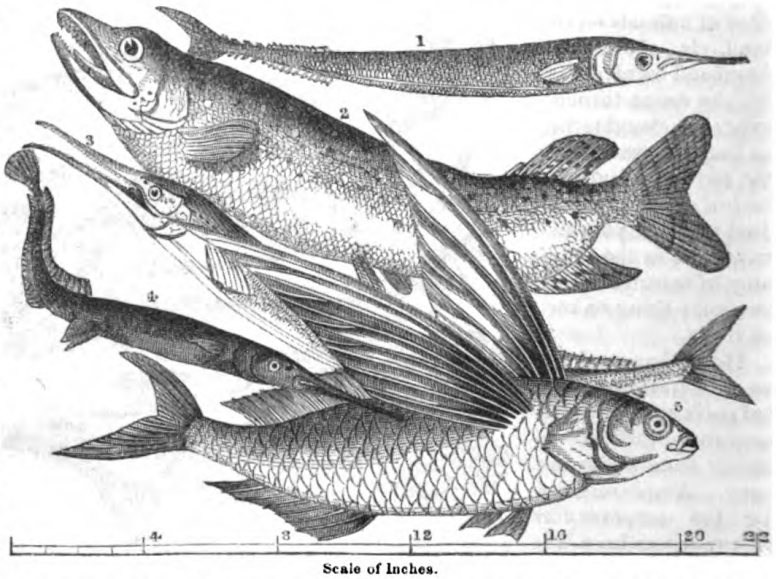
composition of their carcasses would poison the element which they all inhabit, and the atmosphere above it, to the destruction of those breathing air.

Complicated as the structure of fishes seems to be, it is less so than land or air-breathing animals. The first have a single heart, which throws the blood into the gills, but no further. After being re-vitalized in the delicate fringes of those organs it runs to a large artery lying on the underside of the back-bone, which contracts upon the contents, driving it all over and through the body. As it passes along through the arterial vessels there is left on the way carbonate of lime for the bones, gelatin for gluing parts together, and, in short, all those elementary substances which add to the growth or keep the vital machinery in repair are thus deposited.

This constitutes the internal organic difference between water and land animals. Those which have gills have one heart with cold blood. Those breathing air by lungs have two hearts joined together. One of them sends blood into the lungs, where it meets atmospheric air to be vitalized. The other, the left heart, receives the revitalized fluid and drives it in all directions to fertilize the body, as it were, and keep it alive. They have warm blood.

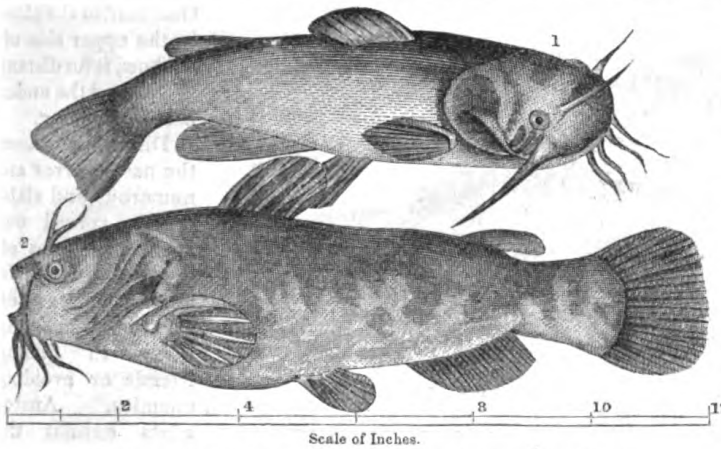
A race of singularly-formed animals reside in the water which breathe air without having legs or arms. Their flippers are elementary limbs, though used simply as paddles. Seals, porpoises, and whales are common representatives of those intermediate classes. Those are commonly called amphibious. That is a mistake, however, as they are not. If they were, then either air or water could be breathed. Even many of the reptiles which remain most of the time submerged are not amphibious, but are entirely dependent on the air, which they are obliged to come to the surface to inhale. Frogs are a familiar illustration of this proposition. Whales and seals nurse their young with milk. On this ground it was decided some years ago in a court of law that whales were not fishes.

Their teeth are not only always sound, sharp, and exactly fitted for the purpose, according to the instinctive habits of the fish, but they are renewed very quickly when either injured or broken. They are for holding morsels, but not for grinding. Not only the margins of the jaws, but even the tongue and gullet are paved with dental spikes, graduated in size as they recede from the alveolar sockets. Whatever



1. Saury Pike.—2. Common Pike.—3. Common Gar-Fish.—4. Guiana Gar-Fish.—5. Flying-Fish.—These belong to the *Pike Family.*

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1. Brown Cat-Fish.—2. Common Cat-Fish, or Horned Pout.

enters must go down. It is almost impossible to disgorge on account of the resistance of the teeth, which are hooks for holding on. By successive muscular contractions about the neck the struggling little fish is finally swallowed whole. Digestion is so exceedingly active that in a few hours even the bones of the victim are dissolved.

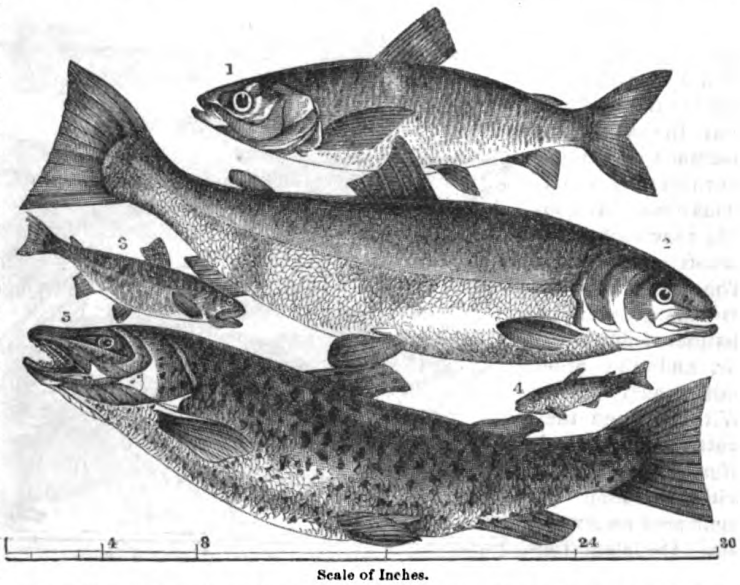
Sharks have teeth somewhat like the point of lancets, serrated on their edges rows behind rows, always pushing forward, the new ones displacing the old. They have such important functions to perform in the economy of the sea that sharp tools and a plenty of them are indispensable. Being carnivorous, their stomachs are simply receiving-sacs, in which a fluid is secreted very remarkable for its solvent properties. It melts down almost every thing. Sharks have been caught and opened a few hours after seizing a sailor—scarcely a portion of whom could be identified. Even a pair of thick boots were liquefied very quickly.

The intestinal tube is comparatively short, while the liver, gall-bladder, and those glands which assist in digestion, are large and active. The basking-shark, on the contrary —a monster thirty feet long by some three or four in diameter, feeds only occasionally, and then mainly on drifting sea-weed — is provided with an intestinal tube several times the length of its body, which has a winding staircase, or thin membrane from one end to the other, inside, preventing the too rapid passage of the food. It is obliged to wind its way on an inclined surface of perhaps over one hundred feet before yielding up all its nutritive properties to the absorbents. Monster as he is, in size, the basking-shark has small teeth, is quite harmless, and celebrated for stupidity —sleeping with its back above water, and thus guiding the fishermen to successful enterprise.

Aquatic animals have exceedingly distinct visual organs. Probably they can all see as perfectly well at night as by day. One half of the retina, the immediate point on which images are impinged, is for day use; while the other has a metallic-colored reflecting surface for nocturnal vision.

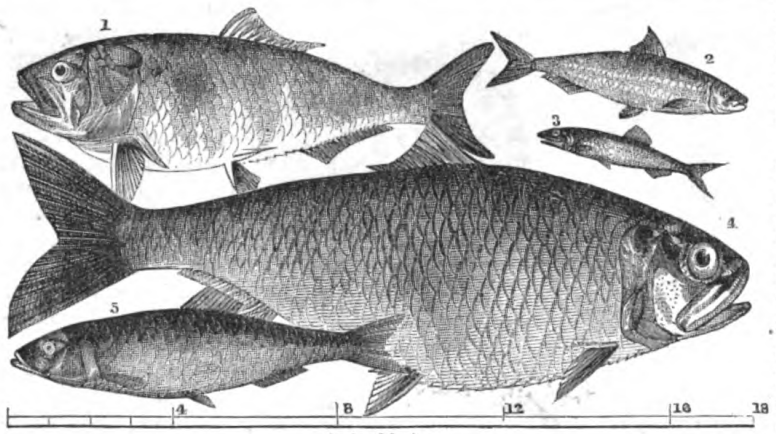
Some have telescopic eyes, enabling them to perceive objects at great distances through quite turbid water. Others, as the huge white or man-eating shark, has an eye microscopic as well as telescopic. The axis of vision is elongated or shortened according to the hydrostatic pressure. Thus, on rising, the weight of water being less, the eyes become more protuberant; but in diving and following a fear-stricken fish, the deeper the shark descends the more the eyes sink into their sockets; while the humors recede out of the sclerotic coat into a kind of membranous sac — returning back into place again as the shark rises. Distinct visual perception is the same all the while.

A parallel to this beautiful mechanical contrivance to meet the preditory habits of the shark is found in fish-hawks. Resting quietly



1. White Fish of the Lakes.—2. Salmon.—3. Brook Trout.—4. Troutlet.—5. Great Lake Trout of Europe.—These belong to the *Salmon Family*.

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1. Mossbonker.—2. Pilchard.—3. Anchovy.—4. Shad.—5. Herring.—These belong to the *Herring Family*.

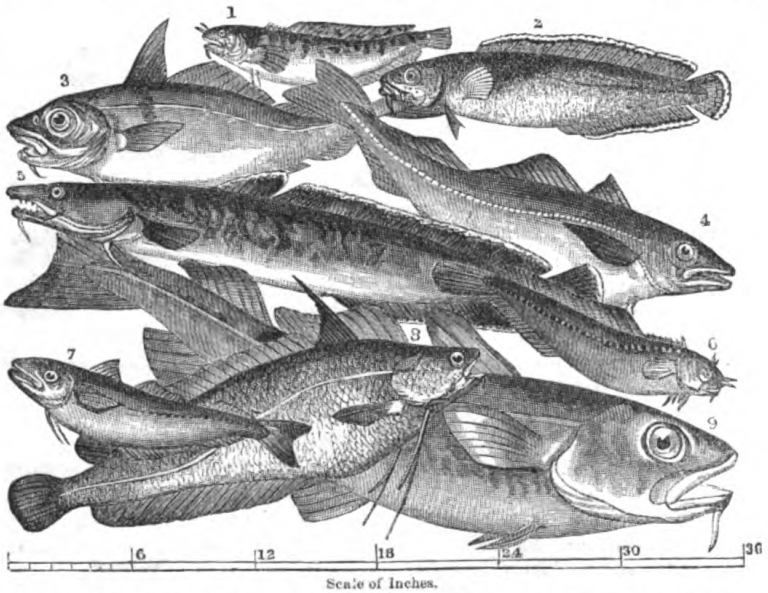
on their expanded wings a thousand feet above a pond they drop a little oil, sucked from a small nipple at the point where the tail-feathers start, to the water. Probably it gives off an odor which attracts the fish. The hawk watches the movements below with a telescopic eye. As they begin to swim toward the radiating oil the bird begins to descend—calculating exactly so as to secure a marked one with its talons. By a change in the axis of vision, it sees just as distinctly when within an inch of its prey as when floating in the air ten hundred feet above it.

A fish called *anableps* is quite common in Surinam, which has eyes unlike those of any animal known to naturalists. Usually the cornea, or anterior transparent front of the eye, is convex, being the small segment of a circle of nearly three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The cornea of the anableps resemble two sides of a prism or a three-sided file. Looking down upon the ridge-pole of a house the two sides of the roof present the same appearance as looking down on those anomalous eyes. At ebb-tide they root about in soft mud for food. The upper half of the cornea gives them distinct vision in the air, and the other half under water. With the one they watch the approach of enemies from land; with the other see their prey under water. Opticians furnish glasses for elderly people nearly on the same principle. One-half, or the glass in the upper side of the bow, is for distant vision, and the under half for reading.

Dissections show the nasal nerves are numerous and elaborately spread out over the tissues of those cavities. No doubt the sense of smell is an unerring guide in finding friends or avoiding enemies. Anatomists exhibit the chords that were designed to convey a sense of odors; but naturalists have not studied sufficiently in what particular manner the fish is influenced by them.

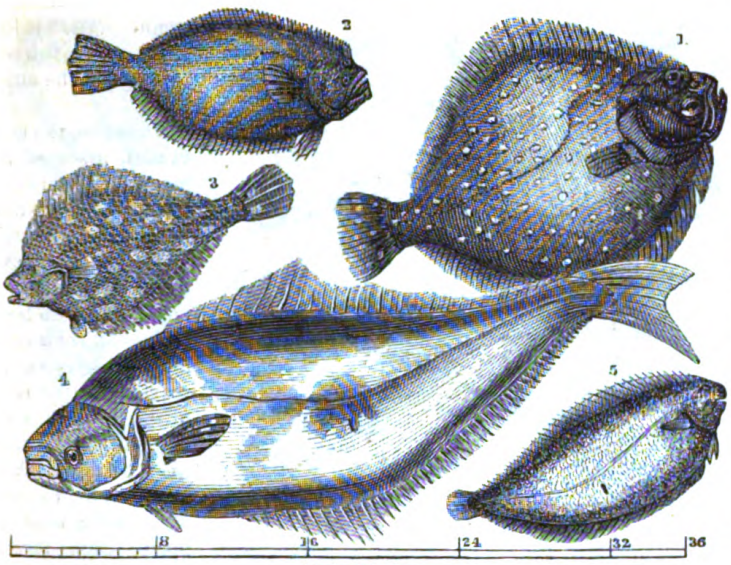
Taste appears to be less perfect than any of the special senses; and that inference is drawn from the consideration of the fact that bitter, sweet, sour, or putrid, are indifferently swallowed.

A simple perception of sound must be complete in fishes: They have neither those essential parts of an acoustic apparatus for distributing vibrations extensively, or a brain to analyze them if they had. Hence they can never take pleasure in musical notes. They hear a bell, and may be taught by ringing it to come and be fed. Beyond that nothing more could be accomplished, because they are in a dense medium. Had they more acoustic nervous surface, noises or concussions under water would distract them by their intensity. Let any one



1. Three-Bearded Rockling.—2. Torsk.—3. Haddock.—4. Coal-Fish.—5. Ling.—6. Five-Bearded Rockling.—7. Whiting.—8. Hake.—9. Cod.—These belong to the *Cod Family*.

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1. Turbot.—2. Flounder.—3. Plaice.—4. Halibut.—5. Sole.—These belong to the *Flat-Fish Family*.

put his head under water while a companion strikes two stones together, even a mile distant, and it feels like a blow on the head.

The sense of feeling is imperfectly developed. The nose and margin of the lips, in the social fishes, are what they feel with most. Scales, thick and slimy skins, forbid the termination of nervous fibrillæ in them. An impression on any part of their bodies conveys a sensation analogous to feeling, yet it is not distinctly defined. Large numbers of the flat-fishes, suckers, etc., have fleshy tendrils hanging from the tip of the under lip, and sometimes all round the mouth, which subserve the purpose of fingers to touch with, giving a definite sensation.

For gliding with the least degree of friction through water their bodies are admirably constructed. Both extremities of a fish are much smaller than the body, being a vessel in form and in purpose too, as the viscera are within, packed like a cargo. A slimy secretion is constantly oozing out upon the surface to facilitate onward progress. It is the same as being oiled. Eels are proverbial for being slippery; it is almost impossible to hold one by the strongest grip of the hand.

Fishes, then, are living vessels, the keel being on deck instead of underside of the hull; were it below it would often touch ground and be injured in swimming over rocks. The front fins are elementary hands, and the posterior imperfectly developed feet; all the other fins are regarded as cuticular appendages and not always present, but confined to certain species. Sculling with the caudal fluke, precisely as a boat is forced along by one oar at the stern, is the action of the tail. All the others assist merely in turning, rising, falling, backing, or lying quiescently at rest.

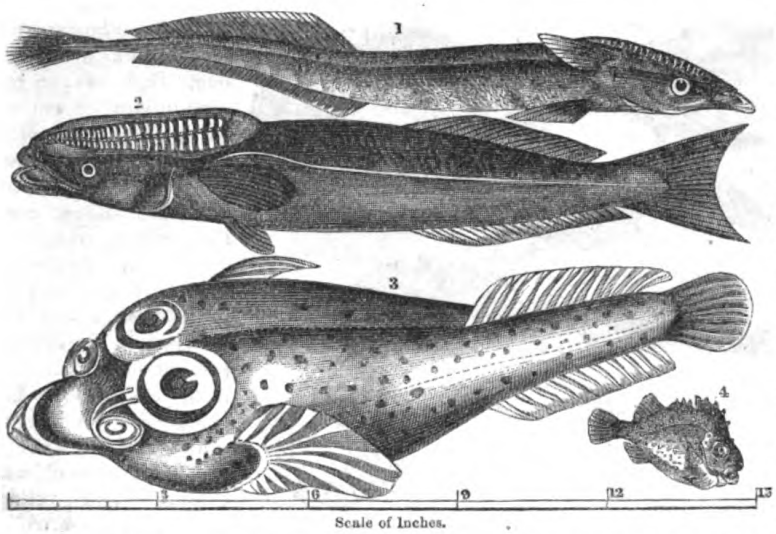
Unquestionably fishes sleep. Small as their brains are, nervous influence may be expended as well as in a large one. Before it can reaccumulate or generate more of that power sleep must suspend consciousness. Most of them are without eyelids, sleeping with their eyes open. Although in that condition any impression made on the retina, as by the passing of another fish, instantaneously awakens the sleeper in season to avoid an enemy or a dangerous object. Children and young mammalia grow while they are asleep and quiet. The artisans are then at work in building them up to a full stature. That is a reason why they require so much sleep. Observations on those imprisoned in aquaria, or gold fish in a globe, demonstrate the phenomenon of sleep very unmistakably, if remaining in one exact position for hours is to be taken as one evidence.

With the exception of a little fish called the Stickle-back, which builds a nest for the protection of its young, in the preparation of which the male concurs, no such feeling or sentiment as affection for its young is thought to exist in fishes. Some of them extrude a million of eggs in a single season. They are prolific beyond even the reptiles or insects. No affectionate recognitions are presumed to obtain between the sexes. By an inscrutable instinct salmon and some others find the mouths of rivers once a year, and ascend them great distances to deposit their spawn. Nature requires that law to be obeyed, which has the appearance of a kind of reasoning with reference to the security of the young when they are hatched by the sun's warmth. The male follows the female on those long journeys, fertilizing the eggs by passing over them. Both parents then retire to their ocean home, to return another season, perhaps, to precisely the same locality, as birds do, from the South to the North.

Left, as it were, to chance, their incubation principally depends on solar heat. A few are incubated within the oviduct, and come into the water not only fully able to provide for their immediate wants, but they also exhibit powers that others appear to be a considerable time in acquiring.

The egg of the skate is peculiar in all respects. In the first place, it resembles a hand-barrow. The body is an inch long, half an inch wide, and nearly a quarter of an inch thick in the middle. It is a complete boat, decked

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1. White-Tailed Remora, or Shark Sucker.—2. Common Remora, or Sucking-Fish.—3. Cornish Sucker.—4. Lump Sucker.—These are all *Salt-Water Suckers.*

over, but slightly convex on the upper side. Not being quite full of albumen, the germ floats on the top. If one of them is capsized, as they are likely to be, floating at random by the waves, the sun's rays roll up two of the projecting handles snug to the end of the boat, which shifts the cargo to that end, changing the centre of gravity, and it very soon rights itself again. The arms then unroll and become straight as before. The four long arms resist the tendency to upset—still, wind and wave united occasionally turn it over. Nature's plan is obvious. The deck is thin and diaphanous, through which the rays of the sun, acting perpendicularly upon it through the middle of the day, quicken the embryotic skate into existence. On this curious property of the shell depends the race of skates.

Others are provided with long, elastic tendrils which cling to weeds, stones, etc., as they float by; and there hold on till the young fish leaves the shell. The egg of the dog-fish is largely supplied with sensitive cordage for keeping the egg securely in one position for the sun's influence till incubation is completed.

Reasoning, or drawing conclusions from any circumstances within the range of experience, fish, like reptiles, insects, and birds, regularly, from one generation to another, without instruction, perform certain acts with precision, which is termed instinct. No advances are made upon the original plan for constructing a nest, for example: it is always a repetition of the same old method. Fish that never ascended a river find a suitable place for the purpose of breeding. Young birds fly to a tropical climate, unerringly, before the winter overtakes them in northern latitudes; and return back again to their old familiar haunts the following spring. Without being taught, or ever having made the journey, if there were but one such bird in New England it would start off alone and find its way, spring and autumn. That is instinct. The fish accomplishes the same feat.

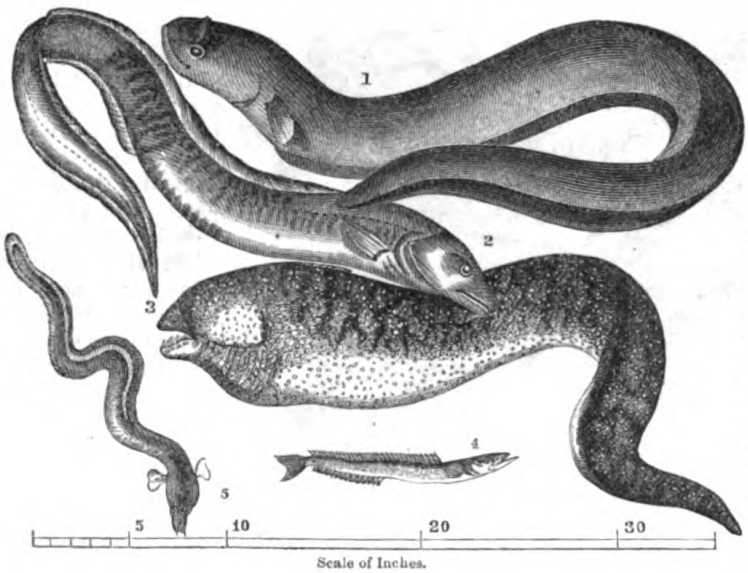
Audubon, the naturalist, asserted, as matter of personal knowledge, that turtles, three hundred miles out at sea from the Florida coast, came to land to deposit their eggs above high-water-mark. After covering them up with their flippers, always in the night, they strike off to sea again for a week or more, then return in the dark and put in another batch, and sometimes return three times. How do they find the place? Finally, as though it were a distinct subject of recollection, the day on which these young turtles begin to break from the shell the mother appears and digs away the sand to liberate them. Her mission terminates by leading them down to the water! Their bodies are formed from the albumen or white of the egg, which is absorbed by the germ, while the yolk remains, either drawn inside their bodies or suspended in a sac outside. In either case, when it is necessary for them to have food, the sachel contracts and forces some of the yolk into the stomach. Thus from time to time are they nourished till the supply is wholly exhausted. That very day their jaws and teeth are sufficiently developed to hunt for their daily food. Young sharks carry the yolk a considerable while in a membranous sac of the shape of a chemical retort, which drops off when their teeth are cut and are strong enough to hold their prey.

There are so many extraordinary mechanical arrangements in different varieties of fish for protecting themselves and for securing food, that but a partial account can be given of them here. The limited acquaintance naturalists have of aquatic life furnish but few materials of a reliable character in reference to their peculiar habits; but enough, however, has been



HORNED RAY, OR SEA-DEVIL

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1. Electric Eel.—2. Conger Eel.—3. Muræna.—4. American Sand-Launce.—5. Sharp-nosed Eel.—These belong to the *Eel Family*.

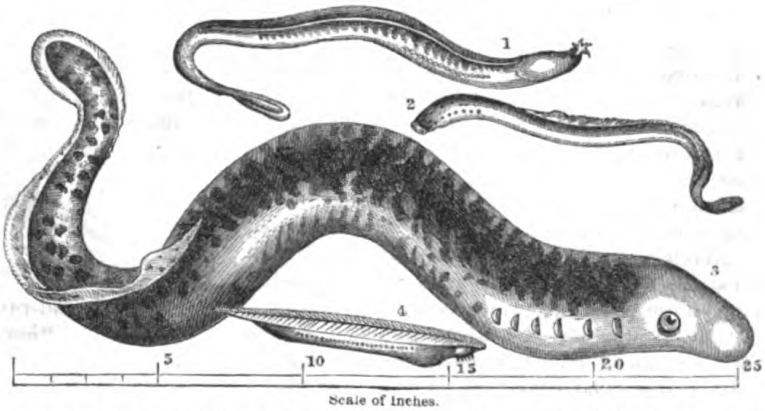
discovered to convince them that no organic being has been left unprovided without all the positive means of supplying its individual physical necessities, and reproducing an exact type of itself with precisely the same proclivities, the same instincts, the same course of life from infancy to age, from epoch to epoch, while the earth remains in its present form.

A disgusting-looking fish, popularly called the sea-devil or devil-fish, inhabits the northern Atlantic coast within shallow bays which have soft muddy bottoms. It commonly operates near the channel adjacent to deep water. Perhaps, when fully grown, it may measure two to two and a half feet long. Its body is small and rather slender. But the head is monstrous—all out of proportion to the parts below. So capacious is the mouth the jaws can be opened far enough to take in a man's head. They are thickly studded with long and short teeth, keen as needles, extending all through the throat, yet coming together without having one tooth strike another opposite. Pendulous fleshy tendrils, resembling earth-worms, surround the margin of the mouth, exteriorly, which can be contracted or elongated. Two wicked-looking eyes are set so singularly near the snout that it can have a perfect view of what is transpiring under circumstances which excites our astonishment.

This devil-fish, so diabolical in aspect, is a gourmand, besides consuming enormous quantities of food; and yet, with such a small body, it hardly seems possible. When hungry, it fixes upon a soft spot, where it works down, tail first, till the eyes are just about level with the surface. Then those horrible jaws are thrown wide open, as one would open a porte-monnaie. To all intents and purposes it is a trap, acting precisely on the principle of a large steel trap, but concealed, lying, as each jaw does, either way, level. Instinct teaches the devil-fish the track of the fishes he is fond of. With eyes peering up, every creature passing is critically watched. Next, the tendrils begin to elongate and contract; and it is probable some odor is given off which entices wayfarers to search about for it. Cod, haddock, wolf-fish, and even small sharks, with all their cunning, may occasionally be deceived. On discovering the tendrils, slowly and leisurely, a cod, for example, settles down; and just as his snout comes within the circumference of the jaws up snap both, pinning the gills and holding the entrapped prisoner with a grip which neither floundering nor struggling can relieve.

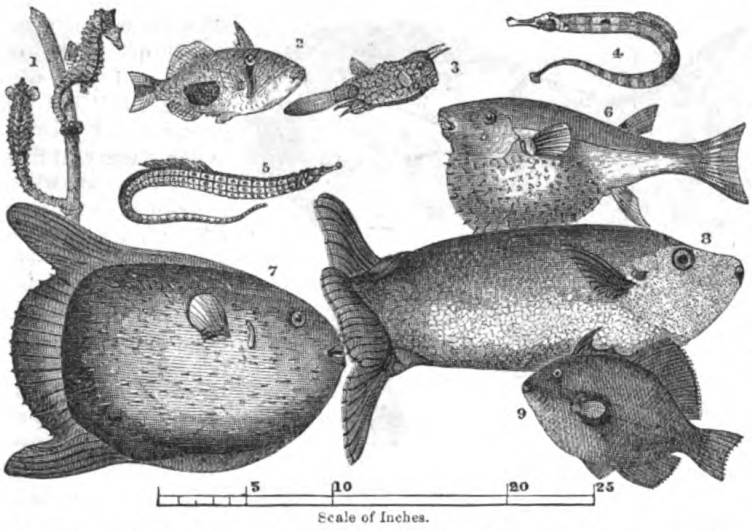
As soon as the captured fish is dead the devil-fish commences sucking off the flesh. A large cod is thus consumed very speedily, and after the fripon has had sufficient rest from fatigue, and fairly digested his dinner, he comes out of the mud and seeks for another favorable position for game again.

A fish is found in the Atlantic and Mediterranean bearing the name of *remora*, which has



1. Glutinous Hag.—2. Mud Lamprey.—3. Common Lamprey.—4. Lancelot.—These belong to the *Lamprey Family*.

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1. Hudson River Sea-Horse.—2. Indian File-Fish.—3. Horned Ostracion.—4. Great Pipe-Fish.—5. Needle-Fish.—6. Globe Fish.—7. Short Sun-Fish.—8. Oblong Sun-Fish.—9. File-Fish.—These are all *Soft-Rayed Fishes.*

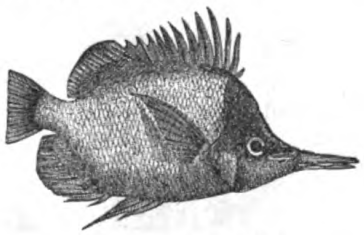
an oval disk on the top of the head, perhaps four inches long by one and a half to two inches wide, where the body is one foot and a half long. Externally it resembles the slats of a Venetian window-blind. It is an air-pump. Very frequently fine specimens of the remora are found adhering to the bottoms of vessels, having been thus drawn along through the water for hundreds of miles. They fasten upon whales, or indeed any passing fish they happen to see, when the whim for a ride overtakes them. They do not appear to injure those they impose themselves upon, beyond frightening them into a rapid movement, which may perhaps be an agreeable pastime to the rider.

At the battle of Actium, from some unknown cause, Mark Antony's ship could not be rowed out of its position. Probably some part of the bottom dragged in the mud. But the cause was imputed to the remora—holding the vessel motionless against the combined efforts of several hundred sailors. It is related that a remora fastened his air-pump on the rudder of a trireme, the great war-boat of the ancients, when Caligula, the Roman emperor, was on board, holding it so tenaciously that four hundred seamen could not propel the vessel forward against the resistance of a single fish of this extraordinary family. However powerfully its head may adhere it would be impossible that its fins could present much resistance, and therefore the foregoing relations are to be regarded as entirely fabulous although recorded by a grave historian.

Another, the lumpfish, *Cyclopterus lumpus*, occasionally weighing seven pounds, has an air-pump formed by the ventral fins, oval shape, of considerable size, by which it holds on a rock, or indeed on whatever it chooses, with such strength that when put into a pail of water the whole—water, pail, and all—may be lifted up by the tail without breaking the hold. Seals are fond of them, but invariably reject the skin.

In the East Indies there is a perch, *Anabas scandens*, which leaves the water for hours together for the pleasure of climbing trees! For a long while this assertion was questioned by naturalists; but statements are so well authenticated that the existence of the climbing perch is now a settled fact. They wander from the water through the grass, and can live six days in the open air. Jugglers make use of them in the performance of some of their curious exhibitions, which appeared to be beyond the hope of a reasonable explanation, till science demonstrated, what they have known from immemorial time, that the anabas has a provision in its structure for carrying water enough to meet the demands of the circulation, several days in succession, while out of the water.

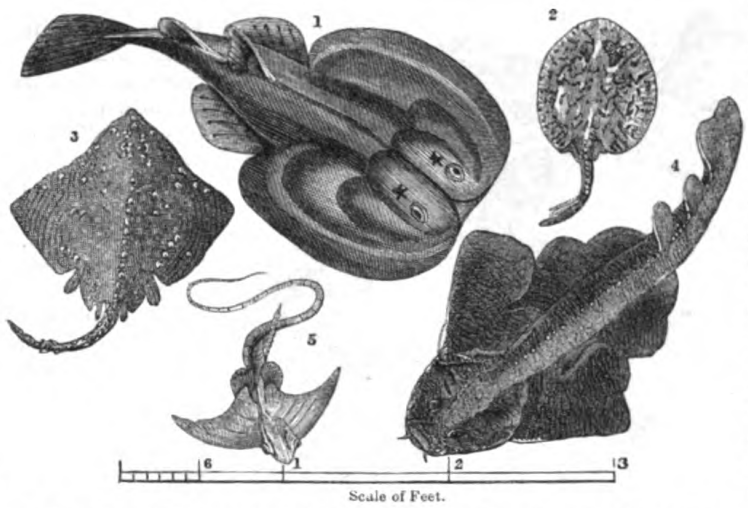
In the Chinese seas a small fish is very common, which is caught and kept in aquaria for the amusement of seeing how admirably it will bring down flies by spirting a little stream of water. Its aim is so accurate that as a fly is passing over it, a few inches above the surface, the aquatic arrow wets the wings and down it falls. The little sportsman instantly swallows the game. It is the *Chelmon rostratus*. The beak or nose is eked out into the form of a tube, through which a drop is forced by the compression of the mouth. One species of the Chætodon rostratus, called the "archer" (*Toxotes jaculator*), will throw water through its snout three and four feet at insects resting on leaves, grass, and plants bending over the bank, rarely missing the mark.



LONG-BEAKED CHELMON.

Electrical eels and rays, on the whole, have engaged more attention than almost any other fish. The shocks they can give at pleasure equal some of the best modern apparatus. Their stored-up electricity is emitted with a force that will decompose chemical compounds

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1. Torpedo.—2. Many-spined Trygon.—3. Thornback Ray.—4. Angel-Fish.—5. Whip-Ray.—All belonging to the *Ray Family*.

and magnetize steel needles. Specimens of the largest size (*Gymnotus electricus*) are taken in Surinam. One four feet long, placed in a watering trough temporarily while a tub was preparing for its reception, knocked down three stout mules, which just touched the water where they were accustomed to drink, upon their knees. Under precisely the same circumstances they have killed a horse. Usually they attain a length of about four feet in South America. Specimens are frequently brought alive to the United States, but their electrical powers are rarely excited so far at the north as New York. A large one, apparently in excellent condition, was brought to Boston a few years since, which could not be teased into gratifying his learned spectators with a show of its characteristic force.

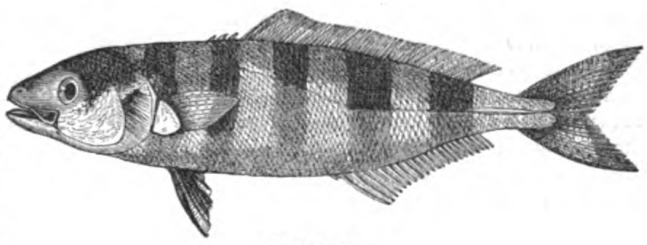
Indians drive horses into marshy places inhabited by electrical eels, in order to bring the fish into position for capturing them. Generally the gymnotus flies to the belly of the horse, and gives freedom to its whole electrical power. The poor benumbed horses fall as quickly as though they were shot. Often the horses are killed. At the instant of discharging the battery the Indians—knowing from observation a little time is required to charge for another shock—with harpoons and poles and other contrivances, throw cords round them, and then by a sudden jerk haul them out of the water. If the cord gets wet they are apt to receive severe admonitions.

This electrical property is doubtless given them for the twofold purpose of security against enemies and for securing food.

Another singularly-looking fish, thin, broad, and with a long tail more like a quadruped's than ordinary caudal terminations of fishes, is the Thornback (*Raja clavata*), which also benumbs by an electrical shock. Nothing can be more complicated or difficult to understand than the organic apparatus by which their electricity is evolved. Comparative anatomists have carefully dissected the brain, and shown the symmetrical distribution of nerves on either side which conducts the electrical fluid—if it is fluid—from the brain; yet no one can demonstrate what action takes place in the ganglia of the brain to give a discharge of electricity, nor is it probable they ever will. Nature conducts many of her vital operations so secretly that physiologists have not been able to solve many problems of the highest interest in natural philosophy.

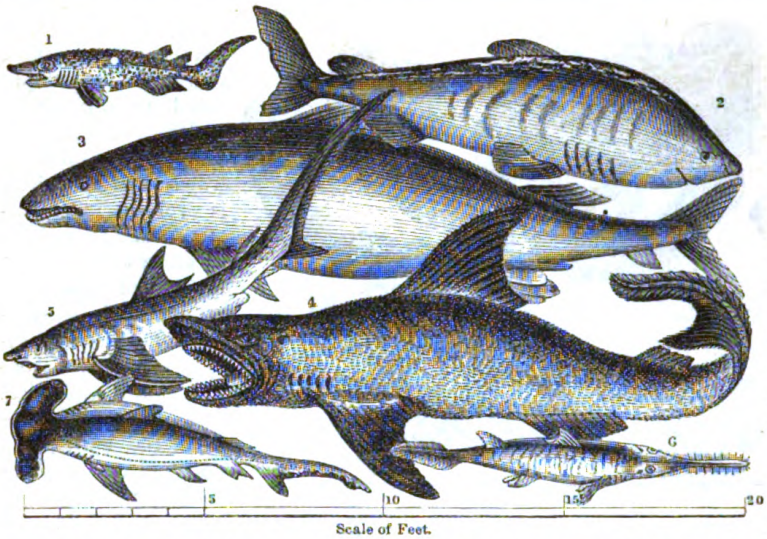
Sea porcupines, belonging to the families of the *Diodon* and *Tetraodon*, are covered extensively with sharp thorns, which can be laid down flat or made erect. They have a singular air-tank capable of prodigious distension, so that at will they can puff themselves up like a bladder, which throws the spine out at right angles. When the bladder is empty they are not very thick; but when alarmed, or preparing for capturing a fish for food, they suddenly become an almost perfect ball of needles. In that condition sometimes several of them are, in company, thrown upon their backs, floating leisurely near the surface, and occasionally by the waves thrown out a little way, resembling a mass of froth as seen at a distance.

It seems they put themselves thus on purpose to entice large, voracious wanderers to open their wide jaws to take in the mass. As they feel the jaws coming together each one prepares for the occasion, bracing so as to have their thorns forced into the soft parts of the mouth. It is impossible to swallow them or eject them. Intense pain and irritation follow, of course. In the mean time the voluntary prisoners gnaw away into the inflamed flesh. Death soon relieves the unfortunate



PILOT-FISH.

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1. Spinous Shark.—2. Greenland Shark.—3. Basking Shark.—4. White Shark.—5. Fox Shark, or Thresher.—6. Saw-Fish.—7. Hammer-headed Shark.—*Shark Family.*

fish which has been thus deceived. By the time the wicked porcupines have feasted sufficiently decomposition is far enough advanced to allow them to escape from their dining-room, blow themselves up anew, and prepare for another entertainment.

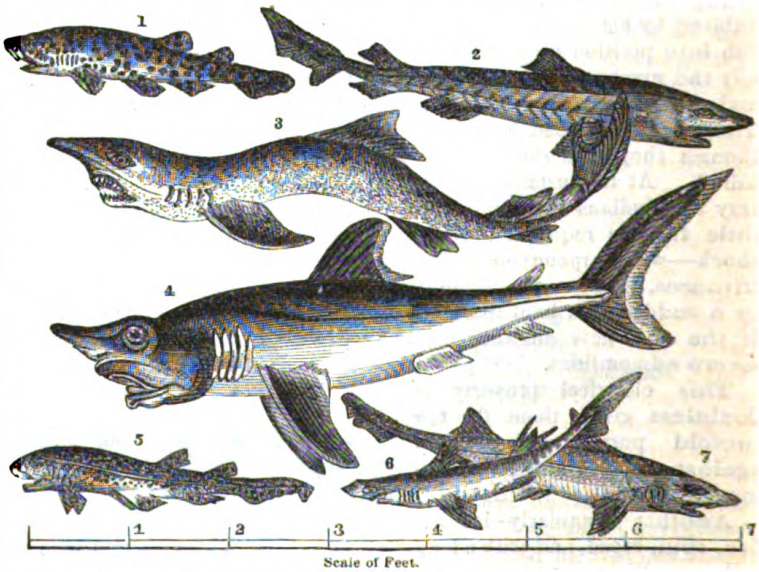
Some of the predaceous inhabitants of the sea are provided with formidable instruments for slaughter. Conscious of their ability for carrying on destructive warfare against those which can only protect themselves by outswimming their terrific enemies, or resisting their attacks by the hardness of their scales, plates, or other exterior covering, their hostility is notorious.

A sword-fish is a familiar example of a fighting-fish, abounding extensively on our coast from Norfolk, Virginia, to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but most numerous in the neighborhood of Nantucket and the waters of Narraganset Bay. Some of them attain a length of twenty feet. They have no mercy upon whales, and it seems to afford them peculiar pleasure to swim under the monster's belly and thrust their swords into the soft parts their entire length. No efforts are wanting on the part of the whale to get beyond the foe by rapid voltings, but the sword-fish watches for a chance to repeat the stab, and thus finally kill him.

The sword of *Xyphius gladius* is a prolongation of the upper jaw, terminating in a point. Its edges are thin, and, with the force given to it when the fish stabs, is sufficient to cut its way through very hard bones. They can drive clear through a shark. When roused to madness, as they doubtless are by the sight of particular individuals of the sea, they never relax till they conquer. Marine assassin is an appropriate name. They are excellent food, so much so that a regular system of sword-fish fishing is pursued in this country, and barrels of their salted flesh are sent to market.

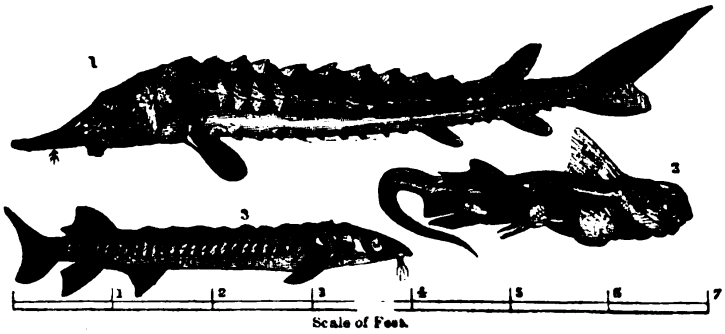
In a calm day in the summer of 1832, on the coast of Massachusetts, a pilot was rowing his little skiff leisurely along, when he was suddenly roused from his seat by a thrust from below by a sword-fish, who drove his sharp instrument more than three feet up through the bottom. With rare presence of mind, with the butt of an oar, he broke it off level with the floor before the fish had time to withdraw it. Fortunately the plunge was not directly upward. Had it been so the frail boat would have been destroyed.

A Boston ship hauled up on the ways for repair, a few years since, presented the shank



1. Large-spotted Dog-Fish.—2. Tope, or Penny-Dog.—3. Blue Shark.—4. Porbeagle.—5. Small-spotted Dog-Fish.—6. Piked Dog-Fish.—7. Smooth Hound.—*Shark Family.*

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1. Common Sturgeon.—2. Northern Chimæra.—3. American Lake Sturgeon. —These are representatives of the *Sturgeon* and *Chimæra Families.*

of a sword-fish's dagger, which had been driven considerably far into the solid oak plank. A more curious affair was brought to light in 1725, in overhauling his Majesty's ship *Leopard*, from the coast of Africa. The sword of this marine spearsman had pierced the sheathing one inch; next it went through a three-inch plank, and, beyond that, three inches and a half into the firm timber. It was the opinion of the mechanics that it would have required nine strokes of a hammer weighing twenty-five pounds to drive an iron bolt of the same dimensions to the same depth in the hull. Yet the fish drove it in at a single thrust. Their force in making an attack must be tremendous.

On the return of the whale-ship *Fortune* to Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1827, the stump of a sword-blade of this fish was noticed projecting like a cog outside, which, on being traced, had been driven through the copper sheathing; an inch-board under-sheathing; a three-inch plank of hard wood; the solid white oak timber, twelve inches thick; then through another two-and-a-half inch hard oak ceiling; and, lastly, penetrated the head of an oil-cask, where it stuck, not a drop of the oil having escaped.

The saw-fish, which attains the length of ten and twelve feet, has great muscular strength, which it appears to exert capriciously, very much like the sword-fish. It seldom approaches very near the land, but confines its movements far at sea and in deep water, where the largest of the marine inhabitants also are to be found.

Instead of being a dagger-shaped nasal spear the bones of the two sides of the upper jaw, called by comparative anatomists maxillary, are continued forward beyond the curve of the under jaw, but uniting so as to be one thin blade, sometimes over four feet in length, five inches wide at the butt and tapering toward the distal extremity to two inches, two and a half, and sometimes a little more. An ivory paper-folder, thick at the shank and gradually becoming thinner and narrower at the further end, gives a very good idea of the shape. On the thin edge, all round, there are sharp, enameled teeth, about an inch long, set in sockets, standing out at right angles. They are regarded as the proper teeth of the upper jaw carried off from the mouth—a very extraordinary departure from the type of the dental apparatus in general. But thus arranged it is calculated to produce fearful wounds, sawing its way, as it were, though rather tearing through the flesh of those into which it is driven.

As the mouth is comparatively small, beset with small teeth which are holders for retaining morsels and not for mastication, writers are not well enough acquainted with the habits of the *Pristis antiquorum* to determine whether it slaughters with its saw-knife for the sake of leisurely feeding upon its victim, or whether it drinks the flowing blood as it runs from the terrible wounds it inflicts.

Seamen have furnished naturalists with some interesting facts, which show that they attack whales, ripping them open and pursuing them as they flee in terror, repeat the stabs till they die from exhaustion and the loss of blood. Reasoning from analogy, it is probable that their function is to keep down the too great multiplication of the various species of whales and other marine monsters, as the sharks do the smaller varieties of marine animals; and in doing so they furnish immense quantities of food both for fish and birds, which are thus provided for from the floating carcasses of the gigantic monarchs of the sea. Beyond question there are such provisions in nature, or, in the process of time, the ocean would be in the exclusive possession of a few species, to the destruction of all the inferior orders that now tenant it so universally. Occasionally specimens of the saw-fish may be seen in museums and cabinets of learned societies. The saws, sawn off at the jaw, are very common in barbers' shops, curiosity shops, etc., brought home by sailors, principally from Brazil, yet they are taken all over the globe.

A remarkable fish is found in Lake Pepin, on the Upper Mississippi River, called the *paddle-nosed shark.* Some of the largest specimens are about three feet long. The color is a palish slate. Instead of the superior maxillary bones being elongated into a spear, as in the sword-fish, or a saw, as exhibited in the saw-fish, the upper jaw is carried onward beyond the mouth in a thin sheet of reticulated bone, and terminates in the shape of a paddle. When the skin is taken off the frame of the paddle is an object of peculiar interest, from the extraordinary interlacing of the bone-web, by which lightness and strength are secured. How the paddle is used, whether for defense or for aggression, is not known. Why it is called a shark is also a question. If it is voracious, and exhibits the characteristics of marine sharks,

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there may be some reason for its name. Fresh-water sharks would be an anomaly, even in the great rivers or lakes of the United States.

When the lake is smooth, in the middle of the day, through the summer months, those strangely formed fishes are seen from the steamboats, leaping and vaulting out of the water, precisely as porpoises play at sea, as though they were sporting. Their curves and plunges are very graceful, and a source of pleasant amusement to travelers. A few specimens have been caught in the Ohio River, where they bear the name of spoon-bills.

In the anatomy of some of the fishes the swimming-bladder is both large and strong, and located close to the spine. One-fourth of all the various tribes, according to recent authorities, are without it, very many have it completely closed at both extremities, so that it is always full of confined air. But a large proportion of those in which it exists can distend or empty it at pleasure. To do so the air escapes through a pipe communicating with the gullet. In the herring a tube connects it with the stomach. Nitrogen is generally found in the sac. In those which descend to very great depths the distending gas is chiefly oxygen. By compressing the swimming-bladder, for which there are appropriate muscles, the fish is able to rise or sink quickly. All the small variety of eels, as well as flat-fish, such as flounders, soles, etc., are without the bladder. In the cod it is large and strong, and an important article of food, sold under the name of sounds. In commerce immense quantities are packed in barrels and shipped extensively. When fish leave deep cold water suddenly, and rise near the surface in extremely warm weather, the confined air of the bladder expands to such an extent as to force a portion of it out at the mouth, there being the least resistance in that direction. It being impossible for them to descend in that condition, they are easily caught with a balloon floating on the water which they can not drag under.

No reference has thus far been made to the fisheries as an important branch of national industry. It is a subject that should command the attention of merchants. We have confined ourselves in the foregoing article to some of the prominent points in the structure and characteristics of the representatives of a few families only. And not so much with an expectation of adding to the amount already accumulated by men of science on ichthyology, as for the purpose of showing that this field is an inviting one for investigation, and by no means yet exhausted.



AQUARIUM.

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CALCUTTA, THE CITY OF PALACES.



CALCUTTA.—THE LANDING-PLACE.

ONE of the most remarkable peculiarities that strike the traveler approaching the shores of Bengal is the extreme depression of the coast. It is indeed so low and flat that the fringe of surf along the shore prevents the land from being seen at all at any distance, and one might imagine himself in the middle of the ocean until the vessel is sailing up the mouth of the Hoogly, and the uniform growth of bamboo that marks the limit of the land can be distinguished from the deck. This is the far-famed jungle of India. At the mast-head it can be seen stretching inland as far as the eye can reach, intersected by the numerous mouths of the Ganges.

The Hoogly reminded me of some of our Southern rivers—its broad, turbid current and low marshy shores being almost identical in appearance with the Lower Mississippi. But the cocoa-nut trees and tropical foliage that occasionally rise from a bed of closely-matted reeds and cane weaken the illusion, which is completely dispelled by the unmistakably East Indian scenery of Garden Reach and James and Mary's. As we advanced up the river with a fair wind, the tide running out at the rate of several miles an hour, we were set upon by the bum-boats, numbers of which were hovering about the mouth waiting for the vessel. As but one boat is allowed for each ship there is great competition among the crews of the different craft, and their dexterity in securing their huge prizes is something truly wonderful: shooting down upon the vessel, to strike which would insure swift and inevitable destruction, they yet manage so close a shave that the native in the boat contrives to hook his painter into the fore or main chains of the ship. The end of the rope being thus secured, and the remainder wrapped about his body, the bum-boat man clings for dear life to his dingywallah until he succeeds in arresting its progress. For a few *anas* I succeeded in procuring a supply of fruit peculiar to the Eastern tropics, immense pine-apples, and a little red fruit called the Jack-fruit, which somehow reminded me of our

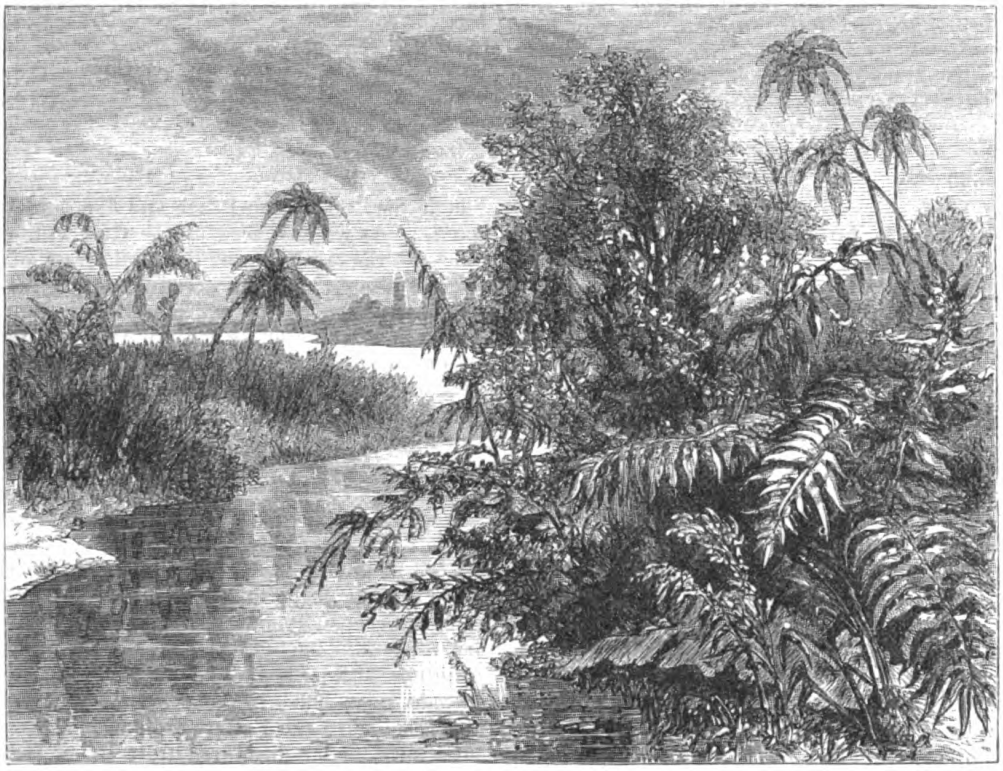
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ENTRANCE TO THE HOOGLY.

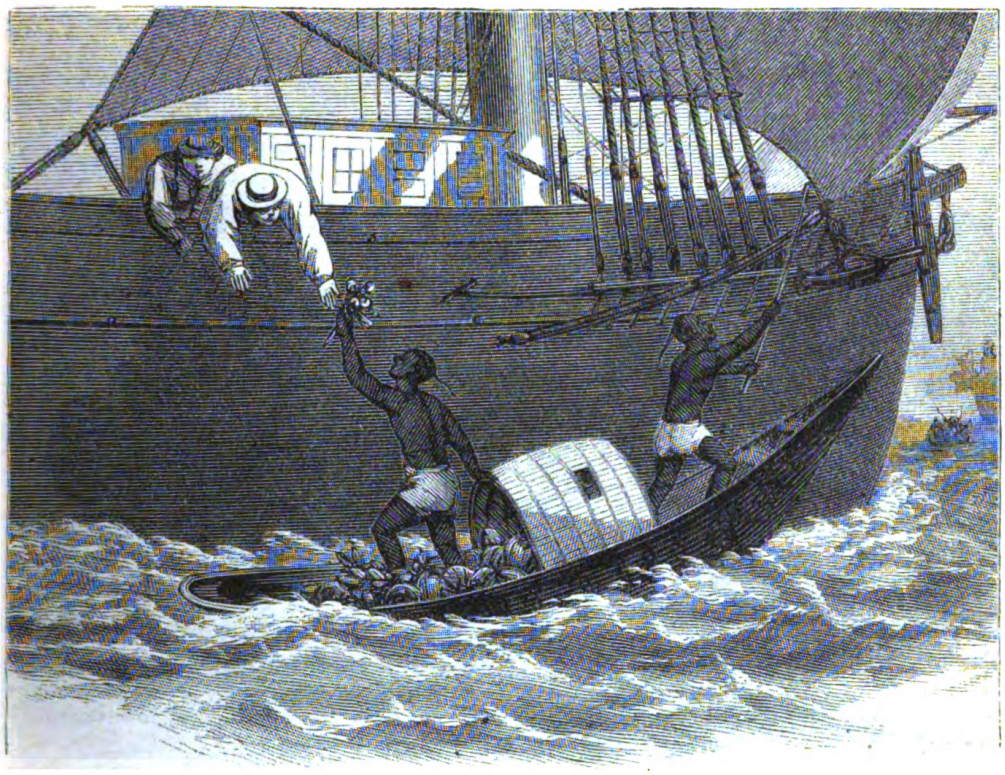
tomatoes, but which, unlike the tomato, is one of the sweetest and most cloying fruits to be found in the world.

The approach to Calcutta, after coming to Garden Reach, is very fine and picturesque—a broad expanse of glittering water surrounded



SCENE ON THE HOOGLY.

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BUM-BOAT.

by beautiful masses of verdure, among which gleam stately buildings. The river is filled with the quaintest of craft, covered with white awnings. The natives are dark, almost to blackness, and present every variety of Indian costume and feature.

In one of them I thought I had certainly discovered a descendant of a worthy, whose history possessed a thrilling interest for one to whom as yet Alexander the Great and Napoleon Bonaparte were unknown names. I mean no less an individual than the renowned Bluebeard himself. His present representative was compressed into the person of an old fellow stretched like a frog on a wooden shoe on the bow of his queerly-shaped craft, gravely smoking a cocoa-nut shell. His long beard of sky-blue was brushed backward toward his ears; but he was as bald as an egg, and his bare head was unsheltered by hat or turban. Whether the natives affect these *outre* colors in respect to their beards—I have seen them of green and purple besides blue—or whether the dye they use to blacken and rejuvenate their locks, is uncertain; though it is possible, in view of the peculiar modes that now obtain in Paris with respect to coloring the hair of ladies and lap-dogs, that we have here a confirmation of the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun. Be that as it may, the practice is not very common here, though an instance of the kind may be met sufficiently often to elicit remark.

A custom much more prevalent among the natives is that of painting their faces, which they do in red and white stripes, something after the pattern of the American flag, as a sign that they have been making *poojah;* which, being interpreted, signifies worshiping one of their gods. I saw some women, also, in the boats; one had a small ring in her nose, and another a large bit of glass glued to her forehead in the way of ornament.

The usual landing-place—Champaul Ghaut—consists of a handsome stone esplanade with a flight of spacious steps leading to the water, which is reached through a gateway consisting of an arch supported by pillars. Immediately in front of this edifice spreads a wide plain consisting of grass-plots intersected by broad Macadamized drives, bordered and shaded by trees. This is called indifferently the "Esplanade" or the "Maidan." It comprises a plain of about a hundred and fifty acres in extent, and lies between the city proper and "Garden Reach," so called because of its beautiful country seats surrounded by gardens. Around this superb quadrangle the European portion of Calcutta east of the fort is built in what is called the Chowringhee Quarter. The streets in this portion of the city are wide and handsome. The buildings being for the most part low, detached from one another, abounding in pillared colonnades, verandas, and porches, with Venetian blinds, and clustering together, seated, so to speak, on banks of shrubbery and flowers, under the shade of forest trees, seem like their inmates to have donned their summer attire, which, in this

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BLACK TOWN, CALCUTTA.

"land of the sun," is seldom put off for any other. Surrounded and nestling in their beds of foliage they look like summer-houses in some vast park; and together with the princely country houses of the merchants give to Calcutta its name, "The City of Palaces."

The Maidan contains Fort William, the principal defense of Calcutta, and the strongest in India. It was begun by Lord Clive, that strange, impetuous, and unfortunate man of genius, to whom England, more than to any other one man, owes her empire in India. It is now something more than a century since its foundation after the battle of Plassey, before which time Calcutta itself was called Fort William—a name still retained in Parliamentary documents. It requires for defense six hundred pieces of cannon and an army of some ten thousand troops.

The residence of the Governor-General fronts upon the Maidan, and is an imposing structure, consisting of semicircular galleries two in number, placed back to back, and meeting in a central hall. The structure is supported by stately rows of columns, and crowned by a dome. It is considered the finest building in Calcutta. There is the usual contrast to be met here, as in other Eastern cities, of squalor and magnificence, intensified, however, by the European element, which here predominates. In other cities in India beggary, filth, disease, and wretchedness have every thing pretty much their own way; but in Calcutta the opulence and display of the wealthier portions of the city bring the contrasting elements of poverty and dirt into stronger relief.

Black Town, as it is called—the native portion of the city—though anxiously thrust away from sight by the aristocratic and splendid metropolis, like a dirty garment under a gaudy silk robe, lies closely by this architectural display, and insists on asserting itself beneath the very shadow and in the august presence of English Calcutta. A mud hut, or clusters of native hovels, are plastered like wasps' nests against the sides of palaces, and there are back slums and perspectives of indescribable squalor and filth opening out from the principal avenues.

This background of every thing that is repulsive and horrible is peculiar to India. It crops out every where, and seems to breathe in the very atmosphere. The earth reeks with pollution, and the heavens are offended by the smoke of abominable sacrifices. Imagination is tortured to conceive of new enormities, and the perfection of evil to which a vast people have attained seems rather to be the teaching of some fiend than the mere result of mankind's natural evil propensities. Crime in India is a most refined and exquisite art. Perfect evil is the summit of religious aspiration, and successful fraud of earthly ambition. The structure of society is most ingeniously arranged to oppose the entrance of any good or truth into the system which Paganism and superstition have erected in India; and, in short, we have in this vast peninsula the most perfect instance on record of the complete inversion of all natural and

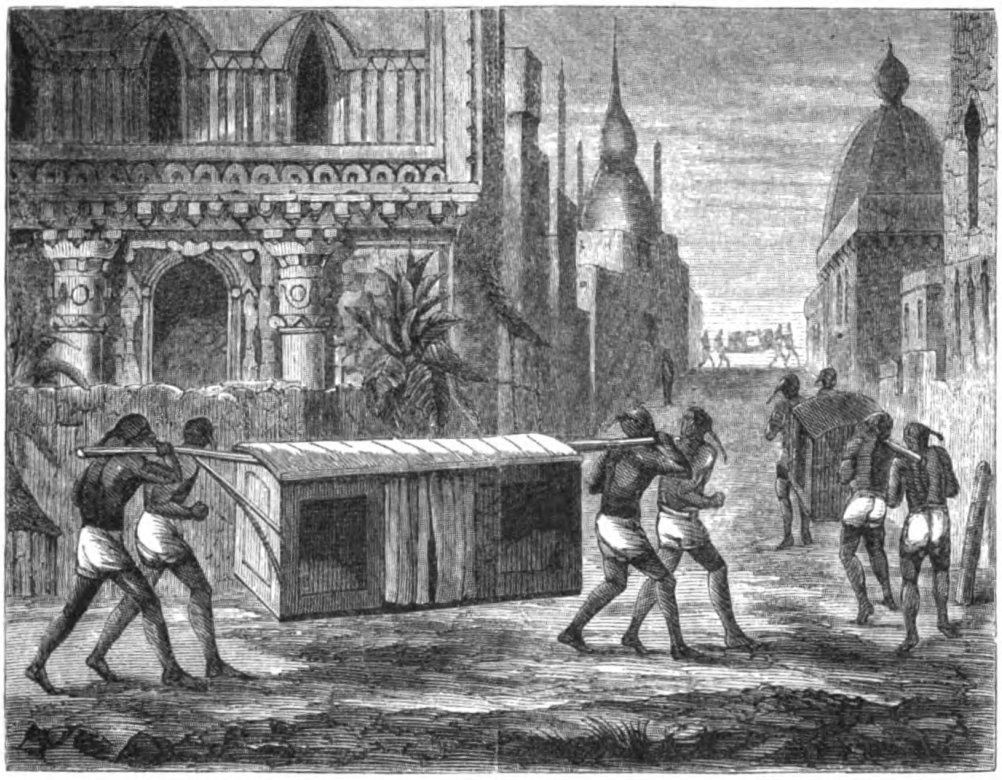
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A DEVOTEE.

moral laws. Intellect has not been wanting in the development of Hindoo philosophy, but there has been no moral, no divinely revealed force to restrain and direct its efforts, and the result is, in one word, "India." It is a consciousness of this that haunts the traveler at every step of his journey in this Eastern land, and makes him turn from the luxuriance of splendid tropical life about him with pious thankfulness to the comparative barren hills of New England, where civilization, taught and chastened by the spirit of Christianity, leads the intellect to greater heights and more sublime views than was ever dreamed of by all the boasted learning of the East.

Landing at Calcutta, the stranger is at once surrounded by a brawling multitude of natives, whose strange and unfamiliar appearance, and still more strange and unintelligible language and gestures, tend not a little to a condition of bewilderment and helplessness. This, unless they are stoutly resisted, is taken advantage of by the naked black rascal porters and pickpockets by profession, who crowd, jostle, and take possession of the unfortunate traveler's person and effects, thrusting the former unceremoniously into a



A PALKEE.

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ZIG-ZAG LANE.

"palkee," or Eastern substitute for the now obsolete sedan-chair, while the latter are distributed among a multitude of the natives, and the whole procession takes up its march for the hotel.

The palkee or palanquin is a black japanned box about six or seven feet long by three feet high. It has a sliding door at the side. The inside contains cushions. Altogether there is an uncomfortable similarity to a coffin in it, to one lying at full length borne along the streets inclosed on all sides by the box-like structure. The bearers have a peculiar swinging gait which prevents any jolting from being perceptible.

Servants in Calcutta are, generally, Mussulmans. They speak nothing but Hindoostanee, and a new arrival is often reduced to dumb show with his servant in order to make his wants understood. Notwithstanding the constant and long-continued intercourse between the Hindoos and Europeans very few of the former can speak any language but their own; and it is a notorious fact that those who do—in the greater majority of cases descendants of a mixture of English or Portuguese and native races—are the most untrustworthy rogues to be found among this most unreliable of peoples.

While I was at the hotel near the Town-hall, I received a visit from the captain of the vessel upon which I had come to Calcutta. He was something of a character:—a Bengalee, who had been brought up and educated in the "Land of Cakes," and consequently, to all intents and purposes, a Scotchman, though he was as black as a crow. The effect of education was never more apparent to me than when I compared this canny, broad-spoken Scotch Presbyterian with his native heathen brethren, against whom he himself seemed to entertain the most inveterate dislike and undying prejudice. Totally blind to the inconsistency of his expressions, he constantly spoke of them with horror as "puir offscouring of fiends and black niggers, worshipers of the warst devils in Tophet." He used to contend that they had no souls, and were "a' just born, like ilka ither beast, for the use of Christian men." Whether he considered that he had made the acquisition of the article in question by virtue of his identification with the white race, or whether he sup-

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posed that, in common with his ancestors, he possessed none at all, I never ventured to inquire; for any reference to his peculiarity of race or complexion I have always considered would have been received by him as a mortal offense.

I had become acquainted with him at the gold-diggings of Australia, where we were engaged in mutual speculations, and finally in a venture of a ship-load of horses to be shipped at Port Jackson for Bengal. It turned out rather a poor speculation, but I have never regretted it, as being the occasion of my visiting this great Eastern metropolis.

Sandy Musjeed, the gentleman in question—suggesting in his name the odd anomaly of his character and origin—wished to find some friends of his; in fact, no less persons than the surviving members of the family which had been instrumental in sending him, while yet little more than an infant, taken from the arms of his dead mother, a servant in the house, to Aberdeen, to be made a Scotchman of. I had before leaving Sydney possessed myself, through a mutual acquaintance, with letters to the family in question, from whom I received a cordial welcome. The Captain, however, was evidently considered a protégé by the genial colonists, and was made much of accordingly. It was his first visit to what was in reality his native land, though every thing about him must have appeared as unfamiliar as it did to myself. Through these people, without having recourse to my packet of letters, I formed quite an extensive acquaintance among the "old settlers" and families of Calcutta, and can cheerfully and honestly give in my verdict of their being the most genial and attractive people I ever met. I was surprised to encounter in this society natives who had adopted European customs and costumes, at least externally, and engaged in analogous pursuits to those about them. Indeed native capital is quite extensively invested in English houses, and, at least for the rather questionable qualities of shrewdness in overreaching a customer, the Hindoo yields to none.

Nothing is more remarked by a stranger in Calcutta than the early hours kept by its citizens. "Early to bed and early to rise" becomes here a rule, as much enforced by necessity as recommended by general precept and example. There is no theatre or evening amusement of any kind. The shops are all closed, the streets deserted, the servants gone home; and by nine or ten o'clock every one has retired and most are asleep. At earliest dawn, on the other hand, and even before, the Maidan and the Circular Road that surrounds the city are thronged with vehicles of every description, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback taking their morning ride before breakfast, presenting a scene something like that of our own Central Park on a Saturday afternoon.

Accepting an invitation to accompany some friends, among whom was Captain Sandy, to an early drive on the Esplanade, I arose at what to me was the rather unseasonable hour of half past four o'clock, and joined the Captain at his *Chota Hazree*, or refection before breakfast, consisting generally of a cup of cof-



SAILORS ASHORE.

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A COLLISION.

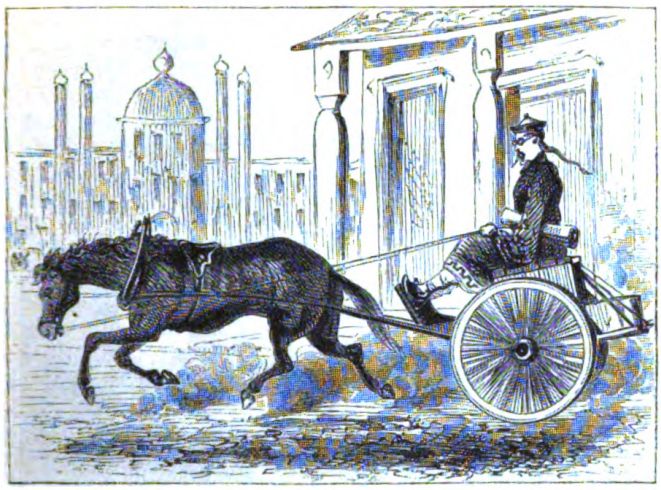
fee and a bit of toast. "Big breakfast," as the native Circars call it, takes place at about nine o'clock, and is quite a substantial meal. The drive merits a separate description in itself, and is a feature in Calcutta life. The equipages present a variety and magnificence that may well challenge comparison with any other in the civilized world. The cool, dewy freshness of early morning—a luxury not often indulged in or appreciated in other cities—has here a peculiarly invigorating and freshening effect that braces the system for the long and otherwise unendurably hot day that is to follow.

Entering the Strand, the largest of the Maidan roads, it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the animation and variety of the scene presented to our eyes. Every inhabitant of the city, rich or poor, seemed to have rigged up some kind of a turn-out and taken his place with his fellows. Some of the groups we passed on the road were very picturesque, and sometimes irresistibly comic: the coachmen in their native dress, their long beards streaming in the wind; the ladies in their gay dresses, only outshone by the picturesque attire of some native prince dashing along at full speed, accompanied by fleet-footed syces. These syces, or Mussulmans grooms, accompany every carriage, and, it is said, will often surpass the horses they follow in bottom and endurance. They are a fine, swarthy, muscular set of men, dressed in short jackets and a lightly-wound middle-cloth, which leaves their limbs at liberty. They wear a fez, or flat turban, with a long tassel of horsehair, and carry in their hands a goat's tail fitted in a handle, with which they keep the flies from troubling the horses. The natives vie with and even outstrip the Europeans in the display of neat turn-outs, some of the baboos, or native merchants, expending fortunes upon their stable appointments and equipages.

In contrast with these there were a great many native attempts at a coach upon immense springs, swaying like a boat in a high wind, drawn by wild-looking native horses, and filled with drunken sailors, while the naked driver, perched between his horses' tails at the apparent peril of his life, plies his whip and shakes his hempen bridles. A *bailee* will sometimes cross the square, drawn by bullocks—a native contrivance consisting of a rude cart covered with a rich scarlet canopy. Arabian horse-dealers take the opportunity afforded them to display the "points" of their steeds.

A recent traveler, speaking of the horses of India, very truly says: "English horses will not stand the climate of India, and the native animal is a coarse, heavy-boned, big-headed beast, with an ugly temper. Many horses are consequently brought from Arabia, but their price is very high. The best and cheapest breed is that raised at the Company's stables, from which officers are mounted. The stud horses combine the good qualities of the Arab and native breeds of which they come, being larger and more bony than the pure Arab, but possessing all his suppleness, speed, and good temper."

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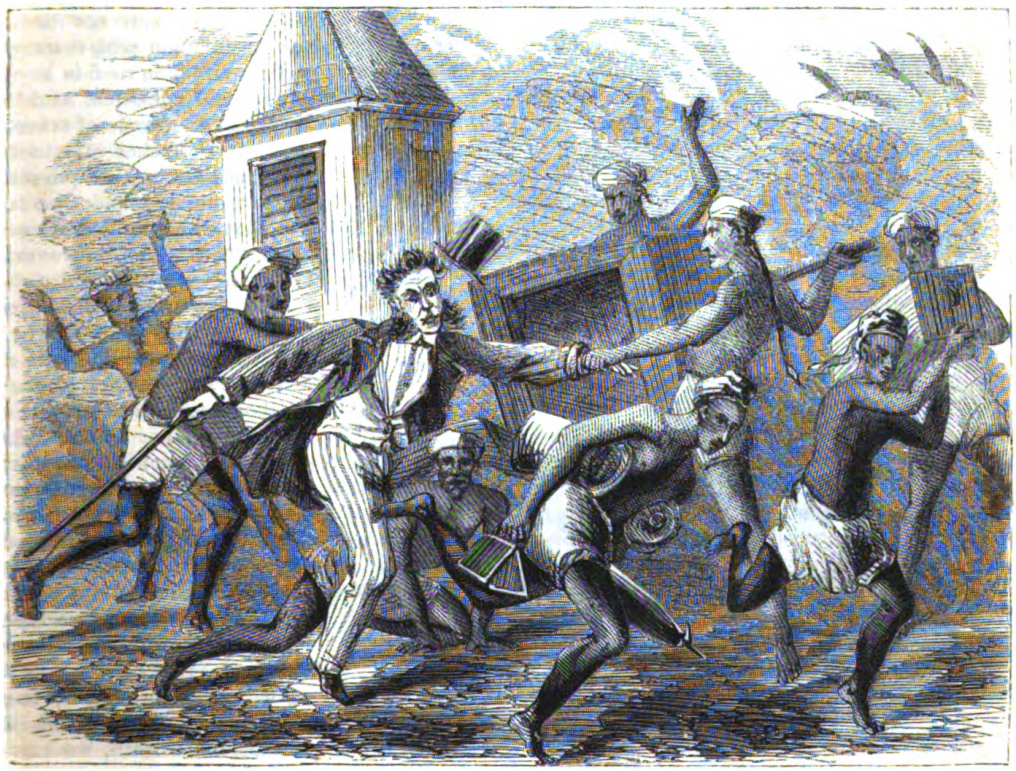


ON A DRIVE.

The term "Jockey" has become a by-word for a hard bargain, but the European members of the fraternity might learn a great many tricks from their Asiatic compeers. One instance was related to me where a gentleman bought a black horse, and by the merest accident foiled an attempt to steal him the night after. The next morning he discovered that his horse was dyed with some fugitive preparation that came off with a liberal application of soap and water, leaving an iron-gray as the result. The rascals, who had sold a good horse for a fair price, doubtless intended stealing him back in the night and rendering identification impossible by restoring him to his original condition. It was afterward ascertained that the same horse had passed through the hands of at least half a dozen persons in the immediate neighborhood.

The dexterity with which an Indian jockey will show off the paces of his animal, and the extraordinary amount of training and doctoring which horse-flesh undergoes, deceive the inexperienced and presumptuous youth who thinks he may rely on the evidence of his senses. An incorrigibly vicious beast, which nothing but a native of Bengal could ride, is drugged with opium until he appears a lamb for gentleness, while stimulants are administered to the weak and sluggish, which give them a momentary show of vigor and activity.

Returning through the city we passed through a portion of Black Town, passing on our way three large elephants, led by their native keepers. The great, wrinkled, gray animals blocked up the path, and as we wished to turn back after driving a little distance down the street, we found them stopping the way in front of a fuller's shop. Here our entertainer proposed an elephant ride, and, nothing loth, we prepared to mount the back of one of the huge creatures, who, at the word *baith*, knelt to receive us.



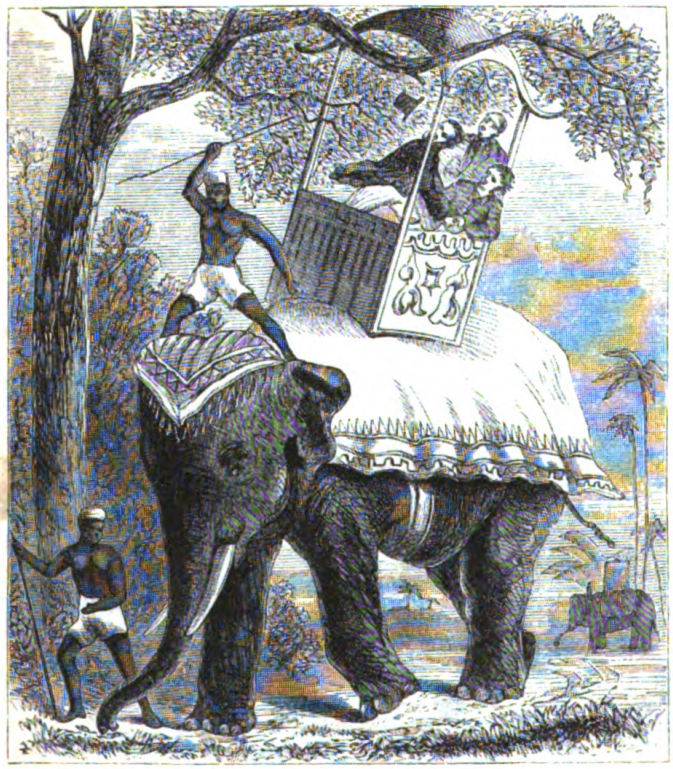
AN UPSET.

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CADERPOOR, BELOW CALCUTTA.

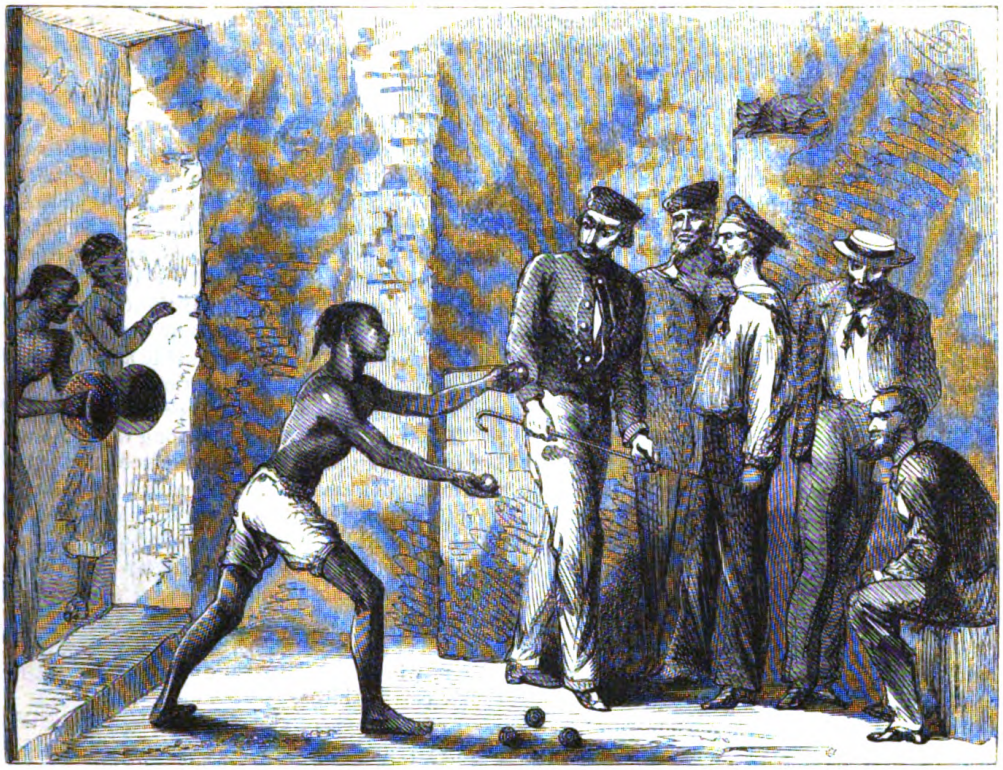
Clambering into the *howdah*, or seat upon his back, we were hoisted into the air with a sensation of being in a large box-swing.



AN ELEPHANT RIDE.

Our imposing array attracted more attention and elicited more marks of profound respect from the natives than I should have thought possible, considering that elephant-riding can not be a very uncommon achievement in Bengal. The road is kept in excellent condition, and is shaded by an avenue of trees, the lower branches of which swept our faces as we passed under them, and had like to have made an Absalom of one of our party, who, however, fortunately for himself (although he never before so considered it), wore a wig, which he left dangling like a last year's birds-nest among the boughs. I am sure the reader will not refuse his sympathy when he learns that this unlucky member of the party was their humble servant. The wig recovered and reassumed, as greatly to the surprise of the mahout as to the Indian who found a white man's scalp set so loosely on his head as to be wrenched off with a single pull, having a smooth, polished, hairless surface underneath, we proceeded on our way rejoicing.

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A JUVENILE JUGGLER.

The day had become excessively sultry by the time we had arrived at our destination, and we were all very glad to accept the proffered shelter of a roof.

The first thing noticeable in entering a European house in India is the comparative scantiness and scarceness of the furniture—every thing being of the lightest pattern and most indispensable character. The floors are covered with a fine quality of matting, and the walls are adorned with sconces, having glass shades to them, containing a number of lights. The apartments are generally very lofty. This renders a strong light necessary to illuminate them at night, and the light, streaming from every window as the evening advances, makes it look as if a general illumination was taking place.

During the evening we were regaled with native jugglers and the *nautch*, or dancing girls, for which India is famous, or infamous. Many descriptions have been given of the magicians of Hindoostan; but none, I think, have done the subject justice, or can do it justice. In fact, marvels that seem tame on paper have a much greater effect when performed before your very face and eyes, unaided by apparatus, unclothed except in "nature's suit of black" and the unvarying middle-cloth. The present performer was a mere child, and yet he performed feats of skill whose adroitness and inexplicability certainly excelled those of any European expert I ever saw. The dancers' performance commenced with a sort of squeal, so shrill and high in tone that it was with some difficulty I recognized it as a human voice. This sustained cry was caught up and prolonged by a second, a third joined in, and presently a chorus began, to which rusty hinges, nocturnal cat concerts, or "the man with a cracked clarionet" were mere trifles, and the nautch girls came slowly sailing into the centre of the room from behind a small Venetian screen. They were beautifully-formed women, and one or two among them were quite pretty. They were all dressed in long, flowing, classic draperies, and reminded me a great deal of the figures we see copied from the walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Like the old woman at Charing Cross, in Mother Goose's Melodies, who had "rings on her fingers and rings on her toes, and makes fine music wherever she goes," to which may be added, with "rhyme and reason" in the present instance, rings in the nose, these young ladies tinkled and jingled all over whenever they stepped, like a horse in sleigh-bells. Their gestures were of more than one sort; most of them very graceful, and others that admit of no further description than that of "startling in the extreme," and a very mild description of the matter it is too. There were no ladies with us, and the gentlemen of the party, I am bound to confess, made a night of it. The East Indian is a very convivial animal, and bottled stout and Champagne are shipped in large quantities from the mother country. Long after I had retired to my virtuous couch I could hear our host vociferating, "We won't go home till morning!" which was rather absurd on his part, consider-

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ing that he was home already. I dropped asleep at last, however, and have a confused recollection of dreaming that I was invited to a feast where hosts and guests were one and all white elephants, who wore wigs and had extended an invitation to me in consideration of my having adopted the same distinguishing badge.

In the morning I drove out alone, my host having placed his buggy at my disposal, and I made the tour of the place. We returned to Calcutta on the following day.

On our return we saw a phenomenon equaling or excelling that of our friend with a blue beard—this was a lot of horses with scarlet tails and manes. They were ridden by natives who seemed to take considerable pride in those adornments of their steeds, and called our servants to bid the Sahibs take notice of them.

To a European the streets of Calcutta afford an unfailing source of interest and amusement. The shop-keepers, fat, sleek, and well-dressed men, clad in white muslin and having the mark of their cast painted in gold upon the forehead and down the nose, stand at their doors inviting customers to enter. The population thronging the streets dressed in white muslin—a costume which produces a singular effect upon a large multitude—are interspersed with strolling musicians, Chinese itinerants, nautch-girls, and Europeans. A few streets, such as Park Street and Free School Street, facing the great plain, are laid out in accordance with something like a regular plan; but the greater part of the city is a more complicated labyrinth than old Boston.

A notice of the street-singers and nautch-girls would be incomplete without mention of the female contortionists. A woman of this kind comes before you sedately enough, but with a sudden spring throws herself into the most apparently impossible shapes, quitting altogether the appearance of a human being and taking alternately that of a frog, a crocodile, and some of the distortions only seen elsewhere in the hideous sculptures of the Indian idols. Standing upright she will suddenly turn, and, bending, look out at you between her feet, and finish the performance by picking up the coin you throw her with her eyelids. She will, if you will place a steel pen in its holder, point upright, in an inkstand on the table, whirl swiftly around, and, without intermitting the motion, take the ink from off the nibs of the pen upon her eyelids.

Before leaving the city, among other points of interest I visited the native place for the incremation of the dead. It is called the "Burning Ghât," and is shut off from the land side by high brick walls. To enter their horrid inclosure is to enter at once a slaughter-pen, where the victims are human beings—a sepulchre that can not retain its dead, but casts them, half-digested, upon the loathing river; and a dissecting-room, where the horrible dissectors are loathsome carrion-birds.

From this pit of abominations issues a fetid, deadly fume and stench, and a greasy soot-depositing smoke hangs over it. A row of black bamboo sheds, built against the damp and reeking walls, contain living beings in the extremities of disease and pain; and their cries and groans, feebly uttered, are more dreadful



CONTORTIONIST AND SWORD-PLAYER.

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than all other sights and sounds in this horrible place. For it is one of the humane and elevating practices of the Hindoo religion, so much praised by such fastidious persons as have no stomach for Christianity, that, when a friend is sick to death, it becomes the duty of his friends and relatives to take him to this living hell, and, after pouring the loathsome water of the river in his face and stuffing his mouth with the greasy mud, to abandon him forever. When the poor wretch is dead he is burned or half-burned, and his remains cast into the river. Should he be so unreasonable as not to die, as it sometimes happens that he even recovers completely, he is henceforth and forever an outcast. He has no property, being legally dead, and his effects divided among his heirs, and he has no friends. His nearest relatives will not recognize him, and the best thing he can do is to return to the Ghât and give his body, by the shortest possible process, to the hurgilas birds and the sacred river.

Never before visiting other lands have I known how to value the principles which, to a certain extent, govern us in our own country in our intercourse with each other. Intellect has not been wanting in the formation of Indian philosophy — intellect the most refined and acute, aided by all the ancient learning of the East, yet the result is India and China—Chinese ethics being moulded on pretty much the same originals as those of Hindoostan. As China and India now are so the whole world once was; and measuring progress by the contrast between these old kingdoms and the Western World, we may judge of the effect which pure and true religious principles can effect when grafted on human civilization.



THE BURNING GHAT.

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OLD AUNT MATILDA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

AS before stated, Matilda was for a time the object of much prying curiosity, and to this may be added a good deal of ungenerous criticism. But with the decay of curiosity interest died out. What was Matilda Hastings that more fortunate people should be mindful of her? She went little abroad except to church, and was so quiet and gentle and kindly in her life that the little that was said gradually took a tone of pity and commiseration.

It may be remarked, by-the-way, that she was thrown into the shade of obscurity, in the first place, by the splendors of the beautiful bride, all of whose appointments were discussed and exaggerated, as though in some way their rich profusion took something from the poverty of those who discussed them.

"They are going to foreign parts for a year or two," said Mrs. Armstrong when she came to visit Mrs. Hastings and Matilda, "though not all for pleasure. The fact is, Nat's spirits are dreadfully down, and his health is failing, and Brother Tom thinks it's the best thing for them—no help being expected from Eunice, you see." And then she says she shall not be surprised if Nat settles in New York for good and all on his return, if he lives to come back—adding, with a little sneer, that Cincinnati is getting to be rather too small a field for the operations of Nat's *genius*. She didn't like Eunice (she would not call her Lamsie, and nobody could make her) any better since she became her daughter-in-law than before; she was sure Nat was welcome to all the joy he could get of the beauty; but as for giving her the fine table and bed linen she had locked away in the press—things designed for another, and marked with another's name—that was out of the question; they might stay in press and rot first, as she had said before.

She didn't care how soon they went off to foreign parts, for when a man married a simple wife it was sure to turn him to a simpleton first or last, and she didn't wish to see it done; she had seen quite enough already. And then she kissed Matilda, while the tears dropped down her faded cheeks, and told her that she had taken her to her heart as her own daughter, and nobody could displace her so long as she should live. "Come what will," she said, "I shall always feel toward you like a mother, and hope you will allow me to do a mother's part by you, and that nothing may ever stand between us, or be dearer to you, except your own mother." And then she added, trying to smile, "unless it be that you get the best husband in all the world, and I am sure you deserve him."

Before a year was gone by there was no mother to stand between Matilda and this second mother, and they became knit together with bonds of a still stronger affection.

"You must come and live with me now, my dear Tilly," says Mrs. Armstrong; "the old house is too lonesome; and, besides, I require you for my own comfort—I am lonesome too!" And she broke quite down, and they wept in each other's arms.

But Matilda had a proud spirit in her quiet bosom, and though she accepted the proffered love, she would accept nothing that she could not return in kind. "There will be some way," she said, "there always is, for those who strive to help themselves." She must work and wait, she said; her Heavenly Father had some use for her, else he would take her and give her a green bed beside her good mother's in the village grave-yard.

And so she set up a decent head-stone, the best she could afford, and made it her sadly pleasant pastime to tend the burial-place, and plant flowers about it. Then she gathered a few of the poor children about her and taught them; and so exemplary was the life she led, and so sweet and serviceable was she in all her ways, that she became in time the mistress of the village school, and had more children of the rich, as well as the poor, than she could teach. Still the place she occupied in society and in the neighborhood was a subordinary one; she was "Aunt Matilda," and looked upon with a sort of compassion at the best.

At twenty-five she had come to be regarded as an *old maid*, past all hope, and she accepted her fate with that tender consciousness which we sometimes see in women who accept their unhonored fortunes and weary work-day lives as matters of course.

"She is neither company for young nor old," said the towns-folks, never dreaming that it might be because neither young nor old sought to make her company, and so they had their fairs and frolics without her. "Why didn't *you* come, Aunt Matilda?" the young children said to her sometimes after a merry-making. "Oh, we had such fun!" But she always shook her head and smiled, as though, in some way, it was a thing not to be thought of.

Nor rainy days, nor rough winds, nor snow-storms kept her from her school. Of course none of these things could harm "old Aunt Matilda;" she was used to them! So there she was, winter and summer, first of all.

And the years went by, one after another, dull and monotonous, but for the cheer she got of working and waiting, until twenty years had passed, and the bloom was gone from her cheek, and the soft plumpness from her hand, but not the brightness from her eye, nor the elasticity from her step, though she was now forty years old.

"I wonder if she ever thinks of Nathan Armstrong?" the smiling matrons said sometimes, as they got their heads together over a quilt or a cradle; and then the old story was told over, for when, indeed, are such stories forgotten? And there were sly winks and nods and low whispers, as though her love were in some sort a disgraceful as well as laughable affair.

And from Matilda the talk would naturally

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run to Nathan, who had been living in New York these many years, and was become now a man of independent fortune, and his wife the mistress of an elegant establishment and the leader of a fashionable circle.

And Mrs. Armstrong, the mother of Nathan, was a widow now, with gray hair and spectacles, but with much of that energy still which characterized her youthful days, and vigorous and strong for her years; keeping her house, and managing the farm into the bargain—more advantageously than it ever had been managed before, so people said.

And once or twice every summer she opened the press in the south chamber, which had once been Nathan's room, and took out all the things that were marked with the initials M. H. A., sunned them, sighed over them, and folded them carefully away.

One day a letter came to Mrs. Armstrong with a black seal and a border of black. Nathan had lost his wife six months ago, and would his mother consent to take charge of his little Lamsie for a while; the only child he had left, and motherless now. "Though for that matter," said Mrs. Armstrong, "she is just as well off as she ever was, from what I have heard, one way and another." And then she said to Matilda, who always listened with silent, rapt attention to every thing concerning Nathan, that, although she did not want to say any thing against the dead, it was true that Eunice had never been a faithful wife or a devoted mother, and that she never could like her, *over* and *above*, and the truth, she supposed, was as true now as it ever was!

She had put on her bonnet and gone straight with the news to her daughter, as she called Matilda nowadays. "And what do you say, my dear?" she asked, when she had read the letter, word for word, by dint of spelling and going over again and again—"shall we take the little thing? though the dear knows, if we do, I for one shall never call her Lamsie—there is no sense to the name any how—and I shall always call her plain Eunice, which was her mother's name before her."

"You must do just as you like, mother," says Matilda; "of course you know it can be nothing to me."

"Ah, but it is something to you, my dear! You understand that I shall have to look to you a great deal—more especially about her education; and are you sure you shall be quite willing to take her in your school?"

"And why not?" Matilda answered. "The innocent child has never harmed me, and her father never meant to harm me either."

And this was the first time she had herself spoken his name for twenty years, and now she avoided calling him Nathan. And Mrs. Armstrong kissed the cheek that was burning with that faint, low red that is not rose-like, but like the ashes of roses, and called her thrice over her daughter, and her dear daughter, and then her own dear daughter. And directly she went home with a lighter heart than she had carried with her on setting out.

The next day she wrote to Nathan that she would receive the little Eunice, and bring her up in her own old-fashioned way the best she could; and she added, quite incidentally, "I am the more willing to take the child on account of the excellent school here in which I can place her immediately." And then she said: "You will remember your old friend, and my friend always, Matilda Hastings; she it is who teaches the school I have reference to. I hope you will be satisfied."

And when the letter was posted she went straight to Nathan's room and threw open the blinds, and with her own hand cleared it of dust and spider-webs; and then she unlocked the press, and hung the long-cherished linen, piece by piece, in the sun, lingering with tender fondness on the faded marking wrought in so long ago. So long ago, and yet it seemed but as yesterday.

"This room must not be given up to the little Eunice; maybe Nat"—she began to call him Nat again—"would come home sometime, and she would have it all ready for him." So she lived in her dreams; for at what age do women not live in dreams? She lived in dreams, not very clearly defined even to her own heart, but all about the coming home of Natty, to live with her, and be the prop of her declining years, with some shadowy flittings here and there of Matilda, she knew not where nor how.

In due course of time the child came—a bright brunette, with serious wondering eyes, and straight hair as black as the midnight.

"I declare she looks more like you this minute than like her mother!" says Mrs. Armstrong, as she led her one day into the quiet little parlor where Matilda sat sewing. The ashes of roses in her cheeks colored almost to roses as she took the little girl on her knee and kissed her.

"You will know me after a while," she said, "and then I hope you will come to like me a little—a very little."

"No, but I love you now," the child replied. "I don't want to wait, for you are the lady papa told me I must love, aren't you?"

And she put her soft arms about the neck that was bending toward her, and drew the face close to hers. And perhaps Matilda was not sorry to have her face hidden at that moment, and if she had had a struggle to take her on her knee she had a harder one to put her down. She loved the child from the very first, as indeed who could have helped doing? She was not one of those ordinary children that make you necessary to them—she made herself necessary to you; and when she went out of the room it was like the perfume of fine flowers vanishing, or the sunshine going out.

"Should you like to go in the garden now?" Matilda said, after a little pause, during which her face had been hidden.

"Yes, if you please;" and the child slid soft-

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ly from the arms of Matilda. But at her knees she stopped and hung clinging, with her cheek resting there, as though she disliked to go away.

"Shall we go now?" says Matilda again.

"No, I must not trouble you, papa said; I will go alone, or grandma will go with me; won't you, dear grandma?"

And she shied away toward the door, looking wistfully back, but not teasing and pulling, or making any noise whatever. Directly she came back, while yet the two women were saying what a dear little thing she was, holding up her tiny white apron, which she had filled with all the flowers she could find. Then glancing shyly up, as if to ask permission, she seated herself on the floor and began to twine and twist them into long fantastic wreaths. When they were completed she divided them very fairly between the grandmother and the school-mistress, balancing and weighing the matter a good while in her own mind before she came to a final decision. After this she set herself to work and picked up every smallest leaf from the floor, holding them close in her apron, and making all as tidy as it was before. She slipped about like a shadow, though not as one who would be sly, now standing on tip-toe to look out of the window, and now lying with her face close against the hearth to watch some cricket perhaps. She was naturally quiet in all her ways, but toward Matilda she seemed to feel a sort of tender reverence, and, as she moved about, followed her with her eyes, as asking leave to be with her and to love her.

"I guess you will take to her for all," says the delighted grandmother, catching her to her bosom, and kissing her eyes, her hands, and her hair. And the words "for all" included all the allusion that was made that day to Nathan.

It was a month after this, perhaps, that little Eunice said to her mistress one evening after school was dismissed, pulling timidly at her skirt and lifting such beseeching eyes, "May I go home with you and stay a little while to-night —just a little while—I want to go so much?"

"What for, my pet?" And Matilda, well pleased, took the soft little hand in hers.

When they were come into the simple parlor she must put away Matilda's shawl and bonnet, and then she must, all with her own hands, drag the big chair close to the window and have Matilda sit down in it. Then she said, climbing up by the arm of the chair and slipping down into her lap:

"You asked me why I wished to come with you, Aunt Tilly." She had never called her Aunt Tilly till then, and she looked up into her face with that tender beseeching of hers for leave. "I don't want to call you mistress," she said; "I want to call you something sweet." And then playing in bashful confusion with the ribbon Matilda wore round her neck, to which a slender finger-ring and a silver pencil-case—the latter given her by her pupils—was attached, she went on: "I want to call you mamma. Would you be angry if I called you mamma?"

"No, darling, I should not be angry," says Matilda, hugging her close; "but it would not be true, and so you had better call me Aunt Matilda as the rest do." And as she said this she blushed, though no eye was upon her save the child's.

"What makes every body call you Aunt Matilda?" the inquisitive prattler asks next, slipping the slender ring on her own finger. And then she says, "This finger-ring isn't like my mamma's used to be."

"No," says Matilda, "it isn't like your mamma's; it is a poor little ring, of no worth to any body but me; and because I haven't a finer one the people are sorry for me, and they call me Aunt Matilda in a sort of pitying kindness."

The child opens her eyes wide with serious wonder, and then she says:

"Did you buy the ring, Aunt Tilly?"

"Yes, darling, I bought it with a great price." And the tears that had come to her eyes by this time dropped silently on the upturned face of the wondering little one.

Matilda found a certain sort of pleasure in this talk with the child, though she did not expect nor desire that she should understand a single word of it. She understood more, however, than had been reckoned upon—she understood that in some way Matilda was unhappy because of the ring; but whether it was because she had paid so much for it, or for the reason of its being so slender, or for what other cause, she did not at all understand. In her soft, quiet way she kissed Matilda's hands and hugged her arm close under her chin, and told her she would tell her papa, and he would give her a beautiful ring like her own mamma's!

"Oh no, darling, you must never tell him that as long as you live—not for the world!" cried Matilda.

The earnestness of her manner tended doubtless to deepen the impression already made on the child's mind. "I don't mean to tell him for the world," she said, understanding the words literally, "but just for the new ring!"

She had got the central fact, and there was no dislodging it just then, and, trusting to time, Matilda smoothed the dark hair in silence as the young head leaned against her bosom, and the child went on directly; "but I haven't told you why I wanted to come home with you yet?"

"No, my darling; why was it?"

"Because I had something I wanted you to see, and somehow I couldn't show it you in school!"

"And what is it, my dear?"

"Well, then, shut your eyes close and I'll tell you."

Matilda shut her eyes to humor the playful humor of the child and leaned her head low.

"There now, I've told you!"

And slipping from her knees and clapping her hands for delight the child hid behind the chair of the mistress. She had dropped something in her bosom.

The next moment Matilda had a small en-

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ameled case in her hand, fastened with golden clasps.

"Unclasp it!" says the child, peeping slyly from behind the chair, and, unclasping the clasps, Matilda beheld the face of her lover—not as she knew him in the days that were gone, but as he was now, a gray, earnest-faced, serious man, past middle life—seeming weighed with memories, and burdened with cares.

"Isn't he nice and pretty?" says the child, stealing round and climbing to the lap once more; "but then he looks so solemn—what makes him look that way? But you don't know him; he is my papa!"

Then she took the picture and kissed it; "but see," she says, "he looks solemn all the same, just as if he would cry;" and then she asked Matilda to kiss him and see if he would not smile.

"It is only a picture, my child, and can't smile," Matilda answered, turning her face aside; but the child would not be pacified—"kiss him and see! just once," she pleaded, clinging to Matilda's neck, and holding the pictured mouth quite against hers, so that she was at length almost forced to kiss it.

Then the child said he was smiling now, and she was satisfied; "but what," she asked, "makes your cheek so bright? did he kiss you back again?"

And then she said, "Oh, how I wish he could see you, he would love you just as I do! And he is so sad now, he never smiles any more." And then she leaned her face against Matilda's bosom and closed her eyes as though she would like to be rocked asleep—she was so tired, she said. Matilda had the picture open now, resting partly on her bosom, partly on the child's head; and as she slowly rocked to and fro the tears fell upon it one by one till the face of the picture was all covered, and they lay there in a glistening shower.

Twenty years had made no difference with the woman's heart, though she was "old Aunt Matilda!" One day there came a letter to her, perfumed, sealed with wax, and superscribed in a hand that she did not recognize; she broke the seal with trepidation, for it was not often that a letter came to her. "My dear Miss Hastings," it was addressed; she did not know the hand, and curiously turned the page. "Ever and always your affectionate friend," were the closing words, and then it was signed Nathan Armstrong.

There was nothing in the letter of special moment—it did not speak of the past nor of the future—made no allusion to private misfortunes nor poisoned hopes or fears, except so far as they referred to his child. His mother had informed him that his little Eunice (he did not say Lamsie) had been placed in the care of Miss Hastings, and he could not deny himself the pleasure of expressing to her his very earnest thanks for her goodness in receiving the child, in the first place, and for the care and pains she was bestowing on her education. As the twig is bent, you know, Miss Hastings, he said; and then he said, with the only attempt at playfulness and familiarity in the whole letter, that in his own case he feared the twig had been sadly warped from its first righteous bending; "but this, perhaps, my dear Miss Hastings, makes me all the more solicitous for my child—all the more grateful for your generous painstaking. I have not the shallow vanity to suppose such services"—here services had been erased and benefits inserted—"can be adequately returned, and I beg you will not attribute to me a notion that would so misrepresent me."

This was the only allusion to the bank-check the letter contained—a check for five times the amount which, at her usual terms, would have been due Matilda in five years. Look at it how she would, she felt outraged, grieved, and offended. She would send the check directly back, and with such biting and bitter words as should make him repent his cold charity. She was not exactly an object of outdoor relief, and if she were, there were hands from which she would prefer to receive it. In her first proud indignation, and with all her patience and quietude she was quite capable of being proudly indignant, she wrote something very like what we have set down for her; but on second thought she saw that such a course betrayed a heart quite too sensitive to the past—she must word her refusal of the donation, for she still considered it a donation, more cautiously. So she threw her first note in the fire, and after some careful consideration wrote another:

Miss Hastings was greatly obliged to Mr. Armstrong; but her terms of tuition were not so exorbitant as he seemed to suppose, and she begged, therefore, leave to return the superfluous check, and would venture to suggest a preference for adjusting her accounts thereafter with her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Armstrong. She went so far as to inclose this note, together with the obnoxious check, and to superscribe the envelope; but after all she was not satisfied—was this really any better than her first angry dispatch? She was forced to admit that it was no better at all; a little more deliberate, a little more attempt at concealment, perhaps, but in reality no concealment whatever. She had told all that she was most anxious not to tell; had she kept it all these years to blurt it out at last in this way? So the second note was sent to the flames after the first. She would simply inclose the check in a sheet of blank note paper—that was what she would do! and that was what she did, sleeping upon the resolve; but when the morning came and she thought it over once more, she was as far from being satisfied with herself as ever—as far from being satisfied with *herself*, almost, as from being satisfied with Nathan. She would not betray to him any feeling or emotion of any sort; and what could she do that would not betray both feeling and emotion, and both, too, of a peculiar nature? She was betrayed by what she had

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written and by what she had not written alike! So at last, with Nathan's letter in her bosom, and bitter tears ready to start, she went to Nathan's mother.

"Foolish child!" says Mrs. Armstrong, "you had better just keep the money and say nothing about it. Natty never meant nothing but kindness, and he didn't know how to do no better than he has done. The truth is, Tilly, men are just what they are, and we've got to take 'em at that; and no man ever understood a woman, and no one ever will; and no great wonder, after all, for no woman ever understood herself! We're curious creters, Tilly, the best of us; we stand in our own light a good deal, and what is worse, we won't get out of it when we come to see our fault—no, not though we make pitch darkness all round us! I don't want to find fault, Tilly, and I don't mean to say you hadn't strong provocation; but you got into your own light twenty years ago, and you have been walking in the shaders ever since; and now that they are just beginning to lift a little, don't draw them down onto your own head, not till you have thought a bit, any how!" The dear woman had never even hinted till now that she thought Matilda had been the least at fault; and for my part, I think she was entitled to say thus much after so long a silence. And it would seem that Matilda thought so too, for she wiped her eyes, kissed her adopted mother, and, with little Eunice in her hand, went away wonderfully comforted.

That night the child would stay and sleep with her. "I am so tired," she said, "and want to lay my head on the pillow close to yours." Matilda had carried her the last bit of the way, and when she undressed her she saw that her arms and head were burning hot.

"I wish papa were here! don't you, Aunt Tilly?" says the child; and then she would have the picture on the pillow between them.

"Oh no," says Matilda, blushing though it was dark, "your papa won't like that, he'd be smothered; we must put him in the drawer of the bureau where he is used to be."

But Eunice insisted that she knew better, and that pictures could sleep in bed as well as any where else. "I know it," she says, "because papa sleeps with one under his pillow every night!"

Matilda felt her brow contract a little at that; and then she said, forcing herself to speak the words, "It is your mamma's picture, of course?"

"No; not my old mamma's. And it is so pretty, with long dark hair all braided to a crown, like yours!" And then she says, laughing, and paddling the fair neck bent toward her, that she saw her papa kiss it once!

"Oh, you dreamed that!" says Matilda, with almost girlish delight.

"No, I didn't; but papa thought I was dreaming, may be. It was once when I slept with him; and he took it from beneath his pillow and looked at it a long time, and then he sighed and turned his face from me; but I peeped over his shoulder and saw him kissing it! And that is just as true as can be, Aunt Tilly, every word of it!"

"Oh, you sly little darling!" cries Matilda, hugging the child close to her bosom, picture and all, and so passing directly into the land of dreams, but not through the gates of sleep.

In the morning Eunice still complained of being tired, and Matilda carried her half-way to the school. But when she called her, half an hour afterward, to say her lesson, she did not answer; her head was drooping on her arm, and she was fast asleep. It was a heavy, unnatural sleep, and when at last she was gotten out of it she seemed confused and as one still in a dream.

"You need not say your lessons to-day, my dear," says the mistress, and she spread her cloak and shawl, and made her a bed on the school-bench.

In the evening her face was like scarlet and her arms hot as fire. And Matilda carried her all the way this time—her head drooping like a flower that lacks the dew.

"We will rest here a little while," she said, when she reached her own gate, "and then I will carry you home to your grandma." But the child, contrary to her wont, began to moan and fret. "No, Aunt Tilly," she said, "I want to stay with you, just to-night!"

So she laid her on the bed, and when she was quieted went herself to fetch the grandmother, but the grandmother was not at home. She had been suddenly called to see a sick woman who was poor, having but few friends to visit her, and who lived ten miles away.

"Please take care of little Eunice for a day or two," she said, in the note she left for Matilda; "it will be a delight to her, I am sure, and I hope not very troublesome to you. When I come home I will let you know of it at once, but I may be gone a day or two." And then she said, with one of those premonitions, perhaps, that seem to come sometimes: "If any thing happen to Eunice let her father know at once."

Here was a quandary, and one that became shortly more difficult of solution. The child tossed restlessly on her pillow all night, and in the morning, when the doctor was fetched, he pronounced her case to be fever of the most malignant character, and advised that her father should be made aware of her condition at once.

"Oh, Aunt Tilly! dear, dear Aunt Tilly!" the child lay moaning all the while, her eyes following Matilda with such pleading, helpless looks. What could she do? What she did was to put herself aside, and send by dispatch a message to the father—a message that was answered in person at the earliest possible moment. But little Eunice, in the mean time, had passed where there was almost no hope. She had not recognized her grandmother when she came, and she did not know Matilda now, nor know any thing.

The doctor had shaken his head and said it

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was not worth while to annoy the poor thing with medicines any longer, and the grandmother at this had fallen to weeping and lamentation, swaying herself to and fro by the bedside, and talking of dear ones dead and gone, and of the other dear one that would so soon have left her too. Then Matilda dried her eyes and staid up her soul with courage, and comforted all about her, taking the child in her arms, and soothing and nursing her with the tenderest care. Who knows, she said, what our good Father will grant to us?"

She was sitting thus, her eyes soft with the dew of tenderness, and her cheek flushed with the anxious beating of her heart, when Nathan came.

Life and death were making their last struggle for the child, and there was no room for any thought but for her. They watched together that night, and the next, and the next, hushed almost to breathlessness by the awful shadow; but in Heaven's own time it broke and parted, and the light came in.

"She will live! my darling will live!" cried the father, his voice shaken with emotion; "and, under God, Matilda, it is all owing to you."

He had called her Miss Hastings till then, but his heart had spoken without his knowledge or consent, and hers responded all against her will, by filling her eyes with tears. Then he repeated the words—"Yes, it is all owing to you, Matilda;" and he spoke her name this time in a whisper, and with his face very close to hers.

When the child is quite out of danger, thought she to herself, I will give him back that bank-check that he had the audacity to send me; and she studied over in her mind a very grand little speech that she would make on the occasion. "He shall see that I can do without him," she said, "and his money too, into the bargain."

But one while the child was asleep, and another time she was fretful, and another the grandmother was about. So there seemed no favorable time for the placing of herself in her true position.

Then, too, Nathan looked so old and seemed so weary that she could not bear to add a feather's weight to the burdens he already bore. Still she was fully resolved that when the fortunate hour really struck, why then she would relieve her mind once for all. And in due course of time the hour struck. Eunice was out of all danger, and, with a heap of expensive toys about her, was sitting on the snow-white quilt, prattling of a thousand things with that half-insane delight that comes to us with returning health.

Nathan had been away all the afternoon, and Matilda had taken the opportunity to set her house in order, for she desired that things should shine at their best. The dimity curtains were hung afresh; the frilled pillow-cases were in use; and flowers—just enough, and not too many—were placed here and there. Little Eunice was like a daisy in her pretty night-gown, and with the soft wool socks on her feet which she herself had knitted.

And when the house was set in order and the child dressed she arrayed herself and braided her long dark locks with unusual care. And when she sat down by the window, with the check in her pocket, to wait for Nathan, she felt calm, collected, and equal to her task.

There was a little flutter of the heart, just a little, as his step rung on the door-stone, and, looking up, she saw his face so much brighter and younger than she had seen it till now. The gladness in her own answered that brightness before she was aware, and then she lowered her eyes with what she meant to be very quiet coldness. But Nathan had caught the first look, and before the second was got ready for him he was by her side and had her hand in his.

"Matilda," he said, with tender gravity, "where do you suppose I have been these three hours?"

Matilda was sure she did not know, and her manner and tone were designed to convey the idea that she did not care. He did not heed this, but kept her hand though she made an effort to withdraw it.

"I have been sitting under the peach-tree by the bee-hives, where we sat so long ago, and saw the sun go down—do you remember it, Matilda? That sun has never risen for me—shall it rise now?"

Still she was silent, her hand fumbling with the check.

"It has been a long night, Matilda, twenty years; is not that long enough?"

Still she said nothing; her grand speech was all gone from her, and she could not recall one word of it.

"There is something for you," she stammered at last, endeavoring to get the obnoxious paper in his hand.

"And here is something for you," he answered, unlocking a small gold case and producing a withered flower. You refused it when I offered it last, will you have it now? It was fresh and young then like my life; and it is like my life now—faded, faint, not worth your acceptance I know."

She did not lift her hand to take it. "Let us adjust this matter first," she said at length, really making him see this time what it was she offered.

"On one condition, Matilda," still speaking in the same tone of tender gravity.

"What is that?"

"That you give me the hand as well."

"And can you think you deserve it, Sir?"

"No, Matilda, I make no pretense of that sort. I deserve nothing—nothing at your hands, God knows! But whatever my fault has been, whatever my faults are now, look at my gray hairs, look through my eyes down to my soul that is empty of all delight, and tell me if you do not think I have suffered enough. If

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not, it is in your power, Matilda, to add what more you will!"

There was a deep silence—the twilight was gone, and the gray evening settling down with clouds and sighing winds.

"And so you refuse my flower?" he said, at last. "Then there will be no more morning, no more light for me."

"Oh, papa, papa! did you say there would never be any more light?" called little Eunice from where she sat among her heap of toys on the snow-white counterpane. "And will it always be night then, dear papa?" And she began to cry.

"I don't know, my darling. Perhaps you can yet make a little light for me in the world, but it is very, very dark now."

He had gone to the bedside in answer to her crying, and he had her in his arms now, caressing and trying to soothe, though his voice as he did so was faltering and choked with tears. She had her two little hands in her eyes, and kept moaning and making piteous ado; all at once she looked up and said, with eager gladness,

"It will be light by-and-by, won't it be, Aunt Tilly? Come and tell papa it will be light, and make him glad, won't you, dear Aunt Tilly?"

But Matilda only turned away her face, and drew a long, long sigh.

"She is crying, papa," whispered the child, "and I know what it is about: it is all about her finger-ring, because it is such a little slender one. Oh, papa, it cost so much! she told me so, and she said I mustn't tell you. But I will tell you; and you will give her a beautiful new one—won't you, papa?—and then she won't cry."

Matilda had hidden her face in her hands, and was crying in earnest now. Then the child would be carried to her, and placed on her knees. "Don't cry, Aunt Tilly," she pleaded, twining her arms about her neck and kissing her. "Papa will give you a new ring, and then he will stay here, and we will all live together, and be so happy. Tell her you will, papa—tell her yourself, and then she won't cry."

And keeping one arm around Matilda's neck, she drew his face down quite against hers with the other, and so clasping the two, waited.

"Shall it be as our child says?" whispered Nathan.

"I can not answer," she said—"I can not speak now." But somehow the hand with the dreadful paper in it had got into his hand, and was being held there with a close and tender pressure. There was no need that she should speak—he was answered.

And Nathan came back to live on the old place, and a fine new house was built in the maple grove at the end of the lane, and Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong were the great people of the neighborhood, be sure.

And from the day of her marriage nobody ever thought of saying Aunt Matilda, much less Old Aunt Matilda; and when the good mother unlocked the press, and brought forth the long-preserved linen for the wedding present, there was not a happier woman in the whole county than she, unless indeed we must except the daughter, now a daughter in law as well as in fact.

A TALK ABOUT TALKING.

AN English writer of some little note has laid it as an accusation against the American people that they are a nation of talkers. In the social circle, in the hotel, in the market-place, on the steamboat, in the rail-car, every where, the irrepressible American shows an irrepressible tongue-ism. Taking this writer's idea without his precise language, we may regard it as a back-handed censure, implying that Americans can *only* talk — they can not converse, or talk intelligently with a direct purpose. But that this is so in the United States is no more true than of any other people. To the Englishman's sneer, however, I would oppose a pungent and truthful sentence written by one of his own countrymen. "There is nothing," says Sydney Smith, in his own inimitable manner, which an Englishman enjoys more than the pleasure of sulkiness — of not being forced to hear a word from any body which may occasion to him the necessity of replying. It is not so much that Mr. Bull disdains to talk, as that Mr. Bull has nothing to say. His forefathers have been out of spirits for six or seven hundred years, and seeing nothing but fog and vapor, he is out of spirits too; and when there is no selling or buying, or no business to settle, he prefers being alone and looking at the fire."

That there is a difference between *mere* talk and conversation I propose to show, and to add some practical observations adapted to these practical times. To talk is natural. "Wherefore," asks Quintilian, "the tongue but for speech?" This faculty of speech is a special endowment of man, and therefore none has a right to take it from him. The birds of the air and the beasts of the field have means of communication with each other; but to man alone, of all created beings, so far as we know, is given the power of speech and the use of language. With him "honor or shame is in talk." Hence we see the necessity of the proper government of the tongue which, as St. James has told us, is "a little member" that may "be set on fire of hell." It may, however, be a most useful member of society, as it has already been. But still, confining our remarks to "talk" in private society, I would maintain that the "little member" needs guidance and control—therefore, education.

The majority of the human race are adepts at talking, still but few are able to sustain conversation. And the object now is to show that while we, as a people, do acknowledge ourselves to be every way adequate to the former, we are exceedingly defective in our knowledge of the true mode of conversing; and further, to in-

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dicate, rather than to establish, some rules whereby we may improve as conversationalists.

In what to-day is styled conversation, we have—1*st*. Fashionable talk, which comprehends the smaller matters of everyday life; 2*d*. Vulgar slang, which descends to the use of such terms as need not be quoted in a respectable Magazine; 3*d*. Flatulent comments upon the moving incidents of the time gathered from the morning journal; 4*th*. The dictionary talk of sophomores and aspiring young maidens; and, 5*th*. The stuff occasioned by the flirtation of the ball-room or the fashionable watering-place, where thin gauze covering empty gaud carries the sway. One man pours out a perpetual stream of anecdote, while another chops logic; one's discourse is full of puns, while that of another is a perpetual prayer; one talks poetry, another prose; one is full of quotations, another of egotism; one talks with all his might, another is slow of speech; one screams, another whispers; one's language is a perpetual jumble, that of another is forcible and well-chosen; one "talks like a book," another altogether without any book. Without descanting upon the minutiæ of these several classes, we would assert that each one alone is unproductive of that intellectual improvement which should be the aim and end of all conversation, whether in the domestic circle or in general society.

The power or the gift of conversation, be it remarked, has decayed even in this country, young as it is. Although the character of the times demands that we should think more sturdily and communicate even more sincerely than did our fathers, we neglect one of our chief duties by failing to remember that "speech lies between thought and action." Therefore has Emerson wisely said that "the problem of the talkers is the same with that of the orator, the art of managing minds. The orator's task is to warm a poor, thin, down-looking audience, and make them rich and happy in the thought that they are in the right, and the absent majority in the wrong. The business of a talker in a parlor is to move and persuade his smaller audience." Yet, few are fitted for this either by nature or education, while a multitude might be by the latter. Some modern English journalist has attributed this almost entirely to the fact that the whole people is given to reading, and stupidly asserts that "not only do persons live in such a hurry that there is only leisure for just comparing ideas as to the weather, but they have each and all a gross quantity of reading to do, which puts talking out of the question. If persons remain at home they read; we have met misguided individuals out in the open fields with books in hand; young folks have been seen stretched underneath trees, and upon the banks of rivers, poring over the open page; on the tops of mountains, in the desert, or within forests — every where now men pull printed sheets from their pockets, and in the earliest, latest, highest occupation of this life, they read. The fact is incontestably true that modern men and women are reading themselves into a comparatively silent race; reading is the great delusion of the present time; it has become a sort of lay piety, according to which the perusal of volumes reckons as good works; it is, in a word, the superstition of the nineteenth century."

Far from this, I believe that no man has a right to read for himself alone; if one does read much he has no right to hoard up the results of his reading: he must think when he reads, he must make some deductions, and is in duty bound to communicate those results for the benefit of others. In conversation there is not only an interchange of thought but with it a mingling of intellectual emotion, whereby is formed a union of mind. Thus we become, as it were, possessors of each other for the time being. Furthermore, there is a reactive benefit in imparting our thoughts to others. For, as truly intimated by a reviewer several years ago, "a man never knows what he has read until he has either talked about it or read about it. Talking and writing are digesting processes which are absolutely essential to the mental constitution of the man who devours many books. But it is not every man who can talk. Talking implies, first of all, a readiness on the part of the speaker, and next a sympathetic listener. It is, therefore, as a digestive process, the most difficult, if not the most rapid in its operation. Writing is a different affair; a man may take his time to it and not require a reader; he can be his own reader. It is an easier, although more formal, process of digestion than talking. It is in every body's power; and every body who reads much makes more or less use of it, because, as Bacon says, if he does not write, then he ought to have extraordinary faculties to compensate for such neglect. It is in this view that we are to understand the complaint of a well-known author, that he was ignorant of a certain subject; and the means by which he was to dispel his ignorance—namely, by writing on it.....A man never knows any thing, Sir William Hamilton used to say, until he has taught it in some way or other—it may be orally, it may be by writing a book. It is a grand truth, and points a fine moral. Knowledge is knowledge, say the philosophers; it is precious for its own sake, it is an end to itself. But nature says the opposite. Knowledge is not knowledge until we have brought it under the command of the great social faculty—speech; we exist for society, and knowledge is null until we give it expression, and in so doing make it over to the social instinct."

It might, however, be fairly presumed that *all* authors and other such like men of note were good conversationalists, being able not only to communicate their thinkings fully and freely by speech, but also to sway a social circle in event of meeting with contending views. We may find, however, a great difference in men known to fame. Some have been free of speech; others have been either taciturn in

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disposition or naturally devoid of the possible redundancy of language which would apparently flow in their writings; while every thing, in either case, might depend purely and solely upon certain circumstances. Bulwer said, in a late publication, that Garrick had remarked of Goldsmith that he "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." Doubtless there have been many great men who in private society were very dull men. Some of these have been often named as indifferent conversationalists, talking either as parrots or talking not at all. In conversation Dante, for instance, was taciturn, but when he did speak, was satirical; Descartes, La Fontaine, Buffon, and even Milton were unsocial; Butler appeared to be almost stupid, and so, it is said, was Marmontel, the novelist. Addison, on the other hand, was shy and modest, always appearing indisposed to enter upon conversation even with a single visitor.

But let us take a look at cases of a different character.

Dr. Johnson has been considered almost universally as the great exemplar of conversational powers. But then, be it said, at the very best, when he deigned to speak at all, his talk was mainly a grandiloquent discourse, characteristic of a man better fitted to compile a dictionary than to write an essay on politeness. But we know full well that he could brook no opposing word, and that it was easy and common for him to say, even without cause, "You lie, Sir." The fact is, that but for his genius he would be noted as the great bull-dog of his day, and the best representative of the whole character of John Bull, that ever walked within the sound of Bow bells. And like John, he could be good-natured; but when so, was uproarious in his mirth, and laughed, as Tom Davies drolly enough said, "like a rhinoceros."

Madame de Staël has been represented as the most distinguished converser of her time. She was brilliant and ambitious. She valued nothing but conversation. But her skill in it was such that on one occasion those who listened to her were unconscious of a thunderstorm. For all this she has been spoken of as a "pitiless talker;" as one illustration in proof of which it has been said that, upon a certain occasion, some gentlemen introduced a person to her who, they declared, was a very learned man. Madame received him graciously, but eager to produce an impression, began to talk, and asked a thousand questions; but so engrossed was she with herself that she did not notice that her visitor made no reply. When the visit was over the gentlemen asked Corinne how she liked their friend? "A most delightful man! What wit and learning!" was the reply. Here the laugh came in—the visitor was deaf and dumb.

Sheridan, who excelled in all things, was "a fellow of infinite jest." His resources were manifold. He was as ready with proverb as with repartee. Especially would he never allow himself to be outdone by a verbal prodigy; whenever a monstrous story was told in his presence, he would outdo it by one of his own coinage, and put the narrator to the blush by a falsehood more glaring than his own. Here is given the rarest and perhaps most audacious instance. A gentleman related a sporting adventure in his hearing. "I was fishing one day in a certain cold spring full of delicious trout, and soon caught a large mess. But what was really surprising, within a foot of the cold spring there was one of boiling water, so that when you wanted to cook your fish, all you had to do, after hooking them from the cold spring, was to pop them directly into the boiling one." The company all expressed astonishment and incredulity at this monstrous assertion, with the exception of Sheridan. "I know," said he, "of a phenomenon yet more surprising. *I* was fishing one day, when I came to a place where there were *three* springs. The first was a cold one stocked with fish, the second a boiling spring, and the third a natural fountain of melted butter and parsley." "Melted butter and parsley!" exclaimed the first story-teller; "impossible!" "I beg your pardon," said Sheridan, coolly; "I believed your story, Sir—you are bound to believe mine." "Another incident occurred to me," said the gentleman. "I was out shooting once, and spied a brace of birds; I was out of shot, but threw the ramrod into the barrel of my gun, fired, and brought down both birds." "A still more singular occurrence happened to me," continued Sheridan. "I had promised a friend of mine in London half a dozen partridges for dinner on a particular day. I had forgotten my agreement, when I heard the distant horn of the stage-coach which was to take my game to London. I rushed into my preserve, and in the hurry of the moment forgot my shot, and left my iron ramrod in my gun-barrel. I fired at a covey of partridges, killed six, threw them into a hamper, and gave it to the coachman. There was the game not only killed, but actually spitted." It is needless to say that the story-teller was silenced.

Turn to yet very different cases. Washington Irving, in the account he has given of his visit to Abbotsford, says of Sir Walter Scott, that his conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. He never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigor of his imagination. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be that they forgot for a time his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered when all was over that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, in whose society they had felt so perfectly at ease.

Macaulay seemed to be possessed by a talking spirit, which no spell, human or divine, could exorcise. He was like a machine which, wound up, must go on until it stops from sheer exhaustion of power. His talk was brilliant,

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though diffuse. Its almost endless continuity was its only drawback. Therefore keen was the satire of Sydney Smith when, writing to a friend about Macaulay's return from India, he said: "He has come back much improved, and, last night, surprised as well as delighted us with several brilliant flashes of silence!"

And this reminds one of Sydney himself, the "primate" in the English hierarchy of wits. He was always ready, always jovial, always pungent, and would cause his friends "to reel each his own way home in a fit."

Turning from him to a clergyman of another denomination, mention should be made of Robert Hall, the Baptist man of eloquence. Notwithstanding his peculiar affliction, and sometimes because of it, his conversational powers were often considered as among the evidences of his genius. Although a most genial companion and a warm-hearted friend, he was frequently decidedly and even offensively *brusque*. On one occasion, for instance, while in a lunatic asylum, being accosted by a friend who met him by surprise, "Why! Mr. Hall, what brings you here?" he replied, "What will never bring you here, Sir—brains, brains!" On another occasion, in a certain social gathering at Bristol, his eyes were noticed to be intently fixed upon a lady whose personal appearance was not, certainly, prepossessing. His gaze continued so long as to discomfit her, and she at length inquired, "Why, Mr. Hall, what is the matter that you should look at me so strangely?" "I was thinking, Madam, how much you will appear improved on the morning of the resurrection, when you will arise in a different likeness."

Of Coleridge, it has been said that he was in the habit of pouring forth brilliant, unbroken monologues of two or three hours' duration, to listeners so enchanted, that, like Adam whose ears were filled with the eloquence of an archangel, they forgot "all place, all seasons and their change." As an eloquent talker, it may be doubted whether his superior ever lived. But his was not conversation. There was no interchange. It was preaching. He once asked of Charles Lamb, "Did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do any thing else," was the reply. Read this beautiful testimony of the inimitable Elia: "Come back into memory, like as thou wast in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope, like a fiery column before thee, the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloister stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Iamblichus or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity boy." For all this, when we think of his life, we repeat, "Poor S. T. C."

And then as to dear "Elia" himself. Lamb's conversation was marked with perpetual eddies of verbal felicities. "Such wit, such humor, such imagination, such intelligence, such sentiment, such kindness, such heroism, all so quaintly mixed and mingled, and stuttering out in so freakish a fashion, and all blending so finely in that exquisite eccentric something which we call the character of Charles Lamb, made him the most lovable of writers and men."

Wordsworth was fond of hearing himself talk, and hardly knew when to stop, having once started. After reading lengthened reviews of his own poems, he would in the presence of company orally deliver still longer reviews of the reading, thus monopolizing all time and attention.

Remembrances of a London conversazione (quite an English institution, by-the-way) recall the bearing of Mark Lemon, Tom Hood, and Charles Dickens. The three were somewhat similar in talk, yet very dissimilar in temperament. Lemon was as obtrusive as his *Punch*, Hood naturally retiring, while Dickens seemed to stand between the two. Of the three, Dickens was the most vivacious, and his talk as full of the milk of human kindness as his own Brother Cherryble; Hood the most witty; and Mark Lemon the most commonplace, but pompous. Hood was quick at repartee, Dickens at illustration, each talking much as he wrote. Yet of the number Dickens was decidedly the best conversationalist. His great experience of London life, his keen appreciation of every phase of character, and his wonderful readiness, made him one of the most genial of companions.

Of statesmen, in this relation, space permits but the mention of two. It has been frequently stated of Dr. Franklin that his features were an index of the good temper, amenity, cheerfulness, and affability, which were his characteristics. John Adams represents him as taciturn on committees and in Congress. In society he was far from being loquacious; but no one possessed a more entertaining fund of conversation, or used it more happily on fitting occasions. Childhood, that "best detector of a gentle heart," was ever welcome to his knee. For the young, his manners and words of sage advice and pleasantry had an indescribable charm. Sir Francis Romilly, when a young man, called on him at Passy, in 1782, with a friend. "Dr. Franklin," he writes, "was indulgent enough to converse a good deal with us, whom he observed to be young men very desirous of improving by his conversation. Of all the celebrated persons whom in my life I have chanced to see, Dr. F., both from his appearance and his conversation, seemed to me the most remarkable."

I hold that the best conversationalist among statesmen of our own day was Abraham Lincoln. This opinion may possibly be contro-

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verted by those who would think only of an apparent awkwardness of manner, and an occasional violation of the rules of polite society. But if our conversation should have for its object the promotion of the welfare of those with whom we talk; if it should be filled with truth, with kindness, with encouragement, with consolation; if a true man should sway by the influence of speech—why, then, tried by this simple standard, the late President Lincoln was an excellent conversationalist. His total abstinence from a display of egotism, his sterling sense, his varied information, his terseness of expression, his truthfulness, his "honesty," his vast good-nature, his "mother-wit," his immense fund of anecdote for illustration, his adaptation of himself to all companies—these made him one of the best social talkers of our times. Thus has Emerson the Great quaintly, but justly, said of him, after speaking of his manner: "He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries, that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing he would have become mythological in a very few years, like Æsop or Pilpay, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs." Lincoln was thus one of the few men who swayed by the influence of speech in common conversation.

The style of these talkers is different in some peculiar shade from each of the others. Therefore no one can be taken as a model. Nor is a model, *per se*, required. Neither can set rules be made or enforced. While, however, there must be a catholicism of opinion here, there are yet some general principles which should be held concerning what in the majority of cases should be considered to constitute *good talk*.

As general rules, more or less applicable to all, the following are suggested:

1. *Dispense with gasconade*, to the use of which, we, as a nation, are too prone. The spread-eagle style is nauseating. The modern abbreviation "gas" is often too appropriate a term when referring to the talk of some individuals.

2. *Away with egotism*, which is only another form of gasconade. To speak frequently of what *I* said, *I* did, where *I* have been, how much *I* own, etc., etc., is simply ridiculous, and reminds one of a certain animal given to braying. A French writer has pertinently said that "you should always avoid mention of yourself, since, if it be an eulogium, people will regard it as a lie; while, if you criticise yourself, they will take you at your word, and accept it as an article of faith."

3. *Avoid slang.* So many new terms have crept from newspaper columns (the worst of all word-mints) into common conversation, that it may be *sometimes* difficult to detect the difference between the counterfeit and the pure coin of our language. But there are many words and phrases intentionally used as slang which derogate from the dignity of pure talk. Among the worst of all these are the offensive nicknames given to the different political parties of the day.

4. "*Avoid evil communications* which" are acknowledged to "corrupt good manners." Mere gossip belongs to empty or frivolous minds. Scandal is the prerogative of the vicious.

5. *Cultivate the mind.* "Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" in order not to reproduce, but also to produce. It is only thus that any can be distinguished from the common herd, who talk without ever having created an original idea, who are ignorant of life and its great responsibilities, of literature and its many beauties, of science and its demands, and of the relative importance of every social relation. The tittle-tattle which in some circles is styled conversation is nothing more than an infinitesimal potion of homeopathic broth diluted to the lowest possible extent, with only body enough left to strengthen the patient to wag his tongue. Upon his poor head is written: "To let, apply within."

6. *Be truthful.* Speech without truth is but babble. There might be more honesty in society. Men and women, by flattery, try to deceive each other. But this same flattery is nothing but devil's sugar—sweet in the mouth, bitter in its results.

7. *Exemplify delicacy and propriety.* A maxim of Bruyere's is most pertinent, and should be learned by every man, woman, and child in the land: "There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last to speak of entertainments before the indigent; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable. This conversation is cruel, and the comparison which naturally arises in them betwixt their condition and yours is excruciating."

We should not neglect to regard as next to the art of conversation the art of silence. Perhaps nothing more than this would be so difficult of acquirement by the ladies. Not that they should be slurred by any rude insinuation. But still it must be acknowledged that under almost all circumstances they have, at least, a propensity to talk, with seldom a disposition to be silent. And fortunate it is for the race (perhaps), especially for that portion given to a frequent attendance upon dinner and other parties, that, when ladies are present, they are always ready to fill a gap in the conversation. There can be no hiatus. But my notion is, that most men, as well as most women, talk too much—that is to say, in the prevalent fashion—and that more frequent silence would add grace to their character. Talking "for talk's sake," or to "kill time," should be made an indictable offense for unruliness of tongue before the high court of St. James the Apostle.

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Knickerbocker's Visit:

A POEM OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

THE evening shades were falling fast o'er good Manhattan Isle,
Whose countless streets and avenues lay stretched for many a mile;
The shadows deepened, lazily, as slow the sun went down,
And spread its welcome pall of gloom upon the busy town:
Way up the street, the forms of men whose hearts, the whole day long,
Had been struggling in the mazes of the City's busy throng,
Were bending homeward, slowly, as they gladly craved the rest
Which came, with twilight shadows, as the sun sank in the west.
Each thoroughfare and artery became a busy scene,
Where trade and money-making had usurped the verdant green;
Swift ran the tide, with faces bent, some with the marks of care—
Some day-dream having vanished into bubbles light as air—
Some who, in that day's market, had been on the losing side,
Or had "Bulled," when stocks were downward, and then to "Bear" had tried—
For the thousands they had counted, when the morning sun was bright,
Had departed, with the shadows, as the sun went down at night.
So the tide of Life's broad current ebbed and flowed, and bore along
The barks which men had ventured, many frail, and fewer strong,
All freighted with their dearest hopes. Among the busy crowd—
Who were seeking home at sunset, some so humble, some so proud,
Leaving many scenes behind them of their daily toil and strife,
To enjoy the hours of pleasure in the fleeting span of life—
None had thoughts of aught behind them, save some few, who grudged the time
They must lose in speculation, with some project in its prime.

As the jostling crowd kept onward, there was gathering, quite unseen,
A phantom, having birth-place where the setting sun had been:
Away out o'er the Hudson, a cloud, almost a speck,
Was floating in the Heavens, like the fragment of a wreck
Drifting on the troubled ocean, 'mid the waves of blue and foam,
Till the fiercely-rolling breakers should provide it with a home.
Soon the drifting cloud came nearer, as the stars came out anew,
And the City's myriad gas-jets pierced the falling darkness through—
While from out it came the outlines of a queer and ancient form,
Standing by the Hudson's outlet, in a halo, soft and warm.
In its shape it bore the lineament of a sage long mourned as dead,
Moving with a step so weary, and a halt and feeble tread,
As the shadows vanished from him and he stood, and seemed to smile,
Wondering at the strange appearance of this good Manhattan Isle:
In stature, small and wiry, with a pair of restless feet—
Encased in shoes, with buckles, silver, bright and very neat—
And olive-velvet breeches, which he wore in old Dutch style,
Long reft of nap and lustre, but most cleanly all the while;
A coat of seedy homespun, tightly fitting, like the rest;
And a widely-plaited shirt-frill across his aged breast.
His hat, with points and corners, had a rosette on one side,
Placed jauntily upon his head, almost with youthful pride.
He listened but a moment, as a boat was passing by,
Then raised the little old cocked-hat, and gazed upon the sky—
While, as he looked, a single tear seemed running down his cheek,
As, with a feeble accent, he slowly tried to speak:

"Once more I stand, but now unknown, by sacred Hudson's tide,
With unfamiliar scenes around, no friendly hand to guide.
All the old lanes and pasture-fields, with clover-tops so fair,
Are lost to sight—no fences left—no shady bowers are there;
Old places, once so very dear to these old eyes of mine,
Are scattered like the hoar-frost by the ruthless hands of Time.
Old things were changing swiftly, when last I saw this Isle—
The honest old Dutch customs—and the stones, which marked the mile,

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Were lost in streets and alleys; and the roads, of which the cows
Had traced the crooked outlines as they moved about to browse,
Were laid with stones and pavement—the degenerated race
Had begun, with their 'improvements,' to wipe out the old Dutch place.
One day, when weary, I returned, to find the Hotel closed.
Of my saddle-bags and contents the landlord had disposed,
To pay his o'er-due board-bill; and I saw my name in print—
The pages of my History had been used up without stint;
Some other man had edited my scarcely finished book,
With all its errors on its head; he took no care to look
To see it fairly written out; the records, sought with care,
Were handled rather roughly, for the author was not there.
They intended to be honest, though, I scarcely have a doubt,
As they did not send it forward with the author's name rubbed out.
They treated me quite kindly then; I found myself with fame,
For people wanted autographs of Knickerbocker's name;
And many whom I scarcely knew, and ne'er spoke to, before,
Shook hands, and sometimes chatted, as I passed a neighbor's door;
Such things to me were sudden, and it puzzled me to think
Why some invited me to dine, and others, e'en to drink.
At places where I traveled they seemed to know me well—
Though why the towns had altered so, scarce any one could tell.

"In Albany, the fellows had been working such a change,
With their modern innovations, that the very place looked strange.
It was accident delayed me"—here the old man's eyes grew red—
"I could not see the papers, and the people thought me dead;
My History was truthful, though; and times were then, I trow,
A trifle better times than those the people live in now!
All changed, alas! E'en winds were rude, across the Tappaan Zee;
I felt them roughly blowing, as they tossed me here so free,
Not knowing that the cloud-speck they were wafting slowly here,
Was the spirit of old Diedrich, who held that sea so dear.
Though eagerly I sought to find some old and loved face,
While wandering o'er the City, scanning every nook and place,
All are gone, I know not whither, as I wander here alone,
And see great piles of red-burnt brick and blocks of brownish stone,
In rows of great tall buildings, almost even with the street,
As far as I can see them, till the sides appear to meet.

"Away off toward Communipaw—God bless the ancient name!
There runs a line of long black things (I saw it as I came),
Long rails of iron, fastened down by nails and spikes and hooks,
In equidistant measures, as Dutch school-boys ruled their books.
And something, snorting, past me ran, with demon's speed and light,
Spreading a line of seething sparks, and breaking up the night;
Its sound was loud and rumbling, like whirlwinds as they pass,
With a line of funny boxes, upon wheels, with panes of glass
Like windows, and strange people, some awake, and some asleep,
Were nodding at the window-panes, as if afraid to peep
At the demon just before them, flying onward with its fire,
That screeched and whistled loudly, but did not seem to tire.

"Ah me! indeed, things have much changed, since I was last in town!
If people, too, have altered, as the houses have, that frown
Upon the streets from lofty heights, and, shutting out the sun,
Spread heavy shadows o'er the way, ere half its course is run,
I would not care to live and see such altered folks and ways,
Since half-doors swung wide open, in those palmy old Dutch days,
When streets were cleaned by private hand, and all the City's light
Was furnished by the lanterns, from each tenth house hung in sight!"

He started on his journey, then, to search the City through,
For traces of the ancient times, not lost amid the new;
Scarce thinking that the footprints of the dear and honest past
Were too slight in their impression in this modern age to last.

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He paused at first, and wondered at the strange things to be seen
About the ancient neighborhood, known as the Bowling Green.
Beyond him once there menaced, from the flowing river's side,
The Battery and City Gate—both once the City's pride;
And stood the famous wind-mill, which served to grind the grain,
Or to tell which way the wind blew, as it swept from o'er the main,
In earlier time, ere governors and Burghers sat in state,
Or puffed in silent councils, in their weightiest debate.
There good old Peter Stuyvesant leaned o'er his garden wall,
And looked upon the Battery—armed with two guns, bold though small;
Or beheld the sturdy *Schoinge*,* with its line of driven piles,
And the big canal in Broad Street provoked his proudest smiles;
The *Schoinge* meant to save the shore from seas or stormy blast—
The canal to be the taxing-place for goods that through it passed,
For all New England peddlers, who might deem it worth their while
To dodge the honest duties, in their thieving Yankee style,
Imposed by doughty Burghers, who had thought the City safe,
Hemmed in by walls of pine and oak, from any Yankee waif,
Whose readiness to trading—though honest, in the main—
Might not be proof against a chance for making quicker gain.
Time was, when all the City could be seen from where he stood,
When cow-paths straggled o'er the hills, and all around was wood;
But now, the miles of jutting piers, with ships in serried line,
Which, with their thousand spars and masts, made forests of hewn pine,
Bespoke the age of commerce, with mighty ships like these,
All freighted home, or outward, with the ventures of the seas.

Towards Wall Street then he took his way, to find the landing-place
Of the people from Long Island; and he hoped to find some trace
Of that most noted building, of their famous City Hall,
Put up in 1700—heavy pillars, wings and all.
In searching for the City Hall, a marble pile he found,
Erected in old Broad Street, with some noble buildings round—
The beaten halls of finance, where the brokers daily roam,
Like busy-minded spiders, seeking flies within their home;
Where the fickle wheel of fortune spins so quickly every day,
For those who make their money in the fast, new-fashioned way—
Where "Harlem"—or "Old Southern"—sometimes "Prairie du Chien"—
Are handled to make money, with "Erie," too, thrown in—
Sold up or down, with matchless ease by those who make their hoard,
By beating speculators in the ring-pits of the "Board."
"Prairie du Chien," from thirty-six, in two days made to spring
To ninety-five; one Saturday, the pavements loudly ring,
With "one hundred and fifteen bid," in hopes some shares to get;
But a heavy operator had so well his spring-trap set,
That prices reached "two hundred," and he still supplied the street;
Advance of forty-five was bid—he all demands could meet—
Till, finally, one Tuesday, he was selling to them all,
And rushing on the market stock—the price began to fall
Below its starting figures, ere it stopped, with ruin round,
Among the many foolish ones, who "long" of it were found.
The Wall Street man his million made by operations neat,
And many fell in stocks, that day, who ne'er regained their feet.
Next, one sold "calls" on Harlem, for several thousand shares,
And another operator caught this same man unawares—
Bought up the "calls," ran up the price, and when this man was "short,"
He called for all his many shares, and in his little sport,
No stock could then be borrowed, and the loser paid, in cash,
The difference in the market-price, for little more than trash.
The buyer then controlled the road (and runs it to this day),
Since it cost him very little, in the honest Wall Street way—
Its stock kept from the market, as a handy sort of route,
To divert his mind from steamers, should his ocean lines die out.

* The Dutch name given to the street-piling, erected on the shore of the East River, to protect the shores against washing away.

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And some, when speculating, and the prices do not suit,
When they must pay the market-price (and lose control to boot),
Apply for stern injunctions, when they can't deliver stock,
Because some shrewder moneyed man contrives their game to block.
And so, they play with all in turn, just as the cliques think best,
As they've done in "Mariposa," in "Toledo" and "Northwest"—
Not like the times, when Burghers earned their gold in honest trade,
When stock-board gambling was unknown, and none for fortunes played.

Away from Wall Street then he sped, to where the river shone,
As seen in moonlit vista, between piles of brick and stone.
The longings for the olden time came o'er his spirit, then,
At thinking of the ferry, and the steady-pulling men,
Who rowed the famous long-boats, as their owner stood on shore,
And watched them pulling 'gainst the tide, with strong and sweeping oar.
James Harding (once a victualer) succeeded to the lease,
Which Rip Van Dam relinquished, when his term of rent should cease.
Grown tired of taking payment for his fares in doubtful ways,
In stuyvers' worth of wampum, which was current in those days.
The landing-places pointed out—the contract read—should be,
One ferry-house at "Burger's Path," and one at "Countess Key."
The ferry-boats were worthy ones, one-manned, and numbered six,
All built for pleasant weather; but in stormy times, the fix
For passengers in crossing was a doubtful one, and sore—
If tides were running strongly, all were needed at the oar.
These ferry-boats and oarsmen, with the cattle-scows behind,
Were still in fond remembrance in our Knickerbocker's mind.
He could not find the Burger's Path—'twas now Hanover Square;
And Countess Key had vanished, for now Maiden Lane was there.
The barn, the boat-house, all were gone; the landing-places, too,
Were lost in Time's mutations, and no longer stood in view;
Instead, were iron buildings, built with care and great expense,
And iron gates shut people out, instead of picket-fence.
The ferry-slips were built of piles, and boats propelled by steam,
Were coming in and going from beyond the busy stream;
While vessels rode at anchor, with lanterns fore and aft,
To show which way their bows should lie, to any passing craft.
Old Knickerbocker wondered, and sadly stood and wept,
To think how things had altered, while he had calmly slept.
The streets were new, and carriages and cars came rumbling past,
And people rudely jostled him, they hurried by so fast.
The old East River, also, where once cattle roam'd so free,
Was now a line of wharves—Corlear's Hook he could not see;
And where Long Island's verdant hills were view'd with jealous eye,
Long streets of chimneys and church-spires ran upward to the sky;
So, judging from the steeples that he counted in his view,
The people should be Christians, and be very moral, too.

Old Diedrich wandered, next, to streets lit up by gas and glare,
As though the darkness of the night had little business there:
Far up Broadway, with feeble step, he moved, and wondered quite
At very many things he saw, and did not think all right.
At that late hour, when honest folk, in old times, were in bed,
Who got up when the sun arose, ere morning's dews had fled,
A sort of ruddy gleam o'erspread the pavement's dingy blue,
From open basements from whose doors the light came shining through.
Great signs, with pictures painted of women gayly dressed
(And some with very little on), the things within expressed.
From out these glaring cellars there arose a horrid din
Of ribald mirth and music, from the hidden depths within;
And staggering up the dirty steps, there came a motley crowd,
With lines of some harsh-worded song, and laughter, long and loud.
A look within old Diedrich took, and there beheld a sight
(Which would have been, in by-gone days, the modest City's blight);
The air was thick with wreaths of smoke, and men were sitting round,
While some low comic-singer made the heated hall resound,

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With words and tune he oft addressed unto the smiling crowd,
Acknowledging their rude applause, as he went off, and bowed.
Bold women moved amid the throng, and sought a rude caress
From those with whom they chatted, and in return would press
To order drinks for girls and men, and so run up the sum
They strove each other to outvie, for bad cigars and rum.
There old men joked and bandied words, with waiter-girls like these,
Dressed up in tawdry finery, their childish guests to please:
Old men, who should have been at home, their strength and minds to save,
Instead of mocking youth's desire, with one foot in the grave.
Old Diedrich shuddered at the sight—his phantom-heart grew sick,
As, through the eager-listening crowd, he tried his way to pick,
Contrasting times and people, such as he beheld that night,
With times when people went indoors, almost at candle-light.
'Twas getting close to midnight, and the crowd seemed to increase,
As, noisy from their liquor, they encored each song and piece;
Some, clapping loudly as they thought some dancing-girl the best,
While some, in drunken sympathy, applauded with the rest,
And then sank back into their seats, with sullen air and smile,
And took another drink or two, their senses to beguile;
While boys, who should have been elsewhere, between the sheets tucked in,
Were drinking wine, and smoking too, and adding to the din.

O'ercome, almost, he gained the street, with wrinkled brow, and frown,
And started on his busy way unto the upper-town.
The shops were closed; but, here and there, on either side, he saw
Great windows filled with dry-goods, and hats of felt or straw,
All trimmed with gayest colors, at a milliner's, he passed,
Unlike the old-time bonnets, plain, and warranted to last
For several seasons: fashions, then, were scarcely known to change,
For female fancy, in those days, had no such giddy range;
These hats he saw before him were like the caps, so small,
That Dutch girls wore at frolics, at quilting-bees, or ball.
Through plate-glass panes, with silver bars, he saw a great display
Of things of beauty and great price, in most approved array,
While lights were brightly burning within the lonely store—
More useful for protection than police on guard before.
A jam of omnibuses, next, their drivers crying out
The squares and streets they came to, in their up or downward route,
To people, crushed and crowded in a slowly-moving stream,
From passages and hallways, where the flaring gas-lights gleam—
All coming from the play-house, while he could not help but stare,
To think that e'en fair women had been seeing actors there!
Large posters, pasted up on boards, set forth the things within,
All seen, for so much money, when performances begin;
A knight in mail, with visor down, is struggling, with his might,
Against another knight in mail, his rival in a fight;
While some fair maid, with flowing hair, comes rushing in between,
All making up the interest of the last sensation scene,
Done up in grand dramatic form, by playwright skilled and bold,
From stories, long "continued," in some weekly issue sold.
The street, where once the "Collect" ran (e'en at his latest date),
Where boys were wont to bathe their feet, or on the ice to skate,
Was now a line of buildings, covered o'er with signs of trade,
With rail-tracks in the middle, where the big boys used to wade.
No pump, with iron handle—no Collect-pond remained—
And curb-stone gutters carried off the flood when hard it rained.

Still farther up the busy street, where vice and virtue met,
Where gilded sin and luxury their filmy snares had set,
A name of fire, in dazzling glare of gas-jets, served to show
The patrons of a ballet-troupe the proper place to go;
To guide the throng, some artist had displayed his practiced hand,
By forms, on whitewashed canvas, of the dancers new and grand.
Some gay saloons, he too beheld, with people sitting round
Long rows of white-clothed tables, and waiting-men he found,

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All bobbing up and down, in liveries dressed precise,
And trying in their movements to be o'er polite and nice.
Fair maidens—and their mothers, too—with shoulders white and bare
(Or covered by some flimsy stuff, which hid no beauties there),
Were sitting at the tables, drinking glasses of red wine,
Or quaffed some sparkling sort of drink, which seemed as strong as fine—
At least, it had a strange effect; for words began to flow
'Twixt mother-in-law (that was to be) and most devoted beau;
The maiden's eye grew brighter, and her cheek grew flushed and red,
As, from her giddy motions, one would think it reached her head;
And as the lover poured the wine into the daughter's glass,
Sweet looks and loving words began between the two to pass:
And women flirted 'cross the room, whose husbands did not see
The silent signals they exchanged, in wanton coquetry,
With some one sitting opposite, who would a stranger seem—
Who just dropped in to have a cup of chocolate, or some cream.
And some were mingling in the crowd, who bore the look of shame—
Yet shielded from the world's reproach by fashionable name;
But, as he watched, the City clock tolled out an early hour,
As one by one the stars went in, and moonlight lost its power;
And, not till then, the merry crowd came bustling from within,
And rolled away in carriages, ere daylight should begin.
He left the square, as lights went out, not caring to remain,
And sighed a heavy phantom sigh, then started off again.

He sped, next, to the Bowery (which still retained its name,
With spelling slightly altered), though the place was not the same:
Quick-driven carts came rushing by, and as the light increased,
Came many working-people from their sleeping-homes released,
And men and boys, with hasty tread, were wending their way down
Towards their varied work-shops, in the business parts of town.
'Twas in that famous "Bouwery"—not then a built-up street,
A noted one-legg'd Governor once found a safe retreat,
When wearied with his office cares; or, with a chosen few,
To wander, in his quiet way, its shady pathways through.
Here once he planted for himself a famous-bearing tree,
Away from out the City's line, from boys and poachers free.
The length and breadth of highway through, our anxious little man
Looked for the place where it should be, as every street he'd scan.
"These Vandal scamps, in their hot haste," he said, unto himself,
"To build their stores and drinking-shops, to hoard their Yankee pelf,
Have e'en cut down this famous tree, which, till it fell, should stand,
As proudly cherished as of old, since planted by his hand!"
At last, he found it; and, for once, he had no cause to weep;
He knelt and bowed with rev'rence, with affection, pure and deep.
"They are not quite so bad, I see," he murmured, with a smile—
"They have not torn up *every thing*, in their accustomed style;
They've turned the Bouwery from its course, but here this trunk I see,
Protected by an iron fence, and kept as it should be;
'Tis scant of leaf, and old dead limbs betray the scars of age—
Yet 'tis a punctuation-mark, still left on History's page!"

The sun came up; it was high-noon before he left the scene,
Where once so many precious things, in olden-time, had been.
Throughout the altered neighborhood, the only thing he found
Was Stuyvesant's old tombstone, set in consecrated ground,
With nodding weeping-willows, drooping o'er his grave the while,
Where old St. Mark's still reared its spire—an ancient, honored pile.
Old Diedrich hurried quickly from the spot where this was seen,
For there, in years long passed away, they laid *him* 'neath the green,
According to his last request, that his remains be laid
Near where his loved Governor's were hid beneath the shade.
The "Bouwery," where streets once bore the names of mighty men,
Who flourished in the City, and were justly honored, then;
And where old Peter's house was seen, with little porch and stoop,
Till burned in '77, by the vengeful British troop,

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He found a street, with pave and grade, where once were oak and pines,
And "Judith Street" and "Margaret" ran at uneven lines.

With furtive glance at old St. Mark's, he left the town behind,'
Where scenes were changed so rapidly, it almost turned his mind:
Where once the fields and barren rocks were homely in the sight,
And people would not travel in the lonely hours of night,
Were graveled paths; and roads, so smooth, they almost seemed to be
Picked over by the hands of men, from every pebble free;
With hills and dells, and ponds, o'er which the architect had thrown
Great massive bridges, carved and cut from marble or gray stone.
Far as his wandering eye could reach, the view was still the same—
A marvel of good order, that from out the wild-wood came.
Long lines of handsome carriages were going in and out,
While riders dashed along the pave of every bridle-route;
Barouches—phaetons—"Clarences"—and something called a "drag"—
A very proper English name, as o'er the roads they lag—
With spotted dogs, that ran along between the two fore-wheels,
Their noses almost touching the prancing horses' heels;
The wealth and fashion of the time, with folks of highest mark,
Were vying with each other, as they rode through Central Park.
"Indeed," he said, but not displeased, "they have done some *few* things,
From which an added lustre to the City's glory springs;
And here, where all the people find, it seems, a great resort
For fashionable flirting, idle-talk, and other sport,
I find these works of grandeur, which in Dutch times could not be—
To make, from common pasture-grounds, the noble Park I see."

He stretched himself upon the grass, unseen by men in gray,
Who paced, with quickened step and eye, along the crowded way,
Or calling to some fast young man, who drove with loosened rein,
To stop his team—which then he did—and trotted off again:
Then past him rode the ladies fair, and men of some renown,
Who mingled with the good (or bad) within the distant town;
Then came a pair of lovers, in their Sunday hats and dress,
Who slyly 'neath the lap-robe a willing hand would press;
And next, some bachelor, alone, drawn up so straight and prim,
As though the crowd of ladies were all looking right at him.
Behind him rode a millionaire—controlling four-in-hand—
High-perched upon a vehicle built in a foreign land,
The seats all filled with ladies, dressed almost in regal state,
With heads held very high in air, and trying to look great:
'Twas said, the man who drove the span, whose footmen rode behind,
Who spent his thousands every year in fancies of all kind,
Was once a jolly country-lad, and made his living, too,
By driving droves of pigs, or sheep, the country markets through.
Bold speculation (and good luck) had raised him o'er the mass,
Who gave him room along the road with his turn-out to pass.
Yet, while he rides, so brilliantly, and fashionably lives,
With open hand, in charity, he many hundreds gives—
While in such giddy whirl and show he scatters golden meed,
He's seldom found unmindful of the poor, who stand in need.
Behind him rolled a sober coach, with comfort, and no show,
Which, through the smaller roadways, is driven sure and slow;
The coachman wore but sober black—no gaudy arms or crest
Emblazoned on its panels—neater so than all the rest—
The occupants their riches won in honest trade, and such
Bore on their rounded features some traces of the Dutch.

Old Diedrich would have tarried here, but, far-off he saw the gleam
Of where the ancient Harlem ran, a swift and noted stream.
Its sloping banks looked quite the same, all crowned in shaded wood,
Except where in some clearing a pretty cottage stood;
And men in row-boats fished, as oft they did when he was young,
And carried home to Bloomingdale their fish, on saplings strung.

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But, o'er the river stretched a frame, of wood and iron made,
Built out on piers of stone and brick, and over arches laid;
And as he stood, and wondered what this mighty thing could be,
The wings on either side were sprung, as he could plainly see,
A sloop passed through—the bridge swung round, and Knickerbocker saw
A train of cars come thundering safe across the fragile draw!
Still farther up, a steamboat puffed her noisy way along,
O'er channel-ways where rocks were hid beneath the current strong;
The decks were filled with passengers, all singing gayly too,
As up the Harlem River they were vanishing from view.
Above it towered a massive bridge, of such a wondrous height,
The combing-pieces on the sides were almost out of sight,
And men and women on the top were merely specks, so dim,
Like funny little puppets, looking down and mocking him.
The puffing little steamer, too, passed 'neath the arches wide,
As Diedrich shuddered, lest the boat should strike the stony side—
Yet more amazed, when safely steered and landed at the dock,
Just where the blue waves foamed and broke around the jagged rock.

At mighty works of art and skill, which modern hands had raised,
Our old-time Knickerbocker was most properly amazed;
But, as he stood, in listless mood, and rather ill at ease,
The sunlight slowly faded; birds were nestling in the trees;
The golden beams of sunset crowded out the brilliant blue,
And all the circling eddies took a darker greenish hue.
Beyond, up in the western sky, our phantom friend beheld
A distant cloud, borne towards him, which lingering thoughts expelled.
Old Diedrich smiled; the cloud sank down about his ancient form,
As fogs are sometimes seen to do, at sea-sides, in a storm.
"My time is almost spent," said he, "and yet, I am not through,
And fain would take, before I go, a hasty birds-eye view
Of several places once I loved, not very far from here,
Where Dutchmen spent their holidays, and met to drink their beer."

His means of travel being fast, to Spuyten Duyvil Creek
This little phantom visitor his wandering way would seek,
To see so many changes he ne'er dreamt of, years before—
A railroad-station; cottages, with gardens round the door.
The Hudson, too, was modernized—and vessels drifted past,
Their sails all spread to catch the breeze, as long as it should last;
Deep-laden sloops, filled up with brick, or stone, or market goods,
Were winding round the channel-ways, beneath the grim old woods;
Propellers, towing barges, sped, slow-moving, in the shades
Cast o'er the river's bosom, by the towering Palisades.
Away he flew, borne on the breeze, and ran a jolly race,
Against the "Lightning Express Train," to its next stopping-place.
He gained a mile, could then afford his rapid pace to slack,
Since heavy, frowning mountains ranged in line across the track—
He chuckled, in his glee, to think he could much faster go,
Than something modern he had met, since old times were so slow.
The train, however, did not stop—it did not e'en go round,
But shot beneath the mountain, through tunnels under ground.
Around the curves, and over ponds, it swept, while on its route,
The thriving towns and cities seemed like magic to spring out.
A clap of thunder echoed loud, and ran from peak to peak,
As adverse winds and rain-drops made his progress slow and weak;
The train kept on, unmindful of the storm that stopped him quite,
And gained upon his cloud so fast it soon ran out of sight.
Next, he saw splendid steamboats, running almost side by side,
As, sweeping round the river bends, they stemmed the ebbing tide;
And, through their open windows, he saw grandly-lit saloons,
With men and women dancing to some very lively tunes;
While red-faced men, seen through the ports, were throwing fuel in
The open, red-hot furnaces, with sooty smile and grin.

The steamers passed him quickly, as he then retraced his way
To where, among the Highland hills, old Tarrytown should lay,

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Where honest Hendrick Hudson, once, discovery thought to end,
Not thinking that the river could run up beyond the bend.
'Twas slightly altered; towns had grown; but here our old man found
Most all the things he loved so well, in this familiar ground:
The silvery Pocantico brook still wound its idle way,
Where branches met and shade was found, at all hours of the day.
He sought the church, and found it, too; this storied place was still
The same old Sleepy Hollow; the dam, the bridge, the mill,
Were standing yet, though old and worn, and scarcely in repair—
As though the march of modern times had made no inroads there.
'Twas much the same; and though the storm, with lightning flash, broke o'er,
There seemed a solemn stillness, as in happy times before,
When lazy men, and maidens coy, and some Dutch truant boys,
Had sought a refuge from the world, in Sleepy Hollow's joys;
And here, as o'er the river spread the blackness of the storm,
The clouds enveloped closer our old Knickerbocker's form—
The ancient phantom seemed to fade, and slowly sink from view,
As, in the Christmas pantomimes, the brightest fairies do.

When he was gone, the clouds dispersed, the thunders died away,
And gleams of coming moonlight on the mountains seemed to play;
The brook, whose gurgling waters lately ran with so much speed,
Ran slower towards its outlet, as if it had no need
For headlong haste—and as it paused, old Sleepy Hollow wore
The same sweet, dreamy silence that it had an hour before;
The ancient trees their branches shook, and let the rain-drops fall
Upon the thirsty ground beneath, which gladly drank them all.

Within the little church-yard the shadows gathered slow,
And all the many grave-stones were whitened as with snow;
A startled robin, chirping, flew to seek its wonted nest,
Among the rose-trees clustered o'er some loved one gone to rest;
And as it flew, and glistening drops fell from its quivering wing,
From all their hiding-places airy figures seemed to spring;
Sweet lips some solemn chant expressed, then slowly died away,
As visions of old Diedrich's form seemed o'er the spot to stay.
The moon came from beneath the cloud, and all its bright rays shone
Upon the plain inscription, on an unpretending stone,
That marked the resting-place of one, whose witchery of thought,
Had, with a master's hand and skill, so many legends wrought—
Who gave to Sleepy Hollow's dells a great and storied name,
And gave to Hudson's mountain-banks a wide and lasting fame;
Who, while his path, in foreign lands, was thick with honors strewn,
And many friends around him grew, thought proudly of his own;
And when, at last, the Good One called the wanderer home to rest,
Was laid, by many mourners, 'mid the scenes he loved the best:—
From this old spot, so quaintly known, old Diedrich took his flight—
The cloud-speck rose among the trees, and melted from the sight,
Where, in this humble church-yard, the ancient branches wave,
And spread their falling shadows over Irving's honored grave.

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THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS.

CHAPTER VII.

CONTAINING WHAT WILL BE FOUND IN IT.

YES, Venable was remarkably successful for so young a beginner. Uncle Frank was delighted. He was a boy after his own heart. But his father rather shook his head. He was glad to see his son bold, active, fearless, energetic; but he feared he might acquire too great a passion for hunting, to the neglect of other and more important things. So, with the full consent of his mother—the empress of the household—his father issued his decree. Save in rare cases, from Monday morning to Friday night was to be given to labor and study; Saturday only was to be devoted to hunting.

As a great deal had yet to be done, study for the present was confined to one good lesson well learned and recited to Mrs. McRobert before breakfast. All day was then given to work. After an early supper Venable read aloud, or instructed his younger brother. It is astonishing how fast the boys came on in their studies, for of all teachers in the world a child's own parents are the best—when they are at all qualified to be parents.

By the end of July the garden was overflowing with the reward of all the toil. The boys had learned the art of raising water-melons by planting the seed in soil which had been dug up to the depth of near three feet. This permitted the roots to draw moisture up from far below, even when the earth was all dry and burned on the surface. Subsoiling this is called, and it is the secret of raising a good crop of any thing, and especially in a country subject to such droughts as Texas. In Virginia the boys had never entered the garden save to eat its fruits; but now almost all in it was the result of their own toil, and they enjoyed it ten times as much. And so with all the family—there was a larger, deeper sense of enjoyment than they had ever known before. They had now an object, an interest in life—a vigor and a pleasure unknown before.

Almost ever since reaching Texas Venable had paid special attention to writing, with the almost exclusive purpose of being able to write back to his favorite cousin, Charley—a son of his Uncle George. Thus he wrote, about the end of August:

"My Dear Cousin,—I was glad to get your letter. I am sorry to know that things are so dull with you back there in dear 'Ole Virginny,' as Rohamma calls it. Don't get out of bed till the breakfast bell? Why, we are up and busy by five o'clock every morning. It is the best part of the day—it is so cool and fresh and clear. 'I don't think the world could have looked more beautiful in Eden to Adam and Eve than it does now,' I heard ma say to pa yesterday before breakfast. You don't know how fresh and young ma and pa are both getting to be. You know pa used to be almost all day in the house at home, reading papers and things, complaining of being a little sick; and ma about the same. Now it is very little of the time pa is in out of the open air, and they have not either of them been sick at all. We are all glad we came to Texas—glad—glad. We do not have so many fine things and nice things indoors; but we look more out of doors for our happiness now, and out of doors it is grand, I tell you! The pure air, the splendid scenery, the spring, the river, the prairie, to say nothing of our stock and our corn! What we have inside our houses, you know, is man's work; it is God's work that lies outside, and there is so much more of it, and I like it best.

"But I want to tell you about my learning how to swim. I have told you before all about our magnificent spring. It is a stream gushing up from under the mountain, near seventy feet broad and twenty feet deep in places—all in solid white rock. If you stand on the edge you can see any quantity of fishes swimming about—the little ones near the top, the larger ones, as long as your arm, at the bottom. And then the water is so deliciously cold these hot days to bathe in. We have got the very place to bathe in too—down the spring from the house, out of sight, behind a heap of rock and a willow grove. It is solid rock; but it shelves in so gradually! You remember how afraid I always was of the water. Uncle Frank laughed at me so much about it that I waded far out, but I *couldn't* swim. I tried my best over and over again, but it was no use. One day Uncle Frank said it was all nonsense; so he took me before I could help myself twenty feet from shore out into ten feet water. 'Now,' he said, 'wait till you get your breath. Be quiet—don't be flurried. I'm going to let you go here—you must swim to shore.' 'But I don't know how to swim,' I said, and I almost cried, and begged and held on like an eel. He held me till I had got quiet again; then, sure enough, he suddenly left me to myself out there in ten feet water. Would you believe it, Charley, I actually swam ashore. I *had* to do it, you know, or go to the bottom! You can't tell how glad I was to find I really could swim. Since then I have been practicing every morning—am not at all afraid. Will has not learned yet; but I guess he soon will if Uncle Frank can only catch him. Duke can swim—and if it is nature to him to do so, I don't see why it should not be nature to us too, if only one would not be so frightened at first.

"I wish you were here. Every morning now I am out at the bathing-place as the sun rises. There is a flat, clean edge of rock just over a place twenty feet deep. When I have got off my clothes there I whistle Duke to me, then plunge off head-foremost as deep as I can drive myself down, down into the pure, clear water—Duke head-foremost, too, after me. Such a kicking and splashing, and laughing and shouting—it is the best fun in the world! Pa lets me stay in only ten minutes; it is too exhilarating—it weakens one when one stays in longer than that. I come out all aglow—so happy and so hungry! and so stout and strong after breakfast!

"But I am making my letter too long, especially as I write so often. Pa says this is the best way to write compositions—writing a real letter to some one. But I hear Uncle Frank in the yard. To-day is Saturday—my hunting day—and I must close. Love to all, from your affectionate cousin, Venable."

And it was well that Uncle Frank did come just then. Bessie was stooping over the ground playing with something when he entered the yard. As soon as she saw him:

"Oh, uncle, uncle!" she said, "do come here, hereth thutch a long caterpillar. I've been turning it over and over with a little thtick, it's got forty eleven legs—do come!"

Her uncle approached, gave one glance over her shoulder, and the next instant had snatched her almost across the yard. It was a centipede near ten inches long. It *did* look like a huge caterpillar, only flatter, and its body

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made up of shells, like a string of chestnuts touching each other, yellow and hard. There were two long feelers extending from beside its jaws, and no less than fifty legs on each side, long and hard, with cruel hooks on them.

"It's a mercy I came," said the Texan, holding down the squirming thing to the ground under the end of his rifle, as the mother ran out and took the terrified child from the ground. "Bessie was playing with it with a stick not three inches long; if it had seized on her hand I don't see how we could have saved her. The miserable thing not only seizes on with its jaws, but it buries all of its hundred claws in the flesh too—never lets go, and sends venom in through each claw. It would have to have been cut off with a knife, and each separate claw actually dug out."

"Hold on, uncle!" cried Will; "don't crush it. I'll have a bottle in a moment!"

And in a few minutes he had run into the house and returned with a wide-mouthed soda glass jar six inches high. By a little management the reptile was driven in and tightly corked up, after the jar had been filled with whisky.

"Died drunk!" said Uncle Frank, as the centipede ceased to writhe in the jar. "And see what a purple it has turned! But what's your idea, Will?"

"Oh, I'm making a museum," answered Will. "Don't you remember that nice gentleman—a Swiss pa called him—who staid with us the other night. He had a long green tin case slung on his back, and such a queer knapsack. Studer, that was his name. He is collecting all sorts of bugs, and flowers, and things. I promised to save every thing of the sort for him till he came back. Come and see what I've got, uncle!"

Accordingly Will had him into his room. Along the wall he had got Venable to make him a neat shelf, and on it were a row of bottles given him by the Swiss naturalist. In one were half a dozen lizards of all sorts, with tails four inches long—lizards blue, green, yellow, striped, spotted.

"Hard work I had to catch these swift-jacks," said Will, "they run so fast. They flash through the grass like lightning in a cloud. I've only caught these, and you know there's a dozen other kinds."

"Where did you get this?" asked his uncle, taking up another jar containing a singular reptile. It was a sort of worm near an inch in diameter, of a dun color, with jaws and short legs, loathsome to look on beyond expression, about three inches long, something of a leech, centipede, caterpillar, and snake all in one.

"I found that by the corn crib," said Will. "But what is it, uncle?"

"I don't know," replied the Texan. "I asked Studer, and *he* don't know; he says that it is altogether new to science. Nobody knows whether it can bite or not, but I declare I'd rather risk a centipede. This is the second I ever saw. Suppose we name it after you the *Lacerta Gulielmi*—in English, Will's Grub. But how did you catch this tarantula without crushing it?"

"It was so strange, uncle, I must tell you about it. One day," continued Will, "I was going out to the prairie to drive up the cows. As I was walking along the path I saw this fellow taking his walk. See, his body is as big as a partridge-egg, all covered with black hair—just look at his horrid red jaws; and his legs so stout and so hairy he could hardly lie under a big saucer. He looks the king of all the spiders—and I expect he is—their great-grandfather at least. When he saw me, do you think, he didn't actually stop and then come jumping at me, his mouth wide open! How he jumped! I didn't have any stick, and I was afraid of him, I tell you. Just then I noticed a wasp flying round and round him. The tarantula began to run for his hole when the wasp struck him—bang! Oh, how mad he was! He reared himself up on his hind-legs, threw his fore-legs in the air and clashed them together, working his ugly red jaws all the time. But the wasp only flew round and round until he saw his chance, then popped him again on the back, knocking him clean over. I stood there and watched the fight I don't know how long. At last the tarantula tumbled over, and the wasp flew round till he was satisfied he was dead, then flew straight off about his business. I gave a hurrah for Captain Wasp, ran home, got my jar, and soon had Colonel Tarantula corked up. Did you ever know any body to be killed by a bite of one of them, uncle?" asked Will in conclusion.

"I've known many persons to be bitten by tarantulas and centipedes, but they were always doctored in time," replied his uncle. "A centipede crawled once over Francisco's leg when he was lying fast asleep—the print of the claws are there still and often pain him, although he knew nothing about it till he woke.

"Once," continued the Texan, turning to the others who had now come into the room, "I was out on the prairies on a surveying party, and lay down one night in my clothes, tired to death. In the night I felt something crawling up my leg under my pants. I knew it was a centipede, and I made a desperate grab and caught it off my flesh, and held it till the boys could cut my clothes off me around my hand with their knives. Another time I was getting up in the morning after sleeping sound all night, when I found a big black tarantula right by where my neck had been."

"Will had a little adventure of the kind the other day," said his mother. "He had washed his face in the basin, and, with his eyes shut to keep out the soap, he applied the towel to his face, then dropped it with a scream, for a scorpion had fastened on his nose. It was on the towel, but he did not see it. I was dreadfully alarmed at first, but applied ammonia to it, and it was well before night."

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"Oh, it didn't hurt more than a wasp sting," said Will; "not half as bad as a hornet."

"But it's the ants that are the worst," said his father; "there is a large bed of the red ants by the garden gate. I have been fighting them, as the boys call it, for weeks. First I poured down boiling water every day or two, then I blew it up by pouring powder down into the hole as far as it would run, then I tried some potassium Mr. Studer gave me. I would place the lumps in the mouth of the hole, moistened with water, and every ant that walked over it dropped down dead, killed by the fumes. But they are there still: I do not see that I have diminished them in the least."

"And I've a nest in my yard," said his brother, "that I've fought for years. I've tried all the things you speak of; and I once mixed a quantity of turpentine and castor-oil, poured that down and set it on fire: it was burning for an hour as far as it had run. Next, I tried to blow sulphur-smoke down. By-the-by, I knew a man who was himself killed by the fumes in trying that. Then I would sink a big jar in the path to and from the hole, the edge of the mouth on a level with the earth. Quarts on quarts I caught that way, but it didn't even thin them that I could see. Old Texans say the only way to break up a nest is to dig it entirely out. But then, they say, that the ants always carry their holes down till they come to water. I knew a gentleman who dug his well through an ant-nest on this account—seventy feet down he traced the hole, and didn't come to water at last. Then, again, I knew another man who had an ant-bed in the centre of his yard. He dug down six feet and came to the central nest. There were the queen ants—the grandmothers of millions — near as big as a wasp, and any quantity of eggs—a barrelful: he dug it, and left a spring of abundant water instead. He told me that all the rest of the ants turned claws up, dead—all over the yard for an acre around—of broken hearts when the citadel had been stormed, and their revered parents killed."

"It is the brown ant, the cutting ant, that does the mischief," said Mrs. McRobert. "They stripped our largest China-tree in one night of all its leaves; some were busy cutting, while others below were carrying away the leaves as they fell. If any of us prove to be sluggards here, it certainly will not be for want of going to the ant and considering her ways."

"And not one single insect or reptile but has its own particular end to accomplish in the world," said her husband.

"But what possible good do mosquitoes and horse-flies do?" asked his brother.

"There is no telling," was the reply; "the millions of insect life may consume things in earth and atmosphere which are in some way necessary, yet which would make the globe uninhabitable if not kept in bounds. As to the horse-flies, you well know that they actually drive the cattle up home—herd them from the prairies for their owners in summer—doing the work of thousands of herdsmen: change the name, call them winged herdsmen, and you will think more of these native-born Texans. As to mosquitoes, they hover over damp places, and many an ague and yellow-fever do they actually eat up in the bud, if we only knew it. I can't tell what each separate star is made for, or what each idiot is permitted for; but I do know that all things are created and ordered by One infinitely wise and good."

"Don't you remember, pa," interrupted Venable, "the lines you made me get by heart:

"'That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;
'That not a worm is chosen in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.'"

"Yes," said his father, with some emotion. "It is my religion that nothing whatever but is made by our Father in heaven for some special, wise, good end. In same way that no event, great or small, but is permitted by the same Father in wisdom and love. I delight in such a God. I love to see Him every day, in every thing. It gives a meaning and a dignity and a glory to our daily life. Only feel this—a sense of our Father—our Father always on his throne—our Father superintending every thing and every event during each successive instant, and having him for our dearest, nearest friend, how it elevates and strengthens one all the time—as much, more in fact, in adversity than in prosperity. To know, love, fear, serve, rejoice in such a friend all the time is the sum and substance of my religion!"

All this time Uncle Frank seemed to be busy examining a horned frog which Will had bottled up among his curiosities. He said nothing, but it was evident that his brother's words had made a deep impression on him.

"However," said Mrs. McRobert, after a pause, "if you are going up in the cedar brake it is time to be off—it is nearly eight o'clock."

For some time past Mr. McRobert had been cutting rails and constructing a raft with them up the river for the purpose of floating them down to the mouth of the San Hieronymo. There Hark was to be ready, with boat and ropes, to secure the raft to the bank, to be drawn up the spring branch and hauled to the prairie they were in course of fencing. Hark had already been dispatched to the spot to make ready, and the two gentlemen, accompanied by Venable and Will, started for the brake. As it was his hunting day, Venable and his uncle both took their rifles. On arriving at the spot, some two miles up the river, they found the raft still swinging against the bank, held by its ropes.

"I see some of our cows have been about here," said Venable, pointing to tracks in the soft edge of the river beside the raft.

It would have been well had all looked closer

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at the tracks, as well as at the ropes which held the raft.

"Friends and fellow-citizens!" said Uncle Frank, who was standing on a stump, "I've a proposition to make before we start the raft. It's very early. Hark had to bail out his boat and get his ropes ready for us below. They're out of venison at my ranch and at the house too. Suppose we step up a mile or two to Plum Spring and kill a deer. I can feel in this trigger-finger that one is on his way there this moment for a drink. We can soon have it here, throw it upon the raft, and then float away for home."

Exacting a promise from his brother and son that they would return within two hours at the farthest, Mr. Morton McRobert yielded his consent, remaining behind with Will. After they had been gone a few moments Mr. McRobert gave his son a charge on no account to leave the spot, and strolled off up the river to dig up a rare specimen of cactus which he had promised to transplant into his front-yard for his wife.

As he left Will drew his fishing-line from his pocket, tied the end to a convenient stick, baited his hook with a grub, and began to fish in a deep pool beside the raft. It was a lovely morning, the water reflecting the calm blue sky above. In the distance could be heard the singular cry of the great gray owl of Texas, while the tree lizards were still keeping up their morning concert. Nothing could be more still and peaceful. Already Will had caught several fine trout, and was glancing about for his father, to whom he was anxious to display them, when he heard a noise behind him. Looking back, he saw that it was only a cow—somewhat smaller, of a dun color unusual to him—and was about resuming his sport when he saw that the cow, on catching sight of him, had stopped and was angrily shaking her head. Then it suddenly occurred to the boy that it might be one of the wild cows of whom he had heard Francisco often speak. These are cattle that have for many years run wild, or are descended from domestic cattle, but have themselves never been tamed. They are regarded as among the most dangerous of all wild animals with which the woods of Texas abound. Even the most fearless hunter dreads to meet them upon an open prairie; for, especially when wounded, they are savagely furious. Now it so happened that the ropes with which the raft was secured to the bank had been kept in an old brine barrel in the smoke-house, and were saturated with salt. For several days the animal had visited the spot, and had chewed at the ropes until they were almost in two in several places. She was now returning to the spot when she caught sight of the boy.

In an instant Snap, Will's terrier, had dashed at her. Had it not been for this she might have turned and gone her way. As it was, provoked by the assault, she rushed right at the boy over the body of his dog. There was only one chance for Will, and that was the raft. With a loud cry for his father the boy sprang with all his might from the log, on which he was standing, upon the floating raft. The current already bore strongly against it; in a short time it would have broken loose of itself. The jar of the boy's feet was just the last grain needed to break the camel's back; and, as he struck upon the raft, the last tie that held it to the bank parted, and it began to float slowly away.

The wild cow, too, reaching the raft almost at the same instant, placed her fore-hoofs on the edge, though somewhat doubtfully, to follow. This gave additional impulse to the raft, and it was soon ten feet from the shore.

Even yet Will could have escaped by clinging to the overhanging willows. But he was too much terrified by the attack even to notice for some time that the raft was moving away. He was not so terrified, however, but that he made the shore ring with cries for his father. As to his father, he had been attracted from one flowering cactus to another till he had gotten some distance up the river. Then he observed an enormous ammonite — a fossil sea-shell—projecting from a high bank still further up. Laying down his cactus roots, he had broken off a pole, and had climbed the hill. He has inserted the end of the pole beside the petrified shell, and it is just rolling down the bank, when he hears the voice of his son again and again. Dropping every thing, he hastens down the bank and along the shore. But it is slow work at best—logs and boulders and tangled vines intercept him. His hat is knocked off. Once or twice he falls even in his haste. It seems to him as if he would never reach the spot—blaming himself as he goes for leaving it even for a moment. He nears it at last, bareheaded, anxious, exhausted. With an eager bound he leaps over a rock that hides the place from view. One glance shows him that the raft is gone, and the next the infuriated cow rushes upon him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RAFT.

SWIFTER, and still more swiftly, floated the raft down the river. Several times it struck against projecting points of shore, where Will could have leaped ashore; but he was too much alarmed to move from the spot on which he lay, poor little fellow! afraid to stand, and holding on to a cross-piece with all his might.

On and on he swept. Now he would cry for his father, and then he tried to steady himself on his knees and pray to God to help him. One thing encouraged him: he remembered that Hark was in the boat at the mouth of the San Hieronymo waiting to catch the raft. But he now began to observe, to his dismay, that as it floated down stream it was drifting toward

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the other side, the western side, of the river. As the globe revolves on its axis, spinning so swiftly toward the east, all things on its surface have a tendency to be left behind by the motion, throwing themselves toward the west. This is the reason that the western bank of rivers are more worn by the water than the eastern, and why drift-wood is thrown rather to that side than the other. It was at the very creation of the globe that God gave it this motion on its axis. This motion is part of a great arrangement of the Almighty, by which the globe is related to, and moves in perfect harmony with, the moon and sun, and all the planets, and all the myriads of stars. Now Will was only a little boy. He was but as a grain of sand on the sea-shore compared to the great globe he was on, to say nothing of how small and insignificant he seemed in comparison to all the universe lying around the globe. Yet there was a Providence of God in regard to even little Will in this grand motion of the globe on its axis. We will see how.

By this time the raft was nearing his uncle's ranch. Will knew that Francisco was somewhere there, and he began to shout for him as loud as he could. Francisco *was* there mending his saddle. He heard the cries, and ran down to the bank as fast as he could. But just before he got there the raft had swept around a bend below, and was out of sight. Francisco remained for half an hour on the shore, gazing in every direction and shouting, and he began at last to think it must have been something supernatural that he had heard; so he only crossed himself and went back to the mending of his saddle. He could not have saved Will if he had seen him pass. Why, we will see after a while.

As soon as the boy had passed his uncle's landing he began to shout for Hark. By this time he was almost on the opposite side of the river. Hark was sitting in the boat, the oars in his hands, waiting for the raft. At his feet was a large tin bucket, in which was his dinner; but he was fast asleep. The boat was not tied, but the end of it was high enough up on the sandy bank to keep it from floating away. Negroes can not sit still any where for half an hour of a summer's day without going fast asleep; and though Hark was as fine a black man as you would wish to see, he was not superior to his nature.

Will was almost on him with his raft before he heard his cries. Then he started up and began to back the boat out in a desperate hurry; but before he could do this and get turned fairly around the raft was far down stream on the other side. There was a Providence in this too. Negroes, however smart on land, are perfect fools on water, unless they have been very much used to it; especially when in the least danger, they lose all their presence of mind. Even one who can swim is ten times more apt to drown than a white man. I am sure he would have drowned both Will and himself if he had waked before the raft had passed him; perhaps that was the reason he was permitted to be asleep.

Poor Will! he now sank on the frail structure that bore him, exhausted with terror. There was no hope now. He began to have strange fancies that he was on the back of a great bird that was flying away with him. Then he thought the wild cow had got on the raft, and was trying to get at him. Once a garfish several feet long actually jumped through the raft beside where he lay, flapped about on him, and then slipped off again.

By this time he began to hear the roar of the rapids below him, but in his fainting condition he imagined it was Hark and Rohamma grinding hominy on the steel mill. As he neared the rapids the frail structure began to give way; it was not meant to endure such a strain. As the raft neared the middle of the boiling waters it parted in two. One glance at the blue sky, one swift thought of little Bessie and his mother, and, with a half prayer on his lips, he sank beneath the turbulent waters.

Do you think it was without the ordering of a Heavenly Father that in all that dense forest there was only one human being, and that he happened to be, not miles and miles away as usual, but upon the west bank of the stream? And he could not have told for his life why he was there, for he was there sitting on a log doing nothing. For several minutes he saw the raft before it came to him, and the boy on it too. In an instant he had waded out into the rapids. Just as the raft reached him Will sank through it into the water, and the same instant the stranger dived so as to let the raft pass over his head. When he emerged, dripping, the scattered rails were all shattered and strewn over almost the whole surface of the river below, tossed and torn apart like straws by the rapids.

But that was a trifle. They had first borne the boy safely to him, and he now slowly struggled ashore bearing the child upon his bosom. Himself all ragged and emaciated, his overgrown hair mingling with his unshorn beard, no mother could have laid a child down more tenderly than he. For several minutes he rubbed and chafed the cold body with painful anxiety and murmured prayers. At last there were signs of returning life, and the large tears actually rolled down upon the wet mass of beard as he exclaimed to himself, "Thank God, thank God!" as if from his very soul. And when the boy opened his eyes and drew a deep breath, his companion sat on the grass beside him weeping aloud, overcome either by weakness or emotion, or both combined.

From this, however, he was speedily aroused by the sound of oars, and there came Hark down the river rowing with all his might, his back to the rapids, intent only on pursuing the raft with its precious burden; for Hark would a great deal rather have lost his own black Scip any day than his young "Mass Will." It may be a shame to him as a father to say it, but it is a

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fact; in this, too, he ought to have risen superior to his nature, but he couldn't; at least, didn't.

"Back water! back water!" shouted the stranger to him, loud and earnest.

Hark instinctively obeyed. And it was well he did, for it was all he could do to stop his boat before it had got caught in the rapids. In a few moments the stranger had borne Will in his arms and laid him in the bottom of the boat, while Hark looked on with astonishment and delight, his hands trembling with excitement.

"Lor, massa," he exclaimed, "whar did you come from? how did you catch him? Whar de raft?"

"You never mind," said the stranger, interrupting the volley of questions, and placing Hark's coat tenderly beneath the head of the boy as he lay. "You mind what you are about; row back carefully, take him to his mother, and tell her to give him something hot to drink; quick too. What's in this?" he continued, as he saw Hark's bucket in the boat, which had been covered by his coat.

"That's my dinner, massa."

"I wish you would give me some of it," said the man, in a quick, nervous manner, with a lighting up of his haggard face.

"Give you some of it!" said the negro, seizing upon the bucket and pressing it with both hands upon the stranger, "Lor bless you, massa, you's welcome to it, and the bucket too! You might eat me too, if you want to! You welcome! welcome! mighty welcome!"

Without a word the stranger seized upon the bucket, and was up the bank and out of sight in an instant.

"Oh, you *is* a fool!" said Hark, as he rowed up stream. "Why didn't you ask him to ride up in de boat to dinner at de house? Guess Miss 'Manda glad to see him. Looked as if hadn't had any thing to eat for a year. Too-whoo, too-whoo, too-whoo, cooks-for-you-all!—hears de owl hollo dat ebry night, too. But you shut up, nigger. Row! dat's what you do, row!"

And he did row with a vigor that soon brought the head of *Dolores* to the landing-place at the mouth of the spring, and rowing up the spring the negro soon reached the flat rock near the house.

To fasten the boat, to take the exhausted boy in his arms and bear him into the house, was the work of a few moments. Mrs. McRobert, Rohamma, and Bessie stood breathless while he told the tale—and over and over again. It was terror and joy combined that paled the cheek of the mother as she laid Will on the bed and began to remove his wet clothing, while Rohamma hurried out to prepare something hot for him.

"Colorado water, eh?" said she to Hark. "You so fond ob Colorado water; I hope you got enuff ob it now. Floatin' down de ribber on a raft! nebber heerd of such a ting as dat in Virginny; dat's *Texas!* Country nebber made to lib in; made for Mexicans, centumpedes, qurantulas, and frogs with horns—not for white folks. You Scip, you'd better bring dose chips, or I'll *Texas* you!"

But let us return up the river, down which we have drifted so unexpectedly. We left Mr. McRobert just as the infuriated wild cow rushed upon him. So sudden was the attack that he had barely time to leap to one side to escape it. Knowing the ferocious nature of the creature he had to deal with, having no gun with which to defend himself, all, however, was nothing to him in comparison to his desire to follow the departed raft and rescue his boy.

Before the animal could turn again upon him he had seized the readiest mode of escape from the spot by plunging into the river as he was. A few moments' swimming placed him far down stream. Landing again, and without waiting to dry his clothes, heavy and clinging to him with water, he ran on along the rocky shore looking eagerly for the raft at every bend.

Meanwhile the victorious cow having driven all her enemies from the field, quietly resumed her feast upon the broken ends of the salty ropes. But not long. Uncle Frank and Venable had succeeded in killing a deer at the spring in the brake. As rapidly as possible they had flayed and cut it up, and were about starting with as much of the flesh as they could carry, when Hoogenboom, the Dutch wood-cutter, happened upon them with his axe.

Wait on me while I say a word or two about him. We all know that Germany has sent an enormous emigration to America, a large part of which has come to Texas. New Braunsfeld is a town in the Valley of the Guadaloupe wholly settled by a colony from Germany—a prosperous town it is too, as German in every thing as any town in Germany. There are other like towns in Texas, besides thousands of German families scattered separately about. They have notions of their own in regard to the style of their houses, are exceedingly fond of lager beer and meerschaums, have by no means as strict religious notions in the observance of the Sabbath and like things as is common in America; they are, however, a most valuable class of population, industrious, saving, sober, honest. There are two distinct classes of these emigrants. The most numerous are poor people who have come over to better their worldly situation in life, a thing in which they eminently succeed. The other class consists of highly educated men of all the learned professions, who have left their own land in search of more liberty of thought and action than is allowed them there. Hoogenboom was one of this class. He had been a professor in some German college; was a learned and talented man. Becoming implicated in the political troubles in Germany he had fled to America a poor man. What little he had he had been in some way defrauded of after reaching America, and he had been glad to accept the offer of Mr. Frank McRobert to

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cut rails in exchange for land. Somewhat disgusted with the world, he had made himself content with his family in his mountain cabin cutting wood, killing deer, reading, smoking. Besides his children he had only one pet; this was his Mexican dog Schlick, to which he took a fancy on account of its extreme ugliness, there being not a hair upon his whole diminutive body—yellow too, as every thing Mexican always is.

This was Hoogenboom whom the hunters persuaded to assist them in carrying their deer meat to the raft. Very short in stature, very thick in circumference, a huge wool hat on his head, a pipe as large as a coffee-cup held between his lips by its six-inch stem, Schlick at his heels, a load of meat in his hands, Hoogenboom parted the brush and entered the spot in advance of his companions, who were toiling behind him more heavily laden. In a flash he was rolling—an enormous ball—on the ground, knocked over by the cow, while at the same instant Schlick flew high in the air, landing in the top of a thick cedar from the horns of the animal.

"Take to the brush quick, quick!" cried Uncle Frank, as it rushed upon them.

In an instant the hunters had dropped their meat and plunged into the thicket. Whirling upon her heels the excited animal rushed back upon the prostrate Dutchman. It seemed impossible for him to escape being gored. Too much stunned and astonished he still lay helpless on the ground without even attempting to rise. Where he had fallen happened to be the top of the bank leading down by some twenty feet to the river's edge. The cow dashing upon him, placed her long horns against his side; but according to his singular habit, Hoogenboom had on no one can tell how many thicknesses of clothing. At the same instant, too, he seized upon the horns and pressed them down to the ground, so that when the animal threw up its head to toss him in the air it only rolled him like a hogshead down the slope.

As he rolled a bullet from the rifle of the excited Venable grazed her side, and back she turned upon them—turned only to receive a bullet from the steady rifle of Uncle Frank right between the eyes, and to sink to her knees, and then at full length on the ground, dead.

"But where in the world are your father and Will?" said the Texan, as he came out of the thicket with his nephew. "And the raft is gone too!" he exclaimed, as he reached the top of the slope.

"Oh, uncle, what can have happened?" said Venable, white with anxiety. "Here are the ends of the ropes. They look as if they had been chewed in two. And here is Will's fishing-line lying on the ground. Oh, uncle, what can have happened? Where's pa and Will?"

His uncle glanced at the dead cow, and the truth dawned upon him.

"Don't be afraid," he said, concealing his fear. "They have only drifted down the river to Hark. They are safe there by now. But let's hurry—never mind the venison now. Are you hurt, Hoogenboom?"

"Not mooch," said the Dutchman, who had by this time sat up. "Dunder and Blitzen, vere's my pipe? And Schlick tight up in de tree, Himmel! Men, help get him down before you go!"

But when he had scrambled to his feet he was alone; with his dog above him, the cow beside him.

CHAPTER IX.

WINE-MAKING, PECAN GATHERING, ANTELOPES.

When Hoogenboom was assisting the hunters to carry their venison he had promised to come over to San Hieronymo in a few weeks and show them how to make "one shplendid Vine," as he called it. Wine! but where were the grapes to come from, do you ask? Nature had planted and trained and ripened them in magnificent abundance. Standing in the door of the house at San Hieronymo you could see, now that fall had come, all the woods around fairly loaded with them. The vines weighed down the dog-wood thickets with great clusters of black grapes as large as a bullet each and larger. The vines ran exulting to the very tops of the highest pecans and live-oaks, and enriched the whole tree with glorious clusters. You could have loaded a train of cars with them. The children had eaten of them until tired; and very refreshing they were on the long hot days, if you only avoided eating the thick skin and swallowed merely the pulp.

According to his promise, very early one sparkling September morning, Hoogenboom made his rotund appearance, not a bit worse than Will for his adventure with the wild cow.

"I can't tell why it is," said Uncle Frank, who was standing in the porch as the Dutchman rolled up toward them, pipe in mouth and almost extinguished under his broad wool hat, "but Hoogenboom always reminds me of Molly McGruder."

"And who was Molly McGruder?" asked Mrs. McRobert, who was standing beside him.

"Not know Molly McGruder?" replied her brother.

"Why, Amanda, who could have had charge of your early education? By-the-by, how young and blooming you look, and you are getting so rosy and plump too, and you smile oftener and laugh a good deal more, I'll be bound, than you ever did in your old Virginia!"

"Thank you! but what about Molly McGruder?"

"Oh, only this. The morning of the battle of San Jacinto Sam Houston held a council of his officers under the tree where he slept. The case of Texas had reached its crisis. A few hours would decide whether all this magnificent country was to be still a miserable province of twice miserable Mexico, or whether it was to

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be a free and independent republic; whether we were then and there to give the Mexicans a drubbing, or whether they were to beat and then butcher us, as they had done Fannin's command. It was a solemn time. Houston and all the officers around him were serious—consulting the plan of battle. Suddenly in rushed a huge Irish lady—the very double of Hoogenboom, only in petticoats—but she had boots and copperas trowsers on too. I saw them. The sentinels tried to keep her away, but they could not. No, see Houston she would, and in she rushed.

"'Which is Mr. Houston here?' she asked. You know how particularly polite he is to ladies; so he replied, with a bow, 'I am, Madam.'

"'And these here are your people, ain't they?' she asked, with a motion of her hand toward the Texan soldiers all around.

"'This is the Texan army, Madam,' he replied, with dignity.

"'It is? Well, they are your people, I'm told. Now, you are all trespassing on my land—Molly McGruder's me name—it's *me* league you are on—you are frightening me cows and trampling down me grass, and I want you to get off me land straight away. I'm a lone widdy woman—Molly McGruder's me name; but I won't have nothing of the sort—you've got no right to come here—it isn't *your* league. Go right off—clear out—take your people away. I won't have it—it's me own land—Molly McGruder's me name!'"

"Good-morning, Mr. Hoogenboom," interrupted Mrs. McRobert, for that gentleman had by this time reached them. But the Dutchman had only time to lift his hat with a bow. Soon he had the whole available force of the family at work. Hark and Rohamma and Mr. Morton McRobert were too busy to assist. But all the rest were soon up to the lips in wine-making.

Uncle Frank drove the wagon under the trees, while Will and Scip clambered up into them and threw down the clusters of grapes by the bushel. Meanwhile Hoogenboom, assisted by Venable, had got ready the wine-press, which they had spent days before in constructing. This was simply a very strong box, larger than a barrel, placed against the trunk of a pecan-tree, in a level place near the house. One end of a long pole was confined in a notch cut in the tree above the box, to be used as a lever in pressing down into the box a heavy block made just to fit in it. At the bottom of the box were holes for the juice to flow out, and spouts so arranged that buckets could be placed to catch the juice as it flowed.

In a little time the wagon was alongside of it heaped with grapes. These were thrown into the box, pressed down and chopped up therein with a clean spade. The block was then put on, the lever fitted, and when Hoogenboom caught hold of the end of the lever and drew up his feet, suspending all his enormous weight thereto, the juice gushed out in a red torrent as fast as they could catch it in buckets. When the grapes in the box were thoroughly pressed, they were thrown out and a fresh supply placed in; so that before night there stood by the press quite a long range of barrels filled to the bung-hole with grape-juice.

But the work was by no means done yet. For days, in fact, at times for weeks, Hoogenboom put in play all the wine-learning he had brought with him from the Rhine—changing the juice from barrel to barrel, using sugar and a little alcohol to help the work—until, finally, there were several barrels of a claret superior by far to any thing to be purchased in the cities, and which brought a high price when sent to New Orleans; for one barrel was as much as they cared to keep for home use.

But the gathering of the pecan crop was the most exciting time of all. It took place not very long after Fall set in. All summer the trees had been almost breaking down under the nuts, and there is not a richer sight than to see a noble pecan-tree, as tall as the tallest hickory, full from bottom to top of the oval nuts growing in dense clusters, a shade darker in color than the leaves.

When at last the hulls began to fall off, the whole family—negroes, wagon, and all—went into the work of gathering them as into a grand frolic. There was on the south of the house, along the river, a bottom of pecan-trees, extending along for miles. Some persons cut down the trees to get at their rich crops. But a better plan was adopted. Hark, armed with a long, light, tough pole, was sent up into the tree. Clambering up, he would in a short time thrash the whole tree soundly, even to its farthest twigs. The nuts would rattle down from the green cloud of foliage like a hail-storm—shaken out by the thunder and lightning of the dark Jupiter above. Pans, baskets, buckets, aprons, every thing were used by the eager hands; and it is astonishing how soon the wagon would be filled even with the sides, and heaping too, with nuts; not small ones either, but as large as a partridge egg, and just about the shape too, and that when the hull was off.

Thirty bushels that wagon held, and quite a beaten road was made from the bottom to the house, hauling pecans and returning for more. They were emptied in an inclosed space on the clean rock near the spring, and were easily thrashed out of the hulls. For two weeks after the gathering was over all the children—Bessie included—looked as if they had on black gloves, their hands were stained so with the juice of the hulls. It was with regret that they were compelled at last to cease from gathering, leaving the edge only of the pecan forest near the house touched—the vast forest of pecan-trees, loaded with millions of bushels, remaining to supply the wants of peccaris, bears, squirrels, birds, and other hungry tenants of the green woods. As to the family hogs, they increased beyond all count, fattening upon the abundant *mast*, not only of the pecan, but also of the oak trees.

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When the wine was sent to Port La Vaca to be shipped to New Orleans the pecans were sent too, sewed up in strong two-bushel bags. In return the merchant in New Orleans remitted a large amount in cash, besides sending enough groceries for family use to last for many a month. But the pleasure of it all was, that it was all the glad and joyous labor of their own hands. With all its privations, there is a free, untrammeled, independent exuberance of life in Texas—unbounded like its prairies, pure like its sky—which goes far to reconcile, and more than reconcile, the Texan to his home. Any how, whether it is the Colorado water, or what, people who once leave the old States and the old enjoyments for the free pleasures of a wild life ever after look back upon the hours spent in Texas, when they return to the old routine, as among the sweetest hours of life—sweet, like life's earliest hours.

The first days of December found the farm advanced beyond any thing they had hoped. It is astonishing how much can be accomplished by willing hands, prompted by warm hearts. As to the servants, they had done more work, and that more willingly, than during double the same length of time, even under the sharp watch of Watkins, the keen overseer.

Hark's name was really Hercules, first contracted into Harklis, then into Hark. He was of gigantic build, as black and as strong as one of the genii we read of in the Arabian Tales, worth three common hands—so active, powerful, trusty. A special pride he had taken in laying hands on the place from the start, when nothing had been done, and doing all that needed to be done. The family loved him and his family only less than those who were the white members of the household. The affection between the dwellers in the house and those in the cabin was, as is often the case, strong and sincere beyond any thing imagined by those who have never known the relation—a love, esteem, respect, and cordial attachment absolutely unknown, unconceived of, between the two races when existing under any other than this Abrahamic household arrangement.

And the white members of the family—not one of them but had done more real work since they entered Texas than during all their life before put together. Since May they had thought, planned, consulted, toiled, enjoyed more than during a lifetime in Virginia—it had been to them a long and happy picnic. Buy a league out there, make a home on it yourself from the start, and see if it is not the fact. Never had the family enjoyed such health and spirits—the blessing of God, so often invoked at table and family altar, had descended upon them. The chief lack was of an opportunity of attending public worship on the Sabbath; but that was soon to be remedied, as we shall speedily see.

It was during the second week in December; the weather had all along been delightful, growing warmer and warmer until it might almost be called hot. One morning at breakfast Uncle Frank, who had just come over to ride out with Venable in search of cattle, paused as he carried his fourth cup of coffee to his lips:

"Hear that? a Norther sure enough at last!" he said. "You've never seen a Norther yet; if you don't be gratified, and that right soon, I'm mistaken."

"I can not see that the wind has risen," said his sister; "yonder is a tree, and the leaves are perfectly still."

"It was not the wind—it was the wild geese I heard flying overhead," replied her brother. "It's not a *sure* sign, for they are sometimes mistaken; and nothing's certain in Texas but uncertainty. But generally when you hear them look out for a Norther."

"All ready, uncle!" cried Venable, riding up to the door and leading his uncle's horse.

As the Texan mounted he looked all round the horizon and shook his head.

"Run and get two Mexican blankets, Scip," he said; and continued, as he received and strapped them to his saddle behind, "I don't much like to go out on the prairie. However, we won't go far." The blankets on so warm a day excited the amusement of Venable; but putting spurs to their horses they were soon far out on the prairie eastward.

They had ridden two or three hours, but had found no cattle of their brand.

"Not an inch farther to-day, my boy," said the Texan, running up on the top of an eminence, which, like an island at sea, commanded an expanse of twenty miles around. Unslinging from his back the telescope, which he always carried when out on the prairie after cattle, the Texan swept the whole horizon to detect what he could among the long brown grass which tufted the whole expanse.

"Ah, yonder is a herd, I believe!" said he at length. "Pshaw, no," he continued, after gazing longer, "it's only antelopes."

"Antelopes, uncle? Antelopes! Where—where?" cried his nephew, eagerly. For months he had suffered under the singular enthusiasm in regard to this kind of game which seizes upon those new to Texas—an enthusiasm which pursuit of them only serves to whet—a kind of insanity.

"See that knot of timber about a mile from here?" said his uncle, pointing eastward. "Well, look to the right carefully—"

"Yes, yes, I see them," interrupted his nephew; and shifting his rifle from the pommel of his saddle to his shoulder, and driving the spurs into his horse, he was off like a shot.

"Stop—halloo—hold on!" cried his uncle, endeavoring to rein in his own horse. But in the attempt, encumbered with his telescope and rifle, his half-broken animal was almost too much for him, and it required all his attention to keep from being thrown, as the mustang dashed forward, then reared under the powerful curb, then kicked up, whirled around to the

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right and left, backing and pitching a thousand times worse than any bark in the roughest sea. The passenger on board needed all his attention to manage his wild mustang, and all his breath to whoa! at him, so that when he had at last got the upper hand his nephew was far out of hearing, tearing across the prairie toward the knot of timber.

"Whoa!" cried the Texan. "I like to see spirit in a boy as much as anybody—hold up! but to start off after antelopes—take that, you fool! Might as well try to run a hawk in the air. There goes my blanket! Real grit of a boy! Whoa!—hold up, I tell you! Only let me get that blanket strapped on and I'll show you!"

But it was rather his mustang that showed him. The Texan had dismounted, gathered his fallen blanket, and was about mounting when the animal caught sight of it, gave a sudden bolt, and was gone.

"Well, here *is* a pretty fix!" said the Texan, gazing after his flying steed. "Ten miles and more from home, past two o'clock, a Norther coming up, me on foot, and that boy gone after antelopes! One good thing, that mustang has gone toward home; I may catch him, and when I do—!"

"Ah! woeful *when*," sings the poet. Following on foot, the Texan soon caught sight of his mustang. It had stopped to graze. As he cautiously drew near his master could see that the coil of rope had fallen off the horn of the saddle, and was trailing at length on the ground from the animal's neck. Creeping stealthily up, with many a honeyed term of endearment on his lips, which was only the sheerest hypocrisy, the hunter laid his hand upon the knotted end of the rope, but before he could grasp it firmly the suspicious animal was hundreds of yards away upon the trail leading to his stake.

Again he would stop to graze, and again escape, half for the joke's sake, just as his master made sure he had him. It was wise in the mustang, for he must have known the vengeance in the bosom of his master, burning more and more fiercely at each escape; but it was terribly inconvenient for that master, who was now panting and perspiring under the load of telescope, rifle, and heavy blankets—especially as the afternoon heat was very great.

"Exactly, just as I thought; a Norther, sure enough!" said the Texan, as he observed a herd of cattle, before hidden from sight in a hollow of the prairie, now running in a long line for the nearest timbers. Still, beside this, there was no sign of a rising wind whatever. The day continued sultry, the sky cloudless.

"What did I take him out for this morning?" said the Texan, in tones of deepest anxiety, as he strode on more and more rapidly in the direction homeward. "What will Amanda say? what will Morton do if Venable—" Here the Texan, gathering his blanket in a roll upon his shoulder, began to run. It was dark, however, before he reached the timber, for he had been much farther out on the prairie than he had supposed.

As he entered the timber a murmur deepening into a roar began among its topmost boughs, while a sudden chill pervaded the air. Hastening first to the cabin, the Texan called out Hark, and sent him on to the stable to saddle up the best two horses there, with an injunction to be as quick as possible. Hurrying then to the house, he met his brother, who was coming out to see if the absentees were yet returning. The elder brother read in the agitated manner of the younger the evil news even before a syllable was spoken. In a few words he told him every thing.

"Don't alarm Amanda," he said; "but put on all your warmest clothing, an extra blanket or two, and a bottle of brandy, and come with me as soon as you possibly can. Hark's getting the horses saddled."

"The best plan is to tell Amanda every thing just as it is," replied his brother. "You go on to the stable; I will follow you as soon as possible with every thing."

But short as the time really was, it seemed hours to the Texan before his brother joined him at the stable.

"Isn't she screaming and crying?" he asked, as his brother rapidly strapped on the blankets upon the saddle before mounting.

"No; she never does that. She is pale, but only cool and calm; never fear for her," replied her husband. As the brothers were riding rapidly out of the stable-yard the Texan observed that Hark was following them on a mule.

"No, Hark, no; stay at home," he said suddenly and sharply to him. "Cold that only hurts us kills them dead; he would be of no use," he continued to his companion, as they rode rapidly along through the darkness and the rapidly increasing wind, which was excessively cold. As they rode out of the timber upon an eminence which commanded a view of the prairie, the Texan suddenly reined in with an oath.

"I beg your pardon, Morton; but see yonder," he said, pointing northward. "As I live, the prairie is on fire! and on such a night!"

But only for an instant could his companion gaze upon the red glare that shone upon the sky in the direction pointed out.

"Morton," said his brother rapidly, in a loud and almost harsh manner, "let me command for this one night. You stay at home. It'll take all you and all the rest here can do to fight the fire off the field and the place. You remember I told you how to do it. I was careful to tell Hark too. Call him out right off, and get at it. It'll take your very best to succeed. You leave Venable to me. I'll attend to him, and be back as soon as I can. Hurry about it, Morton, if you want a rail or a shingle left!"

And before his brother could speak the Texan had taken from him the brandy and the blankets, and had spurred out into the gathering darkness, the roaring wind, and the bitter cold.

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STRUGGLES FOR LIFE.

ANIMALS *do not die what is termed a "natural death."*—We begin thus at the end, because such a condition of dying suggests their manner of living. Not even those caged or domesticated, since they do not live natural lives; nor yet those which head their classes and have none to prey upon them, as the lion and the eagle. For even the king of beasts always needs all his agility to spring upon the agile antelope; all his immense muscle to drag down the sturdy buffalo, whose shoulders like his own are storehouses of strength, so nicely does nature balance power and swiftness in the hunter and in the game; and when coming age makes him even slightly rheumatic he speedily degenerates into an old, snarling, grizzly cur, to be gored by the wild cow whose calf he would worry, or stripped of his flesh by hyenas who were wont to act Lazarus at his royal repasts.

So also the King of Birds. We are told that when the eagle becomes old, and abates the fierce vigor by which the beak, blunted against bones and whetted again upon the crag, is kept in natural state, the upper mandible, through overgrowth from unnatural disuse, becomes curved and hooked about the lower until the two are clasped, and the bird dies of starvation. Certainly my neighbor has a parrot whose beak, like the nails of lazy fingers, must occasionally be pared; for he now eats soft food, and does not use his bill for nut-crackers as in his Brazilian woods, although he sometimes gnaws his wires by way of compensation. So, too, if a pet squirrel has his nuts cracked for him, his tusks will grow until they cut through the lips; for nature made them to saw by the hour through the jagged shell of the butternut. And if the royal bird becomes weakened some of his caitiff subjects, as the crow, raven, or vulture, would have no reverence for royalty, that they would not assist the slow process of starving. If the fact first stated is true even of the monarchs, those which excel in strength, what surely of the weaklings in a world where there are no modifications to the law of might?

But we will trust to facts rather than to inference. We never find in the woods or fields animals living on with signs of old age or sickness. Nature has no provision for invalids or paupers under her system of merciless kindness. In the kingdom where her laws are unmodified there is only health and ever-enduring youth, strength, and vigor, kept up to the degree of fullness. Death is the only doctor: for age and debility there is the one simple remedy.

We find, indeed, the same practice just this side the animal kingdom; for among the lower tribes disease is generally death, and helplessness and deformity are unaided. Perhaps the piety of Æneas was the more renowned because parents were not always thus cared for. And prolonged may be alleviated suffering; certainly not soundness is the compromise which civilization even makes with chronic disease. When Old Benjy, in "School Days at Rugby," goes to a kind of rustic medicine-man to be cured of his rheumatism, the old charmer gives him some simples, but with no great faith: "Not as 't'll do 'e much good—leastways I be afeared not: there's only one thing as I knows on as 'll cure old folks like you and I;" and when Old Benjy eagerly asks what, he grimly answers: "Church-yard mould."

Of most animals the conditions of existence are severely circumscribed and graded to narrow limits; and if they falter or vary, they are quickly cut off or caught up by some of the many enemies whom they only just escape when all goes well. Take, for example, the birds. Violence besets them in every stage, *ab ovo usque ad mala*. Many of the early eggs, of ground-birds especially, are chilled by late snows or long continued early rains, which flood the nests or drive away the parents, through hunger and exposure. The first brood of the woodcock family is frequently destroyed by April snows. The same thing, indeed, happens to other animals.

Once in early April my plow turned out a nest of young rabbits no bigger than rats. The day was warm, but the mother had been driven away by a sudden spring snow, and the little orphans had perished. Never did death counterfeit sleep more perfectly. When the furry nest was gently opened and spread out on the warm mould of the southern hill-side the little fellows appeared as if taking a baby-nap. But the end was strange and tragic enough. When the oxen came round again they scented the place where the nest had been, and seized with a most unusual fear, they lifted up their unwieldy bulks in great, unnatural leaps, until one happened to set his broad fore-foot upon it, and gave it a quick burial in the deeply-loosened soil.

There is hardly any food more acceptable to animals in general than birds' eggs. The crow will search through a whole orchard for robins' nests, taking the apple-trees by rows, making short flights, and hopping from one to another in the most business-like way, as a boy will hunt for hens' nests. The cuckoo is another destroyer. A wild pigeon once built in our orchard, and we watched the nest most carefully. One day we saw a cuckoo plunge into the tree in his piratical, sneaking style. We ran to the rescue, for we knew his business, only to find the remains of a breakfast of scrambled eggs served up in the cup of the nest. The Greek, Latin, and Saxon fame of the bird, even that Anacreontic in the old English Reader beginning:

"Hail! beauteous stranger of the wood,"

have availed naught with us from that day. For had we not found a wild pigeon's nest the preceding year in the same orchard, showing so much attention to the young one that the parents finally left him altogether to our care with the most flattering confidence—my brother, raising the little squab to the dignity of a

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decoy, by taking its bill between his lips and giving it the finest of wheat, moistened in his mouth.

The weasel and his cousins all have a tooth for eggs; the rat in egg-sucking earns his worst reputation; the fox and raccoon will make long tramps for their sake at very unseasonable hours; and the whole cat and dog families are born with the taste; while snakes and turtles, creepers and crawlers, find in eggs a diet suited to their doubtful teeth and slow stomachs.

When the young appear there are for them the same and other enemies. More than two-thirds of about twenty broods under my observation were destroyed by one southeasterly storm, on the 18th of June. Of nine nests closely observed but one, apparently the most exposed of all, on an old hayrigging, escaped all enemies. The cow-bunting or blackbird will lay in other birds' nests, and in every instance a brood is destroyed; for the egg is stronger and larger and breaks the others, or the young one will consume all the food, and finally crowd the others over the walls of their own castle. Last August I saw one of these little wretches waited upon by his foster-parents—a pair of canary goldfinches—whose united weight might have been two-thirds of his. They had placed him in a shrub-oak, whose curling, sickly leaves showed that it was a good feeding-ground for insect-catchers. His insatiable screaming kept the little fellows busy at work, snipping the green worms from the under side of the leaves, the young horse-leech crying, meanwhile, "Give! give!" Another was the pride of a pair of ground-sparrows, much smaller than himself, who evidently considered him as a future king of all ground-sparrows, and bitterly were they paying for the conceit. His appetite was as active as that of his brother aforesaid. Every bread-crumb was bespoken beforehand. Sometimes, again, a hail-storm breaks the tender eggs and bruises to death the young, or even the old birds, as during the past summer in the vicinity of Rochester.

It would be tedious to name all the destroyers. In an elm-tree in the back-yard was once enacted the sparrow-scene that Homer tells us of at Aulis. A huge black snake had crawled up to a robin's nest by the help of a grape-vine, and lay with his under-jaw on the rim, having the young ones in his very breathing, like Milton's fiend in the bower, squatted in the form of a toad, at the unconscious ear of the first mother. With patient self-denial he was sparing them until he could secure the parents also. But their piteous twittering soon brought aid to the spot. A battery, consisting of an old French musket which had run the blockade with Lafayette, loaded with about a handful of crow-shot, was brought into position and sighted. The heavy charge went crashing through the dense boughs, and then a silence. But when the thick blood pattered on the flat vine-leaves, and the serpent slid slowly to the ground, shot through and through his half-dozen coils, the robins had no longer any fear, but flew backward and forward from the nest to their deliverer, with the most manifest evidences and expressions of joy and gratitude. A few minutes more and one of the parents would have been caught by the wing, and the remainder of the day employed in wadding this and all the brood down into the monster's maw; and he, drugged with fullness and slow digestion, would have crawled away for a three-days' drowsiness, until hunger should again creep up to light the fires of his basilisk eye.

All the reputed feats of deglutition performed by the anaconda and the boa, his brother, appear very possible to us when we observe the ways of our own serpents of smaller scale. A little water-snake, no thicker than the finger, will "worry down" a frog that seems more likely to swallow him. And indeed, perhaps, the sole reason why he does not is, that nature has arranged it the other way; for he himself will bag ducklings and goslings in the same manner when he has become grown and his voice a thorough bass. The water-snake will seize a young frog with the jaws, for he does not depend upon his coils further than to stay himself by twisting his tail among the stones of the spring, or the weeds of the pool, and for a time will only hold on. The frog will swim out the length of the line, drawing it straight after him, then the snake will contract and pull him back, so evenly balanced are the two. Finally, the poor victim will become utterly exhausted, and then will begin a process, apparently hopeless and impossible; but patient slowness surely prevails.

A gentleman in an adjoining neighborhood, hearing a noise among his fowls, found that a rattlesnake, nearly six feet long, had crawled out of the Pawlings Mountain, where he had lain in winter-quarters, and had seized, with spring appetite, a young rooster nearly a year old, and was engaged in swallowing him. The process occupied nearly two days, and being near a public road was witnessed by many whom the gentleman, not wishing to be solely responsible for such a snake-story, wished to make vouchers with himself. It was a favorite theory of Thoreau, who saw plain facts in nature with more careful eyes, perhaps, than any other American, that the world's wonders are not only about equally but universally distributed, the difference being in the power of eyes to perceive; and when foreign marvels as those in Kane's Explorations were read or related he would coolly reply: "Most of these phenomena may be seen in this neighborhood." He would certainly have found in the above a support of his theory.

When the young birds first leave the nest fresh perils await them; for enemies which can not harm them there catch them upon the ground. The danger lasts until they are fully grown. A hawk will haunt a covey of partridges during this stage, taking from the flock seemingly almost as his wants demand. And

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yet there is something like a truce among the tribes during the breeding season—both because insects, worms, and other such tenderer food are fed to the young, even of birds of prey, and also for other reasons which we shall mention. But during the winter, when the population of three zones is huddled together, as on the Florida peninsula, like pleasure-seekers at a watering-place, the truce is entirely suspended. Falcon and heron are then crowded together. The sparrow-hawk has followed his bobolinks and blackbirds, and enjoys them as they enjoy their rice-fields. For the full-grown bird to escape his enemies there must be the fullest vigor to keep up the swift circulation, which keeps up the high temperature of body, that rarefies the air stored up in the bones, quills, air-chambers, and even in the closeness of the feathers, which buoys and balances like a balloon, lightening the toil of the wings. If the bird become reduced in condition he loses his poise and lightness and power to escape his foes of earth and air.

Our resident birds suffer also from severity of climate. I know an instance where an April thaw revealed a lost covey of fifteen quail, which had been smothered in a snow-drift, their heads all together, as their manner is when the flock huddle for the night. And, finally, animals will treat as outcasts the unfortunates of their own number. A flock of tame ducks in the pond have maltreated and banished one of their community, whose only crime is an unlucky cervical distortion, highly offensive, it seems, to these connoisseurs. The disabled buffalo is not merely deserted but actually persecuted and driven out by the herd; and should he luckily gore one of the wolves, which finally beset him, the pack would strip their brother to the bone before performing the same office for him.

We thus see that Nature forestalls the fears of Malthus without the aid of chronic disease or pestilence. These are the refinements of humanity and civilization. Virgil, indeed, tells us of a terrible "Rinderpest" among the Alps, in his old grandfather's day, which did not confine itself to that portion of animal life corrupted by human contact: when the "night-wolf, ruled by an intenser care, no longer went stealthily about the sheep-folds; when the timid fallow-deer wandered out of the woods among the hounds; when the vipers died in their curved lurking-places, and the waves washed forward the offspring of the unmeasured sea like shipwrecked bodies along the shore; and the very birds, the air unhealthful even to them, left their life under the high cloud." But Virgil was making a poetic as well as an agricultural essay. Nature regards the maladies of her families as incurable, and the privilege of prolonged suffering and continued helplessness as mistaken kindness. Moreover, this is her only safety against hereditary disease, and, finally and speedily, degeneracy and utter deterioration.

As it is, there is always sound stock, and a youth, like Bacchus, ever young. Old Poll Parrot and aunt Jenny Wren may sing as gay songs, wear as brilliant plumage, and hop about as lively as their grand-daughters; and if old Robin Gray takes a mate six generations younger than himself he is annoyed by no neighborhood sentiment touching disparity of age. There is a social liberty which may well make Stuart Mill delight and despair.

We should naturally expect that beasts and birds of prey, since they appear to have no checks upon their increase, would multiply inordinately, while the weaklings, which can make no defense against one of a hundred enemies, would become utterly exterminated. But the modifications of the fact entirely change its tendency. There is seldom more than one pair of eagles in the same mountain, and only the severest drought will bring more than one family of lions about one of those Artesian wells of nature which, in the interior of Africa, when the beds of river torrents become dusty and lake bottoms dry, cracked, and overgrown, yet keeps its stagnant depths, and gives drink to the beasts of the field that roam over so vast a region. If only the essential conditions—climate and food—are favorable, the most helpless creatures will hold their own, defying destruction. There is no fear that the pike will clear the pond of the fish he preys upon if the water and the bottom are only suitable for hatching the eggs and feeding the shoals of life that are so easily set swimming. Beasts of prey bring forth seldom, and have small families (one, but a lion, as Æsop's lioness said to the fox), while the birds of this class lay few eggs, and their bodies, little more than skin and bone, seem to lack the heat for a lucky hatch. Moreover, the young of both is for a long time helpless. The nest of the eagle often contains one addled egg and a single eaglet—and this, for several weeks, a clumsy, helpless mass. The timid partridge, on the other hand, lays almost a score of eggs, and with fat body, warm blood, and double feathers, hatches every one, and each young bird at the approach of danger will, from the first, kick away the shell from which it is scarcely freed, and run off into the bushes like a young Indian.

There is in the natural world, vegetable and animal, what might seem to be a waste of life, and Nature appears to accept the fact, and make provision for it rather than against it—to replace rather than remedy. On a roof in sight of my window there is a garden-spot of moss bright with perennial greenness. The buildings are in the form of a T, with foot to the east, and the place of growth is the northern slope of a covered-way connecting the upright with the cross-bar. A heavy cornice keeps off the morning sun. A wing of the building flings over it a shadow from the south, except when the sun is highest, and then, for the most part, the slope of the roof just keeps it in the dividing plane between sun and shade. The western rays are entirely excluded. Only at a certain hour of

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the morning, at a certain season of the year, does the sun reach near the spot with full beam, and the course of this is distinctly outlined by the limit of growth. The shingles, with surface softened by time, give the needed soil and retain the moisture, and thus are supplied all the conditions essential to its delicate life. All about the great building it is the only mossy growth. And yet, doubtless, against every square foot of exposed surface the floating moss-spores have drifted, and, if the place were wet, clung and commenced to live again. But the many perished; the few alone kept life. Within view of the same window a strip of the green-sward has been broken by taking up a water-pipe. A growth of weeds, thick as the ground can hold, has sprung up from the raw earth. But wherever the lawn grass may be uprooted the same will happen.

Last April the trackmen removed several feet of a gravel-bed, and now the barren bank is skyey with the blue bloom of the Indian bean. In like manner a watering-place, supplied by means of a lead pipe leading from a distant spring, has been made on a dry hill-side. The ground has thus become artificially soaked, and now nourishes a cluster of the cat-tail flag. Yet there are no more seeds of those plants in these places than elsewhere. Neither is it necessary to tax our credulity with theories that seeds will grow after lying dormant for so many years, and that the accumulations of centuries, perhaps, lie hid in the earth, like the buried generations, awaiting a quickening. The truth is, Nature sows the whole land broadcast, yearly —every foot of soil, way-side, stony places, and good ground. The garden soil is full of wild seeds, though for years every weed has been pulled at sight. The thistle and the milk-weed are only two of many plants whose seeds are upborne upon their down, and, like the spirits in Michael Angelo's terrified fancy—

> "To be imprisoned in the viewless winds
> And blown, with restless violence, about
> The pendent world."

The cat-tail flag has a spike of the downiest down packed almost solid, in a way which to call most skillful would scarcely seem reverent. In time this head bursts with growth and ripeness, like the boll of the cotton plant, and a gossamer, to which the thistle-down seems coarse, goes floating down the limitless leeward. Sometimes, with a gentle gale, they will rise straight upward, as if the specky seeds which cling to the fibres were to be planted in cloud-land. They may float as long as there is a current, even lie in balance in a motionless air, until dampness gives them weight. Over the vast field sown there is only here and there a spot where they can grow; yet they lodge every where, and on every side, up in the crevices of trees and rocks as well as their congenial home by the edge of the pools. From a cotton-wood just across the railroad floats out, on every side, a seed-bearing mist that would plant every year a forest of a hundred acres. Wherever they fall on unoccupied soil they spring up as thick as buckwheat in a sown field; and yet not one in a million ever comes to a tree, not one in ten thousand ever makes seed-leaves.

The insect kingdom presents perhaps stronger instances. Every year enough eggs are laid by grasshoppers, locusts, and stinging insects to bring the plagues of Egypt to our doors; and yet only few are hatched, and great numbers during any one season is no reason for expecting an increase, or even a return, for the next.

We thus see that in all this destruction of bird-life there is nothing exceptional or accidental, but rather the working of a general principle of the natural world. But, furthermore, there is no loss or mistake in this destruction of insect life; in the diffusion of seeds as wide as the winds there is no waste. One purpose of nature is thereby to have a germ of life ready for growth at every possible opportunity; but chiefly, perhaps, it is the miracle of mercy by which her hungry thousands are fed. Most of nature's wild harvest is food for winter birds—those which are resident, as the quail, or those which come down to us from the north, as the snow-bunting. There is no livelier winter picture than the white-bellied snow-bird husking out the sweet seeds of the timothy grass or the fruit of the golden-rod. Not only are seeds diffused by their down, but they are also thrashed out by winter winds, glided far away over the glassy snow-crust, or whirled along with the moving drift. Seeds are simply every where. On a hill, where nothing can grow but bunches of yellow broom, out of a soil made of broken rock-chips, I can always discover seeds of many kinds, and the microscopic eye of bird and insect finds them wherever he finds earth. It is only when the very hill-points are covered with snow that the crow becomes tame with hunger, and the spicy, concentrated food of our wild seeds carries our hardy winter guests through seasons they so much compliment by their coming. Seeds and eggs are also food for ants, beetles, crickets, and that ilk, which must all live like the rest of us. A little pinery last summer was all in a hum with insects; this winter their nests, looking like the fly's eye under the microscope with its thousands of lens, glued fast and varnished over with a water-proof which surpasses Russian invention or Yankee imitation, affords unctuous food for the chickadees.

We note the habits of animals with more certainty and satisfaction because of their strong local attachment, which often keeps the same individuals under our continual observation. Among other definitions given of man he has been called an animal that travels. Birds, in their migrations, can hardly be said to be travelers; they are fugitives from climate rather—nomads in quest of better subsistence. They retreat slowly before the winter, and hang on its very skirts on their return. And it is pleasant to think that, with all their charms of plumage, melody, and cheerfulness, they are,

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moreover, old friends come back. It is not easy to identify the individuals positively; but doubtless not merely the same family, but the identical pairs, return to the same haunts, and refit the same nests year after year. Upon a rafter of the homestead barn a pair of chimney swallows for thirteen successive summers pasted "their pendent bed and procreant cradle," as the royal party in Macbeth remark of the "martlets" in "coignes" of the castle, in that delicate and gentlemanly conversation which so fitly precedes the impending tragedy. They were, no doubt, the same pair; for the barn-rafter was an unusual place for the nest of a chimney swallow, and the young never reappeared in the barn after once leaving it. The young of all animals, indeed, seldom occupy the deserted homestead; but, impelled by that unfailing instinct which provides for the fulfillment of the first recorded command, go forth, if not from the region, at least from parent and home. A neighbor has a cherry-tree in whose fork a robin's nest has been built for nine summers in succession, and he is assured by many circumstances that they are the same pair. There are many such instances apparent, but not positive; for if one of the pair is killed the survivor readily finds a mate, notwithstanding poetry tells us,

"The widowed turtle mateless dies."

And the one and the other dying, and the survivor in each instance finding a mate, there is thus afforded an unbroken succession occupying the same familiar nest, and, to all appearance, and somewhat in fact, the same pair. The English game-keepers sometimes shoot the male pheasants from their preserves, and find their places soon supplied at the expense of their neighbors; and it is well known that the tame pigeon will fill the place of the lost mate with hardly a break in the busy family duties.

There is much significance, too, in the manifestations of birds at their coming. Their rapture is not the excitement of discovery, but the evident joy of welcome and recognition. Only childhood in its very best moods shows such charming innocent gleefulness. The bluebirds buffeting the mad March gales with breasts bright with the azure of coming skies, fly straight home to the old apple-tree stump, even though the last snow flurry is yet lying upon the doorway. The spring swallows can not twitter fast enough for their feelings; and the lark alights naturally to rest on her old look-out, the hillock in the meadow. Not merely birds, but all animals, show a strong local attachment. I know of two instances where the common land tortoise was marked, and found for many years about the same spot. One of them, like Nestor, has already lived with three generations of mortal men; for he was marked in 1818 by the grandfather of a friend with the father's initials. He had then been an established visitor for several years, coming every season to make his "lodge in a garden of cucumbers," putting himself exclusively upon green cucumber diet with as happy carelessness of cholera as the young bloods of the German gymnasium on a peripatetic picnic through the Lombardy vineyards. As he invariably gnawed the first fruits, he was sometimes carried a half mile away across Wappinger's Creek; but, like his ancestor who beat the hare in a race, he would travel all night and be found early at work. *Tempora mutantur*, but the tortoise is not changed with them. Only he brings different spouses; but whether a bigamist, a polygamist, or one often bereaved and as often comforted, can not be stated. It should be considered, however, that he attained majority during the Jacksonian Era, and is perhaps only an ultra conformist to the system of rotation in office. It may be said he is necessarily home-keeping; but, speed excepted, and who is better fitted to travel? Diogenes's tub, with him, is no philosophic idiosyncrasy, but an established, portable adaptation. And even as to speed, he could have waddled to the remotest point on the Pacific coast during his half century of human acquaintance. There would seem to be some semblance of fact as well as logic in the Aristotelian puzzle, that Achilles, swift of foot, can not, giving a little the start, overtake the tortoise.

But this local attachment is for the neighborhood rather than the parental nest or home. Every animal has its haunt, beat, or stalking-ground, and goes beyond unwillingly. Until he becomes permanently disturbed, you will find him every day near the same spot. Wild pigeons, until they have been repeatedly fired into, some killed, and many wounded and sore, will come daily to the same acorn-trees. The squirrel will pick every nut from his favorite hickory-tree before going to another. The timid quail, when undisturbed in his gentle life, will be found with his covey threading his still way through the familiar field stubble. The propensity of the fox to double and return to the same ground when pursued by the hounds is his only and fatal weakness. He gains somewhat by crossing his own track and baffling the scent of the dogs, but he loses all when he passes within forty yards of the concealed hunters, who can choose their own ambush. Sometimes he runs off a few miles in a straight line, and then the hounds lose courage as they miss the cheering of their masters, and they also do not like to be

"Parted from their ancient ground."

When they quit the chase and return, the fox will be found very little behindhand—the whole party being guided by the back track. I know of an instance where the same fox, as the hunters very well knew, was started in the Ulster Mountains opposite Poughkeepsie, and run off toward Rondout for several times in succession. He always followed the dogs home promptly. The same is seen in migratory birds, as the wild ducks, foraging for a few days about the same pool, until the season compels a somewhat extended flight, or the blackbirds lingering about some secluded grain field.

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The acquaintance which animals have of the region they thus ramble over is wonderfully intimate. The partridge follows the windings of the airy paths of his woodlands as if they were beaten tracks. Flush him ever so suddenly with the pointer, and you will not find him uncertain which way to take. He will burst through the best opening in the thicket, scale the knoll where the birches are rooted in the rock crevices, then, setting his wings, will sail down the opposite slope, sliding under the flat boughs of the hemlock, and, curving round the hazel-bush to make it a screen, will hide himself in another of his coverts, and all without brushing a leaf with his whirring wings, which play like those of the humming-bird. So, too, of the night-trampers; the fox, in his wanderings by many a still moonlight, has trotted up and down every little water-course, followed the zigzag of every fence, smelled and scratched for field-mice around the old stumps, listened to the barn-yard music from the edges of the wood, caught sun-naps rolled up in the dry autumn grass, passed and repassed by ways of his own, to and fro, over almost every foot of his domain. When Sir Henry Lee, in "Woodstock," wants a guide to help young King Charles run Cromwell's pickets, Scott, whose last pride of old age was to excel in marking the fox, makes him say: "No fox ever earthed in the chase knows the country for ten miles round better than Martin the Verdurer."

We may know what animals may be found in any new locality not more surely by their tracks than by the food which Nature provides. "Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." I have seen the woods sheared of their foliage by a kind of caterpillar; then came wild pigeons to feed upon them; then multitudes of hawks to prey upon the pigeons. In like manner we may always know what migratory birds to expect first in the spring, by observing what food and nesting-places Nature has first made ready. That class of birds which seem about half-domesticated, as the robin, the wren, sparrow, and bluebird, no doubt build earlier, because their affiliation with man provides food and protects their nests; while the thrushes, and such children of the thickets, wait longer for food and the growth of leaves to hide their homes.

But the woodcock and his cousins are our earliest housekeepers. His haunt is where a secret spring oozes up from the depths of the marsh, keeping warm with its gentle boiling a large space of the shaky area. This never freezes; the first snows are melted in a few hours by the warm breathing of the parent earth, and full winter, not buries, but only bridges the spot with ice, from whose under side the large drops have been all the winter falling. When spring as yet only makes signs, and winter is scarcely failing even, this covering is worn away, and we are cheered by circlets of the greenest grass, made yet brighter by a setting of stubborn snow, with a ribbon of the same color reaching down to the nearest water-course. Here, also, he finds his early food; for insects and worms drew themselves thither as the cold came on, and some, whose species pass the winter in a state of torpidity, here keep up life at the edges, surface, or bottom of the pools. Upon a dry box or hassock is placed the simply-constructed nest. Early in spring, when the rills brim with snow-water, and the wind from the snowy hill-tops yet chills the sunshine, the bird and nest and surroundings of brown grass appear so entirely alike that, unless you catch the gleam of the eyes, which stand out from the head like beautiful beads, the animal and vegetable life would seem blended together. In some old-time Irish rebellion a certain Fenian Head Centre plunged into a native bog up to his very mouth, hiding his head, also, under an impending turf. Being detected, nevertheless, he was curious to know how he was discovered. "I caught," answered the Celtic sleuth-hound, "the sparkle of your eye."

Birds which live upon the ground—which means also those which are ground-colored, for brilliant plumage is found only in bright foliage—are not easily discovered during sitting time. The finest scented pointer will then almost poke his nose against the nest without starting the occupant. So, too, during the moulting season in August, it often seems puzzling how woodcocks are not flushed when the finest dogs beat every foot of the finest grounds. The explanation is, when birds have been for a long time quiet with feathers closely contracted they give no scent. Sometimes a dog, to his master's great delight, will start a bird on ground that a rival has just hunted over. He is put down as an animal of superior scent, when the truth is the bird, stirred up by the first, gave scent to the second.

Last autumn a young English nobleman was hunting with an American cousin in the valley of the Hudson. The Englishman had undeniably the better dogs, and Yankee pride was humbled daily. Finally, it became known that the blacksmith had what he called a Russian Pointer with wondrous moist nose, and he should sustain the national honor. The patrician puppies first hunted a small swamp, and came out saying, unqualifiedly, in their quiet, convincing way: "No birds here." Then the Russian Pointer, realizing, doubtless, the good feeling between his country and ours, walked down slowly and magnificently into the swamp, with his shining head thrown back, and, halting, pointed out the bird. A very extravagant offer to buy, and an unwise refusal followed, and neither for a sufficient reason. It was an instance where the second chance was the best. Sometimes, indeed, old hunters, relying upon their dogs, will prefer to follow after another party.

Birds usually live fast, have quick pulse, voracious appetites, and active digestion, with much insensible perspiration; by which last they are scented. But they may also, during certain pe-

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riods, as incubation and moulting, assume a reduced condition of vitality, and adapting food and motion, nutrition and consumption, to each other, thus keep smouldering a slow fire of life—just as the human pulse, which, braced by exercise, will beat seventy-five, may, by persistent quiescence, in something like health and half life, be reduced to forty-four. In short, they move little and eat little; and all animals, man included, live as they move.

This condition of not being seen or scented during incubation is an important provision for the safety of those birds which live upon the grounds, for their nests and themselves would otherwise be more exposed. The same is true of moulting, which is a kind of teething period, when the birds are diseased, and of course unfit for food, and unwilling, and in some degree unable, to fly; for when woodcocks are hunted at this season in the corn-fields they will run in the furrows before the dogs, and when started will fly in a low, straight line; while in October, when the plumage is full and vigorous, they will arise straight up out of cover, as if tossed up by a spring-board.

Of bright-colored birds the plumage of the male is always more brilliant, and this also is an important fact for the safety of the household. Although each sits on the nest by turns, the female has by far the greater home care, and her more subdued and sober colors are less likely to attract danger, while the conspicuous ornament of the male bird serves often to divert it. Many a truant bird-nester has been fooled by the open, noisy demonstrations of a dandy chewink, now become an active, shrewd, and courageous father; while the quiet little Quakcress of a mother, in charge of the house and all the treasure, cowered demure and still among the leaves. And against natural enemies stillness is the best security. Almost all animals have fine scent; but keep still, and you surely will not be heard, and, even though imperfectly hidden, probably will not be seen. You may "snake" for a quarter of a mile to get a shot at ducks; break the smallest twig, and your labor is lost; but go first to the pond and wait in perfect stillness, and they will alight within a hundred feet, although you were so imperfectly concealed that they saw you at once though they did not notice you.

OLD MRS. HUNTER.

ALMOST the first object that met my eyes at Stormy Beach last summer was a stout lady dressed in black, and bearing in her person the marks of age and sickness. She was sitting in the summer-house on the bluff; and as I had hurried there on my arrival to catch the long-desired glimpse of salt-water, I may say I made the acquaintance of the ocean and old Mrs. Hunter nearly at the same moment.

The lady, however, was more forward in her advances than the waves. She scanned me a moment through her glasses, and then addressed me with that languid interest that old persons indulge in with the young and enthusiastic. I am not fond usually of making haphazard acquaintances; but this old lady was evidently a person of refinement, and the frankness of her remarks amused me. She did not hesitate to state at once the reasons of her being at Stormy Beach—her ill-health and the deplorable condition of her eyes; upon which topics she might still have been dilating had not the hotel gong rung and diverted her from the subject. I did not know at the time, what I afterward discovered, namely, that Mrs. Hunter was very fond of *disinterested* attentions. Men and maids she had at beck and call, but their services were paid for, and thus not satisfactory; to be waited on by those on whom she had no claim was one of the gratifications of her life. Not being aware of this foible, I did not feel called on to assist this stranger up the path to the house; but when I saw her trembling and uncertain steps I conquered my selfishness and arose to follow her. At that moment a sportsman, with a dog at his heels, came directly across Mrs. Hunter's path; his rapid approach startled the old lady; she did not see the dog, which jumped round her feet, and she would have fallen headlong had I not caught her, and saved her at the cost of a bad strain to my wrist. She was a dead lift, and the shock made us both ashy pale. I tried to laugh it off, but I was in agonies of pain, and Mrs. Hunter never could treat lightly any thing occurring to herself; so the house was soon in possession of all the details, and I was installed as Mrs. Hunter's particular friend for the rest of the summer. It is never very pleasant to be patronized, and had Mrs. Hunter been a younger or more vulgar woman, her kindness might have been obtrusive; but, as I have said, though spoiled by a long life of self-indulgence and prosperity, she was a lady, and my position was happily one which made me entirely independent of any one in that narrow circle. So Mrs. Hunter and I got on admirably together, and I could thus study a new page in the interesting book of human nature. My wrist pained me for a week, during which time Mrs. Hunter, who roomed next me, was almost constantly by my side. The friends with whom I was temporarily placed were disgusted when they came into my room and found her sitting day after day, sawing back and forth in my only rocking-chair, whiling away the time with long stories about herself. But I was not as bored as I might have been by the recital: there were many points in these narratives that interested me, and little by little Mrs. Hunter's history, from the time of her early privations to the present moment of affluence, was spread like a map before me. She had had two sisters, brought up, like herself, in great poverty, though their family was one of the best in the country: they had all married, but she only had secured wealth, the eldest being won by a worthless man of insinuating manners and great

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personal beauty; the youngest by a country clergyman, respectable, but without talent. To both these women, therefore, poverty had clung close as the garment of Nessus; while it was left to Mrs. Hunter, the sickliest, the plainest, and probably the least intelligent, to find a rich, respectable *parti*, and to float down the stream of life, flags flying and drums beating, a living illustration of the partiality of fortune. The sisters were both dead, and Mrs. Hunter spoke of them with the same indifference with which she mentioned the departed Mr. Hunter, who had left the world about the same time, making his widow his sole legatee.

She had long been accustomed to her blessings, but there was one privation she never could or would be resigned to; she had no children to whom she could leave her property. Over this only want of her later years she "made her moan" with a frequency wonderful to witness. I wanted to say to her, "Mrs. Hunter, do you suppose that Fate would make an exception in your favor of the universal rule, and give you *every thing* you want? Did you ever see any one in the world without a grievance, and do you expect to be different from your race?" But she was an old woman, so I said nothing; and Mrs. Hunter went on maundering as before.

She had two relatives, however, equally near to her, and to one or both of these, she informed me, she meant to leave her comfortable fortune, when no longer able to enjoy it herself. These were the children of her sisters. The eldest, Mrs. Winship, had left a son, Howard, a very handsome young man, according to his aunt, and altogether worthy of the high place he held in her regard.

"He is coming down here in a day or two," said she, "and then you will see him. He is a most elegant young man, and devoted to me, almost like my own son."

"What a treasure he must be!" said I. "And how about the other nephew—is he coming too?"

"Oh! the other is a girl," said the old lady, in a very different tone; "and to tell the truth, my dear, I am almost sorry I asked Howard to bring her down. Esther is a good young woman—a very excellent person, indeed; but she is not fitted for society, and she is so terribly plain!"

"Tell me all about her," said I. "I am plain myself, and I take an interest in ugly people. Do describe her."

"No, I can't; it is too much trouble; and besides, you will see her for yourself. Don't call yourself plain, my dear; beside Esther Carr you are as handsome as Helen."

"She must be dreadful," said I, shuddering.

"No, not that, by any means, but so unprepossessing that it is hard to love her; and I frankly own I never could stand having her much with me. That was what her mother wanted, and I really meant to have her live with me after she left school; but it wouldn't do. She staid with me three months, and then I sent her home to her father and step-mother at the rectory. They have younger children, and as they are poor, I dare say she works hard enough for them all."

"Poor thing!" said I; "it is a sad destiny."

"So you think, my dear; and so *I* think," said Mrs. Hunter; "but you may be sure she likes it. She never complains; and when I send her pocket-money on quarter-day she says it is more than she needs, and gives it to the children. Now, you know, if she chose to keep the money for her own purposes (and I wish she would) no one could take it from her; so you see it is because she has no elegant tastes, and don't know how to spend her money properly, like a lady."

I did not take this view of the case exactly.

"In a large family with small means," said I, "it is quite impossible to cultivate elegant tastes, Mrs. Hunter. I dare say your present keeps the whole family afloat."

"Well," said Mrs. Hunter, "I have no intention of supporting Mr. Carr's family, or himself either; but I would give Esther twice as much if she ever would look decently. But she can't; her hands are as red as beef-steaks. Now you notice her, my dear. I don't mind telling you that I sent her two hundred dollars by Howard to pay her expenses here and buy herself some nice clothes, and you'll see how she looks!" and Mrs. Hunter nodded her head several times oracularly.

"I don't mind telling you," she said again, "because I know people may blame me about Esther. But she is her own worst enemy. Do what I will I can not help it."

"She must be amiable," said I, "to be so kind to her little step-brothers and sisters."

"Well, she is one of those people that must be always doing something. I never saw her sit without employment for an hour in her life. I believe she thinks it a sin. What she will do here with all these gay people I can not think. But she has never seen the sea, and as I had asked Howard, I could do no less than ask her too."

"I think you were quite right," said I. "If she enjoys the ocean as much as I do she will be most grateful for your kindness. Then her cousin will be here, and he can entertain her, and perhaps she may make friends even with these gay people. I know one person who, though not very gay, has taken an interest in her already."

"You are very kind to say so much of *my* niece," said Mrs. Hunter, benignly, "and I fully appreciate the attention. As to Howard, I know you will like him. He is my idea of what a young man should be. But as to his playing the attentive to Esther, that can hardly be expected. In the first place, he is so very fond of me that he never lets any one else engross me when he is near. And then he dislikes Esther; he says she is so nervous and blundering; and it can't be wondered at, they

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are so different. Who would think they were sisters' children?" And here the old lady returned to the one grievance, and dropped the thread she had unwound for my benefit.

Mrs. Hunter had by no means exaggerated her niece's ugliness. When I saw her at tea the night of her arrival I did not wonder that a person with such a regard for appearances as the aunt should regret having asked to Stormy Beach a doleful-looking *protegée* like Esther Carr. She was tall, and had a nice figure; but her dress did not fit her, and her manners were diffident. She had great, sleepy-looking brown eyes, a bad skin, and dark hair, which, though not ugly in itself, grew down within an inch of her eyebrows. Altogether she was not nice-looking, and my sympathy began to die away at the prospect. She hardly spoke a word at the table, and received little attention from Mrs. Hunter, who was pondering on the wisdom that Howard Winship poured in at her left ear. This youth was as regularly handsome as his unfortunate cousin was plain. No one could find fault with his features, yet the result was not as pleasant to my eye as to that of his affectionate aunt. He was perfect as the wax gentleman in a barber's window; but there was an expression on his pink and white countenance that was weak, if not sinister; and no barber's block ever had such a disagreeable leer in its witless eyes of glass.

For some days I saw nothing of Esther Carr; I was off crabbing and boating with my own friends, and came home too late to cultivate her acquaintance. This provoked Mrs. Hunter extremely; she was very requiring, and having got accustomed to my society she could not bear to be without it; but I did not feel bound to humor her whims, and consequently let things take their course.

It was the fourth night after Esther Carr's arrival that, as I was undressing about eleven o'clock, I heard in the room next me a continued sobbing, low but sorrowful enough to rouse my interest. I knew that Esther had changed her room that day to be nearer her aunt, and I was convinced, therefore, that it was she, and no other, who was thus grieving in secret. I felt so badly to think of the poor girl alone with her trouble among strangers, that I hesitated hardly a moment before I prepared to take her castle by storm. I rearranged my dress, and, knocking gently at her door, begged in a cautious whisper to speak to her for a moment. After a long delay Esther Carr came to the door, and in a husky voice asked my wishes. Fortunately I had a woman's tact, and in a troublesome knot in a lace I found an occasion for asking assistance. The girl brightened up in a moment and came into my bedroom with an eager step.

"Do you like to do things for strangers?" said I, watching the reflection of her red swollen eyes in the glass as she undid my dress.

"Oh yes! very much; but I have no time at home, every moment is taken up with mamma and the children." Here her face clouded up, and she burst out anew in a trickle of tears. She was home-sick, poor child! and I, having once been at boarding-school, knew how to feel for her. I pushed her gently down in the rocking-chair, Mrs. Hunter's vacant throne, and putting my arms round her, kissed her with an emotion I could hardly account for myself. Then the sluices were opened, and Esther Carr, in all her native goodness and simplicity, stood revealed before me.

I can not begin to tell the miseries that this young and inexperienced girl had suffered from during her probation at the Beach. She had left a home where she was the chief counselor and friend to come among people who took no interest in her, and from whom her diffidence and want of knowledge of the world compelled her to withdraw herself; she knew she was unprepossessing, and had no means to make herself attractive; her aunt had found fault with her from the first moment of her visit, and her cousin, for whom she had evidently no regard, had not ceased to favor her with the sharpest criticisms. In short, she was thoroughly unhappy.

I listened, with many friendly expressions. The girl so frankly lamented her own shortcomings, was so evidently attached to her simple home, and showed so much regret at Mrs. Hunter's dissatisfaction with her, that I saw she was a real jewel, though plainly and poorly set.

"Aunt Hunter is so displeased with me for having no taste in dress," she sobbed; "but how can I help it? We have but one store in our village, and I need but the plainest clothes there. I suspect if Aunt Hunter saw me ironing father's shirts and the baby's frocks every week, she would not wonder that my hands are so red and coarse. Why," said she, drying her eyes suddenly, and looking me full in the face, "I dare say if some of these rich, idle people were to know what lives clergymen's families live in those little country villages, they would lift their hands and eyes in disgust. I never realized before the tremendous gulf between the rich and the refined poor. It can not be bridged over."

"Yet you are happy at home?" I said.

"Yes, I love them all so much, and they love me. I am so useful there; every leisure moment is a direct boon to be valued and enjoyed. Here the days seem endless."

"Your aunt means to be kind to you," said I. "Don't you ever talk freely to her? I think you are capable of interesting her very much if you chose."

She gave me a despairing glance. "I never by any chance say the right thing," she replied. "I can manage my father's whole congregation better than I can satisfy Aunt Hunter and Howard. Why, Miss North," she went on, "how could we be one on any point? We have not an idea in common."

I pondered for some moments without speak-

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ing, while Esther buried her face in her hands and sobbed, but more gently than before.

"Does your aunt wish you to go to the ball next week?" said I, at last. I fancied that Mrs. Hunter had been unusually trying that afternoon, and that, perhaps, this ball in prospect had furnished the text for additional reproof to Esther.

"Oh yes, she has made up her mind that go I must, and it terrifies me to death. I can't dance, and I have no ball-dress; indeed I never needed one before."

"Any white dress will do," said I, "and every girl should see a dance once in her life, at least. I will take care of you among my friends, and promise you a pleasant evening in advance."

Esther sighed. "I have no dress whatever that will do. Indeed my wardrobe is quite unsuited to such a place. It is not my fault, however—" And she stopped.

"Whose fault was it?"

My opinion of Esther Carr would be affected by the use she had made of the two hundred dollars sent her by her aunt. According to my views of honesty she was bound to spend the money as Mrs. Hunter had directed, in fitting herself with clothes. I therefore felt anxious to know that she had not misused the gift or even diverted it.

"You can get what you need here," said I. "There is a dress-maker who often furnishes the ladies with goods; but her prices are high."

"I have no money to spend in that way," said Esther, blushing. "My aunt was very liberal to me when she invited me here, and sent me a large sum for my wardrobe; but it failed to reach me, except a small part, which I kept for traveling expenses."

"Did you tell Mrs. Hunter and your cousin? They would have made it all right to you, of course."

She blushed again.

"I have not told my aunt, it would only annoy her. Indeed, she has not asked me directly any thing about it, and as to my cousin, *he* is not the one to help me."

I watched her keenly, and in a moment guessed the truth.

"If your cousin has withheld the money from you on any pretense whatever, you do wrong, I think, in not telling your aunt. Pardon my plainness, Miss Carr, but you are near splitting on the rock that has foundered so many young persons. You are putting yourself in a mean position to shield a mean action. Don't do it, or you may suffer for it all your life. Tell the truth, and let the blame fall where it belongs."

"I have promised not to tell unless questioned. The person will restore the money as soon as possible, he says."

I smiled. I had known scores of such promises made but never kept. Those who take what does not belong to them will keep it to the end.

"You will tell the truth, if asked?" said I.

"Yes, most gladly; but till then I am dumb."

"Let us talk of something else, then." And I turned the conversation to pleasanter topics.

This affair in which I had interested myself ended differently, however, from what I had hoped. When Mrs. Hunter, lured on by a few remarks of mine, finally learned from Esther that Howard Winship had kept back nearly all her present, she showed none of the righteous indignation that I had anticipated. She made up the money to Esther as if she were doing her a double favor, and, sending for her check-book, presented to her erring nephew twice the amount of which he had defrauded his cousin.

"Young men must have their pleasures," she said, coolly; "and, besides, he would have paid Esther, I have no doubt. She is such a silly child she does not know how to spend money even when she has it." And this was the end of that business with Mrs. Hunter.

Not so with me, however. After this I watched Mr. Winship more carefully than I had ever done before. Indeed, I had a right to do so, as it soon became evident to every one that this pink-and-white Adonis was devoting himself exclusively to my humble and unobtrusive self. Whether it was the reputation of being an heiress, which in some way had fastened upon me, or to please his partial relative, whose favorite I still continued to be, I know not; but certainly my most attentive swain at Stormy Beach that summer was the elegant and unscrupulous Howard Winship. He was deficient in intellect, and, though cultivation was not wanting, his mind was of that arid sort which produces only the most stunted crop. He had, however, his wishes and aims. To be the best-dressed beau, the best billiard-player, and the most elegant lady's-man at the Beach was his evident ambition. His deeper plots were not so patent; but I perceived that one was to cast out Esther Carr from his aunt's affection, and place himself in the vacant niche in her heart and will, and another to enjoy to the fullest extent consistent with caution every opportunity for dissipation. Many a night, when old Mrs. Hunter was safely tucked in bed, dreaming, perhaps, of her model nephew, this same youth was assisted up the private staircase near my room by a couple of kindred spirits, who had been gambling and drinking with him in a neighboring bar-room. His voice was so peculiar that it could not be mistaken; and I often wondered that the curses, "not loud but deep," in which he indulged on his return from such orgies were not heard by others as well as myself; but nobody ever seemed the wiser, and I, of course, held my peace.

The night of the ball my charming friend was the pink of propriety. His mustache was waxed to an inch of his ears; his little feet pattered about the room in the most elegant patent-leathers; and no gloves could fit more faultlessly than did those of my hero. Yet his appearance did not excite half the remark of that of Esther Carr, who, gotten up by myself and Mrs. Hunter's maid, shone out well-dressed and

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almost handsome for the first time in her life. A white dress made to fit her handsome figure, and proper arrangement of the hair, altered her into a striking woman. She was more at her ease, too, than usual; and surrounded by acquaintances who were too well-bred, or too indifferent to criticise, she lost her diffidence and enjoyed the scene as much as any one. Mrs. Hunter surveyed her long through her glass.

"My dear, what have you done to Esther?" she said at last. "Why, she looks quite like the rest of the world. I am very much obliged to you, for I know you have taken all this trouble for me."

"Not at all, Mrs. Hunter," said I. "I like Esther so well that I have done it for the pleasure of the thing."

"You can't make me believe that," said old Mrs. Hunter, shaking her head. "There can't be any real affinity between you, I am sure; you are a woman of the world, my dear, and my niece is not. It is only your kindness to me that makes you feel so."

"I admire Esther extremely," said I again, "and I am really interested in her, Mrs. Hunter. Her very peculiarities are delightful, and place her above ordinary people."

"I don't know who you mean by 'ordinary people,'" said Mrs. Hunter, bridling up and looking rather hurt. "I confess that, for my part, I dislike nothing so much as eccentricity, and I call Esther a very eccentric person. But don't let us quarrel about her, my dear," she added, as if poor Esther was too insignificant even to discuss. "Here comes Howard to ask you for the Lancers, and he is one of the family who I hope will not be outstripped in your regard by any one."

Poor Mrs. Hunter! If she had known all the sentiments her precious nephew excited in me she would not have seen us walk off to the top of the room with the subdued rapture that now brightened up her visage. But that she never knew. Mr. Winship's selfishness dwelt on the top of his character. It existed, too, in such boundless measure that he could have furnished out ten heirs-apparent, and not have shown a deficiency. My delight (and rather a mean one I now think it) consisted, when in the society of that sweet young man, in stirring up this froth on the surface, and seeing it foam and bubble.

"How well your cousin looks to-night!" I now said. "Your aunt and I were talking her over, and we concluded that she was a very stylish-looking person."

Howard's little bead eyes dilated with rage.

"It is the first time my aunt ever admired Esther, I am sure, her looks are so much against her, poor girl! She has found a good friend in you, Miss North; she owes much to your kindness."

"Not at all; she owes it to her own sweet temper. But does she not look well?"

"As well as she *can* look. But I doubt very much the expediency of bringing her to such a place. It will give her a taste for pleasure which may make her discontented with her own simple home."

"I have no fear of that," said I, warmly; "she likes her family too much. But why, Mr. Winship, should Miss Carr not know more of such pleasures? I confess I see no reason."

"She has no opportunities, her circle is so narrow."

"Not so narrow but that it contains some excellent friends. Your aunt likes your cousin better than ever before, and will become in time dependent on her society. As for me, I am not a very illustrious person, but I do not intend to lose sight of your cousin, I assure you." As I said this I looked at Howard, whose inward disgust could hardly be concealed.

"You are entirely mistaken as to my aunt," he said, with a sneer; "she does not alter in her feelings so easily. Her likes and dislikes are strong and lasting."

"One would think you had some stake in the matter," said I, coolly, "or naturally you would prefer my view of the subject!" and I again surveyed him, after this impudent remark, with a look of considerable contempt.

Now Howard Winship was a fool in many things, but a streak of cunning was not wanting. He saw he had gone too far; and, with the agility of the moral mountebank, he changed his manner with the next figure of the quadrille. I will not repeat all he said and did. He affected to ridicule Esther, and then to pity her; he made the most of her foibles and timidity; and seeing nothing was of avail he dropped the subject entirely, and began to flatter me in a style overstrained and nauseous. I could see he was afraid of my influence with Mrs. Hunter, and to make me Esther's foe or his own fast friend was the object of these blandishments.

In the mean time the evening sped on, and Mr. Winship would not allow me an instant's relief from his society. His little feet had pattered through all the dances that I would dance with him, and still he dogged my footsteps up and down the room.

"Do go away, Mr. Winship!" I said, at last, "and look after your aunt a little; she must be weary of all this noise and confusion!"

"Is there nothing I can do for you especially?" said Howard, with a tender glance out of the brown beads.

"Yes, something I am dying to ask you, but you may decline."

"No, on my honor! only try, and you will see how willingly I shall obey your commands."

"Well, then" (a gentle timidity manifested on my part), "go and ask your cousin to dance."

A blank look of horror now appeared on the face of my devoted.

"But she does not dance," he faltered.

"No matter; it is a kind, cousinly attention, and I wish you to pay it." And he went, and troubled me no more that evening.

All this time I had been watching, in the intervals of dancing, over the fortunes of my

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friend Esther. She needed no active assistance from me, for she had now made many acquaintances, and her diffidence abated as she felt herself more at home in the hotel. She was the particular friend of all the children in the house, and this evening she had spent in playing games with them in an adjoining room. Here she had been occupied for some time when I saw her again walking the piazza with a meek-looking stranger who had arrived that evening by the late stage. The young man looked like a theological student, and Esther was talking eagerly, contrary to her usual habit, and endeavoring to make her friend enjoy himself—thus gratifying at the same time her own unselfish nature. It was just then that I sent off Howard, and not five minutes after Esther came to my side with her friend in tow.

"This is Mr. Maclay," she said, simply, "a great favorite of my father, and a new-comer at the Beach. I hope, Miss North, you, who know every body, will be so kind as to introduce him to some young ladies. I have known him from childhood, and can answer for him any where!" And she laughed a laugh which Mr. Maclay echoed in a tone not unlike a bray. I took an interest in this youth from the first glance. He was odd-looking enough, to be sure; but this arose partly from his straight, soapy hair. His face was pleasant, and it was evident that he had brains, from the few words that fell from his lips even now. I had no fear, therefore, to bring him up before Mrs. Hunter for judgment, and I did so at once.

Really this was a pleasant evening, and every one went to bed—with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Winship—with a feeling of satisfaction that is not often the result of ball-room gayeties.

The next morning a terrible reverse of this feeling came to me. As I was sitting in my room with Esther, after a surf-bath, a letter arrived. This letter I had long expected from a European port. I had anticipated the pleasure of receiving it and my satisfaction in the news it would contain; but, alas! the letter was in a strange hand. It told me coldly, as only strangers can, that terrible suffering and probable death hung over the dearest friend I had in the world. This was all; few particulars were vouchsafed, and no hope, although another line was promised in a week, to tell the result. My first thought was to keep my secret, even from Esther, so I took up my work and tried to continue the conversation, but I found it impossible. A sudden dizziness stole over me, and when I came to myself I was in Esther's arms, and still alone with her.

"Oh, I am so thankful you are better!" she said. "You have been so pale I thought you would never wake again; yet I would not call any one—it would have filled the room up and made such a talk!"

My looks must have spoken my gratitude.

"I bathed too long this morning," I said, "and I am not strong to-day. If this is not the whole truth, Esther, it is enough for the world to know."

"Quite enough," said Esther, her ready wit catching the idea; "and here is your letter, Miss North; put it away safely, for it might attract curiosity."

"Esther," said I, "I hate half confidences, but sometimes they are unavoidable. For one week, certainly, I must bear the agony of a most cruel suspense. How I shall endure it here, with all these curious, gossiping people, I do not know. To go away suddenly would excite remark, and that must not be. Help me through with this trial, if you can."

"I will," said Esther, and she took me in her kind arms with a sisterly embrace.

Perhaps if I had debated the subject with myself I should have decided not to trust even Esther with this confidence; but, for once, impulse was better than matured reflection. During the wretched days that I spent in my chamber Esther was a pillar of strength to me, keeping up a continual battle with people who wanted to come in my room and ask me questions. At the end of three days I was obliged to dress myself and appear as usual, or I should inevitably have been rooted out, stock and branch. In the mean time Esther was plied with questions. As she sat on the piazza outside my window, sewing, I could hear the passers-by stop and deliver their fire. How? what? when? why? were the unfailing demands, and the reply was always the same:

"Miss North had fainted after coming from the bath." And that was all.

Not so easily put off was old Mrs. Hunter. "Well," said she, angrily, "you won't make me believe that a surf-bath could make a healthy girl ill for three days. There's something else at the bottom, I know, and if it's a love affair I shall certainly warn Howard immediately!"

"Aunt Hunter," said Esther, sharply for her, "pray don't get up any ridiculous reports about Miss North. I was with her the whole morning of her illness, and it happened just as I told you. It would be very unkind to make so much out of it. Miss North will see you when she is able, and you will perceive that she has been really ill."

Then I saw I must show myself, at the risk of more merciless criticism; and I did it as I would have gone to execution. All this time Mr. Winship was not failing in polite messages and attentions; he made me sherry-cobblers without end, and sent them regularly to my room every morning. He wrote little notes on note-paper, watered with his monogram, "H. H. W." for "Howard Hunter Winship," inviting me to ride, to drive, to walk, to play croquet, and do every thing that an invalid can not possibly do. In vain, of course; and when I finally left my retreat, it was not in Mr. Winship's society that I found the change I needed. No, strange to say, another person now divided the attention of Mr. Winship's clique. No other than Mr. Maclay, who, somewhat improved

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in appearance by the efforts of the hotel barber, and with great powers of conversation, utterly extinguished the unfortunate Howard. Mr. Maclay was not a theological student, but a young man of ample fortune and respectable family. He had been well educated, and though without the society manner, he had such a fine character and such firm principles that duplicity and meanness fled before him. Even Howard Winship stopped gambling on the sly, and renounced the private staircase. Some little bird, perhaps, told him that "propriety is the best policy" when one is running a race for a wife and a fortune, and he thought best to make the sacrifices for a time at least. One of Mr. Maclay's talents was shown by his great success in getting up all sorts of pleasure-parties, both by land and water. In all these Esther took an active part, owing to his influence. His interest in her was so evident that I wondered if it were only, as she said, the result of long intimacy, or whether something deeper lay below. On her part, I could see, the idea of any body so plain as herself creating any warmer feeling than that of friendly regard was entirely foreign. She had been brought up to toil and poverty, and enjoyed this transient gleam of pleasure, though she knew it could not last. She was one whose religious principle lay deep in her character, and she accepted with patience and gratitude both the sufferings and alleviations of her lot.

It was curious to hear Mrs. Hunter's remarks on Mr. Maclay. Before she knew his social *status* she lost no opportunity of sneering at him. "One of those beggarly clergymen, my dear," she said to me in private conference, "with a loud voice, and no end of conceit! I hate the whole tribe! they are a pest to society! I do hope he won't marry Esther! I shall never forgive her!" "A good excuse," thought I, "to leave Esther unremembered in her will." Therefore, when the truth came out that Mr. Maclay was a gentleman-farmer, of good principles and large property, I hastened to impart the fact to my elderly friend. "I am glad he is well-off," she said; "and if he is respectably connected, as you say, it would be a nice match for Esther after all: he is not at all to my taste, but it would be a great load off my mind to have Esther comfortably provided for." Thus she reasoned, and so she twisted things to suit her own views. If Mr. Maclay were poor, she would disinherit Esther for marrying him against her wishes; if he were rich, Esther would not need her money, and she could leave it where she chose. Indeed, but for one little incident that occurred about this time, Mrs. Hunter never could have been convinced that her nephew was not a paragon and she his idol. This incident arose from Howard Winship's determination to eclipse all the festivities of the season by a gigantic water-party, ostensibly in my honor, but really to extinguish the remembrances of Mr. Maclay's successful attempts in the same line. There was more fuss about the arrangements of this party than any one except Mr. Winship could have made on so trivial an occasion. I know I was tired to death with hearing about it, and hoped fervently I might escape it altogether; and strangely enough, I did escape. Mrs. Hunter and I drove to the place of embarkation together, but our driver was stupid and missed the road, and by the time we arrived at the landing the yacht had long disappeared, the captain having taken the advantage of the breeze nearly an hour before. Glad was I to return quietly to the hotel; but Mrs. Hunter was any thing but satisfied. Though not able to go herself on the expedition, she had done every thing to forward it, and I believe had intended it as a grand *finale* to Howard's attentions to myself. The result caused an explosion of temper on her part which was senseless and quite unbearable.

"Mrs. Hunter," said I, quietly, "you are forgetting yourself and our relative positions; this affair is of very little consequence, and warrants no such anger; I request that you will let the matter drop. For my part, I am glad to have missed the party, of which the whole idea is utterly tiresome!"

This plain speaking did Mrs. Hunter good. I suppose that the truth had rarely been told her in her life, and it created a new sensation in her mind. When, however, we reached the hotel, and found from another driver that the party had waited for us on the dock till the last moment, Mrs. Hunter gave in like a spoiled child, declared she was sick with exposure to the sun and vexation, and took to her bed, complaining with an energy which surprised while it diverted me.

The unfortunate water-party meanwhile were suffering all the discomforts of a changing atmosphere. About the middle of the afternoon a dead calm took the place of the wind after a small hurricane had come tearing out of a black cloud, and made us really anxious about our friends. Then about eight o'clock a steady rain set in, and Mrs. Hunter, really sick with fright and nervousness, sent for me to her room, and made me an humble apology for her rudeness and pettishness. I sat with her all that evening, and she, throwing off for once her rind of self-deception, confessed many of her failings, and deplored her worldliness and hardness of heart. Indeed she well might. Diseased, tottering on the brink of the grave, how sad was the view opening to her eyes! How should she face the dread uncertainties of a strange existence whose spirit was so fettered to this? Even with that withered hand, so shriveled and yellow, had she done but lately a cruel injustice. She had taken from Esther Carr the prospect of a comfortable old age, and condemned her, by an unjust will, to poverty and privation.

"I have left it all to Howard," she said, "and sometimes it troubles me; I fear I have done wrong!"

"You *fear* you have done wrong!" I said,

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my face glowing with indignation. Mrs. Hunter's will was certainly no affair of mine, but I felt how unjust it was, and my soul burned within me.

Mrs. Hunter turned away her head on the pillow, and said nothing for a moment.

"It is money left me by my husband," she said at last, deprecatingly; "and Howard is my favorite, he loves me the best, I know."

"You are mistaken," I said, gravely. "I can not measure the depth of Mr. Winship's tenderness, but I know Esther's worth. She loves you much, and, besides, she is really grateful for your kindness. If the time ever comes to test the affection of these relatives, believe me you will not find Esther the least affectionate or devoted."

Mrs. Hunter lay again motionless for some time.

"You do not think this a question of preference," she said at last.

"By no means; I consider the disposition of time and money a matter of duty. In that world to which we are all hastening, and where we must give a strict account of our actions, it will not be a sufficient answer that *our tastes* led us to commit this or that injustice. By the great tests of love to God and obedience to his law of righteous dealing shall we be judged, and by that alone shall we stand or fall."

I stopped, feeling I had been too frank with a person so much older and more experienced than I, but Mrs. Hunter was not angry—she was in one of those softened moods that come upon us all at times, and, taking a religious work that lay near her, she asked me to read to her, while her maid was sent below to inform her niece and nephew of her illness as soon as they should arrive.

It got to be two o'clock, the storm growing wilder and wilder every moment. Wondering where in the world the unfortunate pleasure-seekers could be, we sat hardly exchanging a word, and looking equally pale and ghastly. But such apprehensions are almost always overstrained. Just as my watch told me it was three in the morning I heard a rumbling at the door, and a subdued sound of voices on the piazza, and in another second Esther Carr, wet to the skin and pale as ashes, rushed into her aunt's room, and threw herself down beside her.

"Oh, Aunt Hunter!" she said, evidently very much frightened, "Anna says you are ill, that you have been frightened to death about us—is it really so?" and she looked at her aunt with a glance so full of affectionate interest that I was sure even Mrs. Hunter's dim eyes saw it. She kissed her for the first time with real affection as she felt her wet clothes.

"Yes, I have been very ill and anxious, but it will not kill me this time; are you all well and safe? Where is Howard? He should have come to me."

"He is behind in the open wagon, aunt; there was but one stage, and the ladies were crowded into that;" and she went on, standing in a puddle of her own making, to describe the troubles of the day, in part arising from Howard's bad generalship. There had been much annoyance but no real danger, and I dragged her, smiling at last, to her room to change her wet clothes. Mrs. Hunter felt already much better.

"When Howard comes," she said, "I shall feel easy. Let us all keep still so as to hear him arrive."

Poor Mrs. Hunter! To the silence she enforced she owed one of the cruelest moments of her life. We heard a wagon drive up, and the gentlemen spring on the piazza. Then Mrs. Hunter's maid came forward and gave Mr. Winship his aunt's message, the others having walked into the hall and left him alone. Twice Anna spoke to him before he answered. Then he lifted up his unmistakable voice, and exclaimed, so loud that it seemed but three feet off,

"Confound that old woman! The deuce take her and her messages!"

Mr. Winship did not see Mrs. Hunter that night. When he came to her door he was denied admittance, and indeed for two days the old lady was obstinately invisible to the unconscious object of her wrath. Had he broken every commandment of the Decalogue I am quite sure his aunt would have forgiven him, but to be confounded as an old woman was more than her temper could bear. He had, by those few words, uttered no doubt in a moment of artificial excitement, wounded her self-love and vanity beyond remedy, and never again was he to her the petted favorite of old.

Nor was this all. Mrs. Hunter before she left the Beach altered her will, and, as it afterward proved, distributed her property with complete justice. Disappointment had enlightened her reason, and it was to Esther she clung in those sad days as to one who had never deceived her.

But now my own affairs took a new turn. Another letter arrived, of a brighter import, but requiring my presence in town. I had therefore no choice but to pack my trunk, kiss Esther with real sorrow for good-by, and meet Mrs. Hunter's reproaches with all possible amiability.

"'Tis too bad!" said she, as I went in her room for the final adieu; "I never took such a fancy to a stranger in all my life, and now you are going away, what shall I do without you?"

"You must keep Esther with you for the rest of the summer," said I, smiling, "and when cold weather comes you can together make me a visit in town."

So indeed it was arranged, but such plans do not always come to fruition. When December arrived Mrs. Hunter was in that land where all worldly schemes are set at naught forever. Esther Carr visited me indeed, now no longer a poor dependent on a rich relative, but herself a rich relative with a train of poor dependents. "So the whirligig of time brought round its revenges," and all through a few foolish words

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spoken in an unlucky moment. Howard Winship was not left totally unprovided for. A comfortable income, payable out of the estate, was left him for his life, and Esther, who felt as if her good fortune must not be all her own, paid up his debts and set him free once more before the world. Yet he was not grateful. Such people as he never are. Though his aunt had not failed to let him know why his legacy was withheld, he never ceased, even before Esther and me, to accuse her of injustice and favoritism. It was only a few weeks after Mrs. Hunter's will was opened that this disinterested young man paid me a morning visit at my own home in town. After telling me of the fortune left to his cousin, and of sundry legacies to charitable institutions, he failed not to recount his own wrongs with a pathos that in a different cause would have brought tears to all eyes. My own were perfectly dry, however, as were also my remarks upon a proposition which he hesitated not to lay before me on the instant. This youth's vanity was so inordinate that I soon perceived that he thought this tribute of admiration on his part necessary to my happiness. He had come to the conclusion that my attentions to his aunt and cousin, and my illness and depression at Stormy Beach, were but the effects of a passion for him which I had vainly attempted to conceal. Judge of his surprise, therefore, when I informed him that not for a thousand worlds would I make myself the slave of his selfishness. Indeed, long before his brown beads had attempted a glance of admiration in the direction of my humble self my destiny had been settled on a basis of respect, confidence, and affection, such as his weak character could neither excite nor satisfy. He has offered himself since, I hear, to the young lady whose two hundred dollars he so condescendingly borrowed on a former occasion, but she has not been more amiable to him than myself, being in a somewhat similar situation, engaged to be married to a person she thoroughly esteems, no other than our unfashionable friend, Mr. Maclay.

But enough of Howard Winship and last summer's experience. Old Mrs. Hunter, after all, has not lived in vain. She has watered the earth with her bounty, and made the hearts of many afflicted ones to rejoice, as the parched meadows revive after the rain.

CIVIL WAR AND SOCIAL BENEFICENCE.

THE "History of the Sanitary Commission," by Charles J. Stillé, Esq., of Philadelphia, one of its members, allows us to write these two hostile expressions close together. It may be a question whether this history should have been written so soon after the war, or precisely at this period of the war, we might more truly say, while the members of the Commission and the prominent workers in it are still alive, and personal feelings of every kind are so warm as to affect judgment on the work accomplished or intended. It may be questioned whether such a history should be written at all, seeing that the operations of the Commission are tolerably familiar to our own people, and can possess no great value to any besides. The contributions which the Commission made to Sanitary Science can not be regarded as of much intrinsic or general value. Its own supplies of knowledge were drawn, always largely, at first wholly, from European sources. And its seventeen monographs, admirable as they were in themselves, and serviceable as they were on their occasions, were rather adaptations of existing knowledge to pressing emergencies than additions to the stock of information on hand. What was best, what was most precious and memorable in the Sanitary Commission, is precisely what can not be told in a history: namely, its unexpectedness, its impulse, its glow, its inspiration, the moral enthusiasm that called it into existence and swept it along in its course. There was nothing very peculiar in its form of organization, its methods of procedure, or its modes of action. Take the spirit out of the Commission and little remains to interest the public at home or abroad. And the spirit can not be conveyed in a volume—not even in one so candid, clear, comprehensive as this. Besides, is not this a little like letting the left hand know what the right hand did? There is no boasting in these pages, no fine writing, no decorative or magnificent rhetoric; still, an aroma, like the breathing after fame, pervades the book, and gives a not disagreeable, but yet a distinct flavor of self-conscious importance to it, which reminded us of that text in the New Testament to which we have alluded.

But all this is aside from the question. Whatever proprieties may have been violated, here the history is—a part of it at least—a noble volume, telling the whole splendid story at large and in small, with all the facts and the figures, the tables and the views, the statements of receipt and of expenditure, lists of members and agents, in fullness and detail, sufficient to satisfy any admirer and any caviler. The story, if long, is interesting. It will vindicate the Commission, so far as it may still need vindication in any quarters; and it will give complete knowledge of its work in quarters where it may be revered less intelligently than it deserves to be.

Our Civil War had few peculiarities that an American cares to remember. It had grand features of hope, faith, patience, endurance, heroism, consecration; but it was not especially remarkable for these. Other people have exhibited zeal as hearty, valor as splendid, fortitude as amazing, and devotion as pure. The immense breadth of our country, the vast multitudes of our population, the universal and popular character of our enthusiasm, displayed these fine qualities on a scale never approached before; but the qualities themselves were not peculiar to us. The striking peculiarity of our war consisted in its being the war of a free peo-

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ple, led by an inspiration higher than they were conscious of or were quite ready to believe in, toward an end which only their prophets saw in vision. The lesser peculiarities, which are spots on this great glory, were the strange unconsciousness of danger; the singular unpreparedness for an emergency that had been threatening for months, not to say years; the superstitious confidence in our beneficent stars; the childish trust of the people in the wind caused by the waving of their bright swords, in commanders who had never led a battalion, and in soldiers who had never smelled powder; the short-sightedness of statesmen who had spent their lives in watching the signs of the times; the stubbornness of officials in all the great departments; the stupid imbecility of the Government; the general incoherence, indecision, inaptitude, dreaminess, doltishness, and almost levity that prevailed during the first few months of the conflict.

The first five chapters of the volume before us exhibit all this in a truly pathetic manner. Our bureaus were comparatively new, yet the keys to the drawers were lost, so that no access could be had by those who wished to deposit fresh and precious information inside. The secretaries were fixtures against the diplomatic wall. The cabinets were immovable, and the departments, though absurdly small for the apparatus they ought to contain, could not on any consideration be enlarged. Nobody would see that the journey marked out must extend a long distance beyond the next turn in the road, over rough, untrodden, miry, and rocky ways; and all persisted in believing that the respectable family carryall, with its good, safe horse, which any old woman could drive, would answer all the purposes of the route. It is painful and even shameful to remember all this. The story of the Sanitary Commission will do as much as any thing to make us forget it; for the Commission worked nobly against it from first to last, obviated many of the difficulties that were incident to it, anticipated many of the dangers that would have proceeded from it, prevented many of the calamities that must have ensued in consequence of it, made amends for the defects, came to the rescue of the imbecilities, and by besetting the Government behind and before brought the hearty faith of the people to bear upon the emergencies as they arose. The impotencies of the Government called out the potencies of the people. The uprising of the general loyalty showed itself in the steady equipment of regiments. The uprising of the general heart showed itself in the support of the Commission. Other people have given proof of their enthusiasm in war. Our people have set the example of an enthusiasm in mercy, as much more beautiful as it is more wonderful.

But the charity of the country was as incoherent and promiscuous as the patriotism. Exuberant and ebullient enough, it would have undone itself if it had had its own wild way. If the first army of soldiers resembled the mob that followed Walter the Penniless to the Holy Land, wasting away as it went, through its lack of wisdom and its superabundance of faith, the first bands of beneficent workers came near losing themselves in the wilderness of their own ecstasy. With trembling zeal they busied themselves at labors of which the best that could often be said was that they were innocent. The lint-scraping did no harm; and the Havelocks had no worse effect than driving the men almost mad from the heat they caused about their necks; but the dainties that were put up by careful hands at home would have sickened the healthiest troops, if a kind Providence had not arranged that they should be sent off in the wrong direction. There was no aim or concert in the beneficence. Private affection, family pride, class preference, State prejudice were all at work breaking up its mass and interfering with its flow. The bounty ran sadly to waste; the kindness was turned to unkindness; the benevolence led to jealousy and heart-burn; the inefficiency of the Government was rather increased by the means that were taken to mend it.

The service that the Sanitary Commission rendered to the country by enlightening and guiding the benevolence of the North can not be too gratefully appreciated. It was a hard and to some extent an ungracious service, for it involved the necessity of administering rebuke where people are most sensitive; of chilling enthusiasm where chilling seemed most uncalled for; of reproaching as prejudice what seemed the most natural predilection; and of substituting for the many strong feelings that were impelling the women to good works the one impersonal and somewhat indefinite passion of loyalty to the Government and devotion to the General Cause. We all remember how well the burning orator of the Commission, who was its president, discharged this service; if we did not, this modest history would leave us less well informed than we should be.

The most remarkable passage in the financial history of the Commission, and the most momentous passage in its existence, was the romantic and thrilling beneficence of California. This Dr. Bellows relates himself, as he alone could, for he was the only member of the Commission who visited the Pacific coast in its behalf. The brilliant chapter in which this part of the story is told illustrates the peculiar character of American earnestness. California was distant from the scene of war two thousand miles by land, and five thousand by water; almost an independent country—too far from the centre of national life to feel very sensibly the care or the protection of the Government. Its population had been rapidly drawn together by the hope of sudden riches, and were devoted to all that makes up the sum of material civilization. They had too many excitements of their own to be much moved by ours; and it would not have been at all surprising—seeing how lit-

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tle understanding of the war we had ourselves—if they had regarded it as a struggle between the Atlantic States which did not greatly concern them either in its causes, its principles, or its results. They were, on the whole, "Republicans," it is true; for the New England element was large among them, and that is always favorable to civil liberty. But there were many Southerners there, too, who made up in intensity what they lacked in numbers. They occupied leading places at the bar; they exerted the most powerful influence from the pulpit; they held the military offices in the harbor and on the coast. The fashion and wealth of San Francisco were mainly in their interest; and such aristocracy as there was was theirs. Leaving out of account the mercurial temper of the people, "their quick and contagious affections," it would be difficult to understand how even their abounding, lavish, inconsiderate generosity could have been turned into the channel of the Sanitary Commission. They who undertook to ask for it were timid at first, and set their aims low. But before the stream had more than cleared its channel it became a freshet. Giving to the relief of the soldiers of the Northern army soon swelled to a rage, a wild fanaticism. "The whole city," says the Report of the Committee of the California Branch, "seemed to be thrilled as with an electric shock; and the talk of the groups on the streets, the merchants on 'Change, boys in the gutter, of men, women, and children, was the movement for the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers; and every loyal man's heart beat in active sympathy with the work." This was more than could reasonably be expected; but this was the smallest part of the wonder. "Men of every political party gave—whether Democrats, Republicans, or even Secessionists; and there was no sect of religion that was not represented in this noble army of givers. Christians gave with loyal self-denial; Jews as earnest sympathizers with the suffering; heretics as citizens of a Republic to be saved; and men of no religion with an ardor worthy of the humblest devotee. The representatives of every nation gave—English, German, French, Irish, Chinese, Italian, Hungarian, Russian, Spanish." The employés of all the great corporations and manufacturing establishments, whether belonging to private individuals, or to companies, or to the Government; the scholars and teachers in the public and private schools entered heartily into the work, and helped to make it a festival of charity. Benevolence burst out in great jets of humor that tumbled rollicking through the land—the most extravagant devices were resorted to for raising money. A white pullet, sold to five or ten successive "highest bidders," brought over one hundred dollars. A box of immense strawberries was sold for a gold dollar each berry, the largest being purchased for one hundred and twenty-three dollars. One man carried a sack of flour on his back from city to city, and town to town, selling it wherever he went for all it would bring, till he had made the rounds of that Israel. Having exhausted California, he came with it to New York on his way to St. Louis. It collected as much as forty thousand dollars. The California story is one violent extravaganza. Money given in this fashion was flung away in frolic, rather than bestowed in charity. More than a million of dollars was pitched into the Sanitary Treasury in this jocund style. The other Pacific States swelled the sum: Nevada, Oregon, Washington Territory, Idaho, Colorado. The mania spread to the Sandwich Islands; Vancouver's Island caught the fever, and even Peru found something left in her well-drained silver mines for the soldiers of the Union. We do not mean to say that all these contributions were secured without effort; but the effort was not at all proportioned to the result.

And this leads us to remark on the incidental character of the events on which the whole of this great history turned. People were constantly, all through the war, lifting up their hands in astonishment, as if Providence had specially interfered in their affairs. The lines of influence ran so near to the surface that they were every moment or two cropping out. This is always the case in times of great excitement; what is deepest comes to the top; feelings are all a-quiver; the nerves of motion are laid bare, and any passing touch, though no heavier than the atom of a feather, was pretty sure to fall on some sensitive part and cause a thrill to run like lightning through the whole social organism. Incidents that in ordinary times would be insignificant, in such electric seasons attract special attention, and are really of extraordinary moment. We saw this continually during those five passionate years, both in political and in military affairs. The history of the war for the first two years was a history of accidents. The Sanitary Commission itself was an accident.

In one of the last days of April, 1861, two men accidentally met in the street, and talked about the alarming condition of the country. One was Henry W. Bellows, the other was Elisha Harris. A meeting had been called at the "Women's Infirmary" to consider what could be done toward meeting the exigencies that were pressing. The result of that meeting was a resolution to call a larger one in a more public place. Dr. Bellows worded the call, which was numerously signed, and the meeting was a large one. The result of this meeting was the organization of the "Women's Central Association for Relief." It being necessary to obtain information respecting the actual or prospective needs of the army, Dr. Bellows applied at the head-quarters of the Medical Department of the army in New York. He came away from this interview satisfied that the enterprise he had engaged in was unnecessary and perhaps officious, and he publicly said so. This rebuff led to closer inquiry, to wider consultation, and to a determination on the part of several associations, among them "The Associa-

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tion of Physicians and Surgeons," to send delegates to Washington and ascertain at the seat of government whether any voluntary action on the part of the people could be made serviceable. The conception of the Commission was talked into shape little by little at this and subsequent visits to the capital. The horrible condition of things, and the stubborn opposition or stolid indifference of the officials, made the talking arduous, close, and protracted; but it made it searching, exact, and thorough. To meet objections was to devise plans; to overcome obstacles was to lay the ground-work for new enterprises. By the time the authorities had given their assent to the proposition of volunteer relief, the forms it was to take, the objects it was to effect, and the scope it was to embrace, had all been worked out. But to frame a plan was one thing; to get it into effective operation was another. A new series of "accidents" contributed to this.

The Commission was called into existence by a deep solicitude for the safety and health of seventy-five thousand men, who had left their homes for a short period to put down, it was expected, a rebellion of considerable though not very formidable dimensions. Fifty thousand dollars, it was thought, would be enough to meet all the reasonable expense of thorough inspection and faithful supply of deficiencies in medical equipment and stores. Boxes and bales came in on call, and the small room in the Cooper Union presented a busy scene. For the first six months all went on very easily. The army was close about Washington, and was in no crying need of supplies. But, as time went by, as the army increased in numbers, as the battalions moved away from their base, as exposure and fatigue brought on sickness, as inspection became more imperative and more difficult, as the needed machinery grew complex and costly and hard to obtain, as the work augmented in every particular of detail, as effort rewarded by success called for new effort to make success good, as call came fast on call, and duties on duties multiplied, the want of money was severely felt. Supplies of clothing and stores poured in—a steady if not an overflowing stream; but money was as important as supplies, and money was scarce. Expenses were heavy with the people; the cost of equipping regiments was thought enormous; the necessity for pecuniary aid for orphans and widows and unsupported families was urgent. The necessity for aid to the soldiers was not perceived. The Commission had not reputation enough to command or to attract contributions of large amounts; many different societies all over the country were soliciting subscriptions for army relief, and the consequence was that the work was menaced with fatal obstruction at the critical moment when its importance began to be felt.

It was precisely at this moment of suspense and embarrassment that succor came from an unexpected quarter and gave to the Commission its new birth. Two years before this, Thomas Starr King, a clergyman of the Unitarian faith, of brilliant reputation as a lecturer and pulpit orator, had left Boston for San Francisco to take charge of a parish there. Excessive labor at home and in the lecturing field had impaired his strength and worn upon his spirits; he was burdened with cares, he was embarrassed in finances; his fame as a preacher was high, but was slightly tending to wane; his popularity as a lecturer was wide and warm, but it was not on the increase; and the labor requisite to sustain it, coupled with the fatigues of travel and the physical exposures to which that wandering life is subjected, was already too much for an elastic but sensitive frame. He had for some time thought of removing to another field of labor. The Western States and the Pacific Shore both tempted him. San Francisco held out the greatest sanitary and pecuniary inducements, besides being more exciting to his imagination, and he went thither in the spring of 1860.

That decision of his proved the salvation of the Sanitary Commission. His adaptation to the place and the people was wonderful. He drew all hearts to him in a moment. Great audiences gathered to hear him speak. His lectures were in demand far and wide. His rich voice, his glowing face, his bright smile, his cordial manner, his sweet spirit, his resounding periods, and his rhetorical exuberance, made him a universal favorite in all the region. He more than repeated in the cities of California the triumphs he had achieved in the cities of New England and the Middle States. At the time of the breaking out of the war he was the most widely known, the most popular, and the most electrifying speaker on the Pacific slope. His lectures, fresh and vital, treating of a great variety of themes, with great freedom, full of bright thoughts from a bold and enlightened mind, had flashed the characteristic ideas of New England politics and morals into every spot which could collect an audience of men and women. He was known every where, and every where he was beloved.

The war found him ready. The audiences that had assembled to be fascinated by his wit assembled again to be thrilled by his loyalty. He recalled the early history of the nation; he revived the memory of the Revolutionary glories; he held up to view the majestic figure of Washington; he sketched the eventful periods through which the country had passed; he explained the significance of its ideas and the import of its institutions; he placed in strong lights the advantages of union and the perils of disunion; he laid bare the schemes of the Southern politicians; he poured scorn and derision and invective on the heads of the men who would break up a liberal government for private and partisan ends; he made the people feel that the cause of the Union was their cause, and that they were responsible for their share of the expense that must be incurred for its preserva-

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tion. It used to be said—and was affirmed by high authority—that Mr. King saved California to the Union. Of course that was an extravagance. But it is no extravagance to say that he secured California to the Sanitary Commission.

An intimate friend of Dr. Bellows, and in frequent correspondence with him, he was aware of the difficulties that beset the Commission, and was immediately interested in meeting them. It was doubtless through his influence, in great part, that the first one hundred thousand dollars was raised. That one hundred thousand dollars was the making of the Commission. It was more than half as much as had been received from all quarters in the preceding fifteen months of its existence. So splendid a demonstration of beneficence, attesting so deep a confidence in the new agency, attracted universal attention, provoked rivalry, and stimulated ambition in a remarkable manner. In one month the receipts went up nearly two hundred thousand dollars. From the date of November 1, 1862, there was not for eight months less than two hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars cash balance in the treasury at the close of each month; nor, with the exception of two months (December and January 1863-64), ever less than one hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars. That first installment of California's splendid bounty—that first one hundred thousand dollars—besides being the parent of vast sums for the soldiers, was more than the stimulator of the Commission itself. It emboldened the managers to strike out at once into a larger policy; it confirmed their purpose and their ability to resist all the sectional and local schemes for sending relief to particular departments of the army. It encouraged the contest against powerful Branches which were disposed to set themselves up as rivals, and one of which was on the point of taking the field as an independent organization, dividing the interests and the endeavors of the general public. It so enlarged their capacity for extending and perfecting their machinery as to virtually compel all the numerous Relief Associations to avail themselves of their arrangements and agencies as being more economical and effective than any they could devise or set in motion themselves.

The immense advantage in many ways of a common agency—competently equipped, ably administered by responsible men, central in position, unsectarian in character, broad in policy, having the confidence both of the government and the people, and controlling all the open facilities—can not be estimated too highly. In a struggle like ours, which was a struggle for National Unity, all jealousy was deplorable. Sympathy in benevolence, harmony of domestic and social feeling, co-operation of all with all and for all, was important in view of the charitable work to be achieved. But it was even more grandly important, as adding the force of a united sentiment of fellowship in suffering and sacrifice to the force of a united purpose in war. We were fighting for more Unities than one. The political unity of States was the primary concern; but a unity of feeling among all the people—a unity of kindness, a sentimental unity of compassion, the gathering together of multitudinous hearts of men and women for the purpose of alleviating one another's sorrows and binding up the wounds of one another's beloved who were stricken and dying, was a concern, if not so instantly urgent, yet as permanently deep. This last unity was, indeed, the more vital of the two. If that had existed the other would never have been disturbed. When that shall be established the other will be a matter of course.

It seemed at the time that the Sanitary Commission was disposed to carry things with a pretty high hand, and showed an inclination to browbeat and overbear other organizations whose purposes were as holy, and whose spirit was as devoted as its own. Its tone was complained of as imperious—and perhaps it was; but on the whole—in view of the terrible mischiefs that spring from sectarianism in this country—we are led to think that its plan was wise and its supremacy fortunate. It did undoubtedly help to make the people one in the bonds of a universal fellow-feeling. This would have been lost if the Commission had received only its limited share of local support; that is, if it had failed to make itself a National Organization. And it would have failed if California and the other Pacific States had not chosen it as their almoner.

So much has been said of the influence of woman as a cheerer, comforter, and inspirer during the war; of woman at home, in the hospital, in camp, and on battle-field; getting up fairs, conducting correspondence, organizing auxiliary associations, nursing the sick, and catching the last words of the dying, that it is unnecessary to say many words about it here. The blessings of our free social life were never so beautifully demonstrated and illustrated. Woman in America is not an ornament to society merely, but a constituent part of society. The general interests of the community are hers. She is in the habit of thinking with the general mind, and feeling with the general heart. The country is her country; the war was her war; the Sanitary Commission was as much her protégé as it was her patron. She was more valuable to it than it was to her. She would have loved and labored and devoted herself without it. But without her it would not have lived a month; without her it is doubtful if it would have come into active existence at all. It is certain that it would have been shorn of the greater part of its strength, and of nearly all its inspiration. It would be an affront to the women of the country to say that their sacrifices were any thing remarkable. They only wait for an opportunity to make similar sacrifices all the time. They reveled in this opportunity of breaking the alabaster box of their hearts, and pouring out the precious bal-

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sam on the feet of the Crucified. They exulted in the privilege of showing that they were broadly human; that they had brains to plan, hearts to feel, souls to dare. Their pent-up aspirations broke out through the limits of routine existence, and proved that, without overpassing the lines of the feminine sphere, they could satisfy themselves and at the same time influence society, politics, and war.

Mr. Stillé's volume amply vindicates the Sanitary Commission against objections that were brought against it during the period of its greatest activity, and are still now and then urged by people who misunderstand its purposes, or are ignorant of its achievements. It used to be said frequently, and it is said still, that its organization was unnecessary—that the Government was fully able to meet all the emergencies of the war. But unless we suppose that the Government neglected to do all it could, this assertion can not be maintained; for the Government did actually come very far short of satisfying the demands of the soldiers in camp and hospital. Its incompetency was glaring. The preparations it made in advance for the comfort of an army about entering on a campaign were lamentably insufficient; and the resources it was able to call in when the campaign ended disastrously were equally scanty. Time and again, in most critical passages, the Commission came to the rescue of the Government, and was the means of saving hundreds if not thousands of lives through its timely assistance. In the construction of hospitals, in the institution of homes, in the establishment of feeding stations and convalescent camps, in the operations for the special relief of men returning from rebel prisons, in arrangements for the comfortable transportation of wounded soldiers by ambulance-wagon or hospital-car, in setting up agencies for the adjustment of war claims, in making provisions against special diseases like scurvy; in short, in every important detail of measures for the prevention or the cure of the miseries arising from the war, the Sanitary Commission was in advance of the Government. Often it had the field of labor and the labor all to itself. It is no unqualified disparagement to the Government to say this; for with us the Government is not the same thing that it is in Europe. Its reserved forces are conceded to be in the people, whose vigilance, activity, and sympathy are taken for granted at all times. Not the ultimate authority by which the Government acts merely, but the vital power with which it moves refers back immediately to the popular will and heart. The whole nation is, in a certain sense, the Government. It lends impulse, it accepts responsibility, it supplies momentum and direction. Where our Government stopped movement did not stop. The Sanitary Commission was simply a new expression of popular government. It was the nation governing itself in an extraordinary emergency by unusual methods. The Government did not break down for the very good reason that the governing people did not break down. The regular administration was inadequate, and the reserves came up, that is all. But the regular administration was inadequate, and if the reserves had not come up there would have been unspeakable disaster.

After the battle of Antietam the medical supplies furnished by the authorities were not one-tenth of what was absolutely needed. A large stock had been accumulated at Baltimore; but the Medical Department relied on the Quartermaster's Department for transportation; and the Quarter-master's Department, considering the wants of the well more important than the wants of the disabled, held back all but a very small quantity, which did not reach the battlefield for several days owing to the destruction of a bridge. The Commission had its own wagons in charge of its own agents, moving with the army through the whole of that campaign. Two large wagons, each accompanied by an inspector, were kept all the time well up to the "front." Others followed in the rear with full supplies. A loaded train was dispatched from Washington every day, and for several days after the battle they continued to come in. But for these provisions the condition of the wounded of Antietam would have been frightful to contemplate. Besides doing its own work on this occasion, the Commission was able to do the Government's work besides, by transporting stores from the Medical Purveyor's office in New York to the Government dépôt at Frederick.

The services of the Commission at Vicksburg and Chattanooga were cordially appreciated by the officers of the army. At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville it was, as usual, on the ground, and all ready to furnish relief in any quantity and kind required. General Meade bore grateful testimony to the efficiency of the volunteer work after the battle of Gettysburg, when, anticipating a second fight, he moved away from the field with his medical staff, leaving behind him more than twenty-two thousand men, whose condition required not only immediate, constant, and skillful care, but a large quantity of hospital conveniences.

At the opening of the campaign of the "Wilderness" the Commission employed two steamboats and two barges to convey stores from Washington to the base of the army, and forty-four four-horse wagons to transport them to Fredericksburg; in this way sending more than two hundred tons of supplies to the points where they were most needed. At the same time it had nearly two hundred Relief Agents, including the Field Relief Corps, the Auxiliary Relief Corps, and the Special Relief Corps, busy all the time giving their personal attention to the wounded. As all this was none too much it is fair to infer that its proffered aid was not superfluous. When we add that the Sanitary Commission was not the only voluntary organization that was at work on several of the occasions we have mentioned, but that the Chris-

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tian Commission was in the field, and several State and Soldiers' Aid Societies were represented by their agents besides, the charge of supplying a fifth wheel to the Government coach is nothing less than ludicrous.

Nor is it true—from this volume—that the Commission embarrassed the Government by usurping powers that did not belong to it. That Government officials threw great obstacles in its way at starting is probably true; for they did not at once comprehend the design of the organization, and they were naturally jealous of interference. No doubt the projectors of the Commission assumed a lofty tone in pressing their cause, urged some things which it was humiliating to consider, and pressed some claims which it was unpleasant to allow. They were importunate and absolute. Their criticisms had an impertinent and intrusive sound. Their demand that the Government should either remove or place in honorable retirement a Surgeon-General who did not favor their plans carried an air of dictation with it that would have been offensive but for the imperative nature of the case. Mr. Lincoln did one day ask one of its officers if he wanted to "run the machine." But the Commission never intended doing more than supplement the action of the Government; and when its operations were fully under way it was seen that it did no more. It urged on all its agents the necessity of observing the rules of official etiquette, of respecting form and discipline. It addressed itself always at first to those in authority, obtained their sanction where necessary, and was careful not to cross their path. We have searched this history carefully for examples of intrusive interference, but can find none that indicate a purpose to transgress the bounds of respectful and courteous action. The character of Mr. Olmstead, who represented the Commission in Washington through all its formative period, who had charge of its practical organization, and came into most frequent and close communication with the Government, would of itself be a sufficient guarantee of scrupulousness in this regard so long as he was there. After he left the relations of the Commission with the Government were too well understood to be compromised by indiscretion.

Mr. Stillé does not conceal the fact that the continued existence of the Commission, after its immediate objects were accomplished by the cessation of the war, was a cause of irritation "to certain high officials;" but he maintains, and justly, we think, that this irritation, like all the rest, was, on the whole, a healthy one. All governments would be the better for popular criticism; but only popular governments are directly accessible to it. If the Sanitary Commission had been the only pungent critic in the first year of the war its censure might provoke comment. But fault-finding was universal. The daily papers gave voice to fierce rebukes and denunciations. The mouths of men were filled with bitter complainings on a score of matters. Nearly all remark was caviling. The Sanitary Commission only gave one form of expression—a form emphatic and practical, but respectful and reasonable, to one phase of the general discontent; a phase, too, that was suggested by the deep anxiety that friends and lovers felt for their darlings exposed to unusual perils. The remonstrance was useful. But for its earnestness and its prevailing power the war would have been conducted in a very different spirit, and, possibly, with very different success. With such a rival as the Sanitary Commission was, the Administration was forced to make efforts, if only to satisfy the people, which would not have seemed possible under ordinary circumstances. Those who did the best service themselves, whether in the army or out of it, have the least to say about its officiousness.

Another crime of which the Commission has been popularly but vaguely accused, is extravagance. The charge was not a strange, or, at first sight, an unreasonable one. The gentlemen composing the Commission were reputed wealthy and free-handed, accustomed to spend liberally for themselves, and to do whatever they did in the most costly way. Their views were large; their projects were conceived on a grand scale; they would have the best of every thing, and enough, let the expense be what it might. Stories of waste and carelessness came up from the army. Men from the farms were said to be feasting on delicacies such as are found only on the tables of epicures. Jaunty officers told of their sending out to the Commission for potted chicken and brandy peaches to make their comfort complete. Vast sums of money came in to its treasury. The cash receipts were nearly five millions of dollars. The supplies were estimated at fifteen millions. At the close of the war the treasury contained a quarter of a million of dollars. These are large sums; but whoever will take the trouble to examine the ample tables of receipts and expenditures contained in this volume will see that it is all satisfactorily accounted for, and will, perhaps, wonder how so much was accomplished. Unless these figures lie sadly, the Commission practiced economy instead of extravagance. Compared with other departments of war expenditure its work was done cheaply. The cost of the management was very slight. The three hundred agents it employed on an average during the war received about two dollars a day for labor, half of which, at least, was highly-skilled, some of which was of professional eminence, and worth from five to ten times that amount. The twenty-one members of the Board—all men of ability, reputation, and heavy professional responsibilities—received no compensation, but gave their services and time gratuitously. Their traveling expenses alone were paid, and these not always. There probably never was an organization of men whose hands remained so clean after the touch of money, or who were so little suspected of harboring

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a mercenary spirit. If they were extravagant, it was that the soldiers might want nothing that would do them good—not that they themselves might feather their nests at the nation's expense.

The credit for what was achieved hardly belongs to one of the chief actors more than to another. The cause enlisted eminent and varied talent. The fertile projector and eloquent advocate, the man of profound scientific attainments, the man of large medical experience, the clear-headed organizer and manager of affairs, the accomplished tactician, the able financier, were all called on for the utmost of their ability, and they gave it. The work of keeping alive the public interest by addresses and correspondence devolved on the President; the executive labor of engineering the enterprise through the immense practical difficulties that beset it at head-quarters fell to the General Secretary. All worked terribly. The whole Board held twenty-three sessions, lasting four or five days each, usually in Washington. The Standing Committee met daily for a period of nearly four years—as many of them, that is, as were not absent on some tour of inspection among hospitals or on battle-fields. Such devotion is extremely rare, even when it is handsomely remunerated. When given gratuitously on so large a scale it is unexampled. It would have been marvelous in ordinary times; but then in ordinary times it would have been impossible. The popular excitement ran so high that it came in great floods fully up to the level of this personal consecration. More envied these gentlemen their labors and sacrifices than pitied them. Instead of being praised especially for their zeal, they were regarded as peculiarly fortunate in the opportunity they had for turning it to good account. Multitudes would have been thankful to do what they did, and bewailed the incapacity and the obscurity or the unluckiness that prevented them. The hard-working members of the Commission were looked on as privileged people, who traveled about the country, visited camp and battle-field, saw the war in all its phases, were taken into the confidence of statesmen and generals, were admitted behind the scenes of the great drama that was playing, were clothed with authority and covered with benedictions, were consulted, listened to, looked up to deferentially, and in addition to all this, enriched by the consciousness that they were helping on the dear cause which all had at heart. Thousands would have welcomed their "deprivations" in exchange for the dull routine of their own uneventful lives. Happy men! who could fling off their restlessness in work, and quiet their souls by consecration! The sufferers were those who remained at home and read of what others were doing.

The Commission floated on the wave of a tremendous popular feeling. That feeling was the splendid thing, after all. That was the wonder—the uprising of a people's heart; the outpouring of a nation's sympathy; the spontaneous and exuberant devotion that could not contain itself or confine its munificence to one channel or to any channel, but overran all bounds, took strong men away from their moorings, and made the proud and the humble alike willing instruments of its behests. Outbreaks of patriotism are not uncommon in history. That flame is often fed by fuel that is not sacred. Pride and defiance and fury—the wrathful nitre, the fierce sulphur and pitch—contribute to make the fearful glare which seems to so many a holy fire, but which thoughtful men contemplate with mixed feelings of triumph and of sadness. The spirit of patriotism is apt to be a spirit of anger and bitterness. The people start to their feet in indignation; the breath that inspires them is the breath of war. But this spirit has in it no element that is impure. It is more than love of country; it is love of humanity. It obliterates class distinctions; it disregards sectarian and party lines; it fuses together the native-born and the foreigners; it crowds loving-kindness into the very thick of battle; it abolishes the difference between friend and foe, between loyalist and rebel. At Gettysburg it heeds only the cry of suffering, not asking from whose lips it comes, and ministers with equal devotion to the defenders and to the assailants of the Union. That spirit promises that war shall henceforth be less barbarous than it has been in former days. Does it not hold out a hope that war shall one day cease altogether? The triumphal achievement of this organized tumult of benevolence is America's noblest contribution to the annals of martial heroism, and the finest vindication of her free institutions.

AUNT SARAH'S OUTFIT.

THE door opened and Milly burst in. A plump figure, a round young face; brown hair blown about the cheeks, whose color was deepened by her rapid walk, brown eyes that smiled in concert with her ruddy lips.

"Half-frozen, aren't you? Come to the fire," said Aunt Sarah. "Was there any mail?" asked Caroline.

"Yes, plenty. Here are the papers—and a letter for father, on business, probably—and another for you, Caro; Nelly White's writing. And what do you think, Aunt Sarah? One for you, all the way from California!"

"From John!" said the good aunt, excitedly, as she put on her spectacles. "Run and call your mother, Milly. She's up stairs, clearing out her bedroom closet."

Mrs. Morgan came down full of interest in her nephew's welfare. She found her sister and the girls in a state of delighted animation.

"Only see, mother," cried Milly, jumping about, "what that good fellow has sent his aunt. A check for seventy-five dollars!"

"Nobody knows that it is for me," said Aunt Sarah; "we haven't read the letter yet. It's for you, girls, just as likely as not."

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"No, it's for you. It ought to be, and it is."

"He must be doing well," said Mrs. Morgan, in a tone of quiet pleasure. "Milly, my child, I do believe you are strung on wires. Keep still a while, can't you, and let us hear what John has to say."

Thus adjured Miss Amelia seated herself on the edge of a chair and listened to the reading out of the epistle, not interrupting it by her comments more than half-a-dozen times.

"What a good letter John writes!" said Mrs. Morgan when it was finished.

"Most excellent!" added Aunt Sarah, with emphasis, regarding affectionately the well-formed characters.

"There, you see," said Milly, "it *was* for you. I told you so."

"The check? Oh yes, he sent it to me because I was the one he happened to be writing to. But he did not think of my keeping it for myself. He meant it for the rest of you just as much."

The girls glanced at each other and at Mrs. Morgan. "Oh, Aunt Sarah!" exclaimed Caroline, laughing. "If there ever was a woman born to be imposed upon!"

"Now I tell you," said Milly, with decision, "that money is for you, and you shall spend it for yourself, every cent. Sha'n't she, mother?"

"Certainly. What a nice time it will be for you, Sarah, to make that visit to Boonville that has been talked of so long! James and Sophia really think quite hard of it that you never spend any time with them; they will be delighted to have you. Pleasant weather is coming on soon, and I don't see that you can do better than to go."

"And you can have a splendid outfit," said Milly. "I'll sew day and night to get you ready."

"Thank you, dear;" and Aunt Sarah pondered the matter. It was evident that the proposal struck her favorably; but, on the other hand, long prejudice and habit were against such self-indulgence.

"It would be pleasant to see James's folks," she said, "and I should like to go over the old place again. All the objection I have is the expense."

"But look at this!" urged Milly, presenting the check. "You're seventy-five dollars richer than you were this morning. You can spend it all, and be just as well off as you were before."

"Spend such a sum upon myself!" said Aunt Sarah, horrified. "What can you be thinking of? But it will make me feel a little freer, I don't deny."

"Now we'll have an early dinner," proposed the active Milly; "and after that you and I will go down town and choose out lots of things. You'll want a new bonnet and mantle, and some dresses and worked pocket-handkerchiefs, and collars, and ribbons, and laces, and—"

"Amelia! Worked pocket-handkerchiefs! laces!—an old woman like me!"

"Not old a bit," said Milly. "You're very nice-looking, and you'll be quite charming when I've spruced you up a little. I intend you shall make a conquest while you're gone; you can just as well as not. Can't she, mother?"

"Don't be so giddy, child. Your aunt will lose all patience."

"And, Milly," continued the lady under discussion, "you mustn't get any extravagant notions in your head. I must have my things made over"—great scorn apparent in the niece's countenance—"and a few new ones, of course," she hastened to add, conciliatingly.

"Aunt Sarah, suppose I should say I would not sew a stitch for you; where would you be then?"

"Badly off, indeed—but you will not be so cruel."

"Don't know. Can't answer for myself if I hear much about making over old things. Now let us talk about what you'll need. There's the mantle, first of all. They have lovely cloths at Hooper's, all the soft, pretty shades. And if you'll just have a circular cut at the dress-maker's, I can make it as well as any body. They are very simple, and here's Wheeler and Wilson to do all the stitching. Unless you'd rather have a basquine."

"A basquine!" groaned Aunt Sarah. "Why not one of those short sacques at once?"

"Why, you wouldn't look a bit badly in a basquine—would she, Caroline? You're straight and slender, and not *too* slender. However, I'll indulge you there. You shall have a circular—a sober, proper, old-lady circular. Only, if I yield so far, I shall expect to have my own way in other things."

"But, Milly," interposed her subject, anxiously, "I thought of cutting my striped lady's cloth into some newer shape—"

"Cut it, if you like, for mother's rag-carpet; that is all the cutting I shall consent to. And next in order is your bonnet. I was in at Miss Dawson's this morning. She has a few straws and some pretty ribbons; but it is rather early yet, and she is expecting more next week. Then we will select the very prettiest she has, and when it is trimmed in some quiet color, with a rose-bud or two in the ruche, *that* will be attended to."

"Child, child! And my nice mohair that I've only worn two seasons. Just as fresh and good as ever it was!"

"Aunt Sarah," said Milly, encouragingly, "that's a very good suggestion of yours. Don't be afraid to mention any thing that comes into your mind; it may give me a useful hint. Yes, we'll just rip up the mohair and have it dyed black, and it will come out quite a new bonnet. I don't know even," she went on, with generous concession, "but I'll let you put the same ribbon on again; you keep your things so extravagantly neat. And that will save several dollars for other purposes. You'll always find me in favor of economy when your object is to spend upon something else; it's only parsimony that I can't abet you in."

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"And now just drop your projects, if you please," said the patient aunt, "and let us hear Nelly's letter. Does she say any thing about coming here?"

"No. She wants me to go there instead." And Caroline read aloud an urgent invitation to that effect. Following this was a description of several new spring styles, which the girls pondered with interest, and felt convinced must be bewitching. The envelope contained besides a collar-pattern and three or four scraps of Miss White's recent dresses.

"Oh, how sweet!" said Milly. "The prettiest spring silk I ever saw. What lovely things she always gets!"

"Yes," agreed Caroline, contemplating it. "If it were green where it is lilac I don't think I ever saw one I should like better for myself."

"It *would* become you sweetly," said the aunt, and an ambitious project rose in her mind, but she prudently refrained from putting it in words. Milly, who soon returned to the attack, thought her strangely apathetic about the preparations for her visit. Every proposal was met with coolness and the assurance that there was plenty of time, no sort of hurry. "Well," said Milly, in desperation, "there's one thing you'll want at any rate, for I suppose you'll do there just as you do here, and always go around working and helping in the morning—it's a new calico. They have very pretty ones at Hooper's, and if you'll just let me run down and get one, I can tear off the skirt and have something to do."

"Well, to keep you quiet," conceded Aunt Sarah; and the busy niece went off like a small whirlwind. The waist and sleeves kept her occupied next day, and she was tolerably contented. Not, indeed, that her tongue or mind were idle. She decided on the color, price, and quality of her aunt's alpaca that was to be, and bent herself resolutely to the task of squeezing out a handsome dead-lustre silk from the remainder of the seventy-five dollars.

"How one of those heavy black silks would look in summer!" exclaimed Aunt Sarah, with great scorn.

"It might not be very suitable for a girl," admitted Milly. "But there are a great many cool days when it would be nice for you; and, besides, I know you of old, Aunt Sarah. If I don't make you get a silk out of this solid lump of money, you'll have plenty of excuses every time I mention it." The good lady smiled, and offered no defense, conscious that the charge was just. Her niece, meanwhile, pondered quantity and cost, the width of the silk, the number of breadths, but could not satisfy herself.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed; "these are such unsettled times! You can't tell about the price of any thing."

"No, you can't," agreed Aunt Sarah, with more interest than she had yet shown in Milly's projects. "Things are altering so every day. Now that Richmond is taken we may have peace very soon, and then prices of all kinds will go down at once. It would be really foolish to buy just now. I'll tell you, Milly, you wait in patience for a week or two, and we may get as much again with our money."

This argument had its weight, and no immediate action was urged. A day or two after, Mr. Morgan came in with a package. "Something for you, Carrie," he said.

"By express from New York! What can it mean? I haven't sent for any thing. It looks like Cousin Helen's writing; it is, I'm sure. Well, now, what *can* it be?"

"Better open it and find out," suggested her father; and this advice being followed, the parcel was discovered to contain yards and yards of the loveliest spring silk. The girls were all astonishment and delight.

"It's just like Nelly's, only green where hers was lilac; and it is a thousand times handsomer; I'd a great deal rather have it. How odd that Cousin Helen should chance upon this very pattern! and how good of her to send me such a present! Wasn't there any letter, father? I wonder she didn't write, but I presume she will in a day or two. I must sit down at once and thank her; I can catch the afternoon mail if I hurry."

"So you like it?" asked Aunt Sarah.

"I should think so, indeed; several degrees more than *like*."

"Well, I'm glad it suits you. And about your letter," she continued, nervously, "I guess I wouldn't write it just now, because, you see—well, you know you admired Nelly's silk so much—and I thought this would be very pretty; and so—"

"Oh, you extravagant aunt!" cried Carrie. "It's lovely; but you are too bad. And I'm sure I'm delighted; but I feel as if I had been robbing you."

"No matter about that," decided Aunt Sarah, "so long as you are pleased. It isn't every day that I am in funds to make a pretty present, and I thought for once I would indulge myself."

Milly fixed reproachful eyes upon her excellent relation. "How far this would have gone toward your dead-lustre!" she said. "And how much have prices fallen since the day before yesterday?"

"Oh, nonsense about that dress!" said Aunt Sarah, with vehement independence. "I've had my day, and now the young folks must have theirs. And it isn't the sort of thing I want at all. You must see yourself, Milly, that if I were going to get a new dress an alpaca would be a great deal more suitable."

"I don't see it; but since the money is spent, and there is no help for it, we must do the best we can. A nice alpaca," she went on, launching into her plans with renewed interest, "fine quality, good lustre, gored skirt, with fluted trimming around the bottom. Yes, with that and your new bonnet and mantle, and such little fixings as we shall get up, you'll look pretty nicely after all."

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"And, Carrie," said her aunt, "I don't see what is to hinder your accepting Nelly White's invitation. You can go there for a fortnight just as well as not; we'll hurry and make up your silk, and you can get off before long. It will be an act of charity to Amelia to set her at work."

So Caroline bought her lining, and Miss Sykes fitted it, and the girls were very busy. Milly sewed with her usual whole-hearted energy, awakening some remorseful feelings in Aunt Sarah's breast. "The dear child!" she thought. "There isn't a particle of selfishness about her. Just as pleased as if the dress was her own. I must see to that. I wonder what she would like best."

Mrs. Morgan read aloud from "House and Home Papers" one afternoon while the girls were sewing. The description of "John's" parlors charmed Milly greatly.

"How I wish we had some of those chromo-lithographs!" she said. "I mean to buy one the very next money that I have."

"Oh you'll want it for finery of some sort," observed Aunt Sarah.

"Not now," said Milly, with perfect innocence. "I have things pretty good for this season already, and I like pictures so much—pictures and busts. How I should like to see a Clytie! Emily Northrop says it's lovely; they had one at her Uncle John's."

Aunt Sarah had her cue, and a clandestine epistle was again dispatched to Cousin Helen.

It was Monday morning, dark and dismal, the sky just ready to pour down rain, the air chill and raw. Milly was dusting the blinds in her room when a heavy sound broke on her ear. "Cannon!" she thought. She listened earnestly. "There it is again—and bells!" Down stairs she flew.

"Mother! Carrie! Aunt Sarah! Do you hear that? There must be news! Lee must have surrendered!"

Every one came. Mrs. Morgan from the kitchen, where she was "scalding over" sweetmeats, Carrie from her sewing, Aunt Sarah from sorting feathers in the garret. All stood in the door-yard, regardless of the chill and damp.

"Only hear!" cried Milly. "How fast they fire! Oftener than once a minute, I should think. Isn't it splendid? A great deal better than they did for Richmond. Oh, I wonder what the news is!"

"There's Mrs. Holman at her door," said Caroline. "Perhaps she knows." Milly instantly ran across, but returned unenlightened. Mrs. Holman had heard nothing.

"How I wish we knew!" said Caroline. "Just listen to those bells! And see the flags going up. I'm sure it must be Lee; they wouldn't make such a time for any thing else. "There come the Grangers down to their gate. Maybe they can tell us."

"Wait a minute," interposed Aunt Sarah. "There's a gentleman stopping to speak to them. I dare say he has got the news."

There was a most excited confabulation at the Grangers' gate; but the eager watchers across the way caught only now and then a word. Then Helena Granger ran down the walk.

"Lee has surrendered!" she cried. "With all his army!"

"Oh how good!" said Milly. "Thank God!" ejaculated her mother, fervently. While Aunt Sarah leaned her head against the gate-post and fairly cried for joy.

"We shall have peace soon, I hope," said Caroline. "And our boys will be coming home again," said Mrs. Morgan. "All that are left to come," added Aunt Sarah, with sorrowful recollection. "Oh, if Charley had but lived to see this day!" And all eyes filled at thought of the brave young cousin, far in his unknown grave, deaf to these rejoicings.

"But what news it is!" said Milly, as the sense of it struck her afresh.

"You may well say that," was her aunt's emphatic comment. "You never heard such news in all your life before, and never will again if you live to be a hundred."

"The flag!" said Milly, breathlessly; "what are we thinking of?" Away she scampered, and in five minutes more the dear old colors waved over the group.

"And now," she said, "I must go down and get the papers. We never can wait till father comes home."

The half-mile walk was a triumphal progress, vocal with the peal of bells and the thunder of cannon. Almost every house hung out the Stars and Stripes in honor of the glad occasion; every one she met saluted her with joyful smiles. One old Irishwoman, an utter stranger, called out "Good news, honey!" and Milly felt like falling on her neck and kissing her. In the town all was tumultuous delight. Never had our young friend known such an experience. The raw April morning breathed balm, the odor of gunpowder was pleasant and refreshing, she seemed to tread on air.

"Here are the papers!" she said, flying in upon her expectant family. "It's all true; you'll see the letters. That magnificent Sheridan!"

"There must have been dreadful fighting, though, to bring it to this," said Aunt Sarah. "Our soldiers will be needing every thing. I sent a little to the Commission last week, but I believe I must spare something more. Just write a line to the Treasurer, Carrie, while I get my porte-monnaie."

No one could settle steadily at work that day; the news must be talked over, and projects of peace and reconstruction dwelt upon. But after a night's rest things fell into their usual order again, Carrie's preparations went on with vigor, and were almost completed, when a second Express package arrived.

"For Milly this time," said her father, while

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Aunt Sarah prudently made her escape from the room. When strings and papers were removed a beautiful chromo-lithograph made its appearance. Milly went in search of her aunt, whom she loaded with thanks and reproaches, both of which were received with entire stoicism.

"After what you said the other day I thought you would prefer it to a new dress," was her only comment.

"Indeed I do! I had a great deal rather have it than any thing."

"Well, then, if you've finished scolding, we'll go in and take a look at it."

The picture was held against the wall and arranged in the best light.

"Pretty, isn't it?" said Aunt Sarah, complacently. "I left it to Helen; I thought she'd know what to get, she's around among such things so much. How rich that foliage looks!"

"Beautiful!" said Milly. It's almost as handsome as a painting. But," she added, sorrowfully, "this cost as much as your alpaca, I'm afraid. That will have to follow your silk. You will have nothing left but your bonnet and mantle."

"Who cares?" said Aunt Sarah, defiantly. "There's some comfort in spending one's money for a pretty thing like that. I never *did* fancy these stone-colored alpacas; dull, plain-looking things; no beauty about them any way."

Milly bestowed admiring attention on her landscape, but her aunt appeared uneasy. "There wasn't any thing else in the package, was there?" she asked.

"Why, what should there be?" said Milly, with open eyes.

Aunt Sarah gave no very definite answer, and the girl, in her interest about the framing and hanging of her treasure, forgot to press the matter. But with the evening mail there came a box; a box small but mysteriously heavy; and this also was directed to Milly. She opened it with fingers that trembled with excitement; it seemed to this country maiden as if Aladdin's Lamp were at work in her behalf.

Clytie! She knew it in a minute! How exquisite!

"Oh, this is too much!" she said.

"And why? I should like to know. Did you suppose I was going to give Caroline so much more than you? That's not my way of doing business; I don't believe in partiality."

Clytie was placed on a bracket in the parlor, and Aunt Sarah regarded her with immense satisfaction. "I did not think a low forehead could look so well," she said. "I call that the best investment I've made yet."

"But your new mantle!" exclaimed Caroline, half-laughing. "I am afraid it has gone to keep your silk and your alpaca company."

"Mantle, indeed!" said Aunt Sarah. "I never thought of having such a thing. My striped lady's-cloth is plenty good enough, and I knew it all the time. I let Milly talk on and amuse herself, but I had my own plans just the same."

"And nothing is left of that charming outfit but your bonnet," exclaimed Milly. "Well, I must devote my whole strength to that. I'll rip it up to-night, and take it to Miss Dawson in the morning."

"Now, Milly, I don't want to hear a word about that bonnet. Perfect extravagance! Just as good and fresh as ever it was!"

"All out of fashion," insisted her niece.

"Who expects *me* to dress in the fashion? Such vanity may do for girls like you and Caroline, but at my age I hope I have more sense."

A sudden suspicion flashed on Milly's mind. "Aunt Sarah," said she, "how much is left of that seventy-five dollars?"

"There's some of it."

"I believe it is almost gone; that is the reason you are so contemptuous of fashion. Come, own the truth; you haven't more than eight or ten dollars." Aunt Sarah saw that her time had come, and she might as well confess. She handed out her porte-monnaie. It held five cents in postal currency. "You see Carrie's silk came rather high," she replied, to the astonished looks of her nieces—"and your things. And I didn't tell you that Nora Flynn was here last week; her husband is sick again, and they are in want of every thing, so, of course, I had to help a little. And then our soldiers! I suppose you'd have had me let them suffer in order to buy myself those fripperies. Girls, I'm ashamed of you!"

"All your outfit gone," moaned Milly.

"You forget my new calico."

"Rich! And the expenses of your journey!"

"Journey!" said Aunt Sarah, indignantly. "No one ever heard *me* talk about a journey. That was your mother's notion. People may go journeying that can't find any thing to do at home. For my part I always have plenty."

And that was the end of Aunt Sarah's Outfit.

NEW YORK TO WASHINGTON.

THE journey from the "head centre" of commercial intelligence to the fountain-head of political inspiration is by no means uneventful. This journey may be said to commence in a mud-puddle "lying and situate" at the foot of Courtland Street, North River. In crossing this Slough of Despond the chances are one to ten that the traveler will not only cover his boots with slime—a pleasant *compagnon du voyage*—but that he will be knocked down in the helter-skelter rush of drays, hacks, and horse-cars. If he succeeds, however, in accomplishing the crossing the chances are then reversed, being ten to one that his pocket will be picked in the crowd of loafers, idlers, baggage-smashers, and professed thieves which throngs the vicinity of the ticket-office. The ticket-office itself is in keeping with the surroundings. It *might* make an indifferent wood-

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shed; it *does* make a villainous place for decent men to try their patience in.

Having, after a struggle for one's life in the brazen-faced crowd, obtained the pasteboard voucher for his eight dollars and forty cents, the already disgusted traveler sees his trunk duly smashed into the van, and then makes for the ferry-boat which is to transport him to the Jersey side. He first enters the "gentlemen's cabin," which he finds crowded with people unable to find a seat, it being near the hour of 7 P.M., when the Jerseyites are returning from their occupation in New York to their homes. The atmosphere of the cabin is fetid and sickening—and why should it be otherwise? It is never ventilated. Beating a retreat, he enters the cabin on the opposite side appropriated for "ladies," but there the crowding of women with market-baskets and bundles, the squalling of children, and the warm odor of orange-peel and animal exhalation, drive him back again. In the pursuit of fresh air under difficulties he then tries the middle of the boat, where, jammed in between horses and wagons, which occupy the space between the cabins, he receives the full benefit of a sharp, cutting wind, which draws through this aperture, and which threatens him with congested lungs and a stiff neck for weeks to come. At last the agony is over; the ferry-boat approaches the slip on the Jersey side, and the compact mass, each individual of which desires to be the first to land before the boat is at its moorings, carries him bodily ashore.

Once in the dépôt, he surveys the train of cars destined for Washington, with a view to securing some degree of comfort during the long night before him. He finds but one comfortably-furnished car in the whole train. That car is the one "reserved for ladies," as the vigilant subordinate standing by the door, and holding the keys thereof, duly informs him. If the traveler understands the *modus operandi*, he will secure a seat in that car whether he has ladies with him or not; but if he is not up to this little arrangement he must seek quarters elsewhere. The "sleeping car" suggests itself to his mind, but is instantly abandoned, as he remembers how many sick people and invalids have occupied those closely-curtained berths, and how many of that description may occupy them that very night. He thinks, too, of the blankets which, night after night, does the same service to—he don't know who; and although it may be some slight consolation to him to remember that "distinguished M. C.'s" occasionally breathe beneath these comforters, and thrust their stockings, if not their boots, between those sheets, still, on the whole, he believes that he will *not* try the "sleeping car"—and so enters the vehicle intended for ordinary mortals.

All the inside seats—those permitting a resting-place for the head against the hard window-panels—are very probably occupied by the sharp ones who go early and look out for themselves. Our traveler sees at last what appears to be a vacant seat. On approaching he finds that it is occupied by the legs and boots of the man on the seat opposite. The individual alluded to declines to give it up, as he is keeping it, he says, "for a lady." If the traveler does not wish to be outwitted he will nevertheless insist upon taking that seat, agreeing to give it up "when the lady comes." As the lady is sure *not* to come he will be no further disturbed, unless his companion makes himself disagreeable by crowding his legs, opening a draft upon him from the window, or expectorating more freely around his immediate vicinity than may be agreeable. In the event, however (which is more than likely), of not finding a seat in the first car which he enters he proceeds to the next. This he finds so intolerably hot from the overcharged stove and hermetically-sealed ventilators that he is glad to escape to the next car. In that he finds the fire entirely gone out, the stove cold, and the passengers peevish and complaining under the prospect of eleven hours' railroading without a decent comfort within their reach. At last, after long search, the particular man intrusted with the stove-department is found, and he proceeds to rekindle the fire, muttering, in reply to inquiring passengers, that "'Tain't my fault if the fire does go out. I made it up all right, and that's all I've got to do about it." Finally, the breath of the passengers, which finds no escape by ventilation, and the rekindled stove thaw the chilly atmosphere of the comfortless car, and our traveler, doubled up in the straight-backed seat with a snoring soldier on his left, and a woman and crying baby in his rear, attempts to settle himself to his straitened accommodations, and tries to fall asleep.

Vain hope! No sooner have his eyes closed than a mysterious individual enters the car with book and pencil and announces that he is prepared to effect immediate insurance upon the lives of any one present. "25 cents for $5000 in case of death, or $25 per week's illness in the event of accident." These are the "terms" loudly vociferated by the Accidental Agent. A thrilling piece of information, and calculated to excite visions of peculiar personal interest in the minds of timid old women and nervous young ones. Our traveler thrusts his fingers in his pocket for a 25-cent stamp. "What's a quarter," thinks he, "for the chance of $5000?" Yet hold! One does not get the $5000 *unless he is killed*, and this consideration induces him to leave his currency where it is, and to reflect upon the matter before further expenditures. Of what use, whispers his better judgment, is a life-insurance ticket to a dead man, whose head, perhaps, lies crushed between two cars, and whose body lies over an embankment? "But, my dear Sir," says Benevolence, in the garb of the Accidental Agent, "think of your *family*. It is for their benefit." Our traveler doesn't see it in that light. Who, pray, is to draw out of that dead body's pocket a blood-soaked and nameless ticket for the benefit of that headless individual's family? Ninety-nine

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chances to one hundred the ticket is never recovered—as the Insurance Company well knows—and in the event of the one hundredth case occurring, it is not likely that the office will pay $5000 to an irresponsible pickpocket. With this little bit of philosophy (whether sound or not) to settle his mind our traveler once more doubles up his legs and adjusts his countenance to the semblance of beatific repose.

Perhaps ten minutes elapse after the train is in motion when the door at the end of the car opens and shuts with a slam and a bang, and the "gentlemanly conductor" enters, bellowing "Tickets!" The half-asleep passenger is most fully awakened by the blaze of the bull's-eye lantern presented to his face, and which he vainly attempts to outface during the process of hunting up his pasteboard. Each individual in the car having been subjected to this illuminating process, the "gentlemanly conductor" (the phrase is used in no invidious sense, for he *is* a gentlemanly conductor) departs at the other end of the car with another slam and a bang behind him.

"Now at last I shall have peace," says the traveler, and again the doubling-up process and the tranquil expression of repose repeat themselves. The train has not, however, accomplished—well, say five miles—when, slam-bang again, and enters small boy with a big voice and a basket. The former ejaculates "*STU*-arts gum drops!"—the emphasis and strength being applied to the first syllable of the name of the manufacturer, melting away in gummy softness as the specification of the compound transpires. The emphatic youth repeats his stentorian announcement some four or five times as he passes through the car, and sells a few packages to such individuals as prefer to diversify the monotony of their journey by swallowing the sugary compound and exciting their stomachs to nausea. He disappears at last with another slam-bang, and the car in front sends back the echoes as the vociferating youth continues to cry, till lost in distance, "*STU*-art's gum drops!" Another five miles or so and enters stentorian voice No. Two. This time it is "*HAM*-sandwiches and *Pea*-nuts:" nice combination! pleasing and mellifluous association of ideas! A slam-bang announces *his* departure, and sleep once more

"Knits up the ragged sleeve of care."

Soon enters stentorian voice No. Three, announcing "Apples and hard-boiled eggs." Then No. Four, with "ivory ornaments." Next "maple sugar" and "mince-pies," and toward daylight more "ham-sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs."

Ah, welcome daylight and the approach to the Capital! The fire in the stove has long since gone out, leaving a chilly atmosphere, which is by this time strongly impregnated with the breath of forty sleepers, whose guttural intonations have made the night hideous. The conductor has slammed and banged the doors, presented his glaring lantern in each man's face, shaken half the passengers into a condition of semi-somnolence, and bellowed "Tickets!" till his very face is odious to behold. The tough ham-sandwiches, varied with leathery mince-pies, have imparted nightmare horrors to the Irishwoman on the back seat, and kept the baby crying half the night. The floor between the hard-backed seats is slippery with the expectorations of tobacco juice, and the prevailing sentiment in the mind of every decent traveler is that he has got his money's worth of discomfort, and that any change must be for the better.

When at last the train comes to a stand-still in the gloomy, cheerless dépôt at Washington, with what relief does he stretch his cramped up limbs, emerge from that ark of confined animal life, and gasp for fresh air on the cold, damp sidewalk! There he commits himself to the tender mercies of one of the two dozen omnibus or hack men, who present their whips in his face, and is dragged through the muddy or the dusty avenue (as the case may be) to his hotel. The hotel, of course, is full, and the one solitary employé at the office can only promise "to try" to have him a room "after breakfast."

But breakfast will not be served for two hours, and what is he to do meanwhile? There is but one thing to do, and that is to fling his exhausted frame into one of the greasy arm-chairs in the smoking-room and woo the chary Morpheus. The smoking-room is at that hour in a state of collapse. A negro in shirt-sleeves is swabbing up the floor and emptying the gorged spittoons. The fire is in embryo, and the room is cold. Placing his carpet-bag firmly between his feet and his umbrella at his side, the traveler succeeds in achieving a sort of melancholy insensibility, but wakes at last to find his bag safe and his umbrella *non est inventus*. An unsuccessful search for the latter alone rewards his industry, and he seeks the "wash-room," dreaming of soap and towels. The former is perceptible only in minute and unattractive particles, and the latter has no single sign left of its original purity. That being the case, he scorns to improve his outward man, and, taking a favorable position for observation, watches for half an hour the impenetrably closed door of the dining-room.

At last eight o'clock arrives and it opens. He is not slow to enter, or to avail himself of the assiduous attention of the particular "cullud pusson" who, expectant of a pecuniary benefice, presents the bill of fare. While the beef-steak, etc., is in preparation the room gradually fills with other appetizing guests, the study of whose peculiarities affords something like an amusing study to our worn-out traveler. Perhaps an inquisitive individual takes the chair next him, and plies him with questions as to the political condition of the country, and particularly as to who he is, and what brings him to Washington. Foiled in this respect, the inquisitive gentleman effects a change of base, and begins to be communicative on his own account. A rustle

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of silks is heard (silks at breakfast), and a heavily flounced and tremendously bejeweled lady settles herself opposite to him at table. The inquisitive guest whispers that she is Mrs. Nugget, the millionaire. Mrs. N. has nine enormous rings on her oleaginous right hand, and six on her left. Her hair is radiant with rats, waterfalls, and a *chignon*, and she helps herself from the dish with her own fork. That is Nugget next to her: a squat, red-faced man with a bland and vulgar countenance. He eats with his knife, and inserts one red stumpy finger in his coffee-cup as if it were a leech invited to share with him the curious compound. Our traveler stands the fire until it comes to the employment by Mr. Nugget of his fork as a toothpick, and then beats a retreat to the "smoking-room" once more.

That apartment now swarms with the nobler animal. Smoke and small-talk are rampant; the spittoons are now at flood-tide, and a significant phase of politics in Washington opens before his admiring gaze. Suddenly he runs against the very man he most wants to see—the Honorable Samuel Junker—the man who is to "put through" the great "Rhinoville and Ramdoun Junction Railroad Bill," which he has come on to the Capitol to "lobby." The Honorable Samuel Junker suggests a cocktail as a preliminary to all conversation, and as our traveler wishes to keep on the right side of his political sheet-anchor, and dares not refuse his extended hospitality, he accompanies him to the bar-room and takes his first, and Mr. Junker his third, "smile" for the day.

The politician is hand-in-glove with the hotel attachés, great and small; so a bedroom for the weary guest is at last obtained in the eighth story. The ascent to this dormitory reminds the pilgrim of the ascent of the Great Pyramid, only in this case a grinning negro instead of the conventional dragoman assists in the achievement. Finally, it is accomplished, and the worn-out victim of railroad abuse is ushered into a dormitory ten feet by twelve, and having an uninterrupted view of a dirty blank wall within an arm's-reach of its small and only window. The room is yet warm with the influence of the last lodger, who has just vacated, and evidences of whose toilet are visible on the bureau in the shape of a rejected paper-collar, once white, and an exhausted tooth-brush. But weariness banishes from his mind all other considerations, and our friend falls limpidly upon the shallow sagging bed (which has sagged beneath the weight of 365 prostrate bodies for the twelve months previous), and, burying his face in the consumptive pillow, dreams that the Capitol is an enormous frosted wedding-cake—fair without, but empty within—and that the bronze figure of "America" on the apex is suddenly changed into the living form of Mrs. Nugget, who amuses herself with pelting the in-going and out-coming Representatives with packages of "Gum Drops," "Ham-Sandwiches," and "Accidental Life Insurance Policies."

TWO ROPES.

PREFACE.

VERY many readers will recollect the story of Rhampsinitus, given in Herodotus.* As the undoubted original of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," this episode of the pompous Egyptian king and his dwindling treasury is remarkable enough, even if we eliminate the latter incidents as forgeries of a subsequent age; and many, whose innocence of Greek and indifference to literal translations might argue them ignorant of it, must yet have met a metrical version, of notable accuracy, by John South Phillips, republished in Burton's "Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor."

Sundry German critics (whom—never having read—I quote at second-hand) indeed state that more than one Greek legend are mere dentotypes of this earlier Egyptian one; and other similar fables—parallel or derivative—probably exist in Eastern literature; but as an embodiment of *modern fact*, the following story is new. Not to prolong this perhaps unnecessary preface, it may be well to state that its incidents were related within a few months by a respectable merchant of Santa Cruz del Sur, Cuba, whose grandmother resided in Puerto Principe, and had frequently heard them from the lips of their heroine. They were notorious through all the eastern districts of the island, and some even among my own readers may have experienced the widening thrills of indignant horror which radiated from this one tragic centre during the summer of 178–.

ROPE NUMBER ONE.

Some six leagues to the northeast of the city of Puerto Principe the little river Maximo breaks in cascades of singular beauty through the northern sierra of the island. This range, appropriately enough, separated the two districts of Nuevitas and Puerto Principe, and possesses, among its high-lying terraces and sharply corrugated spurs, a loveliness of climate which contrasts agreeably with the miasma of the central lagoons.

Hence many of the well-to-do *Camagüeyanos* had erected cottages among these peaks, won by their entrancing scenery, the prodigal fertility of the soil, and the cool mountain air. Close on the brink of the loveliest of the cascades of the Maximo stood one of the little *estancias*, owned by a brother and sister named Cuevas. They had a cleared space of some fifteen acres, running into a triangular indentation of the great ravine, where they lived a life of most assiduous laziness during the summer months.

A mule-path led along the crooked torrent, separated only from the generous fields by a tangled hedge of dwarf-palm and the "Spanish bayonet," overrun by thorny vines, and white with the huge bells of the Cuban convolvulus. At the lower or easterly end of the clearing a ceiba, six feet in diameter, raised its giant shaft,

* Euterpe, 121.

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limbless and twigless, full ninety feet into the air, carrying its foliage only upon two great gnarled and twisted branches, which stretched out horizontally. The thorny hedge, however, terminated twenty yards from the ceiba; and a wet spot in the path was for this distance shaded impenetrably by overarching clumps of the feathery bamboo—the loveliest of West Indian growths—though usually sheltering the Majá, or Cuban boa, in its tangled brake of fern and weed and bamboo-débris. Now the Majá has a choice animosity against poultry; and but for the devotion of Fernando Cuevas to cock-fighting and monté, he would probably have had this feature in the landscape removed, as being "unprofitably gay."

By consequence of these sporting tastes every thing looked neglected about his place—neglected even for those dozing latitudes, where Pulci might have found supremest models of his "sweet do-nothingness." The house was built of wattles plastered with clay; and the slender bamboo rafters were thatched with palm-leaves. The doors were closed by heavy shutters of mahogany, innocent of all sculpture or decoration beyond what the untutored edge of a hewing-axe had supplied; each fastened by a sturdy bar of lance-wood which swung loosely into a fork, purposely left, of one of the main uprights of the cabin, and which had neither guard nor pin to hold it in its place. Anita had over and often urged her brother to have some more effectual protection arranged; but with a reminder that the negro-quarters were close by, or a "to-morrow" which never came, he passed the subject by.

Given such a mansion, one may faintly imagine what these quarters were. I do not describe them, for they might beguile me, *usque ad nauseam*, into some philosophical disquisition upon Cuban slavery, which would never do.

One Sunday morning Fernando went to examine the condition of his famous game-cock "Conquistador." Two mules stood saddled by the door, although it wanted nearly three hours of dawn; for to-day the gallant fowl was to cope with a sturdy adversary, and the battle-field was three leagues away in the sequestered hamlet of Cercado. He had been tethered overnight in a "lean-to" shed formed simply by the prolongation of the house-rafters to the ground, and covered by the usual thatching of palm-leaves.

The iron-wood pin was there, but the clumsy cord led away with curious and suggestive tenseness under the rubbish at the foot of the rafters, and Conquistador was not to be seen, although Fernando threw the smoky light of his candle-wood torch into every nook and cranny.

"Tomas!" he cried, angrily, to a negro, who stood by the mules, "come here and hunt up this devil's imp of a Conquistador."

And Tomas came. No sooner did he see the rope than he looked at his master with eyes full of mysterious sagacity and averred, "Massa, de ole he-Majá done gobbled Cornquister, I reckon. Let we see whar de tring go to;" so he pulled attentively at the cord, and added, "Got him, Massa!" as a general commotion under the rubbish proved that his snakeship was indeed there.

"Where's your corn-knife?" shouted Fernando, who for an instant had been too astounded to speak.

"Right by de door, Massa; hurry, Sar! Maybe my arms pull out—maybe Cornquister pull out if you no quick!"

With that out came the head and neck and half the great gray body of the Majá, visibly bulged to twice its usual diameter; with the stout rope standing tense as iron from between his fetid jaws, which snapped and snapped like the rascally click of a new sewing-machine. The burning candle-wood stood stuck in the ground, and its lurid light made the struggle worthy of Erebus; and, roused by the row, all manner of mules and pigs and chickens joined in the chorus, till Anita herself came scuttling out of the house to learn the why and wherefore of this surpassing tumult.

"Cornquister's leg done pull off!" said Tomas in melancholy tones, as he capsized backward; but Fernando had found the machete, and before the Majá could execute a second astonished wriggle, down came the keen blade once, twice, thrice, and his poultry-fancying majesty was severed into four writhing pieces.

"There! take *that*, you thrice-accursed devil!" and Fernando went on with a volley of exuberant expletives such as only Cuba can produce. "Come, Tomas, we must ride over to Cercado, notwithstanding this infernal mishap. Anita" (half-angrily to his sister), "go to bed, child; and don't say 'I told you so!' every time you look at that cast clump of bamboos. I will be at home by seven this evening."

So some speculations of Tomas's regarding the edibility of Conquistador were interrupted; and off they started down the little house-path and up the main road past the foamy brook, which gleamed like living silver in the full moon.

Fernando's loss was greater than our ideas of the "tame, villatic fowl" can well realize, and he rode on with clenched teeth, only opening his lips once to silence his squire's characteristic but saucy remark upon the comparative wisdom of the sexes—Tomas being fully aware that his young mistress had again and again asked for the uprooting of the tangle in which the snake had lurked.

As they turned from the main ravine southwardly, up a mountain cross-path, they were full in the shadow of the setting moon; and the sudden change of light brought a strange feeling of shuddering misgiving to Fernando as a little spur shut out the voice of the leaping Maximo. The dell was shut in by great hills, wooded to their tops with ceiba and lance-wood, tamarind, and palm; and the white palm-shafts gleamed like ghosts among the undergrowth of cactus and agave, while their

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clustered spikes, "barren as lances," yet wove themselves into an unrivaled grace. The cocuyos flung their green trails of phosphorescent light across the gloomiest recesses; and in one spot a flower of the giant cactus opened its superb and starry beauty above a patch of the "plate-cleaner" weed, with its curious russet-pods.

They might have been a mile from the house when a shriek of deadly agony pierced the air above the far-off murmur of falling water, above the creaking saddles of the unshod mules, above the low whisper of the Cuban pines.

"My God!" said Fernando, "what was that?"

But the drowsy song of the distant stream, and the swaying music of the slender pines, were all that stirred the voluptuous night; and after a few moments of indecision Fernando resumed his way up the hill. Past huge blocks of limestone, spotted with lichen and gray with moss—past groves of caimito and orange, mango and mamey—under caoba and fustic trees hung with vines which writhed in the fading light, and among which startled lizards rustled invisibly—the two, master and man, worked upward until the summit was reached. And here the unobstructed glories of a tropical heaven burst upon them. In the west the setting moon lay couched between two peaks, whose rough outlines stood sharp and clear against the marvelous blue of the sky. And the superb sisterhood of Orion and the Pleiades shone from the zenith; and away to the south, above the billowy hills, the glories of the Southern Cross were as refulgent as when its revolving stars called forth Vespucci's celebrated boast.

But their progress was again arrested, and more imperatively than before.

ROPE NUMBER TWO.

Except Serafina, Tomas's wife, Anita was alone in the house. Her sleep would have been immediate and profound, but something of the same dim misgiving which had haunted Fernando in the shadowy dell swept away every feeling of repose, and she woke Serafina for a somewhat one-sided chat about the battle with the Majá.

It was a strange picture! She was a Spanish blonde—that loveliest of God's creatures!—and while the upper part of her face was broad-fronted, brown-haired, and gray-eyed, with the forehead, hair, and eyes of supreme intellect, her full, sweet lips and rounded chin glowed with dormant passion. Her loose dress was gathered at the waist by a cord of purple silk, whose tassels hung nearly to the floor as she sat in the inevitable rocking-chair; and at her feet, on the tiles, was Serafina, ugly and sleepy, with whose black of ancestral Congo mixed no solitary drop of Peninsular blue.

But the picture changed as the sound of horses' feet swept up the road, past the great ceiba, splashed through the bamboo-covered swale, and stopped at the rude gate which led to the house, and through which the men had passed not ten minutes since.

Reeved through a sheave from one of the cross-beams was a primitive sort of rope used for carrying a hammock; and as Anita placed her eye at a crevice in the door the two ends swung in her face. Little knew she that death and life were twisted in this lace-bark thong—death to another, black and vile and despicable—but salvation from worse than death to her own pure self.

For as she looked three men stepped upon the porch, the door was softly pushed as far as the bar would allow, and a low colloquy began between them. A villainous trio they were; with blackened faces, out of which their bad eyes shone from under broad palm-leaf hats; each with a machete and pistols in his belt, and wearing tall cavalry boots splashed to the knee with the mud of many a mile. And so on one side the door was an innocent girl, to whom twenty summers had each brought its perfumed grace; and on the other muttered those ruffianly freebooters, eager for Fernando's gold, and gloating over the richer spoil of womanly purity which their fancy made already a prey to their polluting touch. For in those days, and that land of assassins, visitors so announced needed not to proclaim their errand by any clarion of herald. The stark bodies of so many patrolmen rotted in the byways of Eastern Cuba, torn by the remorseless bullet or cleft by the surer steel, as to render disguise a proof, *per se*, of murderous intention. Anita *knew* what these men were, and what their purpose, from the first glance, and she sank on her knees, her eye glazed and her lips contorted in very idiocy of terror.

"Are you *sure* Fernando Cuevas is not at home?" asked the taller of the three.

"Yes, I am," he was answered. "He was to be in Cercado by daylight, and is far down the southern slope of the sierra before this."

"And the negroes?"

"Sent for a week to an infernal old estancia five leagues away; all, at any rate, except Tomas and his ugly wife; and he, I hope and believe, is playing Panza to Fernando's high and well-born mightiness."

"How are we to get in, Emilio?" asked the third.

A vague recognition had gradually crept over Anita as she listened, and now, at the name Emilio—the name of a dissolute cousin of her own—she shuddered, and a gasp escaped her lips, stifled, yet evidently loud enough to startle the robbers, for the conversation sank to a whisper of which she could distinguish no syllable. Two minutes, which carried in their lapse ages of thought and hells of agony, ran by; when suddenly a pellet of mud dropped from beside the door-jamb, the point of an oiled saw-blade was entered between two of the withes, and silently but certainly the work was begun.

A perpendicular cut was made of the length of perhaps four inches, and another begun at

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four inches from, and parallel with, the first. Piece by piece the sections of wattling dropped to the floor; little by little the opening enlarged as the moonlight faded away. Faded, it may be, never more to shine on thee, thou daughter of the sun! Nor ever *shall* it shine unless the Holy Virgin, to whom thou prayest, come with fast and all-prevailing succor! For fiends more merciless than wolves are on thy track, and eternity is very near!

Through all Anita's terror her mind had been clear and active: cleansed, it may be, by the euphrasy of that very terror; and she now saw that the object of the robbers was to insert a hand, and lift the bar from its securing fork. The entrance was to be silent that the robbery might be accomplished, and herself gagged, before any outcry should awake Tomas, who, by possibility of *theirs*, was sleeping near.

And now a brawny hand and arm were stretched upward by the side of the forked upright. Knowing that it could not be far from day, and how important every fraction of every minute was to her fast-failing chances of escape, Anita placed her hand to her forehead as if to beat back the madness which was clutching her, and, God of mercy! it struck the rope. Another second, and a noose was over the wrist of the burglar, and the brave girl was swaying with all her weight upon the other end of that merciful cord.

The noisy efforts of the fellow to free himself from this unexpected trap roused Serafina, who mechanically obeyed her mistress's choking call, and threw two hundred pounds additional into the scale of safety. Pull, devil, as you will, the sisterhood of angels, black though be its better half, is straining your hellish biceps till it cracks again. Pull, oh women! for to be strong is chastity, and weakness is pollution.

And pull all parties did—Emilio cursing at one end, and the women praying at the other. But feminine muscles are less enduring than feminine pluck, and Fernando would have overcome the enormous disadvantage of his position, had not Anita remembered a projection and "belayed" thereon just as he was succeeding.

In a very pretty dilemma is that most precious youth, Emilio, just now—a dilemma recalling the tiger in Bayley's "New Tale of a Tub." But worse was in store for him, for the sound of a patrolman's well-known horn came pealing down the valley, and silenced the fluent oaths of himself and his companions. After a moment's pause the taller said, with murderous pleasantry:

"Emilio, you have got us into a very lovely scrape — scrape absurd, scrape discreditable, scrape not productive of dollars. But if you think we are to be garroted for your foolishness, you do perilously miss it. We could release you—ay, and secure the dollars, in ten minutes; but in *five*, this cursed patrol would have us all in limbo—patrol numbers six sturdy Basques; so fighting is folly. We must go, and, going, must leave you in no condition to expose us. Do you understand?" And he drew a long, narrow knife; and the two attacked Emilio with merciless fury.

Diplomatically considered—that is, morals and humanity out of the question—this threatened life was of propriety forfeit. History records more than one *wholesale* instance of similar sort, which puzzle the casuist, perhaps from the appalling shape which human—or supra-devilish—ferocity can assume under the spur of self-preservation; and these two were neither sublime blockheads from a logical angle of vision, nor very notable philanthropists; besides, they knew Emilio to be both cowardly and treacherous.

Anita was, after all, a woman, and so I violate no probability in stating the actual fact that she changed her mind. Anxious as she had been to have the robber noosed, she was now doubly so to release him; for, as she tugged at the most unprecedented of knots, her agony of womanly pity and pardon compressed the sensations of her fifteen earliest years into Hasheesh-like instantaneity, and she thought only of the steep street of St. Jago where she and Emilio had romped from babyhood to adolescence. His later offenses were obliterated by the rememberable beauty of his youth, nor ever had the sistership of their mothers been beautified by love more tender than yearned from her toward this cousin in his foul death-grapple.

But the love was unavailing, and her struggles for his safety could not save; for, as the last tight turn unknotted, the stiletto drove with fatal force through flesh, and cartilage, and heart. And with the blood which—whether the "ichor" of the gods, or the "red, strong Burgundy" of feudal baron, or mere plebeian "blood"—is no way pleasant to lose by such phlebotomy, the miserable Emelio sent forth a cry so quaverless and clear that it clove the soft moonlight, and fell with scarcely blunted edge upon Fernando in the Cercado Pass. To her dying day Anita had it with her, a memory of incarnate terror—what wonder if even into the starry radiance of her heaven that mortal memory does sometimes enter *now?*

Quick upon the stab followed two cranching blows whose hideous atrocity was, for a little, veiled from the shivering girl; and two galloped down the road up which three had lately ridden; and a dead thing lay in its warm blood upon the porch.

Before three minutes passed the patrol came thundering to the door. There lay a headless body, from whose dislocated wrist the twisted lace-bark led through the wattled wall; and beyond Serafina's mumbling of stupid prayers no sound came from the interior, for Anita had fainted. The door was driven in. The sergeant of the patrol shook the negress, and asked twice for Fernando before she could answer that he had left, a little before, with Tomas for Cercado; and a subordinate was at once sent in search of him.

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WINDING UP.

It was the pounding gallop of this patrolman behind him which stopped Fernando at the head of the pass; and a vague story of rope and knife soon sent the cock-fighter and the fighter of the Señor Majá headlong to the house. No cock-fighting to-day for Fernando —add, no inclination therefor — as you may well suppose. For a no-way-to-be-distinguished corpse, decently veiled by a heavy blanket, and a sister in so frantic case as the resuscitated Anita, did suffice to indispose for everyday disportings.

Anita mentions not—save by a palo-post-futurity of twenty years—that The Bisected is (or was) Emilio: so Family Honor is safe. The diplomatic butchers never discovered themselves, nor were discovered; and if a skull, months afterward, was found revolving in a lower eddy of the innocent Maximo, with a crawfish in place of each original, though scanty, brain, what of it? Contemporaries said naught. We, from stand-point of this story, say said skull was more profitably peopled than ever before.

IN A STREET CAR.

I.

JIM MALLORY came swinging on a half-run round the corner of State Street to catch an up-town car. "A red car," his friend Saxon had told him; and there it went full speed out of sight just as he came in view of it. An east wind was blowing, as it generally *is* blowing in Boston, and Jim Mallory shivered, and sneezed, and drew up his coat-collar, while he anathematized the Hub of the Universe and her east winds, as a Gothamite was bound to do. Presently, what with the dust in his eyes and the well-known delightful regularity of that city, Jim got "turned round," as the country folk say, and for a few minutes couldn't tell for the life of him which was up town or which was down town.

"Confound the place!" he began, when all at once it seemed as if all the cars in the city suddenly appeared. There they were, red cars and green cars and blue cars, bearing down upon him in swift confusion. He hailed the first, and shouted where he wanted to go. The driver shook his head, and pointed backward in the most indefinite manner; and there were six cars behind him.

He hailed the second, and went through with the same humiliating experience. He hailed the third, he hailed the fourth, and all at once came to his senses at the fifth, and discovered they were every one going the wrong way, and he himself all out of the way on the wrong street. He breathed an exclamation more emphatic than polite, and dashed through to Tremont Street just in time to catch the car he was after. Jim was a handsome fellow ordinarily, but you never would have suspected it now. To begin with, he had a cold in his head; and for

> "A cold in the head
> What can be said,
> Uglier, stupider, more ill-bred?"

Being a blond man, too, made it worse, as every blond, be they man or woman, can testify; for flushed and swollen eyelids and excoriated nostrils show off to most dismal disadvantage beside a blond's "hair of yellow or beard of gold." And then the thin tissues, the light skin, which evinces every disarrangement! Well, besides a cold in the head, Jim Mallory was covered with dust from his head to his feet. Then, *because* of the cold in his head, he had drawn his coat-collar up around his ears, and, because of a general uncomfortable condition, he had drawn his shoulders nearly up to his ears. And then something had happened to his hat. I don't know what it was. *He* didn't know what it was, or he never would have sat there right in the face of those five girls, looking like such a Guy, without trying to remedy it. It was something between a crush and a twist, which, taken together with his general muffy appearance, gave him the aspect of a forlorn and seedy old fellow at odds with himself and with the world. This was a climax for a young man who led off the *German* in Avenuedom, and who was spoken of usually by all feminine Avenuedom as "so *distingué!*" And there sat those five girls without a suspicion of these facts in his history. Five girls as pretty as girls need to be, laughing and chattering like—like—well, like five girls. I don't think there is any comparison that will serve as well as that after all. There they sat, laughing and chattering, perfectly heedless of the forlorn and seedy old fellow doubled up in the opposite corner. Such things as he found out! For there was nobody else in the car but another forlorn and seedy old fellow at the end of the seat. And what heed did these girls think would be given to their chatter by these forlorn old fellows?

"How *do* you get your hair into such a lovely fluff?" inquired a brunette of a blonde.

"Why, I roll it up into curls, and then just pass a coarse comb through it. But yours is lovely too, I'm sure. How do you do yours?"

"Roll it on a heated slate-pencil."

"Oh, but that hurts the hair so. I put mine into crimping-pins," said another.

And still another: "I braid mine and press it."

And still another: "Common hair-pins, I think, are the best of all. But then one looks so like a fury in any pins."

Then the brunette gave a little giggle.

"Oh, girls, I put *my* hair into pins once—those great crimping-pins Lou uses. It was one morning when it rained, and I thought I was safe from visitors. I was going to the opera in the evening with Will Hess, and I wanted to look very nice, you know. Well, there I sat in the parlor, practicing my last singing-lesson, and never heard the bell nor a footstep until some one crossed the threshold. Who

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do you suppose it was?" And the little dark head buried itself in a little Persian muff to smother another giggle.

"We *can't* guess. Who was it?" burst out the other four voices in the greatest excitement.

Up came the head from its temporary hiding, the pretty face all a-blush, the dark eyes all a-dazzle with laughter, the frizzed hair a little the worse for the Persian muff.

"Oh, girls! it was Will Hess with Langford —Langford just home from Paris, you know!"

"What *did* you do?" from the chorus of four.

"Oh, I didn't die, and I couldn't run away; for there they were, right before me: so I made the best of it, and laughed, for it *was* funny, and then I snatched our George's Scotch cap from the table where he had flung it that morning, and covered up my steel horns and my ugliness in a twinkling."

"Plucky, I declare!" muttered Jim Mallory, inside of his coat-collar.

"Will said I *deserved* a *Cap*taincy for my coolness and strategy. Will is always making his bad puns, you know," concluded the fair speaker.

And then the others took up the tale, and not one but had some gleeful misadventure to relate. And in this relating, what mysteries of rats and mice and waterfalls, of knots and coils and curls and crimps, were not revealed to Jim Mallory as he sat there unsuspected in his corner! It was as good—no, it was a great deal better than a play to him. But presently the car filled, and the heedless voices hushed, and the play was over. And presently appeared the conductor, and Jim began rummaging his pockets for scrip.

"What! No money! Where in thunder is my pocket-book?" he almost said aloud.

His pocket-book was gone, probably picked when he was frantically hailing those six cars. Yes, his pocket-book was gone. But he must have some loose scrip about him, certainly! and with all the blood in his veins rushing up into his face, Jim Mallory continued his search—a fruitless search, for not a penny, even, could he find.

Here was a pretty fix for a man to be in. A stranger, too; and just then Jim caught a sight of himself in a little pocket-mirror he had turned out with other effects in his searching, and discovered what a forlorn-looking object he was, and, consequently, how much more difficult and disagreeable was his position!

What upon earth was he going to do? What upon earth was he going to say? He had a quick brain, usually fertile in expedients, but the ignominious facts of the present case were too much for him. He had heretofore declared, with rather a grand manner, that a man should rule circumstances; and here were the most contemptible circumstances ruling him with a rod of iron. "If it wasn't for those five girls, now!" he thought. But he might as well have said: "If it wasn't for that conductor!" and a great deal better, for there he was, slowly but steadily making his way toward the lower end of the car, with a wary eye for all whom he caught napping or negligent. And there were those five girls with their tickets fluttering in prompt readiness! All at once at this juncture he became conscious of a pair of the softest, tenderest eyes he had ever seen fixed upon him with a look of shy commiseration. It was one of those five girls. It was the brunette, who curled her hair over a slate-pencil, and dramatized her *deshabillé*. So, she had been watching him. She had seen his empty pockets, and was moved to pity thereby, spite of his forlorn and seedy appearance. He felt the blood go tingling up into his face again, but before he had time to know whether he was glad or sorry there was a pull at the bell, the car stopped, and two or three people were getting in. And in the crowd and the confusion up started the little brunette, and nodding over her shoulder at her companions, made a hurried rush for the door. Jim Mallory, sitting there, saw once more those pitying brown eyes, and then, as her garments brushed past him, he felt a little ungloved hand thrusting something into *his* hand. His fingers closed over this "something" mechanically. For a moment he could see nothing in the hurry and confusion, but there was a near, faint scent of early violets, which suddenly vanished with a soft rustle of silk. He looked up then, and she was gone. He looked down—and there in his palm was—"Why, bless my soul, a car-ticket!" as Jim himself exclaims whenever he tells the story. And to follow Jim's words at this point, which will tell the story better than any body else's words: "There had that little angel, under the disguise of crimped hair and a lot of other nonsense, taken note of my misfortunes, and made her little plan of relief, which she carried out, like the strategist she was, at the very climax of my desperation, and when the stir and confusion about us would cover every movement. Wasn't it splendid, though? How many girls do you suppose would have done that for such a muff as I looked to be that day? For I tell you, Tom"—this was to Tom Saxon—"that I did look something awful. What with those confounded cotton-samples from your office sticking to me, and the dust, and the cold in my head, and a smash in my hat, I was about as seedy a specimen as you ever saw." And Tom thought he might have been.

But out of one dilemma Jim Mallory had stepped fairly into another. As that "little angel in crimped hair and a lot of other nonsense" stepped out of the car, after the performance of her impulsive action—which was really a very pretty action—something entered Jim's heart which he had no will nor wish to banish; but, as I say, it was out of one dilemma into another—"out of the frying-pan into the fire." Tom Saxon would laugh, for all the clew he had was a name that hundreds of girls in Boston owned. And the way he got this

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was at the moment of her vanishing, when the astonished four cried out in chorus:

"What's Molly getting off here for?"

In vain Tom had brought him face to face with some half a dozen Mollys of his own acquaintance. From each Jim Mallory had turned with a sigh of disappointment. Not one of them belonged to his angel in crimped hair.

II.

It was curious how often after this Jim found it necessary to visit Boston. There was always some "business for the firm," which made it absolutely incumbent upon him to see Saxon and Co. And when he was there he fell into the habit of sauntering down Tremont Street about shopping hours. And from there to Washington Street, and into Williams and Everett's, or Childs and Jencks's. And not only there, but into trimming stores, into jewelers' shops, into fancy-goods stalls, into cars and omnibuses, and every where where he caught the glimpse of a little figure with dark, crimped hair tucked under a morsel of lace and ribbon which ladies call a bonnet. He passed the winter in this hunt. It was worse than the search for scrip that lucky and unlucky day when he first met her; or, as Tom Saxon jeeringly said, it was like that ancient search for a needle in a hay-mow. Such a reputation as he got, too, for the most impudent starer decorous Boston ever saw!

"I think that New York friend of yours is horrid, Tom," said not less than six girls that winter to Tom Saxon.

"Horrid! how?" asked Tom.

"Why he follows you about and stares so!"

Tom looked at them. *Every one had dark hair, and every one had it crimped.*

"He came into a car where I was one day," said one of these girls, "and just took an inventory of my features; and then, after fidgeting about two or three minutes, he dashed out."

Tom gave such a laugh at this that the fair speaker looked at him in wonderment, and privately told an intimate friend of hers afterward that she had reason to think that that Mr. Mallory was having a very bad influence upon Tom Saxon, for she had seen him "when—well—when he seemed very unlike himself, to say the least!"

If Tom could have heard this I think he would have laughed still more. As it was, his laugh was all at Jim Mallory; and Jim himself, though quite in earnest in his Quixotic search, saw the joke as readily as Tom, and, with ineffable *bonhomie*, enjoyed his own absurdity.

As I say, he passed the winter in this hunt, and by spring the excitement seemed to have subsided, or, at least, to be externally overlaid by other things. Tom Saxon thought it had died out entirely until one day, as he was strolling across the Common, listening to some business suggestions of Mallory, he saw Jim give a sudden start as a little dark lady passed, with her hair *crêpé* and a gay voice, chatting volubly to her companion.

"Jim, I thought you had dropped that string."

Jim laughed, and sung, in a low baritone,

"Her bright smile haunts me still."

And that was the last that Tom heard of the subject until—well, we will not anticipate.

Winter passed, and spring had come; and with the spring, as every body knows, premonitions of cholera. All the Mallory family, mother and sisters, were in a state of worry and fuss from the first about this expected scourge. They had twenty plans in twenty days as to where they would go, and what they would do. Cape May, and Long Branch, and Newport went by the board, because somebody had told Mrs. Mallory that the sea-coast would be unsafe. Then came all the mountain resorts. This was too far, that was too near, another too full, etc., etc., until a queer little place, perched up among the Catskill Mountains, was decided upon.

"And it will be so nice for you, James dear, for you can get your mails twice a day," said Mrs. Mallory.

But "James dear" made no reply to this. He had other plans.

"I'm not going to sacrifice city comfort another summer for one of those mosquito haunts," he said to his partner. "And as for cholera—bah!"

And so it came about that, for the first time in six summers, Jim took up his head-quarters in the deserted house at home, and found it, as he declared, the coolest and most comfortable summer resort he had known for a long time. I don't mean to say that he took no excursions away from the brick and mortar and marble. There was scarcely a week but found him for a day or so at one or another of the pleasant spots about New York, which were easily accessible to him by night trains or steamers. In the mean time his mother and three sisters wrote him frantic letters from the Kauterskill. They offered him every inducement they could think of—plenty of room, pure air, a nice table, and "*such* pleasant society."

"The Caledons—most delightful people—are here," wrote Kate Mallory; "two charming daughters and a son. They live on our street at home, too; isn't it funny we came way up here to find each other out?" And here followed an urgent entreaty to brother James to come up by Saturday night without fail and get acquainted with these delightful people. But brother James had made a partial engagement to go home with Mr. Wing, his partner, on Saturday night, and he didn't "see that he could get away from it," he wrote back to Kate.

Before Saturday night, however, Jim Mallory found it the easiest thing in the world to get away from his partial engagement with Mr. Wing. It was Tuesday when he wrote to Kate. On Wednesday morning, as he was walking down the street on the shady side, he suddenly heard a strange, shrill voice call out: "Molly!

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Molly! Molly!" He laughed a little at the remembrance this called up, and turned to look in the direction of the voice. There wasn't a soul to be seen within speaking distance. But still that voice went on: "Molly! Molly! Molly!" ending with a curious chuckle of laughter. He turned more quickly this time, and there, just above his head, discovered a gray parrot swinging in its great gilded cage. He laughed again, and the parrot took it up with his mocking chuckle, and with, it seemed to Jim, actually a knowing wink at him, repeated once more: "Molly! Molly! Molly."

Jim Mallory shrugged his shoulders, then thought of the little dark-eyed angel of his search, and was half a mind to lift his hat to her name, even when thus shrilly cried, when all at once something appeared at that window by which the parrot swung, which rooted his feet to the pavement. This "something" was a little dark, dark head, crimped and curled, and decorated with brilliant little bows, that fluttered in the morning breeze like the pennons of his hope. He had spent a whole winter hunting for her. He had haunted Boston streets, and Boston cars, and Boston shops, day in and day out, without result; and here at last he found her—here in New York, in the very heat of midsummer!

And there she stood, talking and chattering to her bird, looking more like a little angel than ever; and there below, looking up at her, stood Jim Mallory in a dazed and hopeless condition. It wasn't possible for any young woman to remain long unconscious of such a gaze as this—some attraction, magnetism, or whatever it may be, makes them "aware" at length. And so presently the owner of the frizzed hair and the fluttering bows ceased talking to her bird, and, with a little start, became conscious of the observation of Jim Mallory. And once observed by those bright eyes, no young man could have had the hardihood to have remained at his post.

But I must say Jim Mallory left his position gallantly—some might have said audaciously—but there is no audacity but of impertinence, and of this there was not a particle in Jim. Instead only the most reverent chivalry; and chivalry makes itself felt under any cloak. So now when James Mallory met those bright eyes, and turned away with his hat lifted to them, I say he did gallantly; and the young lady who was the object of this gallantry was intuitive enough to think so too.

You may be sure that as he went he was not so dazed but that he sent a keen glance toward the door which shut in his little dark-eyed lady. But there was only the number 2767—no betraying door-plate gave him further clew. This was enough, however, for the present. More than enough you would have said if you had watched him that morning. Wing, who was the sedate father of a family, catching the look in his eyes, asked him, with grim humor, if he had lately come into the possession of his Spanish estates.

Mallory laughed his genial, jovial laugh, and confessed that he had had direct news of them.

Fate, which had been so elusive with him for the last six months, now seemed to smile invitingly, for that very night as he paced slowly up the street, humming to himself "Her bright smile haunts me still," there from the doorway beamed the very smile he was singing of—but—but—who the deuce was that—that black-bearded, Italian-faced individual who sat so composedly on the second step? What if Jim saw his Spanish estates disappearing in a blue mist at this *if*.

The next moment the mist cleared.

"Mr. Langford, when do you return?" the lady asked of the black-bearded.

Jim never heard the answer. What did he care when he returned? he was only "Mr. Langford" to her.

The next sentence brought the blue mist back a little.

"Will says he should like to spend every winter in Paris."

Will? who was this Will? what relation did he bear, confound him, to the dark-eyed little party? Then he recalled the Will Hess of her gay misadventure. So here he was again. Suppose now this Will Hess had long ago taken possession of his Spanish castle? Suppose—but hark, what name is that? Can he believe his ears when Langford says: "Miss Caledon?" Miss Caledon? Kate's Miss Caledon? Yes, clearly, Kate's Miss Caledon, for presently she remarks about the Kauterskill, and something else, which explains her presence in New York for that week. Kate's Miss Caledon! Was there ever any thing like it?

"What an idiot I've been!" he soliloquized. "Rushing all over Boston, when if I had had my eyes open I dare say I might have met her a dozen times on Broadway. Visiting at the Hub with those four girls, I suppose, when I saw her."

Which conclusion of Jim's was the most accurate one he had arrived at for some time, as he ascertained when he called upon Molly Caledon the next morning. Yes, he actually called upon her, upon the strength of Kate's last letter.

To Molly Caledon this call seemed by no means hasty or singular, for after the manner of young women, she and Kate Mallory had become bosom friends in these last six weeks, and what so natural as "dear Kate's" brother calling upon her when she was in town? I think Kate herself would have been no little astonished if she could have listened to Jim's free reference to her letter; and I think she might have been doubtful whether she had ever written that letter. Certain it is that Miss Caledon received the impression by this sketchy reference of Jim's, that it was at Kate's information of her presence, and at her suggestion that he ventured to call. And as I have said before, what could seem more natural than this call? And what more natural than Mr. Mallory's returning with her to the Mountains?

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And what more natural than that on this journey these two should progress very rapidly in their acquaintance with such a mutual foundation of intimacy and interest as "dear Kate?" As for "dear Kate," she had the wit and tact to keep her astonishment within proper bounds, but whenever she found Jim alone didn't he have to take it?

"I can't imagine how you can be contented to stay here, Jim?" she would say; "and I can't imagine how Mr. Wing can do without you so long."

But Jim could imagine, and so I think after a time could little Molly Caledon. And so I think after a time could every member of the house; and it wasn't very difficult to prophecy the *dénouement* either, in the estimation of these on-lookers. But to Jim it seemed much more difficult, for Molly Caledon was far too bright to carry her heart on her sleeve, and a spice of feminine coquetry helped her to play a game of hide and seek.

But there came a day when she had to give it up, and acknowledge herself found, if not caught. It was the day Will Hess and Langford came. "Now or never!" thought Jim Mallory, as he watched her greeting with the aforesaid gentlemen. "Now or never!" I think Molly must have had a suspicion of his design, for with a queer, coquettish perversity she put him off, first with croquet, and then with a very animated discussion with Langford, and so on, through a list of employments and occupations that continually necessitated a third party. But Jim was too sharp for her at last. The mail had just come in, and as he read his letter from Wing with this item at the close: "One of us will probably have to go to Paris next year;" a bit of strategy suddenly proposed itself to him, which he forthwith acted upon. Walking straight by the group wherein Miss Caledon stood talking animatedly with Langford he glanced up from his letter with the most absorbed air and inquired of the landlord when the next train left.

"Oh, are you going to New York, Mr. Mallory?" asked Molly, with great *sang-froid*. "And if you are, will you undertake a commission for me?" and Molly came forward from the group at this.

Then she saw his serious *preoccupied business face*.

"No bad news, Mr. Mallory?"

"Oh no, not in the least; only my partner writes that one of us must go to Paris; and I suppose that one will be your humble servant. How many commissions shall I execute for you there, Miss Caledon?" looking straight into the pretty face before him. There was a quiver of the eyelids—a quiver of the lips, and a sudden forgetfulness of the hide and seek game altogether; and Jim knew that he had won.

"Come into the garden, Molly," he said, in a lower tone. "I've something else to tell you."

They went into the garden, and so absorbing was the story that he had to tell that he forgot all about the "next train" until Molly, as she heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive, looked up slyly into his face and said: "How about the cars, Mr. Mallory? I think you've lost them!"

Jim laughed. "But I've found something better than the cars, Molly." And then he laughed still more. And then he told her that other story of the cars when he had first met and fell in love with her.

"And you don't mean to say that *you* were that old codger in the corner?" asked Molly in amaze.

"I do, Miss Molly."

"My! but didn't we girls go on?"

"I should think you did. I found out all your hair-dressing secrets—all about the crimping and frizzing, you know—and say, Molly, do you 'do' your curls now over a slate-pencil? and do you ever get caught in your hair-pins by such young gentlemen as Hess and Langford now?"

"My goodness *did* I go on like that?"

"Just like that; and I thought the story in the end of the Scotch cap was rather a plucky climax. And when I listened to it, and saw what a gay little bird of Paradise you were, I had no idea that such a tender heart lurked beneath."

Molly laughed a little and blushed a little as she said: "Well, I don't know how any one could have seen another in such a horrid dilemma without doing something to help them out of it. I remember, though, how scared I felt as I jumped up; for, you know, I had to get off there to hide the action, for I knew *I* should feel silly enough, and I knew it would be terribly embarrassing all round.

"Yes, and in that way I learned your Christian name; for all those four girls wondered what Molly was getting off there for."

"And that was why you stopped under my window, Sir, was it, when my bird called Molly?"

"Oh, you saw me at once, did you, Miss Molly?"

"I saw you lift your hat to me, Sir," answered Miss Caledon, rather confusedly.

"And, Molly, my girl!" returned Jim Mallory, now dropping his gay tone, "I shall lift my hat always to the angel in your nature I discovered that day in the street car."

MY LOST ALICE.

I KNOW not why I should be so sad when I think of Alice Glendenning. It is truly no meet cause for sadness, when one has fought a battle and gained the victory—when one has earned rest—when one has entered into life. Dare I affirm that I believe in the infinite joy of Heaven, and yet sit stranded on the shore of time, and weep, with vain human longing, for one who walks in that eternal day? I say these things over to myself, and try for a moment to believe I am glad that Alice is gone

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home. But my faith is not quite strong enough. I shut my eyes, and seem to see again a pale, fair face with delicate, straight features, eyes full of soft light, dark drooping hair—such a face as Luini painted, in a dead century, as his conception of the Virgin Mother, "blessed among women"—that was Alice.

She was my one friend, and I loved her as those love who have few objects in life. I had acquaintances enough—people whom I liked, and who liked me; but to none of them had I ever opened my heart until Alice came. My nature was shy and reticent, and my life and my spirit continually contradicted each other. My life was quiet in the extreme. I was surrounded by men and women who lived in their day's work or their day's pleasure, with little thought beyond. I used sometimes to wonder what they would do if suddenly translated into a purely spiritual existence—their occupation would be so utterly gone. Such people made me shrink more and more into myself. I could not speak to them of themes which they would have found as barren of interest and as incomprehensible as an unknown tongue. But when Alice came she understood all from the first.

We grew to be dear to each other, very dear. I had no stronger tie than the one which bound me to her. She had a lover, to whom she had been betrothed for years. He was a man of business, living in a distant city, and she did not see or hear from him often enough to interrupt our friendship. She wrote to him one week, and he answered her letter the next, and four times a year he came to Glenwood. For the rest I could have Alice to myself.

I saw this Marcus Glendenning on his first visit to Alice, after I knew her. He was her second cousin, but as unlike her, except in name, as possible. He must have taken his mental and physical traits from the other side of his ancestry. I did not like him, though I tried to for Alice's sake. There was something in his face which repelled me. I do not know whether it was the self-indulgent lips, or the inscrutable black eyes, or both together. His eyes were not brown or hazel, but simply and unmistakably jet black. Like all such eyes which I have ever met they revealed nothing. Whatever emotion stirred him they glittered unchangeably. I do not like such eyes. There is something in their mystery which warns me of unseen breakers. From the first I had no faith in Mr. Marcus Glendenning; but I did not say so to Alice. One day I asked her if she really loved him.

"Would I be engaged to him if I did not?" she answered, with an indignant blush, and a quiver of her sensitive lips, which made me think of a grieved child. "I love him better than any thing else in this world."

Then I held my peace. After all, she knew him better than I did, and very likely judged him more justly. At any rate she loved him, and that, with a girl like Alice, was a fact with which no pressure of outside influences could do away. If she were ever cured of it it must be by some wrong-doing on his part; and I knew her well enough to pray that for her such an evil day might be far off.

When I had known her a year I began to wonder that he never urged her to make any arrangements for their marriage, especially as she was an orphan, and might naturally be supposed to desire a home of her own as soon as possible. I spoke of this to her one day, and she said that they had been engaged almost ever since they were children; and it had been always understood that they were not to marry until he had met with a certain degree of success in his business. She was so trustful that I believe nothing of that kind could have disquieted her; but I, loving her so truly, was far from satisfied with the devotion of this man to whom she had consecrated her life.

The second autumn after she came to Glenwood she received an invitation from an old school friend to pass the winter with her. The friend resided in the same city with Mr. Glendenning, and that fact, I knew, influenced Alice in her delighted acceptance of the invitation.

"Only think," she said, "to be near him one whole winter! I shall see more of him than I ever have since I was a child."

With the same mail by which she answered her friend's letter went one to her lover, acquainting him with her plans. She waited anxiously for his reply, but when it came it was easy to see that she was not altogether satisfied with it.

"I don't think Marcus is half pleased," she said to me. "He writes that he is glad, but he adds that he had hoped I would come there first as his wife. Poor fellow! I think it troubles him that he is not ready to be married at once. But I shall cheer him up when I get there."

Would she? I wondered; or would she find herself no longer mistress of his moods? A presentiment settled on my mind that I should never see again my cheery, bonny Alice as she was when she went away.

The time of her absence seemed very long. Neither of us liked letter-writing, so we heard from each other but seldom. In these rare letters she made, from the first, little mention of Marcus Glendenning, and after a short time none at all. This omission troubled me, and I began to long feverishly for her return. She was to come early in May. I went out that day, I remember, under a bright sky full of flitting, changeful clouds, and gathered the first blooms of the trailing arbutus. I always felt a curious kinship with the shy flower. Its pink-and-white prettiness soothed me this day like the face of a long-absent friend. I carried home all I could find, and arranged them in Alice's room, for she was to come to our house. She had to board somewhere, and it seemed natural she should be with me. Taking boarders was contrary to all rule and precedent with

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my mother, but I had persuaded her to make an exception in Alice's case.

When I had pleased myself in the arrangement of her room I went over to the station and waited for the cars to come in. The moment she stepped upon the platform I knew that my presentiment was verified; that the bonny, happy, care-free Alice who went away had not come back—never would come again. She looked ten years older than the day I parted with her. She had been pale always, but there had been a life and brightness in her face which was gone now. There were dark circles round her eyes which told of wakeful nights, and the thin hand she gave me was feverish. She kissed me, not impulsively, as she would have done once, but with a long, slow kiss, full of tenderness.

I took her home almost in silence. When we went into her room, and she saw the flowers with which I had adorned it, the ghost of a smile flitted across her face, and she said:

"I wonder if any thing could change *your* love, Margaret? I know by these flowers you have been thinking of me all day."

"Not to-day only, but all the days since you left me. Is it so strange that I should love you?"

"It seems, sometimes, as if there were no such thing as real love in the world; for the love I trusted in the most has failed me. Don't ask me any questions, dear. I could not bear to answer them. I am not engaged to Marcus any longer. He has been weighed in the balances and found wanting." She stopped a moment, and then she repeated the last words in a low tone, unutterably sad—"Found wanting!"

I dared not try to comfort her. I could only put my arms round her and hold her fast, while I kissed her through my tears. But her own eyes were dry.

For three months after that life went on with us in dreary fashion. The most pitiful of all was, to see how hard Alice tried to be like her old self—with what vain endeavor she strove to interest herself in all the old themes we used to talk about together. How I longed to let her know that I understood the gentle hypocrisy, and was ready to weep with her; but I fancied the very effort she made might be doing her good, and I knew she was grateful to me for keeping silence. When the days came round on which her lover's letters would have been due, had they been corresponding as of old, I always noticed in her an increase of restlessness. Often on those days she would take long, solitary walks, and come back utterly exhausted from the conflict, but mistress of herself. I longed to have her talk to me, but she never mentioned Marcus Glendenning's name after that first night.

So May went by, and June, and July. August came on with sultry heats. There had been little rain through July, and the August skies were like brass over our heads. People hoarded water like gold. They brought it from a river four miles away for the cattle to drink, and the poor, dumb creatures, pasturing in parched fields, under pitiless suns, rushed after it with an eagerness in their eyes which seemed human. There was a good deal of illness, but nothing that came very near us. Alice was not sick, but she drooped under the fervid heats perceptibly.

At last one day my father came in and handed her a letter. It bore the familiar post-mark which she had welcomed so many times; but it was in a strange handwriting. For the first time Alice gave way. She shivered like one in an ague, as she put it into my hand:

"Read it for me, Margaret. I have not courage to break the seal. I thought I was done with that place. What can any one there want of me?"

"It is signed 'Jane B. Reynolds,'" I said, glancing first at the last line.

"Yes; Marcus has boarded with her for years. She knows me. Read."

It was only a few lines, to tell her that Mr. Glendenning lay very ill of typhoid fever. The fever was prevalent in the neighborhood, and had assumed in many cases a malignant type. Mr. Glendenning was out of his head—had been ever since he was taken, so she could not ask him for any directions, but she felt that it was her duty to let Miss Alice know, as the physicians said the chances for his recovery were doubtful.

"*She* does not know that any thing is changed between us," Alice said quietly, as I finished reading.

"Thank God, at any rate, that it is not now your duty to go."

"I *am* going."

"You, Alice?"

"Yes. I told you once that I loved him better than any thing else in the world; and should I not be less than woman to let one I had loved so well and so long die without me? He need not know I am there. I can come away when he begins to get better; but oh! I must go, for no one else will tend him as I should. Don't blame me, Margaret."

Blame! I should have blamed an angel as soon. I began collecting the things she would need, and packing them. If sometimes my tears fell on them I could not help it. I wanted to go with her, but she would not let me. She knew she was going into danger, and she was determined to go alone. What days those were through which I waited! I had made her promise to send for me at once if she felt the slightest symptom of illness; so while I did not hear I knew that she, at least, was safe.

The second week in September rain fell for two days. The wind changed, or rather an east wind arose, for all through the drouth there had not been breeze enough to wave a feather. The parched earth began to revive. The beasts held up their heads. Men met each other in the streets, and said, reverently, "Thank God!"

Three days afterward Alice came home. I

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sat quite alone when she came in, swiftly and silently, and clasped me in her arms.

"You have saved him, I know," I said, for I read it somehow in her face.

"He is saved! I do not know how much I helped. I think but for the rain he must have died. The fresh wind that came with it seemed to bring him healing upon its wings. The doctor says he will do well now; and I could not stay any longer, he had begun to know me."

"And you, Alice, are you safe?"

"Safe, dear, yes; but oh! so tired. I shall be rested in the morning."

But when the morning came we knew what I had guessed before. The fever which she had been breathing so long at Marcus Glendenning's bedside had stolen into her own veins, and come home with her. The doctor we sent for said that it had been coming on for some time, and excitement had kept her up. Now the strain on every faculty was over the disease began to show itself, and she was in far more danger from the fact that she had so long resisted the attack.

I knew when I heard those words that she would die, just as well as I knew it when the end came. But God knows how I tended her—as lovingly, I think, as any mother ever nursed her sick child—as faithfully as *she* had tended the man for whom she was going to die. From the incoherent mutterings of her fever I learned more than she would ever have told me of her wrongs and her suffering. I understood, during those long, slow nights through which I watched her, how the iron had entered into her soul.

After three weeks of such watching there came a sunset when I sat with her hand in mine, and tried in vain to see her wasted face through the tears which came between it and my eyes. I knew it was all over. Before the sun should set again she would be where "they have no need of the sun by day or the moon by night." These were the last moments I could snatch from eternity. And the words I longed to say, the words I should wish I had said in many an after hour, would not come to my lips. I could only cling to her desperately, and weep those useless tears.

"Do not be sorry for me," she said, at last. "It is not sad to go beyond the toiling and the weeping."

"Not for you!" I cried, bitterly, moved beyond my own self-control. "He made your life so bitter first that you were glad to throw it away, and then you threw it away on him. God will judge him. He has taken away from me the light of my life."

"*I* pray, Margaret, that God will judge him in mercy; and so must you. He will suffer for it all some day; and then, oh, Margaret, do not reproach him, but comfort him!"

"And I—who will comfort me for the only friend I ever had to be heart of my heart?"

"God will, dear;" and when she had said that she lay silently, seeming to watch the sunset clouds. Oh, if I had known how near the end was! "God will," she breathed again through the silence; and then, I know not how, the light faded out of her eyes. She had not kissed me or said good-by, but she was gone with the fading sunset. It was as if from those clouds had stooped the unseen messengers to carry her away.

Two days after she was buried Marcus Glendenning came to me, the wan ghost of his former self. He greeted me with scant ceremony.

"My cousin Alice saved my life, and then went away before I could thank her. I come to you as her friend. Will you tell me where she is?"

I rose and asked him to follow me. Swiftly I led him, waiting for no questions, across the fields until we stopped beside a new-made grave in the shadow of a great rock.

"There she lies," I said. "Speak, and see if she will answer you."

May God forgive me if I was cruel! but I thought his heart was stone, and nothing less than this could soften it. I was not prepared for the cry of mortal agony which smote upon my ears as he knelt down and pressed his ashen lips to that grave.

"Dead! dead! and I can never in all time hear her say that she forgives me! Oh, if she had only left *me* to die!"

He seemed to have utterly forgotten my presence. I stood there, witness of his remorse and despair until I, even I who had so loved Alice, began to pity him. I remembered her words:

"He will suffer for it all some day, and then, oh, Margaret, do not reproach him, but comfort him!"

"She *did* forgive you," I said. "She used almost her last breath in trying to make me forgive you also. If she could speak to you from this grave she would bid you go in peace."

"I am worse than Cain," he groaned. "I have killed the one creature in this world who loved me. What devil possessed me to throw away the truest heart that ever beat?"

Then he got up, as if with a sudden recollection of his old gallantry toward women, which sat strangely enough upon him here at this grave.

"Grant me your pardon," he said; "I am intruding my feelings upon you. It is still so light perhaps you will not mind walking back alone across the fields? You have been kind, and I thank you; but I would wish to be here a little while by myself."

I looked back when I reached the corner of the church-yard. He had knelt again by the grave with his head bowed over it. The dew was falling fast on him—the chill autumn night coming down. I was half tempted to return and try to persuade him to go home with me; but I shrank from intruding upon him again, so I went on through the nightfall and left him alone with the dead.

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His night vigil did not kill him, for, though I have never seen him since I left him kneeling by that grave, I have read his name in many a list of stock-owners and moneyed men. I hear that he has never married. I have never learned the secret Alice guarded—never understood by what wrong to her he broke the cords which bound them; but if ever I saw a man overtaken by an unutterable horror of remorse and woe I believe he was that man. Did she know it, I wonder, and pity his unquiet soul—she, looking back from the rest into which she had entered? God knows.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

AWAY with all sentimentalism! We'll none of it. But as it is to be presumed that the morale of Courtship and Marriage, even in theory, is not familiar to the uninitiated, whether young or old, this paper, like the sermon of a celebrated divine of the last century, in treating of this subject, will "go at it, through it, and round about it." By some persons the married state is supposed to be the summum bonum of human life, while by others it is assailed with ridicule, therefore the old scandal:

"Marriage, as old men note, hath likened been
Unto a public feast, or common rout—
Where those who are without would fain get in,
And those that are within would fain get out."

Or, as *Punch* has said:

"Which is of greater value—pr'ythee say—
The bride or bridegroom? Must the truth be told?
Alas! it must;—the bride is given away,
The bridegroom often regularly sold."

None will deny that all this may be true with large numbers, who marry in haste and repent at leisure—hence the disgracefully large number of divorces granted by our courts of law, proving that some other than divine power had joined them together. From the many, however, who have lauded the praises of matrimony, we may infer, as the old divines have it, that it is "a goodly and blessed estate." An old writer has thus compactly and sweetly compared marriage with celibacy: "Marriage hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their ruler, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world."

Marriage, properly defined, is the union for life of men and women in a state of undivided and affectionate fellowship. The Bible alone records the origin of this domestic institution, gives to it a high and noble basis, and defends it from those notions which sap its strength and mar its beauty. Where that book is disbelieved or unknown, error on this matter is deplorably prevalent. But in such cases humanity is degraded. Thus it is that opponents to the sacredness of the marriage tie, as well as those who violate the sacredness of the principle involved, are generally the very dregs of the most debased cup of society. "It is not good," says the Record, "that man should be alone. I will make an help meet for him." "Two are better than one." If, then, the garden needed the beauty and the fragrance of this flower, how much more the desert! if the paradise required this fruit, how much more the wilderness!

It would appear as if the aborigines of this country adopted a peculiar and apparently an all-sufficient preliminary to marriage, thereby avoiding all the sweets and sours of courtship. For instance, an aged Indian, who for many years had spent much time among the white people, both in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, one day, in the year 1770, observed that the Indians had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but also a more certain way of getting a *good* one. "For," said he, in broken English, "white man court—court—maybe one whole year—maybe two years, before he marry! Well—maybe then he get very good wife, but maybe not—maybe very cross! Well, now, suppose cross! Scold so soon as get awake in the morning! Scold all day! Scold until sleep! All one—he must keep him! White people have law forbidding throw away wife, he be ever so cross—must keep him always. Well, how does Indian do? Indian, when he see industrious squaw, he go to him, place his two forefingers close aside each other, make two like one; then look squaw in the face—see him smile—this is all one he say yes! So he take him home—no danger he be cross! No, no—squaw know too well what Indian do if he be cross! throw him away and take another! Squaw love to eat meat—no husband, no meat. Squaw do every thing to please husband, he do every thing to please squaw—live happy." This anecdote is not presented to recommend imitation, but to show how easily in old times an Indian could choose and discard a wife, yet only a little more easily than "white man" in the present day, thus contravening the law of God, unless it be for adultery.

Many, indeed, are the false steps taken before matrimony, arising from ignorance not only of physiological laws, but also of what is due to each other in the marriage relation. There is a false step somewhere when May and Decem-

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ber are united. It is a false step for a man to marry, not his grandmother, but one nearly as old. It is a false step when the two extremes of society are united in wedded union. It is a false step for young people to be married "at sight," or even at all, without thoughtfulness. It is a false step for any to marry merely "for money" or position. And it is most certainly a false step to enter upon that condition without adequate means of support and a fair prospect for the future.

As it may be interesting to the reader to learn at what age it is considered best to marry, we will quote from Dr. Johnson, who, in his work on the "Economy of Health," says that matrimony should not be contracted before the first year of the fourth septennial on the part of the lady, nor before the last year of the same on the part of the gentleman; in other words, the female should be at least twenty-one years of age, and the male twenty-eight years. The Doctor further maintains that there should be a difference of several years between the sexes, at whatever period of life the connection is formed. There is a difference of seven years, not in the actual duration of life, in the two sexes, but in the stamina of the constitution, the symmetry of the form, and lineaments of the face. In respect to early marriages, so far as concerns the softer sex, for every year at which marriage is entered upon before the age of twenty-one, there will be on an average three years of premature decay, more or less apparent, of the corporeal fabric.

While, however, hasty and premature marriages may be properly condemned, it is wise to be prepared for "the accepted time," as that passed, the goal is the more difficult to be reached. Especially should bachelors be on the alert, as, running a race with a widower of the same age, the chances of success are against them. A table inserted in a paper of the "Assurance Magazine," exhibits results of rather a startling character. In the first two quinquennial periods, 20–25 and 25–30, the probability of a widower marrying in a year is nearly three times as great as that of a bachelor. At 30 it is nearly four times as great; from 30 to 45 it is nearly five times as great; and it increases until, at 60, the chance of a widower marrying in a year is eleven times as great as that of a bachelor. It is curious to remark, from this table, how confirmed either class becomes in its condition of life, how little likely, after a few years, is a bachelor to break through his habits and solitary condition; and, on the other hand, how readily in proportion does a husband contract a second marriage who has been deprived prematurely of his first partner. After the age of 30 the probability of a bachelor marrying in a year diminishes in a most rapid ratio. The probability at 35 is not much more than half that at 30, and nearly the same proportion exists between each quinquennial period afterward.

It may rightfully be supposed, especially in these days of fashionable extravagance among the "female persuasion," that bachelors who have arrived at a thoughtful and calculating age will well weigh the whole matter, and count the cost ere they suffer themselves to be entangled in the meshes of matrimony. It is thus, probably, that they soliloquize, *after* the manner of Shakspeare's Hamlet:

"To wed, or not to wed, that is the question:
Whether 'tis better all alone to suffer
The jokes and laughter of mischievous maidens,
Or to take a wife, despite a thousand troubles,
And, by thus wedding, end them? To ask—to wed—
Doubt o'er; and, with a wife, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the greatest natural want
That man is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To ask—to wed—
To wed! perchance a vixen; ay, there's the rub;
For in that state of joy, what storms may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must make us pause. That's a result
That makes calamity of married life;
For who would bear the scoffs and jeers of men,
The maiden's scorn, the widow's cruelty,
The pangs of despised love, the day's delay,
The insolence of rivals, and the slights
The doubtful lover of a fair one takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With the first asking? Who such burdens bear,
And groan, and sigh, under a single life;
But that the fear that something after marriage—
The dread connubial state, from whose bourne
No bachelor returns—puzzles our wills;
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

The first advance, however, having been made, now begins the great struggle of life, or, rather, the serious drama of courtship, the gradual progress of which has been humorously hit off by *Punch:* "From Smiles to the Station at Kisses is 500 sighs, from Kisses to Pop-the-Question is 1500 sighs, and from thence to the terminus at Pa's-Consent, is 2500 sighs, making a grand total of 4500 sighs. To arrive at Pa's-Consent, however, the engine of Love has to ascend a steep incline, the gradients of which are enormous—2 in 3—causing a vast number of sighs to be heavily drawn in reaching it. Some sentimental surveyors have therefore proposed to facilitate the communication between Pop-the-Question and Pa's-Consent (which may easily be done if they can raise sufficient capital), or, failing that, to form a loop-line to Ma's. The estimated saving is not far short of a thousand sighs."

Judging from the practice of nowadays, there is evidently a difference of opinion as to courting or popping the question taking precedence, while asking the consent of the parents or guardian has so far fallen into disuse by the loose habits of the age, as to be frequently left until all else has been decided, and when, in view of solemn promises exchanged, it may be too late to interfere. Whether our ancestors acted more wisely, the reader may decide. There was an old law in Massachusetts to regulate courtship, which we may imagine would require a stronger force than that of the constabulary to enforce at the present time:

"*Oct.* 27, 1617.—The General Court enact that if any young man attempt to address a young woman without the consent of her parents or the *County Court*, he

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shall be fined £5 for the first offense, £10 for the second, and imprisonment for the third."

And under date Sept. 11, 1649, we find the following record of punishments: Matthew Stanley was tried for drawing the affections of John Tarbox's daughter, without the consent of her parents, £5; fees 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 6*s.* for three days' attendance by her parents. In the same month three married women were fined 5*s.* each for scolding!

From Hill's History of Mason, New Hampshire, we learn that in the olden time, with rejecting the power of the English clergy, our ancestors went farther, and would not allow their own clergy to celebrate marriages. Only the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and assistants, had authority for many years to celebrate marriages. These magistrates having exclusive power in that direction, construed that power to extend to all cases, and even presumed to marry themselves, for which some of them were fined. Having regulated the celebration of marriages, the Court next undertook to regulate courtship by law. The act for this purpose was passed by the General Court of Massachusetts Nov. 11, 1647. The preamble is as follows:

"*Whereas*, God hath committed ye care and power unto ye hands of parents, for ye disposing of their children in marriage, so yt it is against the rule to seek to draw away ye affections of yong maydens, under pretence of purpose of marriage, before their parents have given way or allowance in yt respect, and, whereas it is a common practice, in divers places, for yong men irregularly and disorderly to watch all advantages, for their evil purposes, to insinuate into ye affections of yong maydes, by coming to them in places and seasons, unknown to their parents, for such ends, whereby much evil hath grown amongst us to ye dishonor of God and damage to ye parties, for ye prevention thereof in time to come, it is ordered," etc.,

and making it a penal offense "to endeavor directly or indirectly to draw ye affections of any mayden in this jurisdiction, under pretense of marriage," before liberty and allowance therefor by the parents, etc., or in the absence of such, by the Court.

This paper would be justly considered very incomplete did it not refer somewhat to the history of courtship. Therefore, for the benefit of the tens of thousands who will read it, some interesting facts are here cited, one or more of which will doubtless be found to afford some invaluable hints. Mr. Helps, in his Spanish Conquest of America, gives the following account of the way in which the Nicaraguan damsels were wooed and won in early times. We think that some Yankee girls would make no objection to lovers of the same kind:

"A young Nicaraguan beauty would have many favored lovers; but after a time, bethinking her that it would be well to marry and settle, she would ask her father to give her a portion of land near to where he lived. When he had appointed what land she should have, she would call her lovers together, and tell them that she wished to marry, and to take one of them for her husband; that she did not possess a house, but that she desired that they would build her one off the land which her father had given her. The prudent damsel did not hesitate to enter into details as to the kind of a house she wished to have built, and would add that, if they loved her well, the house would be built by such a day, giving them a month or six weeks to complete it in. To one she would give the charge of furnishing the wood-work; to another to find the canes which were to form the walls; to another to provide the cordage; to another to gather the straw for the roof; to another to get deer and pigs for her; to another to procure the dried fish to stock the house; to another to collect maize. This work was usually put in hand with the utmost promptitude, nor was the least thing dispensed with that she had asked for. On the contrary, anxious to show their zeal to the lady of their affections, they sometimes brought double of what had been demanded. Their friends and relations aided them, for it was always thought a great honor to be the successful competitor, and that it would reflect honor upon his kindred."

We may easily imagine what efforts were made by the contending parties to promote their several suits—how her relatives were honored and flattered, how her companions were waylaid, and what tales were conveyed to her ears of the dangers and labors that were undertaken for her sake. The pomp of courtship could never have been brought so distinctly before the eyes of the world as in the pleasant province of Nicaragua.

At last the house was ready. The provisions and furniture were put in it, and the hearts of the overworked competitors beat rapidly as the fortunate or the fatal moment approached.

A solemn feast was held in the new house. When supper was concluded the damsel rose and made a short but gracious speech. She first thanked them all heartily for the labor they had undergone on her behalf. She then said she wished it was in her power to make so many women that she could provide a wife for each of her suitors. In times past they have seen what a loving mistress she has been to each of them; but now she was going to be married, and to belong to one alone—"And this is the one," she said; whereupon she took the chosen suitor by the hand, and retired from the apartment.

As to the bride, she was henceforth utterly cold to all her former lovers, and showed herself to be a true wife. The disappointed suitors, for the most part, bore their disappointment meekly; but sometimes it happened that on the morning after the marriage one or two of them were found hanging from a tree, and there the bodies remained, a ghastly spectacle of horror, to show the world how the fair Nicaraguan had been loved and lost.

Some who may not have had time or opportunity to make their desires known elsewhere, have availed themselves of church privileges. For instance, a young gentleman happened to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, and was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not favoring a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: he politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible opened, with a pin stuck in the following text:

"And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I

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wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

She returned it, pointing to the verse in Ruth:

"Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing I am a stranger?"

He returned the book, pointing to the following:

"Having many things to write unto you, I would not with paper and ink: but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full."

A marriage soon after resulted from this Biblical interview.

Several years ago the writer was cognizant of a singular case of courtship by proxy. A Presbyterian clergyman, residing in one of the British Provinces, had lived to the age of 48 without having even apparently "contemplated marriage," much to the disgust of various spinsters of his congregation. He was at length advised by some of his Sessions to enter into "the holy bonds." One and another of the female portion of his flock was mentioned as being eligible to become the wife of the dominie, until he declared that he had no choice, and was willing to submit the whole affair to his brethren, with power to make all necessary arrangements. They therefore waited upon a lady, "stated the case," received her consent, made the arrangements, and in the course of a few days "the twain were made one flesh." But, strange to say, from the time above-mentioned until the morning of the wedding the parties did not meet.

Courting by proxy, however, is not always so fortunate, for other men than the hard-headed Puritan, Miles Standish, have made the same blunder he perpetrated in sending John Alden to do his courtship with the pretty Priscilla.

As to different modes of popping the question there are many floating anecdotes, two or three of which, at least, are worth repeating, to "point a moral and adorn a tale." Of the eccentric class may be noted the case of a prominent merchant, who one day dining at a friend's house, sat next to a lady possessed of rare charms of conversation. The merchant did not possess this faculty in a very rare degree, but he could do that which is next best—he could appreciate—an appreciation which he endeavored to show by the following mode of action:

"Do you like toast, Miss B——?"

"Yes," replied the lady, slightly surprised at the question.

"Buttered toast?"

"Yes."

"That is strange; so do I. Let us get married."

There can not be much doubt that the lady was taken aback—a fact, however, that did not prevent the marriage from coming off in a month afterward.

The following is peculiar:

In the year 1855 the newspapers of New York gave an amusing account of courtship by telegraph. At the beginning of that year a young gentleman of Albany entered the Morse telegraph office, and requested to be instructed in such of the mysteries of telegraphing as the operators could or would inform him—such as would not interfere with the secrets of the office. The obliging operator proceeded to do so, and in the course of his instructions explained to the freshman the *modus operandi* of writing. It should be known that at one of the stations west of the city, in quite a small but enterprising village, a female—the schoolmistress of the village—was the operator at the telegraph station. While the operator in the city was going through his explanations the —— office called "Albany," and made a business inquiry, to which an answer was returned by the Albany operator, who, in a professional manner, asked the name of the anxious inquirer, and sent it, with the gentleman's compliments, to the —— office, which the female had charge of. Miss C——, the operator, replied. The gentleman was greatly delighted with the idea of interrogating a person one hundred and fifty miles distant, and, through the kindness of the operator, addressed several interrogatories to her, all of which were answered satisfactorily. The novice in telegraphing called again on the following day, and enjoyed a most delightful *tête-à-tête* with his charming inamorata, although so far removed. This continued for several days, the conversation progressing until at last the amateur operator inquired, "Will you marry me?" to which the lady graciously replied in the affirmative.

Another case was that of a gentleman who had retired from business at the age of forty, and built him a beautiful house, determined to enjoy life to the utmost. One day a friend was dining with him, and said, half jokingly:

"You have every thing here that the heart can desire but a wife."

"That's true. I must think of it," said he; and then relapsed into silence for a few minutes, at the end of which time he rose, begged to be excused for a short time, and left the room.

He seized his hat and went hastily to a neighbor's, and was shown into the parlor, with the information that neither the master nor the mistress was at home. He told the servant that he did not want either, and requested that the housekeeper be sent to him. She came, and the gentleman thus addressed her:

"Sarah, I have known you for many years, and have just been told that I want a wife. You are the only woman I know that I should be willing to intrust my happiness with, and, if you agree, we will be instantly married. What is your answer?"

Sarah knew the man that addressed her, and knew that his offer was serious, and as well weighed as though considered for a year, and she answered him in the same spirit:

"I agree."

"Will you be ready in an hour?"

"I will."

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"I shall return for you at that time."

Which thing he did, the gentleman who had suggested the idea accompanying them to the clergyman's.

These eccentric courtships are not always successful, as witness the case of Amaziah Brown, a worthy Friend in New York. One afternoon it was impressed on his mind that Lydia Jones, a Philadelphia Friend, was to be his wife. Taking the evening train he reached the city of Brotherly Love at midnight. The fair Lydia had retired, but arose at the earnest request of Amaziah, and descending to the parlor was accosted with:

"Friend Lydia, the Lord hath revealed to me that thou art to be my wife."

"The Lord hath not said any thing to me about it," was the curt reply of the lady as she left the room.

Amaziah took the morning train for New York, and we believe that Lydia has not as yet received any spiritual communications corresponding to those vouchsafed to the party of the other part.

De Quincey, in his "Selections, Grave and Gay," caps the climax by referring to a misadventure to a German whose English education had been greatly neglected. Having obtained an interview with an English lady, who, having recently lost her husband, must (as he in his unwashed German condition took for granted) be open to new offers, he opened his business thus:

"High-born madam, since your husband have kicked de bucket—"

"Sir!" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased.

"Oh, pardon—nine, ten tousand pardon! Now I make new beginning—quite oder beginning. Madam, since your husband has cut his stick—"

It may be supposed that this did not mend matters, and, reading so much in the lady's countenance, the German drew out an octavo dictionary, and said, perspiring with shame at having a second time missed fire:

"Madam, since your husband have gone to kingdom come—"

This he said beseechingly; but the lady was past propitiation by this time, and rapidly moved toward the door. Things had now reached a crisis, and if something were not done quickly the game was up. Now, therefore, taking a last hurried look at his dictionary, the German flew after the lady, crying out in a voice of despair:

"Madam, since your husband—your never-enoff-to-be-worshiped husband—have hopped de twig—"

This was his sheet-anchor; and, as this also *came home*, of course the poor man was totally wrecked. It turned out that the dictionary he had used—a work of one hundred and fifty years back, and, from mere German ignorance, giving slang translations from Tom Brown, L'Estrange, and other jocular writers—had put down the verb *sterben* ("to die") with the following worshipful series of equivalents:

"1. To kick the bucket; 2. To cut one's stick; 3. To go to kingdom come; 4. To hop the twig; 5. To drop off the perch into Davy's locker."

It will not be denied (certainly not by the fair reader) that the foregoing facts are both edifying and instructive. It will be seen that in neither case was much time lost. Each man came up to the mark in due time; and while there was little that was romantic, excepting in the telegraph offices, there was probably the more sincerity. Neither time nor place can be prescribed for performing the first act of the drama of "Matrimony." Nor can the precise mode in which to act be determined for any individual by a set rule. The man must carve his own fortune. The woman may read very learned works with such titles as "Matrimony made Easy," and "How to Catch and Cook a Husband," but will find after all that such treatises are almost worthless, and that she must be guided by circumstances. It may be considered as the raving of an "old fogy;" but still let it be said that, if months and even years are spent in an interchange of sober thought, that each party may thoroughly learn the character of the other, that the love and fidelity of each may be tested, and that they may become morally assimilated—a marriage contracted in such a case would be more happy than if they had wedded in the mist. Billing and cooing, conversing almost interminably about themselves, building castles in the air, or speculating only on love in a cottage, may satisfy unfledged bantlings not yet loosed from their mothers' apron-strings; but it is a sorry thing for the community when such become parents of the next generation. The sorriest sight in society is to see children "bringing up" children.

The pages of history unfold much that is deeply interesting regarding marriages by the Anglo-Saxons of the olden time. In Merryweather's "Lights and Shadows" may be found much that is really valuable. From him we gather a general view of the Anglo-Saxon laws on this subject. By them, it would appear, every woman was under the care of some man, who was termed her *mundbora*, or guardian; and no one could marry her without having paid a sum of money as a compensation to him. The father was the guardian of his unmarried daughters; the brother, if the father died; and the next to him the nearest male relative. If, however, the female was friendless and alone, she found in the king her legal guardian. The maid was estimated according to her rank in life. The first step in courtship, therefore, was to buy the consent of the *mundbora;* the lover was then admitted into the society of his mistress, and allowed to claim her in due course as his wife. If, however, her personal charms or her disposition proved, on better acquaintance, unsatisfactory to her suitor, and he failed to complete the bargain, he immediately became amenable to the law. If a man ventured

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to marry without first having bought and paid for his wife, he was guilty of the crime of *mund-breach;* the consequences of which were both vexatious and disastrous. The husband in such a case possessed no legal authority over his wife; he was a husband, in fact, without a wife; he had no right to her property. By the same law a maiden and a widow were of separate value; the latter could be purchased for one half the sum which the guardian of a maid was entitled to demand; the man, therefore, who could not afford to purchase a maid might perhaps be able to purchase a widow.

Thrubb, in his "Anglo-Saxon House," gives a full account of a wedding in those days. Not till the ninth or tenth century did women obtain the privilege of choosing or refusing their husbands. Often they were betrothed when children, the bridegroom's pledge of marriage being accompanied by a security, or "wed," whence comes the word. Part of the wedding always consisted of a ring placed on the maiden's right hand, and there religiously kept until transferred to the other hand at the later nuptials. Then, also, were repeated the marriage vows and other ceremonies, out of which those now prevailing have grown. The bride was taken "for fairer or fouler, for better or worse, for richer or poorer," and promised to be "buxom and bonny" to her future husband. At the final ceremony the bridegroom put the ring on each of the bride's left hand fingers in turn, saying at the first, "in the name of the Father;" at the second, "in the name of the Son;" at the third, "in the name of the Holy Ghost;" and at the fourth, "Amen." Then also the father gave to his new son one of his daughter's shoes, in token of the transfer of authority which he effected, and the bride was at once made to feel the change by a tap or a blow on the head given with the shoe. The husband on his part took an oath to use his wife well. If he failed to do so, she might leave him, but by the law he was allowed considerable license. He was bound in honor "to bestow on his wife and apprentices moderate castigation." An old Welsh law decides that three blows with a broom-stick on "any part of the person except the head" is a fair allowance, and another provides that the stick be no longer than the husband's arm, nor thicker than his middle finger. Prior to the seventh century a wife might at any time be repudiated on proof of her being either barren, deformed, silly, passionate, luxurious, rude, habitually drunk, gluttonous, very garrulous, quarrelsome, or abusive.

At a later period, in the reign of Queen Mary of Scotland, the Parliament passed an act that any maiden lady, of high or low degree, should have the liberty to choose for a husband the man on whom she set her fancy. If a man refused to marry her, he was heavily fined, according to the value of his worldly possessions. The only ground of exemption was previous betrothal.

On the other hand, it is sometimes the case in these days, and especially in what is called "the religious world," that a third party interferes to prevent the would-be husband from making his own choice.

Without further referring to the mere fact of marriage it may be pleasing to refer to some facts of antiquity regarding the use of the wedding-ring. Great labor has been expended to ascertain on which finger the ring should be placed, although the question might appear to have been decided by the ancient Anglo-Saxon law, already quoted. The Jews have a tradition that Mary, when she espoused Joseph, received the ring on her middle finger—hence no Jewish woman wears her bridal ring there, but always on the forefinger. St. Ambrose, in one of his sermons, calls the third finger the finger for the ring. The ancient Greeks used this finger, also, because they believed a nerve to run directly from this finger to the heart—a notion which exists even in the present day. However all this may be, by many the use of the ring as a part of the marriage ceremony has been superstitiously regarded. And in default of the ring marriages in English churches have been actually solemnized with the church key and other substitutes; upon which thread hangs many an amusing story. Even leather has been used as a substitute, as we are reminded by the following anecdote:

There was a stolen match. The young lady's mother, a widow, had made objections to the party proposing, and, so far as possible, kept her daughter at home, to be under strict surveillance. One fine morning, however, it happened that she wanted to buy a pair of shoes; so, for greater security, she took her daughter out with her to the shoemaker's. Seizing the auspicious moment when mamma, seated in the shoemaker's back parlor, had "one shoe off and one shoe on," the younger lady slipped out of the shop and slipped into the church. There, by the oddest coincidence, she found her accepted, just as if he had been waiting for her; and, strange to say, he had got the license in his pocket! Nay, to crown all, the clergyman was there in full canonicals, and also the clerk! In short, all things seemed propitious for prompt solemnization. But alas! there was a hitch; the bridegroom had forgotten *the ring!* He, however, not choosing to be beat, and probably not initiated as to the availability of the church key, whipped off his glove, whipped out his pocket-knife, and with two cuts extemporized a ring of leather, with which the marriage was performed.

The ring, however, even in England, is no longer an essential part of the marriage ceremony, the act of Parliament, passed in 1837, having instituted marriage to be a civil contract; though it does not forbid the use of the ring, which holds its accustomed place to distinguish the maiden from the wife.

There are those who, it would appear, never tire of the good things of this life, but continue to use them to the very last, even in spite

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of decency. The following extract from the *Public Advertiser* of July 17, 1792, if true, records the case of a most determined pursuer of wedded bliss:

"On Thursday se'nnight (July 5) was married at Billingborough, after a courtship of one hour and fifteen minutes, Mr. Nicholas Wilson, Five-willow-walk, in the parish of Helkinson, to Mrs. Pepper, of the parish of Billingborough—this being his eighth wife and he her third husband. The number of relations that celebrated this wedding amounted to eighty-three, who, together with the bride and bridegroom, paraded the streets with colors flying."

Many similar instances might be quoted. But, of all we have read, that of John of Leyden is the most notable. He, it is said, married seventeen wives, and would, in all probability, have increased the number of his nuptial conquests, had not his matrimonial career been cut short by the summons which dissolves all human contracts. Disgraceful as is such a case, it is somewhat to be wished that he had left behind him his written experiences of married life.

We take but one step beyond marriage, and cite the following humorous but carefully prepared diagnosis of the brief era poetically styled "the honey-moon," scarcely daring to assert its probable accuracy:

"*Second day.* Speechless ecstasy—bliss impossible to be expressed.—*Fifth day.* Bliss in the ascendant—appetite begins to 'look up.'—*Ninth day.* Lady eats her dinner without being kissed between every mouthful.—*Twelfth day.* 'Oh, you naughty, *naughty* boy!' not said quite so frequently.—*Fifteenth day.* Gentleman fancies a walk *solus*—comes home and discovers his charmer in tears.—*Sixteenth day.* Gentleman and lady have returned to the world of sighs and gentle chidings, and promises 'never to go alone in future.' Are invisible all day.—*Eighteenth day.* Lady is presented with magnificent breast-pin; gentleman consults her about the details of their domestic arrangements.—*Twenty-first day.* Gentleman and lady fancy a 'little change,' and go to church.—*Twenty-fifth day.* Lady begins to 'pack up,' preparatory to returning from her wedding-tour; gentleman assists her, and only kisses her once during the operation.—*Twenty-eighth day.* On the journey; gentleman keeps his 'lady-bird' very snug.—*Twenty-ninth day.* Commit the dreadful *faux-pas* of falling asleep in each other's company.—*Thirtieth day.* Arrive at home; greeted by mother-in-law; hugs her 'dear son,' and vanishes aloft with her daughter; husband dancing attendance in sitting-room for two hours; already feels savage because dinner is getting cold, and spirit begins to rebel against ma for keeping Amelia. Amelia presently descends, looking very charming; husband brightens up, dinner put on the table; mother-in-law drinks wine, and is affected to tears. Amelia consoles her 'ma;' evening wears on; mother-in-law leaves; Augustus returns inward thanks and goes to bed, determined to be at the store very early in the morning and wake up the clerks."

Although most ladies are well aware of the great privilege which they may enjoy during bissextile, or leap-year, it is not to be presumed that they are all equally conversant with the fact that their pre-matrimonial right was originally secured to them by a statute law of England, enacted in 1606, which readeth thus:

"Albeit, it is now become a part of the common Laws, in regarde to the social relaytions of life, that so often as everie besextile year doeth returne, the ladyes have the sole privileges, during the time continueth, of making love unto the men, which they may doe, either by words or looks, as unto them seemeth proper, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offers of a ladye, or who dothe in any wise treat her proposals with slight and contumely."

A Scotch statute of 1228, however, preceded the above, and will appear to be even more stringent:

"It is statut and ordaint that during the year of her maist blissit Majestie, ilk fourth year known as leap-year, ilk maiden layd of both high and low estait, shall hae liberty to bespeak ye man she likes; albit, if he refuses to tak her to be his wif, he shall be mulcted in the sum of one poundis (£1) or less as his estait may be, except and awis if he can mak it appear that he is betrothed to ane woman, that he shall then be free."

As a counterpart to these laws, and worse for the bachelors, was the taxation of Englishmen who avoided marriage, either from choice or necessity. The idea of such taxation, for the sin of celibacy, is generally considered a good joke, and when proposed, it fails to attract any serious attention. But England, at the close of her revolution in 1689, resorted to this species of tax, and not without advantage to the revenue. In Sir John Sinclair's "History of the Public Revenue of the British Empire," we find that in the time of William III. taxes were imposed on marriages, burials, births, bachelors, and widowers. Tables of the rates imposed on different classes are given, showing that a duke, for the privilege of remaining unmarried was required to pay an annual tax of £12 11*s.*; a marquis paid £10 1*s.*; an earl, £7 11*s.*; a viscount, £6 6*s.*; a baron, £5 1*s.*; a baronet and knight of the Bath, £3 16*s.*; a knight bachelor, £2 11*s.*; the king's sergeant-at-law, £5 1*s.*; other sergeants-at-law, £3 16*s.*; esquires, £1 6*s.*; gentlemen, 6*s.*; doctors of divinity, law, and physic, £1 6*s.*; persons of £250 per annum, or £600 personal estate, 6*s.*; persons not otherwise charged, 2*s.* The aggregate revenue derived from this source was an average of £51,618 per annum, which was an important item at a time when the revenue of the kingdom was only about five and a half millions per annum.

As a conclusion to this article, it might be fitting to give a page of advice. But why give it merely to be disregarded? Men, and women too, will generally pursue their own course in this matter: they will seldom brook what appears to them an impertinent interference. Nevertheless, young and inexperienced lads and misses, who sometimes have recourse to newspaper editors for counsel, are hereby recommended to seek advice from their parents who have traveled a similar road, and who will prove themselves the safest advisers. To young men, however, are commended the wise words to his son of a Roman consul:

"If ever you marry, let it be to a woman who has judgment enough to superintend the getting of a meal of victuals, taste enough to dress herself, pride enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say."

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IF any civic father of a city or of a village should graciously condescend to unbend his mind over our harmless pages, we wish to challenge him at this point with a question: How do you reconcile it to your conscience as a man, a citizen, and a responsible civil officer and guardian, to tolerate the public hall in your neighborhood? It makes no difference who you are or where you live, unless you are a public officer of the blessed city of Providence your hall is a trap and a snare, and, of course, a present disgrace and a possible future crime to your city or town.

There is the pleasant city of New Haven, for instance, where the traveler, arriving by railroad, is shot out into the dark bowels of the earth. When he emerges into the air and light of the world in which he lives he finds one of the most delightful cities in the country, graced with the tender and romantic traditions which always hang around a venerable college town. If he drives by the fine open green, shaded with noble trees, to the New Haven House, for instance, he will find a quiet, agreeable, family hotel. And he begins to forgive the dreadful pit which serves the city for a railroad station, and he begins to perceive that it is merely a piece of craft, a deep laid strategy to enhance by contrast the charm of the city. He feels a rapidly growing respect for the good sense of people who make their homes in so rural a city; and as good Yankees when they die are said to go to Paris, so while they live they go to lectures, and the traveler in a tranquil frame of mind betakes himself to the Music Hall, the chief hall of the city.

He is horribly undeceived. These gentle, gracious citizens are, then, barbarians after all! It is as if he had encountered symptoms of cannibalism in the soft and select circle of the hotel. For what does he find? He enters a double door of the usual width, he passes down to the other end of the building opposite the entrance, there he finds a staircase leading to the next story where the hall is situated, and continuing up to the deep gallery upon the next story, which quite encircles the hall. The hall is very gay and brilliant. It shows the audience perfectly, poor victims! It will hold probably two thousand innocents, and the sole means of escape that the two thousand have is the staircase at the end opposite the door, so that when the hall is peacefully emptying itself at the close of a lecture or concert there are about twenty minutes of close and continuous crowding along the narrow passage below before they are all fairly in the street. An alarm of fire, a panic of any kind, would inevitably produce results too direful to describe. It would repeat the horrible tragedy at the Chili cathedral.

New Haven has a grand jury, why does it permit so appalling and perpetual a risk? New Haven is full of the most intelligent and thoughtful people, why do they not procure a change? The chances of fire or of alarm are not great, they may say. But are they not obviously great enough to guard against, and are there not plenty of the sensible people of New Haven who feel precisely as we write? The city of Providence had a spacious and noble hall. It was two stories from the street, and the building below was full of the inflammable material of a furniture wareroom. The hall was often crowded, and one evening after the immense audience had dispersed the building took fire and burned like tinder. It was rebuilt, and burned again. Other halls were built, up stairs and with entirely insufficient means of escape. So some gentlemen leased a lot of land of the city, put up a plain brick hall upon the ground, perfectly accessible, sure to allow the escape of every one in a mere panic even, for there could hardly be any serious danger, and that is now the hall for lectures and concerts, and the only hall to which the Providence people go with a sense of security. In the early winter Ristori played in one of the other halls, and very many of those who would have enjoyed her acting most declined to sit in a trap to see it.

Most of the halls in the country are like that at New Haven. Small or large, it is much the same. Of course the risk varies. A huge building like the Music Hall in Boston or the City Hall in Springfield is less exposed than those in which there are stores and a single narrow throat of escape. How would it be in case of sudden alarm in Rand's Hall at Troy, in Corinthian Hall at Rochester, in the Arcade Hall at Lockport? Let us hope that in the great Western cities it is better, and that the good people are not compelled to hear a concert or a lecture at the risk of their lives.

And why should they be any where? Here is Mr. Recorder Hackett, who charges his jury that the new Academy of Music, or Opera House, in the City of New York, is to be supported by the old walls, and that it is a proper subject of inquiry. We are skimming along very thin ice in this matter. Buildings are constantly run up with the least amount of cohesiveness practicable. The fire at the Opera House revealed the fact that it was so flimsy that if it had been full of people when the fire began the loss of life would have been sickening. Is the new one to be any better? Are the theatres in the city traps, or are they not? Should we not all enjoy every thing a thousand-fold more if we could enjoy it in conscious security? Would we not all willingly pay more if we could buy that consciousness? The thing to be done in building a hall is so to build it as to avoid a panic; and this can be done by making the audience sure that they can escape. The moment a terrible accident occurs we shall all see how it might have been avoided. Is it not worth while to change the tense, and see that it is avoided?

THERE is often a feeling that mere monuments of personal or national commemoration are poor things, not only because they are generally poorly designed, but because of the vague impression that they might be made to combine use with beauty. The ointment might have been sold, and given to the poor. If a good man dies there are those who, with a not unnatural emotion, exclaim that no brass or marble should be reared, but that a hospital or a school would be his most fitting monument. But it is undeniable that the instinct of the heart asks a statue or a shaft. The emotion is simple. It does not reason. It is the remembrance of the man it seeks first of all, and the hospital and the school are an afterthought. The impression such buildings make is complex. A memorial chapel never seems exactly a monument of affectionate remembrance. It is like a course of lectures founded in honor of a famous philosopher. He is undoubtedly associated with them, but not as the heart prefers. When Mr. Lincoln was dead there were those who said, and sure-

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ly with great reason, that a military hospital for Union soldiers would be his most fitting memorial. But on the morning when his death was announced an old colored woman, who had been a slave in Virginia, and was living pleasantly, although emancipated, with her master, a Union man, said that the great friend of her race was dead; that they ought to build him a monument; and gave five dollars of her first earnings as the beginning of the sum.

It was good seed. The freedmen far and near heard of it and obeyed the same feeling. Four thousand dollars came from Mississippi alone, and when the sum had increased to twenty-three thousand dollars, a Commission was appointed to take care of it, and to prepare for the erection of a monument. Then came the check in the feelings and prospects of the freedmen consequent upon the political aspect of the country a year ago, and the Commission have refrained from pushing the matter among them. Mr. Yeatman of St. Louis, the head of the Western Sanitary Commission, had received the first five dollars, and was deeply interested in the project. His friend, Mr. Crowe of St. Louis, traveling in Europe with Miss Hosmer, suggested to her to draw a design. Miss Hosmer instantly devoted herself to the work, and has sent out a model which has been adopted by the Commission.

We have seen a fine photograph of it, and the letter of Miss Hosmer has been generally reprinted and is doubtless familiar. Her intention is to build the monument of New England granite, the figures, ornaments, and bas-reliefs to be in bronze. The base of the whole will be sixty feet square, and the whole height sixty feet. The idea of the monument is, that Lincoln's fame rests upon emancipation and the preservation of the Union. The lower base of the monument is surrounded with four bas-reliefs, representing characteristic scenes in his life: his birth; his journey through the woods to his new home; his building log-cabins and splitting rails; his flat-boating and his farming. Then his public career as orator, member of the Legislature, his departure from Springfield, and inauguration. Then the bombardment of Sumter, the capture of Mobile and of Petersburg, and the surrender of Lee. Last, the assassination, funeral procession, and burial at Springfield. Upon this base Miss Hosmer proposes to place four statues of a negro—as a slave; as a plantation hand; as a guide of the Union troops, and as a freeman and soldier. Above these is an octagonal base with inscriptions, and upon this a circular base surrounded by a bas-relief of thirty-six figures hand in hand, symbolic of the States. This supports the four columns of a temple, upon the cornice of which are the concluding words of the Emancipation Proclamation—and within the temple a statue of the dead President lies on a marble sarcophagus—while around the base of the whole are four mourning Victories with trumpets reversed.

This is a very elaborate design, and in the description doubtless seems confused; but seen at once in the model or the photograph the details are easily comprehended. The cost of the work is estimated at a quarter of a million of dollars. It will be seen clearly that there are very fine points in the design; but we confess that we should be better satisfied if the freedmen's monument to Lincoln were indeed theirs; and a statue erected from the money they subscribed would perhaps be more satisfactory than the more elaborate structure, however noble and imposing. In Miss Hosmer's design the statues of the negroes are especially fine; and we trust, whatever the ultimate fate of the whole work, that she will not fail to make those. We do not know what form the various monumental projects in perpetuation of the President's memory have taken, but it would surely be a happy result if they could all be combined in one which should be generally satisfactory.

Sailors certainly seem more outcast than any class of persons who are so essential to society. In song and story they are always wild, half-mysterious figures. They are almost the sole class among us which has a special costume. They live in a certain quarter of all sea-ports. Their looks and speech have a strange, often racy and poetic character, and the imagination more easily plays with them than with those who pity or shun them. They have a fascinating lawlessness of manner, as if they were the chartered libertines of civilization; and the general feeling about them is, that they are a generous, careless, ignorant, sinful crew. But those who know them best love them most, and confide in them most fully. Especially a man who has been a sailor cherishes a tender freemasonry of sympathy for the craft, and resents any slur or sharp insinuation against them.

A sailor is a child in a certain kind of artlessness and simplicity; and, however reckless and roystering he may be, he seldom has that peculiar hard worldliness which is the worst misfortune that can befall a man. With this simplicity like a boy he has a curious feminine quality which appeals to courtesy if not sometimes to compassion, and often a natural dignity which is becoming to one who has seen so much of the globe upon which we live. But, like grown-up, neglected children, sailors are sadly bumped and buffeted about. They would be justified on misanthropy, but they somehow cherish a good-humored philosophy, expecting to rough it, and seldom deceived in their expectations. The toilers of the sea and of the land develop the most opposite qualities. The farmer is close, silent, sad, thrifty—the sailor frank, free-spoken, jolly, and lavish. The silent man is nurtured amidst the calm regularity of the seasons and the natural processes; the gay and rollicking sailor lives among storms and on the most treacherous and unstable element. Of course we land-lubbers invest Jack with a kind of romance which may be as suspicious as Cooper's romance of the Indians. But those who know the Indians well dislike and distrust them. Those who know the sailors feel more and more kindly toward them, and so justify the romantic interest.

Somebody wrote to the *Herald* recently a description of a visit to a sailor boarding-house in New York, with an account of the shocking way in which the poor fellows are fleeced. They are prey to the land-sharks which infest all the shores where sailors land, and all efforts to save them are futile. You come to the door of the house and look in. Everything is bare and dingy and dirty, and a foul smell exhales from the interior. The room at the side of the door is a bar-room, as desolate as the entry. It is low and dark and foul. There are a few tables, and seamen's chests are piled up at the end of the room. A few sailors are lying about the room on benches, or sit upon the tables dangling their feet. A kind of steep stairway or ladder leads to the story above, and climbing up you enter a bedroom. There are four beds covered with ragged, filthy clothes.

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The floors are foul, and the walls covered with dirt stains and with obscene verses. Shrunken deal partitions separate the rooms, and the lodgers can talk and look through the apertures. In one corner of the room lies a drunken, half-naked woman.

This is the home to which the sailor comes. This is the bourne which is to cheer his imagination in the wild wintry night-watch upon the coast, and the landlord is often but a pirate. He knows that Jack has his wages in his pocket, and the landlord means to have them. Perhaps Jack has a hundred and fifty dollars. He strolls out of the house—for why should he stay in it?—and is brought home at night drunk. The next morning he goes out again, but as he is going the landlord advises him not to risk all his money by carrying it upon his person, but to leave it with him for safety. Guileless Jack assents, and gives up a large part of his money. Of course, as the host expects, he returns drunk at night. The landlord plies him with liquor, keeps him stupidly drunk through the next day, and on the day following carts him to a ship about to leave for a long voyage, and returns to enjoy the fruit of his pious endeavors.

Or Jack spends all his money and has no further resource. He comes to the landlord and says that he is willing to ship any where. The landlord opens an account for food and drink, and perhaps even money and clothes, and enters on it what he chooses. Knowing that not more than thirty dollars is likely to be advanced before sailing, the landlord hastens to put the sailor upon some ship ready to sail, draws the money, presents his account, which Jack does not very well comprehend, and pockets as much as he dares.

And what will you do about it? is the weary question. Good people, with chapels and tracts and missionaries, are trying to do something all the time. But they fail to interest Jack, although they may frighten him. Boarding-houses are licensed, but unlicensed boarding-houses still allure the easy son of the sea. If he could only learn to respect himself, and to feel that society does not really outlaw him! And another writer insists that he is beginning to discover this by discovering how important he is. A skilled sailor is like any other skilled worker, and he begins to demand wages in proportion; and there is an American Seaman's Protective Association which proposes to do for seamen what the guilds of other laborers do for them. It proposes to strike in case the members can not obtain the wages they ask for. Very well; only let it be fair. No association can rightfully supersede the liberty of the individual. Trades-unions have never yet learned that their tyranny is as bad, and often much worse, than that of capital. Let Jack beware of land-sharks in every form.

The prostration of our mercantile marine by the fortunes of the war should quicken our wits in regard to its resuscitation, and we may perhaps follow with advantage the British and French methods of obtaining competent ship-masters. British captains and mates "are required to have a strict examination in seamanship and navigation, and to have some knowledge of steam." They can inflict only certain punishments, and in a certain way. The officer is not allowed to abuse his power, but is secure in the due enforcement of discipline. But there is a Board to enforce the laws for the protection of the seaman, and a system of allotments by which he provides for his family when absent on a cruise. In the French service the requirements of the officers are severer. They must understand gunnery, and to that end must spend a year in the navy. Drunkenness or improper conduct is punished by the revocation of the certificate of command. They must not strike a sailor, and the sailor has the right to defend himself. Foreigners are not allowed to command in the French marine, and only one-fourth foreigners are allowed in the crew, and to every ten men there must be an apprentice. The Italians have adopted the French system.

In the city of New York there is an American Ship-masters' Association, established by act of the Legislature. But the marine of the country is national, and should be regulated by national laws. Experts deny the stringency or adequacy of the examinations which qualify American masters. Of course in all such assertions there is a certain amount of prejudice and personal feeling. But as we have now to reassert our rights upon the sea, let us command it by superior intelligence as well as by superior force.

While the winter nights sparkle with the snow, and ring with the merry music of the sleigh-bells, the solitary sitter in some country city, where he can hear the steady beat of the bells and mark their expression, will be reminded of the extraordinary lines of Poe, which seem to us by far the most unique and perfect adjustment of the words to the thing described to be found any where in literature. It is a wonder of verbal felicity:

"Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

The iteration of the word "bells" is daring, but it gives exactly the persistent monotony of the beating of the bells of a steady trotting horse. And it is doubtful if the bells are not the chief pleasure of sleighing. Silent slipping is as flat as food without flavor. In Lockport the Easy Chair saw a young lover driving his mistress over the snow in perfect stillness. They looked as if they were resolved to enjoy themselves, but were not succeeding. But the snow was smooth, the sleigh was light, the robes were ample, the horse was swift. But they were not happy. Their little trip wanted the music of the bells.

Mr. Bancroft's ninth volume of the History of the United States, which is the third of the Revolution, is published, and there is no reason to doubt that this great work will be finished before many years. The admirable perception of the historian is shown in a little remark he made more than ten years ago. A friend walking with him upon the cliffs at Newport, where he has a summer home, asked him to what period he should bring the history. "Down to the formation of the Constitution," replied the historian, "for all subsequent to that is experiment." So it has proved; but the experiment is successful.

It is curious to reflect how much of our literature

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has arisen since the beginning of the publication of Bancroft's History. Its publication has extended over a generation. When the first volume was issued Emerson, Longfellow, Prescott, Hawthorne, Motley, Lowell, Holmes, were names unknown. Irving, Bryant, and Percival were the lords of the hour, and Willis was just beginning to be known. For the preface is dated June 16, 1834, and the author modestly says: "The work which I have undertaken will necessarily extend to several volumes. * * * * The work has already occasioned long preparation, and its completion will require further years of exertion." Those years have been steadily given. A generation has passed away. The historian has filled conspicuous positions in the service of the country, the opportunities of which, especially those of the embassy to England, he has turned to the advantage of his work, which has become the work of his life, and one of the most faithfully studied works in our literature.

Mr. Bancroft has many of the most valuable qualities of a historian. His temperament is intellectual. He is naturally a scholar, seeking knowledge with avidity in every direction and in many languages. For he is also an accomplished linguist, early and always accustomed to the Greek and Latin, to the French, German, and Italian. His memory is a marvelous magazine. The accumulations of a life of study exactly ordered, and ready for instant and adequate service. Widely versed in literature, he marks in it the tendency and spirit of historic movements before they appear in the grosser form of events; and this untiring zeal of study has kept even pace with the progress of the history to which he has devoted himself. The same resolute industry has secured the most ample manuscript material, so that his historic collections of that kind are of the highest value. To these advantages he adds the habits of the wise scholar. The earlier part of the day he gives to work, vigorously secluding himself from interruption. The afternoon he passes in active exercise in the air, usually in the saddle. The evening finds him in the midst of cheerful social recreation.

These are the fortunate endowments of the historian. As to the higher fitness for his task he has the faith that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs," and holds human progress to be measured by the development of liberty. He is, therefore, more than an annalist, for he sees all the facts he records in the light of spiritual law. Of course, therefore, his work is liable to the charge of being written upon a theory, and to be in a certain sense controversial. For it is hardly possible that the generalization is yet possible which will establish the law of historical development. We are still observing phenomena. On the other hand, it is equally impossible for any man born in sympathy with the great movement of his race and time, to record the history of his own country which plays so conspicuous a part in the great drama, or of any other country or time in which he discerns the impulse in which he delights and believes, without putting his heart into his work and cheering, as it were, the men and the deeds which vindicate his faith. All the chief historians of our tongue share this tendency with Mr. Bancroft, to read events by their convictions. Among the Englishmen Gibbon, who has the least sign of it, can not altogether conceal it; while Hume, Grote, and Macaulay conspicuously illustrate the truth. Besides, Bancroft, Hildreth, and Motley, among the Americans, can not but argue and applaud as they write. Prescott, who does it least, is rather an elegant and accomplished annalist than a historian of insight. Like Irving he tells fascinatingly a romantic tale.

It is urged that Bancroft deals too exclusively with the official aspects of his subject, and that we hear more of Parliaments and Congresses than of the people. But it is peculiarly true of American history that you can not faithfully describe their political movements without describing the people. Their character and condition are inseparable from their political history, and each constantly and in detail reflects the other. Certain details of manners, and curious statistics, such as Macaulay includes in one of his famous and interesting chapters, are not found in Bancroft grouped in one picture, but the details dropped throughout give a vivid impression of the actual daily life of the people, for which, indeed, in its particulars, we naturally look rather to memoirs than to history.

In Bancroft's History is recorded the progressive development of the experiment of popular government upon this continent by one who believes heartily in the principle, and who feels that there has been a steady justification of it in his country. The events of the last six years have but confirmed that faith, and in none of the volumes do the peculiar excellences of the author seem so striking as in this last issued, the ninth. It opens with the Declaration of Independence in July, 1776, and the action closes with the winter encampment at Valley Forge in 1777. It includes, therefore, the battle of Long Island and the retreat; the evacuation of New York and the retreat through New Jersey; the return by Trenton and Princeton to Morristown; the Northern campaign; the advance and defeat of Burgoyne; the contest for the Delaware River; Brandywine and Germantown and the British occupation of Philadelphia. These are the military movements; but the political history, both foreign and domestic, is not less interesting. The chapters upon the effect of the Declaration in Europe, the embarrassments of America; the course of opinion and legislation in England, and the aspect of Spain, are full of fresh material; while the chapters upon the United States and George III., and the United States and France, are truly admirable. The chapter upon the Constitutions of the various States of America is one of the most valuable contributions ever made to our political history.

The historical portraits are very vivid. Charles Fox, Dr. Franklin, Lafayette, Washington, with the passing touches of Lord North and a multitude more, show the skill of the long-practiced literary artist as well as the insight of the thoughtful student.

The friends of General Greene are troubled by some of Mr. Bancroft's statements and judgments of his conduct, and his grandson, Professor G. W. Greene, is said to be preparing a reply to the historian's view. We do not understand Mr. Bancroft, however, to be in the least hostile to General Greene, to deny his military talent and service, or to question the peculiar confidence which Washington reposed in him. He does say, indeed, that upon Long Island, at the opening of the war, and before Greene had had or could have had much military experience, his lines were too much extended for his force, and that at Germantown he was inexplicably slow in moving, and managed his troops badly. But the extension at Long Island was not surprising in a new commander, and the

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delay and mismanagement at Germantown are asserted upon the authority of contemporary letters which are mentioned. If there is a misapprehension of fact, General Greene's grandson will doubtless be able to make the truth clear. But as there is not the smallest ill-feeling toward Greene apparent upon the part of the historian, and as he is an exhaustive student of any especial point, the controversy can not fail to be very instructive. Between the two we are likely to know all the contemporary sources of information. The steady friendship and trust of Washington are Greene's sufficient credentials as a man and as a soldier. Yet there may have been occasions when he was at fault, and the fact would be no reason for denying or questioning the justice of the general impression.

Mr. Bancroft does, indeed, disturb the halo which surrounds some Revolutionary heads. Good old Israel Putnam, for instance, the hero of the boyish school-books and stories, is far from an Alexander or Marlborough upon these pages. Charles Lee and Horatio Gates had been previously exposed, but Mr. Bancroft fits them finally into their true historic niche. Joseph Reed, also, despite the pamphlet which has been published to shield him, will be always regarded either as weak or treacherous according to the humanity and generosity of the student. The sketches of Arnold, although the final scene of his career is not reached, are striking and vivid, and prepare the mind for the catastrophe. Indeed, if the historian with his firm handling has deranged some of the accepted traditions of the Revolution, he has done so in a spirit so reasonable and with a purpose so pure that nobody can question his sincerity however his conclusions may be denied. Wherever he departs from the popular view he seems to us generally justified. But if he has omitted any essential information or has unconsciously misused the knowledge he commands, his critics interested to correct him by pride of lineage and family fame will assuredly make it evident.

Meanwhile time has not touched the springs of enthusiasm in the mind of the historian. His style has not lost in warmth while it has gained in compactness. His narration is clear, swift, concise, and picturesque. It is sometimes too stately and hard, but the theme is so inspiring that the artist can hardly keep from his hand the swell of his soul in contemplating it. One volume more, the material of which is arranged, will finish the story of the Revolution, and we suppose one volume, or at the most two succeeding volumes, will bring the great task to an end.

Among the many charming books of the delightful season possibly the most charming—for who shall dare use unstinted superlatives—are Laboulaye's Fairy Book, published by the Harpers, and the illustrated Poems of Jean Ingelow, published by Roberts Brothers of Boston. Laboulaye's stories are exquisite, and it is not surprising that their sale has been rapid and extensive. They are admirably illustrated, and Miss Booth in translating has not lost the genial spirit and sparkle of the original. Quaint and fresh and truly fairy, we have seen no recent book which is so sure to go on making friends of all the friends of Cinderella and Puss in Boots and the Sleeping Beauty, and all the standards of fairy lore. The edition of Jean Ingelow, one of the most sumptuous books of any season, shows us that the Easy Chair's estimate of the essential popular charm of her poetry was not inexact; for there are few, if there be any, of the recent poets, who have sung their way so gratefully to the public heart. The illustrations are profuse and quaint, and the solid and splendid binding of the book makes its coming into any home a feast of beauty and melody.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 2d of January. Congress having assembled on the 3d of December, we devote the greater part of this Record to a narration of the condition of the country as presented in the official reports presented to the National Legislature, and to a chronicle of the proceedings of that body which appear likely to exert an important bearing upon the affairs of the country for the coming months.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's Message is mainly devoted to a recital and defense of his policy in regard to the lately seceding States. He declares that "Peace, order, tranquillity, and civil authority, have been formally declared to exist throughout the whole of the United States. In all the States civil authority has superseded the coercion of arms, and the people by their voluntary action are maintaining their governments in full activity and complete operation. The enforcement of the laws is no longer 'obstructed in any State by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings;' and the animosities engendered by the war are rapidly yielding to the beneficent influences of our free institutions, and to the kindly effects of unrestricted social and commercial intercourse."

After reciting the steps which had already been taken toward "the gradual restoration of the States in which the insurrection occurred to their relations with the Federal Government," the President goes on to state that the main thing which remained to be done was the "admission to Congress of loyal Senators and Representatives from the States whose people had rebelled against the lawful authority of the General Government." He regrets that Congress has failed, except in the case of the State of Tennessee, to admit such members, so that ten States remain unrepresented in Congress. He argues that the admission of the Representatives from these States would have been not only desirable as tending to restore good feeling, but right as carrying out the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence, that there should be no taxation without representation, and the provisions of the Constitution securing to each State its representation in Congress. He argues at length against the proposition that "the existence of the States was terminated by the rebellious acts of their inhabitants, and that the insurrection having been sup-

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pressed, they were henceforth to be considered merely as conquered Territories," maintaining, on the contrary, that the entire course of the General Government during the war was based upon the assumption that the seceding States were still members of the Union, and that the declared object of the war was to restore, not to destroy, the States. He argues that the admission of members from these States would afford "no grounds of apprehension that persons who are disloyal would be clothed with powers of legislation," because each House, being judge of the qualifications of its members, would have full power to exclude any person ineligible to hold that position. If a person elected should "be refused admission as a member, for want of due allegiance to the Government and returned to his constituents, they are admonished that none but persons loyal to the United States will be allowed a voice in the Legislative Councils of the nation." If such admission was wise and expedient a year ago, the President argues that it is no less so now; and "if, in the exact position of these States at the present time, it is lawful to exclude them from representation, the question will not be changed by the efflux of time. Ten years hence, if these States remain as they are, the right of representation will be no stronger, the right of exclusion will be no weaker." The President therefore urges that the admission of the loyal Southern representatives in Congress is "imperatively demanded by every consideration of national interest, sound policy, and equal justice."

The most important suggestion made by the President in regard to domestic affairs is, that the District of Columbia should be allowed a delegate in Congress, with the same rights and powers as are accorded to the delegates from the Territories.

In regard to Foreign Affairs, our relations with France, growing out of the occupation of Mexico by French forces, are the most important. At the time when the Message was presented, the tidings had just come that the withdrawal of the French troops would not be commenced in November, as was agreed upon. The President hopes that the Emperor of France will reconsider his resolution, and adopt such measures as shall conform as nearly as possible with the engagements between France and the United States. Later intelligence than that embodied in the Message indicates that the Emperor proposes to withdraw his whole force at once in the ensuing spring, instead of, as originally proposed, in three divisions, the last leaving in November, 1867. This we may consider as a substantial conformity with the terms of the original stipulation; the withdrawal though begun later will be finished earlier than originally stipulated. In the mean while, Mr. Campbell had been appointed Minister to the only Government in Mexico recognized by the United States—that of Juarez—and "it was thought expedient that he should be attended in the vicinity of Mexico by Lieutenant-General Sherman, with the view of obtaining such information as might be important to determine the course to be pursued by the Government of the United States in re-establishing and maintaining necessary and proper intercourse with the Republic of Mexico." As yet, however, it does not appear that the Minister has been able to place himself in direct communication with the Government to which he was accredited.

As to our claims upon the Government of Great Britain, arising from the depredations upon our commerce during the civil war by British subjects, and notably those of the Anglo-Confederate cruiser *Alabama*, the President regrets that "no considerable advance had been made toward an adjustment." The President ascribes this delay in a great measure to the domestic situation in Great Britain, where an entire change of Ministry had occurred. The attention of the new Ministry had been called to the subject, and there was "some reason to expect that it will now be considered in a friendly spirit." Whatever might be the wishes of the two Governments, says the President, "it is manifest that goodwill and friendship between the two countries can not be established until a reciprocity in the practice of good-faith and neutrality shall be restored between the respective nations." Closely connected with this subject is the conduct of our Government in relation to the late Fenian attempt upon Canada. While considering this as essentially a political movement, and therefore recommending the exercise of clemency on the part of the British authorities toward those engaged in it, and having taken measures to secure a fair trial for citizens of the United States who have taken part in it, the President declares emphatically that "so long as the neutrality laws remain upon our Statute Books they should be faithfully executed;" and if they operate harshly or oppressively, Congress only can apply the remedy by their modification or repeal. Touching the prerogative still affirmed by some European Powers, and formally abandoned by none, though the exercise of it has been tacitly forborne by Great Britain and France, of the right to exact military service from such of their citizens as, having been naturalized in the United States, have returned on transient visits to their native countries, the President thinks this a favorable time for Congress to assert the principle that "naturalization by one state fully exempts the native-born subject of any other state from the performance of military service under any foreign Government, so long as he does not voluntarily renounce its rights and benefits."

The Message closes with the assertion that "our Government is now undergoing its most trying ordeal," and with the hope that "the peril may be successfully and finally passed without impairing its original strength and symmetry;" and the averment that "the interests of the nation are best to be promoted by the revival of fraternal relations, the complete obliteration of our past differences, and the reinauguration of all the pursuits of peace:" these ends to be attained by preserving "the harmony between the co-ordinate departments of the Government—each in its proper sphere cordially co-operating with the other in securing the maintenance of the Constitution, the preservation of the Union, and the perpetuity of our free institutions."

REPORTS FROM DEPARTMENTS.

The Report of the Secretary of the Treasury presents an elaborate resumé of the fiscal condition of the Government. The prominent features are, that the entire public debt, deducting the amount in the Treasury, was, on the 31st of October, 1866, $2,551,000,000, being a reduction since the 30th of June, 1865, of $130,000,000, of which $99,000,000 had been effected within the four months immediately preceding. Since October, 1865, when the debt was at its maximum, $2,741,000,000, the entire reduction has been $206,000,000. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1866, the receipts were $558,000,000, being $90,000,000 more than the esti-

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mates; and the expenditures $520,000,000, being $200,000,000 less than the estimates, nearly the whole of the diminution of expenditures being in the War Department. The receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1867, are estimated at $475,000,000, and the expenditures at $316,000,000, which would leave a balance in the Treasury of $159,000,000. The receipts and expenditures were mainly, in round numbers, as follows:

Receipts.	
From Customs	$179,000,000
From Public Lands	660,000
From Direct Tax	2,000,000
From Internal Revenue	309,000,000
Miscellaneous Sources	67,000,000
Expenditures.	
Civil List	$12,300,000
Foreign Intercourse	1,300,000
Miscellaneous	27,400,000
Interior Department	18,800,000
War Department	284,000,000
Navy Department	43,300,000
Interest on Debt	133,000,000

The Secretary disavows the idea that a public debt is for us a blessing, and although he judges that it may not be advisable to continue the reduction as rapidly as it has been made during the past year, but that it may be better to reduce the rate of taxation in various directions where it now presses most severely, he yet hopes that it may be regularly reduced at the rate of four or five millions of dollars a month, so that the whole may be paid by the generation which contracted it. He furnishes an elaborate exposé of the principles which have guided him in managing the fiscal affairs of the country, enlarges upon the evils of a redundant currency, urges its gradual but constant contraction, with a view to the resumption of specie payments, which, he thinks, with proper legislation, may be done in less than two years.——The principles which, in the opinion of the Secretary, should govern our revenue system are: (1.) That as few articles as possible should be subject to internal taxation. (2.) That duties upon imports should correspond with the taxes upon home commodities; they should not be so high as to be prohibitory, or to build up home monopolies, or to prevent the free exchange of commodities; nor so low as to seriously impair the revenues, or to subject home manufacturers to a competition, which they can not sustain, with cheaper labor and larger capital. (3.) That raw materials, whose value is largely enhanced by the labor to be expended upon them, should be free from taxation, or at all events very lightly taxed. (4.) That the burdens of taxation should fall chiefly upon those whose interests are protected by taxation, and upon those to whom the public debt is a source of wealth and profit, and as lightly as possible upon the laboring classes.——The present high prices, resulting mainly from a redundant currency and high taxes, are regarded by the Secretary as not only "oppressing the masses of the people," but as "seriously checking the development, growth, and prosperity of the country." They prevent the building of dwellings, manufactories, and ships; they affect injuriously the operations of agriculture, and of many other national interests. Assuming that no important interest can suffer without involving suffering in others, the Secretary proceeds to show, by a simple table, that while we have every facility for commercial enterprise, our foreign commerce has declined nearly fifty per cent. within the last six years, while the tonnage of foreign vessels in the American trade has increased in a ratio fully equal. The tonnage of American and foreign vessels engaged in our trade is thus given:

	1860.	1865.	1866.
Tonnage of American vessels engaged in the foreign carrying trade, which entered American ports	5,921,285	2,943,661	3,372,060
Tonnage of such vessels cleared from American ports	6,165,924	3,025,134	3,383,176
Tonnage of foreign vessels which entered our ports	2,353,911	3,216,967	4,410,424
Tonnage of foreign vessels cleared from our ports	2,624,005	3,595,123	4,438,384

While it is true that a large proportion of this diminution, from 1860 to 1865, was owing to the depredations of Confederate cruisers, still, after the war, there should have been a rapid increase in American vessels; and this must have been the case had not the high prices of material and labor with us transferred the business of ship-building to the British Provinces, where vessels can now be built more cheaply than in Maine. Indeed, "timber can be taken from Virginia to the Provinces, and from these Provinces to England, and there be made into ships which can be sold at a profit, while the same kind of vessels can only be built in New England at a loss." But, continues the Secretary, "the evil does not stop here. A nation which builds ships navigates them; and a nation which ceases to build ships ceases to be a commercial and maritime nation. Unless, therefore, the causes which prevent the building of ships in the United States shall cease, the foreign carrying trade, even of our own productions, must be yielded to other nations. To this humiliation and loss the people of the United States ought not to be subjected. The United States will not be a first-class Power among nations, nor will her other industrial interests continue long to prosper as they ought, if her commerce shall be permitted to languish."

Having passed in survey the entire financial condition of the country, resulting in the conviction that "we have been for some time and still are moving in the wrong direction, and that much of our prosperity is unreal and unreliable," the Secretary comes to the final conclusion, that "the ability of the country to right itself speedily is unshaken," we having as yet but "touched the surface of our resources, the great mines of our national wealth being yet to be developed." He is "of opinion that specie payments may be resumed as early as the 1st day of July, 1868;" and hopes that "such will be the character of our future legislation, and such the condition of our productive industry, that this most desirable result may be brought about at a still earlier day."

The financial policy recommended by the Secretary may be summed up under five general heads: (1.) The national bank-note currency should be redeemed at central points. (2.) The entire currency should be curtailed to the amount required by a legitimate and healthful trade. (3.) The tariff should be modified so as to relieve raw materials, as far as may be, from high duties. (4.) Five per cent. bonds, the interest payable in England and Germany, should be issued, sufficient to absorb the six per cent. bonds now there, and to meet any additional foreign demand for further investment. (6.) The Southern States should be rehabilitated, so that by

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the revival of their industry and productiveness they may be able to bear their share of the national burdens.

The Report of the Secretary of War is devoted mainly to the details of the measures attending the disbandment of the vast army of volunteers. The successive steps by which this has been accomplished are these: On the 1st of May, 1865, there were in the United States service 1,034,064 men; on the 15th of November of that year, 800,093 had been mustered out and paid; on the 20th of January, 1866, the number mustered out was 918,722; February 15, 952,452; June 30, 1,010,670; November 1, 1,023,021, leaving in the service only 11,043 volunteers, white and colored. The work of disbanding this army of more than a million of men might have been performed within three months, had it not been found necessary to retain a portion of the force for a considerable time after the conclusion of the war. "Past experience shows," says the Secretary, "that should any national emergency require a larger force than is provided by the peace establishment, an army could be swiftly organized to the full strength of a million of men." The materials of war have also been largely diminished by sale. Thus, up to August 2, there had been sold more than 200,000 horses and mules, nearly 4500 hospitals, barracks, and other buildings. Of the 590 ocean transports in service on the 1st of July, 1865, at a daily expense of $82,400, there were a year later only 53, at a daily cost of $3000, and most of these have since been discharged; and of the 262 vessels employed in inland transportation, not one remained in the service of the Government on the 30th of June, 1866. The military railroads, which during the war reached an aggregate length of 2630 miles, having 433 engines and 6600 cars, have been transferred to private boards and companies, upon condition of the adoption of loyal organizations of directors. The military telegraphs, 15,389 miles, have been discontinued. The total expense of operating these railroads and telegraphs during the war was nearly $50,000,000. After disposing of all perishable and unserviceable stores and supplies, there are still left on hand clothing, munitions, and arms sufficient for the immediate equipment of large armies; and as the disbanded troops stand ready to respond to the national call, our military strength remains really unimpaired, although the army has been reduced to a peace footing. The maximum strength of the regular army, as fixed by the Act of July 28, 1866, is 75,382 rank and file; its present strength is fixed at 54,302; and as soon as the ranks are well filled it is designed to raise the standard of qualifications required for enlistment.

The superiority of breech-loading small-arms having become apparent, measures have been taken for their speedy production. The ordinary Springfield muskets will be converted into breech-loaders at a small expense: these will form a gun better in all respects than the Prussian needle gun.

The army is now organized into thirteen Departments, as follows: (1.) The East; General Meade, head-quarters at Philadelphia. (2.) The Lakes; General Hooker, head-quarters at Detroit. (3.) Washington; General Canby, head-quarters at Washington. (4.) The Potomac; General Schofield, head-quarters at Richmond. (5.) The South; General Sickles, head-quarters at Charleston. (6.) The Tennessee; General Thomas, head-quarters at Louisville. (7.) The Gulf; General Sheridan, head-quarters at New Orleans. (8.) Arkansas; General Ord, head-quarters at Little Rock. (9.) The Missouri; General Hancock, head-quarters at Fort Leavenworth. (10.) The Platte; General Cooke, head-quarters at Omaha. (11.) Dakota; General Terry, head-quarters at Fort Snelling. (12.) California; General M'Dowell, head-quarters at San Francisco. (13.) The Columbia; General Steele, head-quarters at Portland, Oregon.

The Report of the Secretary of the Navy shows that the present number of vessels is 278, armed with 2351 guns. Of these 115 vessels, carrying 1029 guns are in active service. The entire number of seamen is about 13,000. Of the vessels in active service 69, with 694 guns, are on squadron duty. The European Squadron, Admiral Goldsborough, has 10 vessels, with 113 guns; the Asiatic squadron, Admiral Bell, 8 vessels, 78 guns; the North Atlantic squadron, Admiral Palmer, 15 vessels, 135 guns; the South Atlantic squadron, Admiral Gordon, 8 vessels, 75 guns; the North Pacific squadron, Admiral Thatcher, 10 vessels, 119 guns; the South Pacific squadron, Admiral Dahlgren, 7 vessels, 67 guns; the Gulf squadron, Commodore Winslow, 10 vessels, 71 guns.

The Report details at length the movements of all these squadrons during the year, dwelling in particular upon the ocean voyages of the Monitors *Monadnock* and *Miantonomoh*, which have dispelled the belief formerly entertained that our turreted iron-clads could not safely venture outside the harbors in which they were constructed. These vessels, however, were designed for coast operations and harbor defense, and, says the Secretary, "will furnish security to any port, and be able to disperse or destroy any blockading fleet which may appear in our waters. The peculiar formation of our coast is in itself a protection against the heavy and formidable iron-clads, of immense tonnage and deep draught, which European constructors have devised, because, except at a few points, it will be difficult for them to approach within cannon-shot of our shores, and there is but a single port which they can enter from the capes of the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. But while in the estimation of our best naval officers our Monitor class of vessels are more than a match for the monstrous and expensive iron-clad structures of Europe, they are of such draught that they can enter all of our principal harbors, and are therefore peculiarly adapted to our coast defense."

The Report of General Grant embodies the subreports of the several officers commanding military departments. The most important of these is that of General Sheridan, who gives a very unfavorable account of the condition of affairs in Texas. He declares it to be his opinion that "the trial of a white man for the murder of a freedman in Texas would be a farce." General Wood reports more favorably of Mississippi, in which State he says that substantial justice is now administered by the local tribunals to all classes of persons irrespective of color or former political opinions, although there is much crime, and many outrages have passed unpunished. The crops in Mississippi are a total failure; the corn will not feed the people through the winter, and the cotton will not pay the cost of production.

CONGRESS.

Although few important measures have as yet been finally acted upon, the general line of policy to be pursued is clearly foreshadowed. The tone of

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the leading members of the dominant party was indicated in a speech delivered by Mr. Colfax, upon occasion of a public reception given to the Republican members. He denounced the conduct of the President in unsparing terms; charged that in his "speech at St. Louis he palliated the guilt of the murderers" at New Orleans; that he had expelled from office thousands of men appointed by Mr. Lincoln, men to whom more than to any other equal number of persons the present Administration was indebted for the power it wielded, "their only crime being inflexible fidelity to the principles professed by the successful candidate for the Vice-Presidency in the canvass of 1864." The people had decided between the President and Congress, and Congress had reassembled to carry out this decision. Four things, he said, had been settled beyond controversy by the recent elections: (1.) "The work of reconstruction must be in the hands of those who have been the friends, not the enemies of the nation. Those who plunged the country into war shall not be clothed with the power to legislate for the widows and orphans, the kith and kin, of the men they have slain in the attempt to slay the nation." (2.) The promise of Abraham Lincoln in his emancipation proclamation "must be fulfilled both in letter and in spirit, and guaranteed beyond any power of abridgment in our supreme law, forbidding interference by any unfriendly State with the privileges and immunities of the liberty granted by the whole nation to all its people." (3.) "No persons shall be disfranchised in this Republic on account of their race, and yet have their numbers counted to confer increased political power on those disfranchising them." (4.) "The national debt shall be forever sacred, and all debts or claims growing out of the rebellion, or the breaking of fetters that ended it, shall be forever held illegal and void. And the people also decreed that Congress should enforce this decision of theirs by appropriate legislation."

On the first day of the session several important bills were introduced: In the Senate, by Mr. Sherman, a bill prohibiting the payment of any money to any person who having been nominated to an office, and rejected by the Senate, was subsequently appointed by the President; and making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, to make such appointment, to exercise office under it, or for any disbursing officer to pay any money by way of salary or fees to any person so appointed. —By Mr. Williams, That any person, except heads of Departments, appointed to office by the consent of the Senate, shall hold such office until his successor shall be duly appointed in like manner; but if any officer becomes unable to perform the duties of his office during the recess of the Senate, then the President may commission a person to fill the office, until the end of the next session of the Senate. A similar bill was introduced in the House by Mr. Stevens, containing a further provision that any person nominated by the President and rejected by the Senate, shall be incapable of holding any office under the United States for three years after such rejection, unless two-thirds of the Senate release him from the disability. The purport of these bills is to render the President incapable of making any removals from office without the concurrence of the Senate.—A bill providing that hereafter the times for the meeting of Congress shall be the 4th of March, the day on which the term begins for which the Congress was chosen, the first Monday of January next thereafter, and the second Monday of November next preceding the end of the term for which the Congress is elected. On this first day of the session a bill was passed in the House, by a vote of 111 to 29, repealing the 13th section of the Act of July 17, 1862, which authorizes the President to extend by proclamation pardon and amnesty to persons who may have participated in the rebellion.

On the day following the House, by a vote of 107 to 37, instructed the Committee on Territories "to inquire into the expediency of reporting a Bill providing Territorial Governments for the several districts of country within the jurisdiction of the United States formerly occupied by the once existing States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, and giving to all adult male inhabitants born within the limits of the United States, or duly naturalized, and not participants in the late rebellion, full equal political rights in such Territorial governments."

On the 6th Mr. Sumner offered a series of six resolutions "declaring the true principles of reconstruction, the jurisdiction of Congress over the whole subject, the illegality of the existing governments in the rebel States, and the exclusion of such States with such illegal governments from representation in Congress and from voting on Constitutional Amendments." The following is the text of the most important of these resolutions:

3. That the work of reconstruction must be conducted by Congress and under its constant supervision; that under the Constitution Congress is solemnly bound to assume this responsibility, and that in the performance of this duty it must see that every where throughout the rebel communities loyalty is protected and advanced, while the new governments are fashioned according to the requirements of a Christian Commonwealth, so that order, tranquillity, education, and human rights shall prevail within their borders.

4. That in determining what is a Republican form of Government Congress must follow implicitly the definition supplied by the Declaration of Independence, and in the practical application of this definition it must, after excluding all disloyal persons, take care that new governments are founded on the two fundamental truths therein contained—*first*, that all men are equal in rights; and, *second*, that all just government stands only on the consent of the governed.

5. That all proceedings with a view to reconstruction originating in Executive power are in the nature of usurpation; that this usurpation becomes especially offensive when it sets aside the fundamental truths of our institutions; that it is shocking to common-sense when it undertakes to derive new governments from that hostile population which has just been engaged in armed rebellion; and that all governments having such origin are necessarily illegal and void.

6. That it is the duty of Congress to proceed with the work of reconstruction; and, to this end, it must assume jurisdiction of the States lately in rebellion, except so far as that jurisdiction has been already renounced; and that it must recognize only the loyal States, or those States having legal and valid Legislatures, as entitled to representation in Congress, or to a voice in the adoption of Constitutional Amendments.

Mr. Wade offered a resolution, which was referred, proposing to amend the Constitution so that the President shall be elected for four years, and shall not be re-eligible for election, and that in case of the death of the President the Vice-President shall become President, and he shall not be eligible for re-election after the close of the term. The general topics comprehended within the foregoing proposed Bills and resolutions have engrossed much of the debates in Congress.

On the 13th of December Mr. Stevens introduced into the House a bill providing for the civil government of North Carolina. It recites the facts of the insurrection in that State, by which the civil gov-

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ernment of that State is alleged to have been overthrown, so that when the insurrection was quelled there was found "in the district formerly comprising the State of North Carolina no government organized or officers qualified according to the Constitution of the United States;" and military law was therein established; and it being the duty of Congress to cause to be organized in that State a republican government, therefore it is enacted that a Convention shall be assembled at the capital on the 20th of May, 1867, which shall be "invested with the sovereign power of the people of the district to frame a State Constitution, which shall be submitted to the Congress of the United States for approval, modification, or rejection, preparatory to the re-establishment of the said State, and the re-investing of its loyal citizens with all the rights, privileges, and immunities appertaining to the citizens of other States of the Union." The qualification of voters for delegates are to be a male resident of the district, "of the age of twenty-one years, without distinction of race or color, who can read or write, or may own in fee real estate of the assessed value of $100 or more;" but no one who has before had the right of voting is to be disqualified from voting at this election. Every delegate to the Convention must take an oath that, on the 4th of March, 1864, he would "willingly have complied with the requirements of the proclamation of the President of the United States of December 8, 1863, had a safe opportunity of so doing been afforded;" that on the said 4th of March, 1864, and ever thereafter, he was opposed to the continuance of the rebellion, and voluntarily gave no aid or encouragement thereto, but desired the suppression of all armed resistance to the Government of the United States; and that henceforth he will support the Constitution of the United States. The proposed Act makes stringent provisions against the admission of any person as a delegate who can not take this oath; and should any one falsely take it he is to be indicted for perjury, and no person can act as a juror upon his trial until he shall himself have taken the same oath. The effect of this proposed Act is to place the State of North Carolina in the precise position of an unorganized Territory of the Union. The principle, if adopted in regard to this State, will be equally applicable to each of the other seceding States.

The most significant measure upon which final action has yet been taken is the passage of the bill respecting the right of suffrage in the District of Columbia. Its chief importance arises from the fact that it may be regarded as an indication of the general intent of Congress in respect to the entire question of negro suffrage. We give, with abridgments, the several sections of this Act:

§ 1. "Every male person, excepting paupers and persons under guardianship, of the age of twenty-one years and upward, who has not been convicted of any infamous crime or offense, and excepting persons who may have voluntarily given aid and comfort to the rebels in the late rebellion, and who shall have been born or naturalized in the United States, and who shall have resided in the district for the period of one year, and in the ward or district in which he shall offer to vote three months next preceding any election therein, shall be entitled to the elective franchise, and shall be deemed an elector and entitled to vote at any election in said District, without any distinction on account of color or race."

§ 2. Provides for the punishment, by fine or imprisonment, of any person whose duty it is to receive votes at any election who shall "willfully reject the vote of any person entitled to such right under this Act."

§ 3. Provides for the punishment, by fine or imprisonment, of any person who "shall willfully interrupt or disturb any such elector in the exercise of such franchise."

§ 4. Makes it the duty of the several courts in the District "to give this Act in special charge to the Grand Jury at the commencement of each term of the court next preceding an election in said District."

§§ 5, 6, 7. Direct the Mayors and Aldermen of the cities of Washington and Alexandria to prepare lists of the persons qualified to vote under this Act, and regulate the manner of conducting elections under it.

§§ 8 and 9 are designed to prevent and punish bribery at elections.

This Bill passed the Senate December 13, by a vote of 32 to 13; and on the following day passed the House by 18 to 46. The majority being more than two-thirds in each House, secures the adoption of the Bill even should the President veto it. The debates in the Senate upon this Bill were significant. Among the most notable speeches was one by Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, in opposition to it. He declared that "the great God who created all races never intended that the negro, the lowest, should ever have co-ordinate and equal power with the highest, the white race, in any government, national or domestic;" that "our Government is a white man's government, made for himself without the aid or any reference to the negro, or the Indian, or any other race of man;" and that while "our national family properly and wisely comprehends all of the nationalities of Europe who may come here, according to the terms of our naturalization laws, and their posterity, yet Indians, Mongolians, Chinese, and Tartars ought not and can not safely be admitted to the powers and privileges of citizenship." Mr. Davis affirmed that although "the people of the South made war in a wrong cause, turning their backs upon peace and prosperity and liberty, to fight for separate political power," he would "venture his life upon the proposition that in all the essential elements of loyalty, in devotion to the Constitution, to law and to order, in love for that system of government and liberty which our fathers founded and fashioned, the South is greatly more loyal than the radical States—the radical portion of the radical States."

Among the bills reported in the Senate are: From the Judiciary Committee to regulate the duty of the Clerk of the House in its organization. He is to place on the rolls the names of members from those States only that were represented in the preceding session. A violation of this provision is to be considered as felony. The Bill was passed.—From the same Committee a bill was reported providing that none of the States which participated in the late rebellion shall hereafter be permitted to take part in the election of President and Vice-President until, through the agency of the law-making power, they shall regain the civil governments of which they have been deprived by their revolutionary course.—And still another, repealing so much of the law of April, 1790, as prevents prosecutions for treason after the lapse of three years from the alleged commission of the offense.

Memorials have been presented in the Senate from the Union League at Norfolk, praying for the abrogation of the present State Government of Virginia, and the establishment in its place of a Territorial Government; and from the white loyalists of Louisiana, asking for the abrogation of the present State Government of that State, and the establishment in its place of a Provisional Government. The petitioners, among whom are Mr. Wells, the present Governor, Mr. Hyman, Chief Justice of the Su-

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preme Court, and Mr. Howell, Associate-Justice, say:

"A large majority of the voters of the State regret the failure of the late rebellion, and now openly approve and advocate the principles and feelings that produced it. The principles and persons of those who remained loyal are as odious to them now as during the war; and those who assisted the General Government in its victorious contest are now in the condition of a vanquished party. The murders and prosecutions of loyal men are increasing in frequency and turpitude; the lives, liberty, and property of the freedmen are mainly dependent upon the interests and caprices of the disloyal; and neither we nor they can obtain justice in the civil courts, or adequate military protection. We therefore petition your Honorable Bodies to take such action as will supersede the present political organizations in our State by such as will be loyal to the General Government, and secure to the loyal people of Louisiana protection in their lives, liberty, and property."

Mr. Trumbull, in presenting this petition, took occasion to lay down what may be considered an exposition of the views of the majority of the Republican party in Congress. He said that "Congress has complete jurisdiction over the whole subject; and the rebellious States, and the people of those States, are in the condition of any other people who have wickedly and causelessly undertaken to rebel against a good and just Government, and have failed." He continued, in substance: The people of these States undertook, not as individuals, but as States, and through their State organizations, to set up a Government hostile to that of the United States. They themselves overthrew the existing State organizations, which constituted the only link between them and the Federal Government; and thus breaking the link which bound them to the Union, were no longer States of the Union, with the appertaining rights and privileges. But "they were still communities within the jurisdiction of the Union, and the laws of the Union operated over the people just as completely during the rebellion as before or since." The armed force of the United States overthrew the rebellious State organizations; but the State Governments which had been superseded were not thereby revived. "There then existed no link by which these States, as States, were connected with the Federal Government; and in order to renew that connection it was necessary that State Governments should be set up; and the President of the United States undertook to organize such Governments, through Provisional Governors whom he appointed." While Mr. Trumbull considered that the President had no authority to do this, yet, he thought,

"Had the President's plan succeeded, had he organized State Governments that were loyal to the Union, that were under the control of loyal men, that protected loyal citizens and secured freedom to all the inhabitants in those States, Congress might, and doubtless would, have overlooked the manner of their organization, and recognized them as restored to their former relations; because Congress is as anxious, and the people of the country are as anxious, as the President himself ever was or can be for the complete restoration of the States of the Union to their former position upon fair and honorable terms. But the people of this country are not willing that the rebellious States shall continue to be ruled over by rebels, and Union men be persecuted for their loyalty."

The foregoing abstract indicates the tone and spirit of the proceedings of Congress in relation to the great national issues, and shows that the majority in that body do not propose to modify their policy to accord with that advocated by the President. Significant hints have been thrown out of a design to impeach the President; but these have, as yet, taken no definite form.——Resolutions for the admission of Nebraska and Colorado as States of the Union have been presented, and have elicited some debate, but no action has been taken upon them. ——On the 20th of December Congress adjourned for the holidays, to reassemble on the 3d of January.

The Legislatures of nearly all of the Southern States have now had before them the question of the adoption of the proposed Constitutional Amendment. Their action has, without exception, been adverse, and it may be fairly presumed that the Amendment will not be accepted by any one of these States. It may also be assumed that Maryland, Delaware, and Kentucky will not accede to the Amendment.

General Howard, Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, presents a statement of the condition of this class of people. He says:

"In Virginia the freedmen have decreased in number; estimated population at this date 500,000; North Carolina, estimated at about the census of 1860, 360,000; South Carolina decreased, present population estimated at 375,000; Georgia estimated at 400,000; the population of Florida has remained about the same as when the census of 1860 was taken, 62,677. In Mississippi a census has been taken since the close of the war, showing a slight decrease. 320,000 is the present colored population of the State. In Louisiana, no change reported. Colored population, 350,000. Texas —The Assistant Commissioner of this State reports an increase. Colored population estimated at 200,000. Missouri—It is probable that the freedmen have left this State in large numbers for Kansas, Iowa, etc. Estimated population, 100,000. In Arkansas the colored population has decreased to about 100,000. In Tennessee the Assistant Commissioner estimates an increase from 283,000 population in 1860 to 300,000.

"The Assistant Commissioner of the States of Louisiana, Florida, and Arkansas reports an increased disposition on the part of the freedmen to take advantage of the Homestead Act and the actual work accomplished up to October 1. In Louisiana sixty-nine entries have been made, and one hundred and eighty-three persons settled on the public lands, representing over six thousand dollars' worth of personal property; many more applications are made by persons who will move to these lands as soon as this year's work closes. In Arkansas many practical difficulties have prevented the Assistant Commissioner from obtaining correct information of the location of public lands. Thirty families, with one hundred and twenty-five persons, have entered lands and moved to them. In Florida more has been done than in either of the abovementioned States. It is probable that after their release from this year's contract many will enter lands, notwithstanding the fact that they will be compelled to compete with their more wealthy white neighbors.

"The reports contain evidence that the manner of executing the laws on the part of magistrates and jurors in some parts of the South does great injury to the freed people. The necessity for enforcing General Order No. 44 from head-quarters of the armies of the United States in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas by the Assistant Commissioners is fully established. The decisions of some of the district judges in the State of Mississippi that the Civil Rights bill was unconstitutional has no doubt robbed the colored people of privileges intended to be secured for them by that law. The machinery of the Civil Rights bill is not in full operation in some portions of the South, for many criminals that ought to be brought to trial under that bill are at large. The Assistant Commissioners generally favor the contract system. The freedmen are reported as having, in most cases, faithfully performed their obligations. Employers have, as a general thing, settled with the freedmen in accordance with the terms of their contracts; yet when any of them have failed to do so the State laws have not, in all cases, afforded the freedmen the proper remedies and protection. For this reason Assistant Commissioners report that they have relieved the evil as far as possible by assuming the guardianship of the freedmen as contemplated by the laws of Congress. I call special attention to the vagrant laws of Maryland, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. The small time allowed after the expiration of one contract before a person must enter another to escape vagrancy will occasion practical slavery. The arrest of assembled

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persons as vagrants upon information given by any party, his trial by a justice of the peace, and the sale of his services at public outcry for payment of the fine and costs, without limit as to time, whipping, and working in chain-gangs, present some of the obnoxious features of the irregular law."

The present condition of the leading Pacific railways is given at length in the Report of the Secretary of the Interior. The *Union Pacific Railroad* has been completed to a point 23 miles west of the 100° of longitude, and 270 miles from Omaha, where the dépôts are established. The Company is engaged in making surveys to ascertain the best route still further beyond. It has expended nearly $10,000,000, and has already established railroad and telegraphic communication for a distance of 418 miles west of St. Louis.—The *Central Pacific Railroad* has opened its line to a point 94 miles from Sacramento, and has a force of 10,000 men employed in grading the next two sections. It has also a large force engaged in constructing a tunnel 1600 feet long at the summit of the Sierra Nevada, and another of 900 feet seven miles eastward of that place. It is expected that during the present year the road will be completed to a point 195 miles east of Sacramento; and that Salt Lake City will be reached in 1870. The expenditures upon this road have been $12,000,000.

Three negroes, lately convicted of larceny at Annapolis, Maryland, and sentenced to be sold under the laws of the State, were sold at public auction on December 22. An agent of the Freedmen's Bureau on December 24 issued a warrant for the arrest of the Judge who condemned them, and the United States Court is to examine into the matter. Laws condemning freed negroes to slavery for larceny have existed for many years in most of the Southern States, and are now attempted to be enforced in the face of the Emancipation Proclamation and Civil Rights Bill. An attempt to enforce a not less unjust law was lately made in North Carolina, when the Sheriff of Raleigh attempted to inflict corporal punishment on a negro by whipping. Colonel Bomfort, commanding the United States forces in the military district, interfered, and in obedience to an old order of General Sickles, his superior, prohibiting corporal punishment for crime, prevented the whipping. An appeal was made to President Johnson, who decided in favor of the State authorities, and annulled the order of General Sickles. The negroes were whipped, and Colonel Bomfort is left to stand trial for offense against the State laws of North Carolina!

An ocean yacht race from New York to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, took place during the month of December, 1866. The contestants were the yachts *Henrietta*, J. G. Bennett, Jun., commander; the *Vesta*, George Osgood, owner; and the *Fleetwing*, Pierre Lorillard, owner: and the wager thirty thousand dollars each. The vessels started on December 12, and the winning yacht, the *Henrietta*, reached Cowes on Christmas-day, making the run in thirteen days and twenty-two hours. The race created much excitement on both sides of the water. The city of Cowes tendered a banquet to the contestants. Queen Victoria reviewed the yachts, and granted an interview to the victor, while her son, Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, accepted the challenge which Mr. Bennett extended to all competitors, and is to race with him in August next.

Three officers and ninety men of the Second United States Cavalry and Eighteenth Infantry were surprised and massacred by Indians on December 22 near Fort Philip Kearney, Dakotah. Colonel H. B. Carrington, Eighteenth Infantry, commanding at the fort, was placed under arrest, charged with neglect of duty in suffering them to be slaughtered.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Maximilian returned from Orizaba to the City of Mexico December 12, and declared that he will remain in the country. Generals Marquez, Miramon, and Mejia have announced their intention to sustain him after the departure of the French, and claim to have an army of 30,000 men with which to do it. General Sherman and Minister Campbell, on arriving off Vera Cruz on the steamer *Susquehanna*, declined to land, and on December 3 sailed for Brownsville, Texas, and Matamoras, Mexico. After an interview with General Escobedo they left for New Orleans. Matamoras had been temporarily occupied shortly before by General Sedgwick, but evacuated by orders from Washington. On December 22 General Escobedo was captured by Canales and shot, the latter purporting to act in the name and by the authority of General Ortega, who claims to be the legal President of Mexico.

The war in Paraguay appears to have been virtually ended by the desperate battle before Fort Curupaity, on September 22. The allied army and fleet were badly repulsed and damaged. Subsequently General Flores, commanding the Uruguayan, and General Mitre, commanding the Argentine army, withdrew their forces and abandoned the war, to be prosecuted by the Brazilians alone. At our latest dates the latter remained in position before Curupaity, but all hope of further advance against the strongly-posted Paraguayans had been abandoned. General Flores, on returning to Uruguay, declared himself Dictator for another year.

EUROPE.

The threatened demonstrations of the Fenians in Ireland, as noticed in our last Record, have not taken place. The English Government had filled the island with troops, and succeeded in preventing an uprising.

The Reform Demonstrations in England continued with all the enthusiasm previously displayed. The London Trades Unions—organizations of great numerical strength—had placed their organizations and funds under the control of the Reform leaders.

Appalling explosions in the coal mines of Yorkshire, England, occurred at various times during December of 1866, by which several hundred lives were lost. The section of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England, devoted to Eastern products, was destroyed by fire on December 30, 1866.

John H. Surratt, an accomplice of Booth in the assassination of President Lincoln, was arrested November 21 in Rome, while serving in the Papal Zouaves, but managed to escape. Subsequently, December 2, he was rearrested at Alexandria, Egypt, and secured on board the United States war steamer *Swatara*.

Rome was finally evacuated by the French troops on December 11, but up to our latest dates had not been occupied by the Italian forces. Victor Emanuel has made propositions to the Pope to the effect that Florence shall be made the capital of Italy, Rome be declared a free city under the control of the Pope, the Cardinals to be made Princes of the Kingdom, and the people of the Papal States allowed to vote on the question of union with Italy; the only concession of the Pope to be that he shall crown and acknowledge Victor Emanuel as King of Italy.

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Editor's Drawer.

FROM Maine to Louisiana the Magazine is welcomed, and from almost every State and Territory come some contributions to the Drawer. All are given to the readers of the Drawer that have the essence of wit in them, and that can be printed without offense; and the variety is adapted to the various tastes of a multitude of readers. Perhaps a story seems dull to one that spreads a smile over the countenance or shakes the fat sides of another. So laugh away, friends, each when your turn comes.

TWELVE years ago, says a Louisianian, I was studying at an academy in W——, State of Maine. I roomed in a doctor's office on Main Street. Directly across the hall from our office was that of a lawyer. On one door was the sign "L. P. Babb, M. D.;" on the other, "J. Stackpole, Att'y at Law." Now in spite of these signs it frequently happened that people would come into our office and ask: "Is this Squire Stackpole's?" "Lawyer Stackpole at home?" etc. Such stupid blunders at last became annoying. My chum, who was a little profane, determined to cure the next case. So, as we sat one sultry day, cudgeling our brains over the Greek Reader, the door suddenly opened, and in bolted a greenhorn, when the following dialogue took place:

GREENHORN. "Is this Squire Stackpole's office?"

CHUM. "No, confound you! Can't you read?"

Amused at this laconic and decisive rejoinder, I determined to try my hand on the next customer. Soon after, as I lay on the lounge "ponying" Virgil, a gentle tap was given at the door. The usual "Come in!" brought in the stranger. Half-suspecting him to be a "subject," I saluted him civilly, whereupon he seated himself, and "thus began:"

QUESTION. "Do you stop here?"

ANS. "Yes."

QUESTION. "Can I get a little advice?"

ANS. "Yes."

Sure of my man, I threw down my "pony" and straightened up, looking wise as Coke or Blackstone. "State your case briefly," said I; which he did as follows:

"I am a carpenter; have been working in Windsor; locked my tools in my chest and went to Augusta. In my absence the chest was broken open and part of the tools were stolen. I carried the remainder away with me. The point of law is to know whether or not, after moving the tools, I can convict the thief on circumstantial evidence."

After mature deliberation I delivered the opinion of the Court as follows:

"If you can prove that you had such and such tools at such and such place on a given day, and that they were feloniously taken from you, and that such and such man has tools corresponding exactly to yours, and you can show incontestably that he could not have come into possession of them in any other way, then clearly he stole them from you. The case is a plain one."

I then resumed my "interlinear," as much as to say, "Now I am ready for the fees."

"Carpenter" looked about the room abstractedly for a few moments, glanced at some of the titles to the books in the library, stared curiously at my red-covered equulus, and finally said: "I haven't got no money to pay you for your advice. Wouldn't ye like to have yer fortin told?"

Inwardly bursting with laughter at this new turn in the case, I confessed that I did not believe in fortune-telling, and that he was welcome to the advice. He then slunk out of the room, and I into the back office, and exploded. After that I courteously directed every body to the "Squire's" office. Since that time I have often thought of studying law, but remembering the fees in my first case, have concluded other trades more profitable.

ANOTHER:

In the county town of Somerset County, same State, lived an old farmer named Tom S——, familiarly known as "Captain Tom." He was an incorrigible joker, and would not scruple to tell a "coarse-haired truth." Now it happened that he had a huge elm-tree directly in front of his house, to which he had hung an immense gate, opening into the orchard. Back in the country five miles lived Sam W——, not celebrated for brilliancy. One day Sam was riding by Captain Tom's when he met the proprietor in the yard. Stopping his horse, the following colloquy ensued:

TOM. "Good-morning, Sam!"

SAM. "Good-morning, Captain Tom! Fine gate-post you have there!" looking at the noble elm.

TOM. "Well, yes, pretty good; but the gate is 'most too much for it. It has pulled the tree over about two inches. Don't you see it leans a leetle toward Leighton's?"

SAM (*holding up his arm as a sort of plumb*). "Well, I declare I *do* see it."

ONE of the ablest of our Western lawyers sends the following:

Judge ——, who is now a very able Judge of the Supreme Court of one of the great States of this Union, when he first "came to the bar" was a very blundering speaker. On one occasion, when he was trying a case of replevin, involving the right of property to a lot of hogs, he addressed the jury as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury, there was just twenty-four hogs in that drove—just twenty-four, gentlemen—*exactly twice as many as there are in that jury-box!*" The effect can be imagined.

AN Alabama correspondent depicts in a lively manner the state of society in his neighborhood:

There was a "big wedding" in town the other night; the chivalry gathered from far and near, and all the gentlemen, from the bishop down, became slightly intoxicated, which is a part of the ceremony in this region of country. Old Aunt Sylvia, our colored cook, hearing of the "big doings" over the way, expressed herself in this wise: "Lor'," says she, "what is de use of making such a fuss when a body gits married? It's all just foolish nonsense, so it is! Why, *I* hab had *three husbands*, and *nebber was married yet!*"

DOCTOR —— is President of a College in Western Pennsylvania, and is much given to form and ceremony. At the opening of the fall term of '65, boarding being scarce, the Doctor consented to receive a number of students into his family, among whom was one H——, more noted among his fellows for knowledge of the game of "seven up" and "euchre" than for his store of classical or biblical literature. Now it had been a custom,

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time out of mind, at the Doctor's table, for each member of his family to repeat a verse of Scripture before grace was said. At the first meeting of the Doctor with his boarders at the table each repeated his verse until it came H——'s turn, who, not having known of this custom of the Doctor, was of course unprepared, and politely told the Doctor, "*I pass!*" At another time, forgetting "his verse," he attempted part of the Lord's Sermon on the Mount, by repeating, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall be *mercied!*" These comical and repeated blunders caused much merriment among his fellow-students, and sorely grieved the order-loving Doctor—so much so, that he was heard to exclaim, a short time afterward: "Scripture shall not be mutilated at my table!" and immediately discontinued the custom, and has never resumed it.

A Down-Easter tells a pretty good political yarn:

At the time of "Log-cabin and hard-cider" campaign, the eloquent and scholarly Dr. T——, then a young man, had just been placed in charge of his first church in a city way down in Maine. Party politics ran high, and were not entirely confined outside the walls of the "church"—at least so thought some good Democratic brethren, who consulted together in relation to what position the new minister would take, as he had come so recently among them that they had been unable to learn whether he was a Whig or a Democrat. At any rate, after consultation, our Democratic brethren concluded that, as it was hardly safe to rely upon him as with them, and fearing his influence in case he should go on the other side, decided that, as he had just come into the parish, 'twould perhaps be better, in order to keep in good fellowship all around, for him to stand aloof from any part in the approaching election. Consequently they appointed Brother R——, one of the oldest members, and considered as having the greatest influence with the minister, as a committee to call and talk with him, and advise him to keep out of politics. So one morning Brother R—— called in to see the young minister, who, as usual, was very happy to see him, and inquired anxiously in regard to the state of the church. This gave our worthy brother an opportunity to approach the subject in hand, and he commenced:

"Brother T——, you are aware that there is a great deal of political feeling through the country at the present time; party lines are pretty closely drawn; and, I am sorry to say, appearances indicate that it may not be kept entirely outside the church, but that brother will range himself against brother in this contest. We have, therefore, been consulting in regard to what is your duty in the matter, and I have been sent to give you the result of our deliberations. It is this: You have just come among us, a young man, and are loved and esteemed by the whole church; hardly a member, if even one, knows your political views. Should you take part with either side in the approaching contest, the other side will necessarily feel opposed to you, and a bitterness will spring up which, we fear, would end in sad disaster to our church. We have, therefore, felt it our duty to advise you to abstain from any part in the coming campaign, and hope that our views, if not in sympathy with your own, may be received in the same spirit of Christian love that prompted them."

Mr. T—— sat quietly and heard him through, as he had often before done upon subjects connected with the welfare of their church—as he was one whom, in particular, he felt glad to lean upon for support in his youth and inexperience. But, notwithstanding the apparent frankness and sincerity of the advice, he thought he could detect a little sign somewhere that it was *out*side of the church that was fearful of being offended, and being a man naturally full of fun—a very dry, quiet fun, by-the-way—and a *good Harrison man withal*, he thought he would let Brother R—— decide for him whether, after all, there would be any thing wrong in his exercising the right of franchise. So he replies:

"There is a good deal, I know, in what you have said; but, though I am a minister of the Gospel, still I am a man, and entitled to all a man's rights and privileges in the community, and if on the day of election I should quietly, and interfering with no man, go down to the polls *and deposit my ballot for Martin Van Buren*, and then quietly go home again, *whose business is it?*"

The bait took in a moment, and Brother R——, rising from his chair, came across the floor, and taking Mr. T—— by the hand, said, energetically:

"Brother T——, *it's nobody's business*, and *I should do as I chose about it!*"

Deacon C—— had an Irish girl who was decidedly verdant. The Deacon was building a wood-house on ground which inclosed a well. "And, shure," said the Milesian help, "are ye goin' to move the well?" Observing a smile on his face, she added: "Ah! what a big fool I be. Shure every drap of wather would run out movin' it!"

Dear Drawer,—Your horse-selling story, contained in the December Number, reminds me of a good one that happened not long ago in my country (Germany). A dealer in horse-flesh, of Jewish persuasion, sold to a gentleman of little experience in such matters a steed as perfectly "without faults." Next day the buyer came back in great fury, because his groom found out that the alleged "faultless" horse was blind in the right eye. "Why," replied the sly jobber, "this is not the horse's fault, it is only *his misfortune!*"

During the never-to-be-forgotten "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign of 1840 the Whigs held a grand political Convention in the little village of Salem, in the western part of Jefferson County, Ohio. A large procession of "true blues" came from the town of Steubenville, who were very hungry and *dry* by the time they arrived at the place of meeting. Among the crowd was the late Judge Wilson, or "Old Jimmy," as he was generally called, then editor of the *Steubenville Herald*. Leading the crowd, he proceeded to the village tavern, kept by a "bully" Democrat by the name of Andrews.

"Here, Andrews," said Old Jimmy, "is a lot of the dryest Whigs you ever saw. I want hard cider for the crowd, with a gourd to drink it from!"

"Bless your soul, Judge!" responded Andrews, "I haven't a drop of hard cider in the house. Sorry I can't accommodate you."

"But," said the Judge, "you *must* get us some hard cider or the Convention can't go on."

"Well," said Andrews, "I'll do the best I can," and he accordingly retired to another room and set his "wits to work" to manufacture the much-desired beverage. Finding some venerable rain-water in a barrel in the back-yard he took a few gallons of it, and mixed therewith some vinegar and "forty-

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rod" whisky. In a short time he returned with a gourd full of this preparation, and handing it to the Judge, whose eyes sparkled with delight in anticipation of having a *spirited* meeting of the real log-cabin boys. So taking the gourd in hand, the Judge raised it in full view of the delighted crowd, and gave as a toast:

"Cold water may do for the Locos,
Or a little vinegar stew;
But give us hard cider and whisky,
And hurrah for Old Tippecanoe!"

Then, putting the gourd to his lips, he was about taking a good drink, when the smell was a little too strong for his stomach. He smelled and tasted, and tasted and smelled, and shook his head. Turning to Boniface, he said:

"Well, Andrews, this may be good hard cider, but it will take a more patriotic Whig than I am to drink it!"

CLERICAL experience is proverbially odd at times. A friend of mine, in orders, had an aged parishioner—the father of the town in years and honors—over whom, whenever he should depart, it would of course be necessary to pronounce some special discourse. So, not to be taken at unawares, as life is uncertain, especially to old people, my friend improved a leisure time to write a sermon on "The Respect due to the Aged," leaving obituary remarks to be afterward supplied. The manuscript being finished was duly "salted down," and the pastor felt relieved. But years passed, and the old gentleman was as hale as ever. By-and-by the annual Thanksgiving came around, and the parson, tired of waiting for his parishioner to *exit*, concluded to turn his sermon into a discourse for that festival, merely substituting for the intended obituary a peroration upon the pleasure of having these venerated old folks at home to trot the grandchildren on their knees at the family gatherings. The sermon, thus translated from a funereal to a festal use, was thought to be a decided hit, and the old gentleman himself enjoyed it most complacently, never mistrusting for what purpose it had been originated.

THE Drawer has received the following high testimony to its excellence as an anti-dyspeptic, who sends with his letter the subsequent contributions:

I belong to the "white cravat" profession, and yet believe in the "laugh and grow fat" principle of hygiene. Your Drawer of racy humor has afforded me many an allopathic dose of stimulant, aliment, and condiment, and I confess I have saved thereby from the doctors much more than the subscription price of the Magazine.

CHILDREN have great ideas of *utility*. Almost every object or action calls forth the questions, "What is it for?" "What will you do with it?" etc., etc. To illustrate: Mrs. A—— lived in the little town of Smithville, Chenango County, New York, and near her dwelling Doctor C—— had his office in former years. Mrs. A—— had about half a dozen frouzy-headed, roguish boys, from the age of twelve downward, among whom she was accustomed to practice rather more than Solomon's maxim, "Spare the rod," etc., in the way of sharp scolding and sharper cuffs. One lovely spring day, when "flowery May" had coaxed people to raise their windows, set their doors open, and enjoy themselves generally, Doctor C—— and his students were lounging in front of the office, in close vicinity to Mrs. A——'s door. Suddenly the usual uproar was heard within. A woman's voice and boys' voices on high key, contradictions, threats, hard names, and all the indescribable jargon of such scenes, evinced that a disciplinary operation was in progress, combined with certain arguments which might close up with blows and tingling ears. All at once quick steps were heard, and an eight-year-old urchin, with last year's dilapidated hat on his unkempt head, emerged from the open door like a flash, while just behind him came down on the resounding door-sill an enormous old-fashioned splint broom, wielded by his ultra-Solomonic mother, and a voice like a clarion poured through the soft air: "You little br-a-a-t! if I could ketch ye I'd skin ye alive!" At this the fugitive boy's *utilitarian* ideas immediately became uppermost, and, checking his wild flight through the front-yard, he whirled around, placed his arms a-kimbo, and exclaimed: "Mother, what would ye do with the skin?"

The curtain drops amidst the laughter of the Doctor and his jolly students, and, much to the detriment of Science, the scribe hereof is not able to give the woman's reply.

HERE is another from the same source:

Court was in session in C——, and a case in progress in which the community was deeply interested. Among other citizens, the Rev. Mr. H—— (Methodist), and the Rev. Mr. B—— (Presbyterian), went in to hear the "summing up." The two clergymen took seats either side of ex-Judge D——, a lawyer and Congressman of wit and eminence; and the Rev. Mr. H—— whispered in D——'s ear that the clergy had stepped in to secure justice and equity in the case pending, through the sanctity of their presence, and indicated that their position either side of D—— was on account of his especial need of such influence. D—— drew on a meek and injured expression, and, in a plaintive undertone, replied, "Do you remember *between whom* the Saviour was crucified?" It is needless to add that the dominies "remembered."

NELLIE N—— was standing one day by a hot stove, when her Thibet dress became badly scorched. Seeing there was something wrong about her she screamed to her mother, sitting in the next room: "Oh, mamma, what *is* the matter with me? *I'm all puckered up, and smell bad!*"

THE three following are Californian, and authentic:

Several years ago a traveling exhibition was announced in N—— City. The blank walls were placarded with bills original in their design, commencing: "The greatest wonder of the world! Come 1, come all!" the last word in each line being symbolically represented respectively by the *world* and a shoemaker's *awl*. Mat D——, one of the Teutonic persuasion, was a shrewd, wide-awake saloon-keeper, who had gathered together considerable of this world's goods, and thought well of himself in consequence. Yet he could neither read in English nor German; and this defect in his early education he was very sensible of, and tried to conceal under the plea that he could not pronounce English words. Having observed that much curiosity was attracted to these show-bills, he soon penetrated the mystery, and the conceit of the pictured words pleased him, inasmuch as *he* could

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read them. Drawing up a friend to witness his newly-acquired orthographic talents, he burst forth: "Hans, did you read this? See what it says:" and commencing with finger pointing to each word as he vocalized it, "Ze greatest wonder of the *world!* Come *one!* come *gimlet!*" Mat had mistaken the picture, and was *bored* by his friends unmercifully for months afterward.

ONE time a friend had been sampling some of Mat's native wines, and objected to the fruitage of a bottle. "Oh, I knows dat is good," cried he, indignantly, "for Dr. Stone *civilized* it, and said it was ze pure grape juice!"

SAUNDERS, mine host of the Tremont, is a rare joke-loving *hombre*, and can tell a story in an inimitable manner, and appreciate a joke even when the point tells against himself. Several years ago a tall, loose-limbered, foolish-appearing loon came in to the supper-table in a slow and measured manner, and attracted attention by the voracity with which he made away with the eatables. Having devoured the portion of several men he called at Saunders's desk, and paying his "four bits," drawled out the question in a stuttering way, "I say, Cap, hev you got more beds than you want? for I thought ef you had I'd take one, and ef you didn't have more'n you wanted I'd go somewhar else and take one." Mine host wondered at the queerness of his style of language, but answered that if he wanted lodgings he could be accommodated—that he still had some spare beds. The stranger came out with his *dust* and was shown to a double-bedded room, occupied by a little Irishman. Before daybreak Saunders was awakened by hearing stealthy footsteps in the dining-hall, and hastily throwing on some garments he proceeded to investigate, pistol in hand. Just as he reached the hall-door he heard a voice in a smothered tone crying, "Saunders! Saunders! who did you put in my room, sure? for the murthering thafe has stole my boots!" It was the little Irishman prowling around in his stockings; and the two hastily proceeded to the room of the late guest, found it *sans* him, Mike's boots, and the bed, blankets, sheets, and pillow gone. The suggestion about the stranger's "taking a bed" had been acted upon, and it was so rich a sell no attempt was made to apprehend the thief, although heard of at every mining camp along the river for miles, and supposed by all to be a "Jew Peddler with his pack on his back."

A GOOD story is told of a fellow at a cattle-show, who was making himself ridiculously conspicuous by an evident intention of finding fault with every thing. (A disagreeable habit, by-the-way, with some people.) At last he burst forth with, "Call these 'ere prize cattle? Why, they ain't nothing to what our folks raised. My father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts!" "I don't doubt it," was the timely remark of a bystander; "and the noisiest." The forward youth, as well may be imagined, incontinently subsided.

ONE day Nais-ed-din, a Turkish priest, having ascended the pulpit of the Mosque, thus addressed the congregation: "Oh, true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?" "No," responded the congregation. "Well, then, there is no use in my speaking to you," and he came down from the pulpit. A second time he went to preach, and repeated his question, "Oh, true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?" "We know," replied the true believers. "Ah," said he, descending from the pulpit, "as ye know, why should I take the trouble of telling ye?" When next he came to preach the congregation had resolved to test his powers; so, on his asking the usual question, they replied, "Some of us know, and some of us do not know." "Very well," said he, quitting the rostrum for the third (and last) time, "let those who know tell those who do not know."

A LADY in Tennessee vouches for the authenticity of the three following:

I was once attending the Methodist church in our village when the minister for that year was to preach his last sermon before leaving.

We all kneeled at prayer, when he began to beseech the Lord to send a minister to that people who should be the instrument of doing more good than he had ever been able to do. The congregation responded, most vociferously, "Amen!"

I HAD a little cousin whose name was B—— visiting us. My husband, as usual, was about to engage in family worship one morning, and when he uttered the words "Let us pray," before any of us could assume the devotional attitude the little fellow was down, and turning his eyes up he said, "Cousin F——, please be as short as possible." I need not say that the solemnity of the occasion for some of us was at an end.

I MUST relate a cat story before winding up. One of my neighbors, Mrs. M——, had an extraordinary number of cats, and desiring to get rid of some of them, thought she would put them in a bag and turn them loose after reaching our county seat, about ten miles distant. On arriving at C—— she emancipated them, bidding them, as she fondly hoped, an eternal adieu. She spent the day with a friend, and late in the afternoon reached home. How great was her astonishment, when entering her yard, to find them all seated in a row upon the piazza, evidently delighted at her return!

E—— W——, of Minneapolis, is one of the most promising young lawyers in Minnesota, and a very great wag withal. Last term of court he was employed by an ex-provost marshal, who was the defendant, in an action for damages. J—— S——, of St. Paul, was for the plaintiff. During the trial W—— ventured the assertion that "the provost marshal's department during the war was a bureau." S—— denied this, and arguments *pro* and *con* were offered by each in turn, until finally S—— became excited, and turning to W——, exclaimed:

"What! does the gentleman mean to say that the provost marshals scattered all over the North during the late war were a bureau?"

"Oh no," coolly replied W——, "they were the *drawers!*"

In view of the remarkable regularity that characterized those gentlemen in drawing their salary the answer was considered a good one.

A GOOD story is told about a couple of church-members—one of them a deacon by the name of Bennet, and the other a Brother Griffin. Brother Griffin was addicted a little to the use of intoxicating drinks, and was the cause of some trouble to

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the church. On one occasion Deacon Bennet was sent by the church to talk with Brother Griffin in regard to the error of his ways, and, if possible, persuade him to reform. In going from his house to that of Brother Griffin's he was compelled to cross a stream of water, over which there was a row-boat ferry. In crossing the Deacon told the ferryman where he was going, and his business. When he arrived at Brother G.'s he found him in the hay-field at work with his men. He was very cordially received by Brother G., who suspected his errand and invited him to a seat in the shade of a large tree.

"It is a very warm day, Deacon, very warm; won't you take a little something?" said G.

"Well, I don't care if I do take just a swallow," said the Deacon.

To make the story as brief as possible, the bottle was brought into requisition pretty often, the Deacon forgot his errand, and started for home toward the close of the afternoon, considerably "over the bay." When he arrived at the bank of the river, which was very steep, he had to call the ferryman, who was upon the opposite side, and wait for him to come over. By waiting the liquor had a pretty good chance to work, and when he finally started for the boat, instead of going toward it, he rushed down the bank into the river. The ferryman plunged in and brought him out, and after the Deacon was on dry land the ferryman said:

"Why, Deacon, what is the matter?"

"Oh," whimpered the Deacon, "I feel so for Brother Griffin I can't stand!"

After this if any one in that neighborhood got too much liquor it was said: "Oh, he feels for Brother Griffin!"

A NEW YORKER says:

Our porter, Robert T——, is a stanch Scotch Protestant, and, to help out his living, rents a small place in B——, where he keeps a few cows. He considers himself unfortunate in being surrounded by a number of squatters, who are opposed to him both in religion and habit. Still he manages to keep on fair terms with them. A little while since he bought a cow which proved vicious, kicking whenever milked. One evening she acted so outrageously he had to hopple her. While trying to milk her in this condition his neighbor Jimmie dropped in to have a word in passing. After witnessing the struggle for a few minutes he exclaimed: "An' Robert, that's one of yee's *Protestant* cows." Robert inquired what he meant. "An' shure, isn't she *protesting* all the time?" Robert acknowledged the joke.

THERE once lived in Georgetown, District of Columbia, a tanner named Anthony Hyde. His sign was as follows:

A. HYDE.

Hyde's my name,
And hides I buy;
Four cents for green,
Eight cents for dry.

A LEARNED judge of St. Paul (not the apostle) writes to the Drawer:

There lived in one of our saintly cities, before we were out of our swaddling-clothes, Squire ——, known hereabouts as the "Author of the Black Hawk War." He was a good-natured old man, and perhaps a good judge. Holding court one day, an attorney before him was confidently citing Wendell, Cowen, and other Reports with which he had "crammed" himself for the occasion. The old Squire, as he finished, peered over his spectacles, and astonished the young practitioner with the following settler:

"Dang the law, Mr. Attorney! Look at the *ekity* of the thing. I don't find that you are sustained by Lord *Co-kee* at all, and this Court follows the learned *Co-kee* always."

NOT many years ago, in answer to the call of a country parish in Virginia, there appeared a young clergyman whose sole earthly possessions consisted of two black trunks and a horse, whose ill-kept condition gained for him the sobriquet of Buzzard. The parson, however, being a man of fine address and brilliant parts, soon made for himself friends, and, it may be, excited the envy of some, by securing the affections of a lovely young widow, whose great wealth was more than an offset for his poverty. The time for the wedding came. The ceremony had proceeded to that point where the groom, in presence of the company, most solemnly declares to the bride, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," when his gravity, and that of the guests, was completely upset by a wag just behind him exclaiming, "There goes Buzzard and the two black trunks!"

ON the afternoon before the night of the 13th of November, when the great meteoric shower was expected to occur, little Annie S——, of this city, came to her mother and begged very earnestly to be allowed to stay at home from school the next day, "because," said she, "I want to pick up stars all day to-morrow; they are going to fall to-night."

THE following is about as mean a character as the Drawer ever showed up:

An old woman and her husband lived in Vermont. The old man one day, riding home from town, was thrown from his horse against a stone and instantly killed. His wife, on hearing of it, hurried to the spot. Taking up one hand and letting it fall again she exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Ye're dead, Isaac—dead as a nit." Taking the other hand: "Yes, ye're dead as a door-nail. Well, I know what I shall do with that new cloth I bought for your shirts. I shall make it right into sheets." The day of the funeral came, and she wore an old black bonnet of her grandmother's time. It was a cloudy day, and as she started she held out her hand, raised first one eye, then the other, toward the clouds, then, in her usual loud tone, said: "I declare, it sprinkles! It 'll spile my bunnit! *Guess I won't go; ye won't need me.*" Being persuaded by her friends she consented to go, but first tied a large red silk handkerchief over her "bunnit."

A CORRESPONDENT in New Mexico sends the following:

George Koalhous, who lives just below us, in San Elizario, Texas, and known on the Rio Grande as a hospitable, jolly, good fellow, is constantly getting off the richest of bulls. Among the many I will instance one. When Judge B—— was holding his first session of court at San Elizario the Teutonic George was acting in the capacity of deputy sheriff. One fine morning in September last the Judge said: "Mr. Sheriff, open the court." George (or "Don

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Nicholas," as the natives dub him) very promptly and pompously went and opened all the doors and windows, after which, with much conscious dignity, gave his Honor a military salute, and ejaculated, "Sir, the court is open."

A CLERK in Iowa City says: A very pretty and nobby young lady called in the store the other day and requested to see our lavender kid gloves, whereupon she was shown several different shades of that color. Being a little overcome with so great a variety, she asked, "Which of those pairs are the lavenderest?"

THE night after the sanguinary battle of Peach-Tree Creek, fought July 20, 1864, in which the rebel General Hood was taught a most salutary lesson in his efforts to drive "the invader" from the soil of Georgia, a party of half a dozen soldiers were discussing the events of the day, and mentioning the names of their comrades who had been killed or wounded, among the list of which most of them had some particular friend to mourn. At last Daniel Probert, an Englishman, but as good a soldier as ever wore the *blue*, remarked that his friend Bill, during the last charge, was "'*it* in the *harm*, but *hit* was an '*armless* wound!"

DEAR DRAWER,—When Foote was canvassing the State of Mississippi, previous to the Congressional election, for which he was a candidate, he arrived one day at the town of L——, where he was engaged to make a speech. While waiting for dinner he chanced to pick up a late number of the *Banner*—a little one-horse paper published in that place—and found contained therein a very severe article against himself. He clipped the article from the paper, and after eating his dinner proceeded to the court-house, where a very respectable crowd had already assembled; among others, in company of his sweet-heart, Billy Cox, the editor of the aforementioned paper. Foote, in the course of his speech, took occasion to speak of the many severe and unjust things which were said of him by the newspapers. "And foremost in bitterness, but last in importance," he said, "I may mention a scurrilous little sheet published in this town, the editor of which, judging by the reading contained therein, has but a thimbleful of brains to balance a worldful of spite!" This was too much for Billy to stand; he sprang up and commenced a vindication of himself.

"Sit down!" commanded the orator; "the people came here to hear me speak, not you."

"Well, you needn't get your choler up about it," replied Billy.

"But I have my 'collar' up, and I always keep my collar up," answered Foote, at the same time giving a pull to that much-needed article of dress, which already reached the neighborhood of his ears; "and I would *advise* the gentleman to keep the other end of the same garment down!"

A KANSAS man sends the three following:

"If any body can beat that at meanness, let's hear of it," says your November Drawer, after the manner of *beet* and squash and "some pumpkins" braggings. The school janitor in Connecticut, who altered his account of $20 to $19 99, thus gaining one cent by dispensing with a two-cent stamp, was excelled by a Massachusetts farmer. It was in the days of Spanish coin—12½, 6¼, and 16⅔ cent pieces. Uncle Edward R—— had some work done at a blacksmith's shop in an adjoining town. After settling, and starting a rod or two on his return home, it flashed on his mind that he had over-paid the bill. "By my reckoning," said he to the smith, "I have given you half a cent too much." "You sha'n't have it to say," said the indignant son of Vulcan, in reply, "that I've cheated you out of a half-cent." And laying the old-fashioned United States copper cent on his anvil he cut it in two with his chisel, and gave one of the halves to his close-fisted customer, who ever after went by the name of "Half-cent Ned."

"GOOD Deacon Tupper," who feasted with such relish on the puddings at the Association Meeting in Maine, was rivaled by a clerical brother of a Ministerial Association of which I was once a member. It is sometimes said that ministers away from home have excellent appetites, and some have supposed them to be sharpened by involuntary fasts at home, like unto those voluntary ones wherewith "Uncle Sid," celebrated in your June Number, prepared for a convivial feast. Our gathering, on the occasion to which I refer, was at the residence of Brother B——, in L——. The fare was sumptuous; "from egg to apple" (as the old Romans expressed it), both in quantity and quality, it was all that it should have been. Brother T——, of one of the neighboring towns, did ample justice, with the rest of us, to the tempting variety, and having duly dispatched the large and rich pieces of pie (one mince, one squash), passed his plate to our host with a tacit "Oliver's asking." Our generous entertainer was surely not to blame for presuming that Brother T—— could take care of but one piece more, and therefore asked, "Which?" Brother T——, affecting to misunderstand, answered, "Yes." Our baffled host, manœuvring a moment, again asked, "Which did you say?" "*Both!*" replied the intrepid T——, and the phrase is a by-word to this day.

AT the rural academy where in my youth I was a pupil was a very worthy young man of twenty, a good scholar, but of very little general information, having read scarcely any thing of history or literature. At our boarding-house one day some of us were conversing about Oliver Cromwell—his character, career, death, etc. It so happened that in an adjoining town one Oliver Crummett, universally called Oliver Crummell, had been committed to the State Prison for sheep-stealing. Our fellow-student, who had never heard of the great Oliver, catching the name, "Oliver Cromwell," and the reference to his last sickness and death, electrified us with a "*Sho!* is that kritter dead?" and the phrase was the convulsing catch-word of the academy for weeks afterward.

AMONG the "characters" in Western Maryland is a jolly and clever Irishman, whose success in life is but the natural result of his patient industry. Living, as he does, on a canal, he occasionally has a few mules in his possession. Not long since, among others, was a neat little one, which, as Cuffee swore, would kick at every opportunity, and of which Cuff undertook to cure him by a generous cudgeling, every time he ventured to lift his heels in the presence of the dusky lord of the stable. Such treatment was wholly in conflict with the Irish good-humor of friend Murphy; and being so,

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he often remonstrated with Cuffee, and finally threatened to thrash him if he ever found him "bating a dacent mule like that again." True to his instincts, not an entire day after the threat had passed by before Murphy heard the darkey's verberations in the stable. Almost breathless, he bursts into the stable, crying, "Ah, ye darty black divel! and I've found ye bating the mule again, have I? and it as dacent a mule as iver was seen! I'll larn ye to bate an innocent crather like this!" laying his hand on the mule, who immediately let fly, catching Murphy on the shin, and sending him limping against the wall. "Oooh!" says Murphy, "he's cracked me on the shin! and it's yez, ye darty black divel—it's yez that has larnt him the thrick!" Cuff's sudden collapse in one corner saved his pate from the terrible blow Murphy aimed at him.

H—— was Sheriff of the County, and C—— a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic—both of them hearty, whole-souled men, and each the owner of a fast horse. Driving through one of the main streets of the city at a 2.40 gait brought them within the reach of the law, and both accordingly found their way to the Recorder's office, and due cause required why fines should not be imposed.

"Why," said the Sheriff (who, it seems, was left behind in the race), "I was only following the *Church*."

"And I," quoth the priest, "was running away from the *Sheriff!*"

The Recorder "didn't see it" in that light, however, and collected the fine.

Dear Drawer,—Like most city mortals weary of the dust and turmoil of town, I took a trip this summer into the country, and spent two weeks very pleasantly in the bustling town of B——, Vermont, situated upon the bank of the beautiful Connecticut River. I heard while in B—— a good story, in which a self-conceited, inquisitive, but good-natured Yankee, who literally hears and understands with his elbows, figured as a hero. Friend A—— is eternally prying into other people's affairs, and nothing delights him more than to be the first to report a scrap of news or scandal; this propensity of hearing with his elbows always makes him the laughing-stock of his audience. A short time ago a whole family in B—— were poisoned by taking Prussic acid. A——, upon hearing of the catastrophe, dropped his tools, made a circuit of the town, reporting at every house the wonderful intelligence that Squire C—— and family had all been poisoned with "putrid sausage!"

Judge D—— and Mr. P—— were always squabbling over some legality or other. On one occasion the Judge announced his intention of holding court on Good Friday. P—— at once rose: "May it please your Honor, such a proceeding is wholly without a precedent since the days of Pontius Pilate!" The court was not held till Saturday, as a natural consequence.

An ancient burgh, within cannon-shot of Gotham, having recently become infested with burglars, to the great alarm of its drowsy inhabitants, the City Council resolved to create a police force—the Mayor having the appointment of the men for that responsible situation. One of the Councilmen, in urging the claims and qualifications of his constituent for the position, asserted that his man had been engaged in the service of his country, and was one of the soldiers who spotted Wilkes Booth—in evidence of which he held *the certificate of Abraham Lincoln!* The Mayor replied that if he could produce *that* certificate he would certainly appoint his man.

Dear Drawer,—Here is one that is, I think, equally as good, and of the same sort, as the one in the November Number about the little boy in Oregon who thought his grandpa read the blessing off the table-cloth. Little Tommy K—— could not often find a seat at the first table, there being quite a large family of grown persons. One day, some member being absent, Tommy was allowed to take his place. The plates were of white stone china, and, as was customary, were turned upside down, thus showing the trade-mark and maker's name on the bottom.

"Well," said Tommy, "I'm glad I've got the blessin'-plate for once."

"Why, Tommy, what makes you think you have the blessing-plate?" asked his mother.

"Why, don't grandpa read the blessin' off the bottom of the plates?" said Tommy.

The late Judge W——, formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, was a man of deep thought, and often so engrossed in his "cases" as to be wholly unconscious of conversation in his presence. Colonel S—— is one of your courteous Virginia gentlemen, quick, sensitive, and a good talker withal. The Colonel has a farm near Madison, on which he had just discovered a valuable peat-bed; and being much elated by the prospect of "sudden fortune," was apt to talk about it. Meeting the Judge in company with several gentlemen of the bar and legislators, then convened at the capitol, the favorite subject of the Colonel's opened. He, anxious to enlighten the Judge, directed his conversation particularly to that individual, who was sitting, head in hands, thinking-cap on, apparently an attentive listener, while the merits of economy, inexhaustible supply, great manufacturing advantages, etc., etc., were expatiated upon in all the earnestness for which the Colonel is remarkable. After concluding his statements with statistical and divers explanations, he asked the Judge what he thought of it.

"Of what?" says the Judge, looking up.

"Of peat," replied S——.

"What Pete?" again asked the Judge.

"Why, Irish peat," says S——, somewhat perplexed at the apparent stupidity.

"I don't know him, Sir," replied the Judge, not having heard a word of the subject.

Dear Drawer,—As I draw lots of fun out of your Drawer every month I thought I would send you this little scissoring, which I found in an old paper of 1849:

At an infant Sabbath-school, to the care of which I was "promoted" a few years since, I gave a "Bible story," the "Prodigal Son." When I came to the place where the poor ragged son reached his former home, and his father saw him "a great way off," I inquired what his father probably did. One of the smallest boys, with his little fist clenched, said, "I donno, but I des he set de dog on him."

Judge M'Farland tells a good story of his Texas practice. He now lives at Austin, but formerly

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practiced at La Grange, in Fayette County. He had a client named H——, who was at dagger's point with his father about some property inherited from young H——'s mother. The client came to the Judge one day with a story that his father had tried to poison him.

"What evidence have you of that?" inquired the Judge.

"Oh! my boy, old Sam, told me so."

"Was his story a voluntary one?" queried the Judge.

"Oh yes, entirely so. I took Sam out and hit him three hundred, and he voluntarily belched it out."

The Judge declined to prosecute on that evidence.

The First Texas cavalry, under Colonel Davis, were quartered for a while at the barracks just below New Orleans. One day several of the young officers got leave of absence to go up to the city, but overstaid their leave, and got to the barracks after dusk, to find a sentry at the entrance. Fortunately one of them had a bottle in his pocket. The sentry was a Texas refugee, who had fled with them from this State. He, however, knew his duty, and hailed:

"Who comes there?"

"Friends!" (*sotto voce*) "with a bottle."

"Advance, friends, and present the countersign."

The countersign proved good. They were new to the service then, but that countersign (on a gentle hint from the Colonel) was not again used.

In the old times of the Texas Republic General Houston was sorely troubled with a lot of visionary madcaps who were constantly urging on a war of extermination against the Mexicans, numbering some seven millions of people, and the Indians, who at least equaled the few thousands of whites then in Texas. On one occasion a committee of these young war-horses waited on the General, their chairman and spokesman being Hugh M——, a young lawyer recently arrived from Georgia. A large crowd was present, and M——, who was a handsome young fellow and a very elegant speaker, improved the occasion to recite the wrongs of the people, to enlarge on the barbarity of the foe, and to explain to the President his duty, of which he demanded an immediate performance. Old Sam rose to the full majesty of his great form, and raising his face and hands solemnly upward, said: "Heavenly Father, I beseech Thee to save my poor, devoted country!" (lowering his head and hands and hissing out the remainder of the sentence)—"save it from these smart young men!" The committee retired amidst a roar of laughter; and M——, who told the story, said that he had never after attempted that sort of tactics on old Sam.

This comes from the Granite State, and is as fair a specimen of a scared Yankee as is often seen:

For twenty-three years old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil of Baldwin County, and drawn therefrom support for himself and wife. He is childless. Not long since Jake went in search of a cow. His course was through an old worn-out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the centre of which was a well twenty-five or thirty feet deep, that at some time, probably, had served the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot an ill wind drifted Jake's tile from his head, and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now the old gentleman had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering the lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for capturing the truant cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose he concluded to save time by getting down into the well himself. To accomplish this he made fast one end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was soon on his way down the well. It was a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader hereof, that Ned Willis was in the dilapidated old building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well. The devil himself, or some other wicked spirit, put it into Ned's cranium to have a little fun; so he quietly slipped up to the old horse, and unbuckling the strap, approached with a slow and steady "ting-a-ling" to the edge of the well.

"Dang the old blind horse!" said the man at the bottom of the well. "He's coming this way sure, and ain't got any more sense than to fall in here. Whoa, Bill!"

But the continued approach of a "ting-a-ling" said just as plainly as words that Bill wouldn't whoa. Besides, Jake was at the bottom, resting before trying to shin it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalem!" said he; "the old cuss will be a-top of me before I can say Jack Robinson. Whoa! dang it! Whoa!"

Just then Ned drew up to the edge of the well, and with his foot kicked a little dirt into it.

"O Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling on his knees at the bottom. "I'm gone now—whoa! Now I lay me down to sleep—w-h-o-a!—I pray the Lord my soul to—whoa, now! O Lord have mercy upon me!"

Ned could hold in no longer, and fearing Jake might suffer from his fright he revealed himself. Probably Ned didn't make tracks from that well.

A Texan sends the following:

The First Texas cavalry formed a part of the force under General Davidson in his raid to Pascagoula from Baton Rouge. Severe orders had been issued against straggling and foraging. One night, after a hard day's march, Colonel Haynes and Major Holt, of the First Texas, had just got comfortably to bed when a big hog set up a most unearthly squeal in the neighborhood of the camp. The Colonel immediately began to rouse an orderly to send for the officer of the day, when the Major, opening his eyes, yawned out:

"Lie down, Colonel, that is none of our men."

"How do you know it is none of our men?"

"Well, Colonel, I have campaigned a heap more with this regiment than you, and I have found out that when the First Texas strikes a hog it never squeals but once."

That was entirely satisfactory, and the Colonel slept calmly.

On some railroads it is customary to have a lock on the stove to prevent passengers from meddling with the fire. A wag being asked why they locked the stove, coolly replied that "it was to prevent the fire from *going out!*"

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCII.—MARCH, 1867.—Vol. XXXIV.

THE DODGE CLUB; OR, ITALY IN MDCCCLIX.



DICK!

I.

PARIS.—THE DODGE CLUB.—HOW TO SPEAK FRENCH.—HOW TO RAISE A CROWD.

IT is a glorious day in Paris. The whole city is out in the public places, watching the departure of the army of Italy. Every imaginable uniform, on foot and on horseback, enlivens the scene. Zouaves are every where. Cent Gardes hurry to and fro, looking ferocious. Imperial Gardes look magnificent. Innumerable little red-legged soldiers of the line dance about, gesticulating vehemently. Grisettes hang about the necks of departing braves. A great many tears are shed, and a great deal of bombast uttered. For the invincible soldiers of France are off to fight for an idea; and doesn't every one of them carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack?

A troop of Cent Gardes comes thundering down in a cloud of dust, dashing the people right and left. Loud cheers arise: "Vive l'Empereur!" The hoarse voices of myriads prolong the yell. It is Louis Napoleon. He touches his hat gracefully to the crowd.

A chasseur leaps into a cab.

"Where shall I take you?"

"To Glory!" shouts the soldier.

The crowd applaud. The cabman drives off and don't want any further direction.

Here a big-bearded Zouave kisses his big-bearded brother in a blouse.

"Adieu, mon frère; write me."

"Where shall I write?"

"Direct to Vienna—*poste restante.*"

Every body laughs at every thing, and the crowd are quite wild at this.

A young man is perched upon a pillar near the garden wall of the Tuileries. He enjoys the scene immensely. After a while he takes a clay pipe from his pocket and slowly fills it. Having completed this business he draws a match along the stone and is just about lighting his pipe.

"Halloo!"

Down drops the lighted match on the neck of an *ouvrier*. It burns. The man scowls up; but seeing the cause, smiles and waves his hand forgivingly.

"Dick!"

At this a young man in the midst of the crowd stops and looks around. He is a short young man, in whose face there is a strange

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mixture of innocence and shrewdness. He is pulling a baby-carriage, containing a small specimen of French nationality, and behind him walks a majestic female.

The young man Dick takes a quick survey and recognizes the person who has called him. Down drops the pole of the carriage, and, to the horror of the majestic female, he darts off, and, springing up the pillar, grasps first the foot and then the hand of his friend.

"Buttons!" he cried; "what, you! you here in Paris!"

"I believe I am."

"Why, when did you come?"

"About a month ago."

"I had no idea of it. I didn't know you were here."

"And I didn't know that you were. I thought by this time that you were in Italy. What has kept you here so long?"

Dick looked confused.

"Why the fact is, I am studying German."

"German! in Paris! French, you mean."

"No, German."

"You're crazy; who with?"

Dick nodded his head toward his late companion.

"What, that woman? How she is scowling at us!"

"Is she?" said Dick, with some trepidation.

"Yes. But don't look. Have you been with her all the time?"

"Yes, seven months."

"Studying German!" cried Buttons, with a laugh. "Who is she?"

"Madame Bang."

"Bang? Well, Madame Bang must look out for another lodger. You must come with me, young man. You need a guardian. It's well that I came in time to rescue you. Let's be off!"

And the two youths descended and were soon lost in the crowd.

"Three flights of steps are bad enough; but great Heavens! what do you mean by taking a fellow up to the eighth story?"

Such was the exclamation of Dick as he fell exhausted into a seat in a little room at the top of one of the tallest houses in Paris.

"Economy, my dear boy."

"Ehem!"

"Paris is overflowing, and I could get no other place without paying an enormous price. Now I am trying to husband my means."

"I should think so."

"I sleep here—"

"And have plenty of bed-fellows."

"I eat here—"

"The powers of the human stomach are astounding."

"And here I invite my friends."

"Friends only, I should think. Nothing but the truest friendship could make a man hold out in such an ascent."

"But come. What are your plans?"

"I have none."

"Then you must league yourself with me."

"I shall be delighted."

"And I'm going to Italy."



HERE I INVITE MY FRIENDS.

"Then I'm afraid our league is already at an end."

"Why?"

"I haven't money enough."

"How much have you?"

"Only five hundred dollars; I've spent all the rest of my allowance."

"Five hundred? Why, man, I have only four hundred."

"What! and you're going to Italy?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll go too and run the risk. But is this the style?" and Dick looked dolefully around.

"By no means—not always. But you must practice economy."

"Have you any acquaintances?"

"Yes, two. We three have formed ourselves into a society for the purpose of going to Italy. We call ourselves the Dodge Club."

"The Dodge Club?"

"Yes. Because our principle is to dodge all humbugs and swindles, which make traveling so expensive generally. We have gained much experience already, and hope to gain more. One of my friends is a doctor from Philadelphia. Doctor Snakeroot, and the other is Senator Jones from Massachusetts. Neither the Doctor nor the

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Senator understand a word of any language but the American. That is the reason why I became acquainted with them.

"First as to the Doctor, I picked him up at Dunkirk. It was in a café. I was getting my modest breakfast when I saw him come in. He sat down and boldly asked for coffee. After the usual delay the garçon brought him a small cup filled with what looked like ink. On the waiter was a cup of *eau de vie*, and a little plate containing several enormous lumps of loaf-sugar. Never shall I forget the Doctor's face of amazement. He looked at each article in succession. What was the ink for? what the brandy? what the sugar? He did not know that the two first when mixed makes the best drink in the world, and that the last is intended for the pocket of the guest by force of a custom dear to every Frenchman. To make a long story short, I explained to him the mysteries of French coffee, and we became sworn friends.

"My meeting with the Senator was under slightly different circumstances. It was early in the morning. It was chilly. I was walking briskly out of town. Suddenly I turned a corner and came upon a crowd. They surrounded a tall man. He was an American, and appeared to be insane. First he made gestures like a man hewing or chopping. Then he drew his hand across his throat. Then he staggered forward and pretended to fall. Then he groaned heavily. After which he raised himself up and looked at the crowd with an air of mild inquiry. They did not laugh. They did not even smile. They listened respectfully, for they knew that the strange gentleman wished to express something. On the whole, I think if I hadn't come up that the Senator would have been arrested by a stiff gendarme who was just then coming along the street. As it was, I arrived just in time to learn that he was anxious to see the French mode of killing cattle, and was trying to find his way to the abattoirs. The Senator is a fine man, but eminently practical. He used to think the French language an accomplishment only. He has changed his mind since his arrival here. He has one little peculiarity, and that is, to bawl broken English at the top of his voice when he wants to communicate with foreigners."

Not long afterward the Dodge Club received a new member in the person of Mr. Dick Whiffletree. The introduction took place in a modest café, where a dinner of six courses was supplied for the ridiculous sum of one franc—soup, a roast, a fry, a bake, a fish, a pie, bread at discretion, and a glass of vinegar generously thrown in.

At one end of the table sat the Senator, a very large and muscular man, with iron-gray hair, and features that were very strongly marked and very strongly American. He appeared to be about fifty years of age. At the other sat the Doctor, a slender young man in black. On one side sat Buttons, and opposite to him was Dick.

"Buttons," said the Senator, "were you out yesterday?"

"I was."

"It was a powerful crowd."

"Rather large."

"It was im-mense. I never before had any idea of the population of Paris. New York isn't to be compared to it."

"As to crowds, that is nothing uncommon in Paris. Set a rat loose in the Champs Elysées, and I bet ten thousand people will be after it in five minutes."

"Sho!"

"Any thing will raise a crowd in Paris."

"It will be a small one, then."

"My dear Senator, in an hour from this I'll engage myself to raise as large a crowd as the one you saw yesterday."

"My dear Buttons, you look like it."

"Will you bet?"

"Bet? Are you in earnest?"

"Never more so."

"But there is an immense crowd outside already."

"Then let the scene of my trial be in a less crowded place—the Place Vendôme, for instance."

"Name the conditions."



THE CLUB.

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"In an hour from this I engage to fill the Place Vendôme with people. Whoever fails forfeits a dinner to the Club."

The eyes of Dick and the Doctor sparkled.

"Done!" said the Senator.

"All that you have to do," said Buttons, "is to go to the top of the Colonne Vendôme and wave your hat three times when you want me to begin."

"I'll do that. But it's wrong," said the Senator. "It's taking money from you. You must lose."

"Oh, don't be alarmed," said Buttons, cheerfully.

The Dodge Club left for the Place Vendôme, and the Senator, separating himself from his companions, began the ascent. Buttons left his friends at a corner to see the result, and walked quickly down a neighboring street.

Dick noticed that every one whom he met stopped, stared, and then walked quickly forward, looking up at the column. These people accosted others, who did the same. In a few minutes many hundreds of people were looking up and exchanging glances with one another.

In a short time Buttons had completed the circuit of the block, and re-entered the Place by another street. He was running at a quick pace, and, at a moderate calculation, about two thousand *gamins de Paris* ran before, beside, and behind him. Gens d'armes caught the excitement, and rushed frantically about. Soldiers called to one another, and tore across the square gesticulating and shouting. Carriages stopped; the occupants stared up at the column; horsemen drew up their rearing horses; dogs barked; children screamed; up flew a thousand windows, out of which five thousand heads were thrust.

At the end of twenty minutes, after a very laborious journey, the Senator reached the top of the column. He looked down.

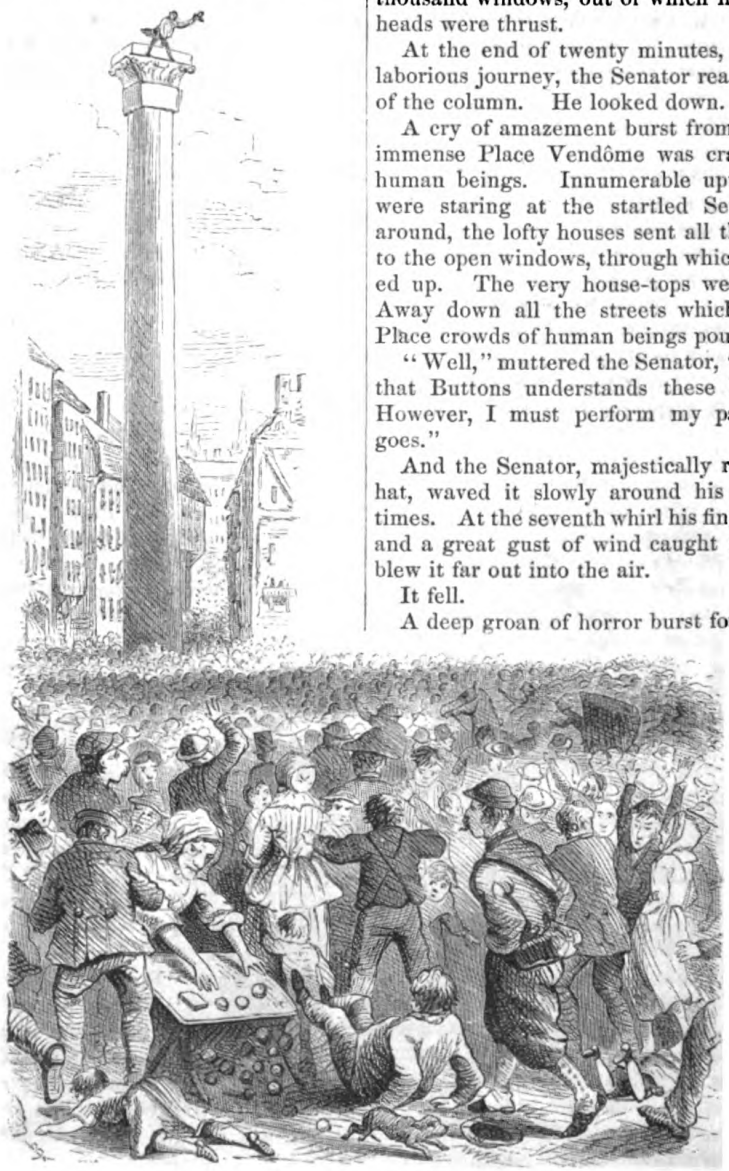
A cry of amazement burst from him. The immense Place Vendôme was crammed with human beings. Innumerable upturned faces were staring at the startled Senator. All around, the lofty houses sent all their inmates to the open windows, through which they looked up. The very house-tops were crowded. Away down all the streets which led to the Place crowds of human beings poured along.

"Well," muttered the Senator, "it's evident that Buttons understands these Frenchmen. However, I must perform my part, so here goes."

And the Senator, majestically removing his hat, waved it slowly around his head seven times. At the seventh whirl his fingers slipped, and a great gust of wind caught the hat and blew it far out into the air.

It fell.

A deep groan of horror burst forth from the



THE PLACE VENDOME.

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multitude, so deep, so long, so terrible that the Senator turned pale.

A hundred thousand heads upturned; two hundred thousand arms waved furiously in the air. The tide of new-comers flowing up the other streets filled the place to overflowing; and the vast host of people swayed to and fro, agitated by a thousand passions. All this was the work of but a short time.

"Come," said the Senator, "this is getting beyond a joke."

There was a sudden movement among the people at the foot of the column. The Senator leaned over to see what it was.

At once a great cry came up, like the thunder of a cataract, warningly, imperiously, terribly. The Senator drew back confounded.

Suddenly he advanced again. He shook his head deprecatingly, and waved his arms as if to disclaim any evil motives which they might impute to him. But they did not comprehend him. Scores of stiff gens d'armes, hundreds of little soldiers, stopped in their rush to the foot of the column to shake their fists and scream at him.

"Now if I only understood their doosid lingo," thought the Senator. "But"—after a pause—"it wouldn't be of no account up here. And what an awkward fix," he added, "for the father of a family to stand hatless on the top of a pillory like this! Sho!"

There came a deep rumble from the hollow stairway beneath him, which grew nearer and louder every moment.

"Somebody's coming," said the Senator. "Wa'al, I'm glad. Misery loves company. Perhaps I can purchase a hat."

In five minutes more the heads of twenty gens d'armes shot up through the opening in the top of the pillar, one after another, and reminded the Senator of the "Jump-up-Johnnies" in children's toys. Six of them seized him and made him prisoner.

The indignant Senator remonstrated, and informed them that he was an American citizen.

His remark made no impression. They did not understand English.

The Senator's wrath made his hair fairly bristle. He contented himself, however, with drawing up the programme of an immediate war between France and the Great Republic.

It took an hour for the column to get emptied. It was choked with people rushing up. Seven gentlemen fainted, and three escaped with badly sprained limbs. During this time the Senator remained in the custody of his captors.

At last the column was cleared.

The prisoner was taken down and placed in a cab. He saw the dense crowd and heard the mighty murmurs of the people.

He was driven away for an immense distance. It seemed miles.

At last the black walls of a huge edifice rose before him. The cab drove under a dark archway. The Senator thought of the dungeons of the Inquisition, and other Old World horrors of which he had heard in his boyhood.

So the Senator had to give the dinner. The Club enjoyed it amazingly.

Almost at the moment of his entrance Buttons had arrived, arm in arm with the American minister, whose representations and explanations procured the Senator's release.

"I wouldn't have minded it so much," said the Senator, from whose manly bosom the last trace of vexation had fled, "if it hadn't been for that darned policeman that collared me first. What a Providence it was that I didn't knock him down! Who do you think he was?"

"Who?"

"The very man that was going to arrest me the other day when I was trying to find my way to the slaughter-house. That man is my evil genius. I will leave Paris before another day."

"The loss of your hat completed my plans," said Buttons. "Was that done on purpose? Did you throw it down for the sake of saying, 'Take my hat?'"

"No. It was the wind," said the Senator, innocently. "But how did you manage to raise the crowd? You haven't told us that yet."

"How? In the simplest way possible. I told every soul I met that a crazy man was going up the Colonne Vendôme to throw himself down."

A light burst in upon the Senator's soul. He raised his new hat from a chair, and placing it before Buttons, said fervently and with unction:

"Keep it, Buttons!"



KEEP IT, BUTTONS!

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THAT'S A HOTEL BILL.

II.

ORLEANS.—HOW TO QUELL A LANDLORD.—HOW TO FIGHT OFF HUMBUGS; AND HOW TO TRAVEL WITHOUT BAGGAGE.

A TREMENDOUS uproar in the hall of a hotel at Orleans awaked every member of the Dodge Club from the sound and refreshing slumber into which they had fallen after a fatiguing journey from Paris.

Filing out into the hall one after another they beheld a singular spectacle.

It was a fat man, bald-headed, middle-aged, with a well-to-do look, that burst upon their sight.

He was standing in the hall with flushed face and stocking feet, swearing most frightfully. A crowd of waiters stood around shrugging their shoulders, and trying to soothe him. As the fat man spoke English, and the waiters French, there was a little misapprehension.

"There, gentlemen," cried the fat man, as he caught sight of our four friends, "look at that! What do you call that?"

"That?" said Buttons, taking a paper which the fat man thrust in his face, "why, that's a hotel bill."

"A hotel bill? Why it's an imposition!" cried the other, excitedly.

"Perhaps it is," said Buttons, coolly.

"Of course it is! Read it out loud, and let these gentlemen see what they think of it."

"I'll read it in English," said Buttons, "for the benefit of the Club:"

Mister Blank,

To the Hotel du Roi:

One dinner.....	3 francs.	One bed.....	5 francs.
Six porters.....	6 "	One boots.....	1 "
One cab.....	2 "	One candle.....	1 "
One do.	2 "	One candle.....	1 "
One information	5 "	One candle.....	1 "
Wine.....	5 "	One candle.....	1 "
Tobacco.....	2 "		
			35 francs.

"By Jove! Thirty-five francs! My dear Sir, I quite agree with you. It's an imposition."

A deep sigh expressed the relief of the fat man at this mark of sympathy.

"There's no redress," said Buttons. "You'll have to grin and bear it. For you must know that in these inland towns hotel-keepers are in league, offensive and defensive, with all the cab-drivers, omnibus-drivers, postillions, truckmen, hostlers, porters, errand-boys, café-keepers, cicerones, tradesmen, lawyers, chambermaids, doctors, priests, soldiers, gens d'armes, magistrates, etc., etc., etc. In short, the whole community is a joint-stock company organized to plunder the unsuspecting traveler."

"And must I stand here and be swindled without a word?" cried the other.

"By no means. Row like fury. Call up the whole household one by one, and swear at them in broad Saxon. That's the way to strike terror into the soul of a Frenchman."

The fat man stared for a moment at Buttons, and then plunging his hands deep into his trowsers pockets he walked up and down the hall.

At last he turned to the others:

"Gentlemen, is this endurable?"

"Horrible!" cried Dick.

"Abominable!" the Doctor.

"Infamous!" the Senator.

"By jingo! I've a great mind to go home. If I've got to be plundered, I'd a durned sight rather have my money go to support our own great and glorious institutions."

There is no doubt that the unfortunate man would have had to pay up if it had not been for the energetic action of Buttons.

He summoned the hotel-keeper before him, and, closing the door, asked his friends to sit down.

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Then Buttons, standing up, began to repeat to the hotel keeper, smilingly, but with extraordinary volubility, Daniel Webster's oration against Hayne. The polite Frenchman would not interrupt him, but listened with a bland though somewhat dubious smile.

The Dodge Club did infinite credit to themselves by listening without a smile to the words of their leader.

Buttons then went through the proposition about the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle, and appended the words of a few negro songs.

Here the worthy landlord interrupted him, begging his pardon, and telling him that he did not understand English very well, and could his Excellency speak French?

His Excellency, with equal politeness, regretted his want of complete familiarity with French. He was forced when he felt deeply on any subject to express himself in English.

Then followed Cicero's oration against Verres, and he was just beginning a speech of Chatham's, when the landlord surrendered at discretion.

When, after the lapse of three hours and twenty-five minutes, the fat man held his bill toward him, and Buttons offered five francs, he did not even remonstrate, but took the money, and hastily receipting the bill with his pencil, darted from the room.

"Well," exclaimed the Senator, when he had recovered from the effects of the scene—"I never before realized the truth of a story I once heard."

"What was the story?"

"Oh, it was about a bet between a Yankee and a Frenchman, who could talk the longest. The two were shut up in a room. They remained there three days. At the end of that time their friends broke open the door and entered, and what do you think they found there?"

"Nobody?" suggested the fat man.

"No," said the Senator, with a glow of patriotic pride on his fine face. "But they found the Frenchman lying dead upon the floor, and the Yankee whispering in his ear the beginning of the second part of the Higgins story."

"And what is the Higgins story?"

"For Heaven's sake," gasped the Doctor, starting up, "don't ask him now—wait till next week!"

As they passed over the mountains of Auvergne a new member was added to the Dodge Club.

It was the fat man.

He was President of a Western bank.

His name was Figgs.

It was a damp, dull, dreary, drenching night, when the lumbering diligence bore the Dodge Club through the streets of Lyons and up to the door of their hotel. Seventeen men and five small boys stood bowing ready to receive them.

The Senator, Buttons, and Dick took the small valises which contained their traveling apparel, and dashed through the line of servitors into the house. The Doctor walked after, serenely and majestically. He had no baggage. Mr. Figgs descended from the roof with considerable difficulty. Slipping from the wheel, he fell into the outstretched arms of three waiters. They put him on his feet.

His luggage was soon ready.

Mr. Figgs had two trunks and various other articles. Of these trunks seven waiters took one, and four the other. Then

Waiter	No.	12	took	hat-box;
"	"	13	"	traveling desk;
"	"	14	"	Scotch plaid;
"	"	15	"	over-coat;
"	"	16	"	umbrella;
"	"	17	"	rubber coat;
Boy	"	1	"	cane;
"	"	2	"	muffler;
"	"	3	"	one of his mittens;
"	"	4	"	the other;
"	"	5	"	cigar-case.

After a long and laborious dinner they rose and smoked.



CICERO AGAINST VERRES.

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SAC-R-R-R-RE!

The head waiter informed Mr. Figgs that with his permission a deputation would wait on him. Mr. Figgs was surprised, but graciously invited the deputation to walk in. They accordingly walked in. Seventeen men and five boys.

"What did they want?"

"Oh, only a *pourboire* with which to drink his Excellency's noble health."

"Really they did his Excellency too much honor. Were they not mistaken in their man?"

"Oh no. They had carried his luggage into the hotel."

Upon this Mr. Figgs gave strong proof of poor moral training, by breaking out into a volley of Western oaths, which shocked one half of the deputation, and made the other half grin.

Still they continued respectful but firm, and reiterated their demand.

Mr. Figgs called for the landlord. That gentleman was in bed. For his wife. She did not attend to the business. For the head waiter. The spokesman of the deputation, with a polite bow, informed him that the head waiter stood before him and was quite at his service.

The scene was ended by the sudden entrance of Buttons, who, motioning to Mr. Figgs, proceeded to give each waiter a douceur. One after another took the proffered coin, and without looking at it, thanked the generous donor with a profusion of bows.

Five minutes after the retreating form of Buttons had vanished through the door, twenty-one persons, consisting of men and boys, stood staring at one another in blank amazement.

Anger followed; then

"Sac-r-r-r-*r-r-r*-R-R-R-R-R-R-*R-Ré!*"

He had given each one a *centime*.

But the customs of the hotel were not to be changed by the shabby conduct of one mean-minded person. When the Club prepared to retire for the night they were taken to some rooms opening into each other. Five waiters led the way; one waiter to each man, and each carried a pair of tall wax-candles. Mr. Figgs's waiter took him to his room, laid down the lights, and departed.

The doors which connected the rooms were all opened, and Mr. Figgs walked through to see about something. He saw the Doctor, the Senator, Buttons, and Dick, each draw the short, well-used stump of a wax-candle from his coat pocket and gravely light it. Then letting the melted wax fall on the mantle-pieces they stuck their candles there, and in a short time the rooms were brilliantly illuminated.

The waiters were thunderstruck. Such a procedure had never come within the compass of their experience of the ways of travelers.

"Bonsoir," said Buttons. "Don't let us detain you."

They went out stupefied.

"What's the idea now?" inquired Mr. Figgs.

"Oh, they charge a franc apiece for each candle, and that is a swindle which we will not submit to."

"And will I have to be humbugged again?"

"Certainly."

"Botheration."

"My dear Sir, the swindle of bougies is the curse of the Continental traveler. None of us are particularly prudent, but we are all on the watch against small swindles, and of them all this is the most frequent and most insidious, the most constantly and ever recurrent. Beware, my dear President, of bougies—that's what we call candles."

Mr. Figgs said nothing, but leaned against the wall for a moment in a meditative mood, as if debating what he should do next.

He happened to be in the Doctor's room. He had already noticed that this gentleman had no perceptible baggage, and didn't understand it. But now he saw it all.

The Doctor began gravely to make preparations for the night.

Before taking off his over-coat he drew various articles from the pockets, among which were:

A hair-brush,
A tooth-brush,
A shoe-brush,
A pot of blacking,
A night-shirt,
A clothes-brush,
A pipe,
A pouch of tobacco,
A razor,
A shaving-brush,
A piece of soap,
A night-cap,
A bottle of hair-oil,
A pistol,
A guide-book,
A cigar-case,
A bowie-knife,
A piece of cord,
A handkerchief,
A case of surgical instruments,
Some bits of candles.

Mr. Figgs rushed from the room.

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NUMBER 729.

Arles was much more satisfactory. There are more pretty women in Arles than in any other town of the same size on the Continent. The Club created an unusual excitement in this peaceful town by walking slowly through it in Indian file, narrowly scrutinizing every thing. They wondered much at the numbers of people that filled the cathedral all gayly dressed. It was not until after a long calculation that they found out that it was Sunday. Buttons kept his memorandum-book in his hand all day, and took account of all the pretty women whom he saw. The number rose as high as 729. He would have raised it higher, but unfortunately an indignant citizen put a stop to it by charging him with impertinence to his wife.

On the railroad to Marseilles is a famous tunnel. At the last station before entering the tunnel a gentleman got in. As they passed through the long and gloomy place there suddenly arose a most outrageous noise in the car.

It was the new passenger.

Occasionally the light shining in would disclose him, dancing, stamping, tearing his hair, rolling his eyes, gnashing his teeth, and cursing.

"Is he crazy?" said Dick.

"Or drunk?" said Buttons.

Lo and behold! just as the train emerged from the tunnel the passenger made a frantic dash at the window, flung it open, and before any body could speak or move he was half out.

To spring over half a dozen seats, to land behind him, to seize his outstretched leg to jerk him in again, was but the work of a moment. It was Buttons who did this, and who banged down the window again.

"Sac *r-r*-R-R-Ré!" cried the Frenchman.

"Is it that you are mad?" said Buttons.

"Sacré Bleu!" cried the other. "Who are you that lays hands on me?"

"I saved you from destruction."

"Then, Sir, you have no thanks. Behold me, I'm a desperate man!"

In truth he looked like one. His clothes were all disordered. His lips were bleeding, and most of his hair was torn out. By this time the guard had come to the spot. All those in the car had gathered round. It was a long car, second-class, like the American.

"M'sieu, how is this? What is it that I see? You endeavor to kill yourself?"

"Leave me. I am desperate."

III.

THE RHONE IN A RAIN.—THE MAD FRENCHMAN.—SUICIDE A CAPITAL CRIME IN FRANCE.

THE steamboats that run on the Rhone are very remarkable contrivances. Their builders have only aimed at combining a maximum of length with a minimum of other qualities, so that each boat displays an incredible extent of deck with no particular breadth at all. Five gentlemen took refuge in the cabin of the *Etoile*, from the drenching rain which fell during half of their voyage. This was an absurd vessel, that made trips between Lyons and Avignon. Her accommodations resembled those of a canal boat, and she was propelled by a couple of paddle-wheels driven by a Lilliputian engine. It was easy enough for her to go down the river, as the current took the responsibility of moving her along: but how she could ever get back it was difficult to tell.

They were borne onward through some of the fairest scenes on earth. Ruined towers, ivy-covered castles, thunder-blasted heights, fertile valleys, luxuriant orchards, terraced slopes, trellised vineyards, broad plains, bounded by distant mountains, whose summits were lost in the clouds; such were the successive charms of the region through which they were passing. Yet though they were most eloquently described in the letters which Buttons wrote home to his friends, it must be confessed that they made but little impression at the time, and indeed were scarcely seen at all through the vapor-covered cabin windows.

Avignon did not excite their enthusiasm. In vain the guide-book told them about Petrarch and Laura. The usual raptures were not forthcoming. In vain the cicerone led them through the old papal palace. Its sombre walls awakened no emotion. The only effect produced was on the Senator, who whiled away the hours of early bedtime by pointing out the superiority of American institutions to those which reared the prisons which they had visited.

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"But no. M'sieu, what is it?"

"Listen. I enter the train thinking to go to Avignon. I have important business there, most important. Suddenly I am struck by a thought. I find I have mistaken. I am carried to Marseilles. It is the express train, and I must go all the way. Horror! Despair! Life is of no use! It is time to resign it! I die! Accordingly I attempt to leap from the window, when this gentleman seizes me by the leg and pulls me in. Behold all!"

"M'sieu," said the guard, slowly, and with emphasis, "you have committed a grave offense. Suicide is a capital crime."

"A capital crime!" exclaimed the Frenchman, turning pale. "Great Heaven!"

"Yes, Sir. If you leap from the car I shall put you in irons, and hand you over to the police when we stop."

The Frenchman's pale face grew paler. He became humble. He entreated the guard's compassion. He begged Buttons to intercede. He had a family. Moreover he had fought in the wars of his country. He had warred in Africa. He appealed to the Senator, the Doctor, to Figgs, to Dick. Finally he became calm, and the train shortly after arrived at Marseilles.

The last that was seen of him he was rushing frantically about looking for the return train.



HORROR! DESPAIR!

IV.

MARSEILLES.

OLD Massilia wears her years well. To look at her now as she appears, full of life and joy and gayety, no one would imagine that thirty centuries or more had passed over her head.

Here is the first glimpse of the glorious South, with all its sunshine and luxury and voluptuous beauty. Here the Mediterranean rolls its waters of deepest blue, through the clear air the landscape appears with astonishing distinctness, and the sharply-defined lines of distant objects surprise the Northern eye. Marseilles is always a picturesque city. No commercial town in the world can compare with it in this respect. On the water float the Mediterranean craft, rakish boats, with enormous latteen sails; long, low, sharp, black vessels, with a suspicious air redolent of smuggling and piracy. No tides rise and fall—advance and retreat. The waters are always the same.

All the Mediterranean nations are represented in Marseilles. Three-quarters of the world send their people here. Europe, Asia, Africa. In the streets the Syrian jostles the Spaniard; the Italian the Arab; the Moor jokes with the Jew; the Greek chaffers with the Algerine; the Turk scowls at the Corsican; the Russian from Odessa pokes the Maltese in the ribs. There is no want of variety here. Human nature is seen under a thousand aspects. Marseilles is the most cosmopolitan of cities, and represents not only many races but many ages.

Moreover it is a fast city. New York is not more ambitious; Chicago not more aspiring; San Francisco not more confident in its future. Amazing sight! Here is a city which, at the end of three thousand years, looks forward to a longer and grander life in the future.

And why?

Why, because she expects yet to be the arbiter of Eastern commerce. Through her the gold, the spices, and the gems of India will yet be conveyed over the European world. For the Suez Canal, which will once more turn the tide of this mighty traffic through its ancient Mediterranean channel, will raise Marseilles to the foremost rank among cities.

So, at least, the Marseillaise believe.

When our travelers arrived there the city was crammed with soldiers. The harbor was packed with steamships. Guns were thundering, bands playing, fifes screaming, muskets rattling, regiments tramping, cavalry galloping. Confusion reigned supreme. Every thing was out of order. No one spoke or thought of any thing but the coming war in Lombardy.

Excitable little red-legged French soldiers danced about every where. Every one was beside himself. None could use the plain language of everyday life. All were intoxicated with hope and enthusiasm.

The travelers admired immensely the exciting scene, but their admiration was changed to disgust when they found that on account of the rush of soldiers to Italy their own prospects of getting there were extremely slight.

At length they found that a steamer was going. It was a propeller. Its name was the *Prince*. The enterprising company that owned her had patriotically chartered every boat on their line to the Government at an enormous profit, and had placed the *Prince* on the line for the use of travelers.

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THOSE ITALIANS.

V.

THE RETIRED ORGAN-GRINDER.—THE SENATOR PHILOSOPHIZES.—EVILS OF NOT HAVING A PASSPORT.

THE Mediterranean is the most glorious of seas. The dark-blue waves; the skies of darker blue; the distant hills of purple, with their crowns of everlasting snow; and the beetling precipice, where the vexed waters forever throw up their foaming spray; the frequent hamlets that nestle among them; the castles and towers that crown the lofty heights; and the road that winds tortuously along the shore —all these form a scene in which beauty more romantic than that of the Rhine is contrasted with all the grandeur of the ocean.

Buttons, with his usual flexible and easy disposition, made the acquaintance of a couple of Italians who had been away from Italy and were now returning. They were traveling second-class.

Buttons supposed they were glad to get back.

"Glad? Did he doubt it? Why, they were Italians."

"Are Italians fonder of their country than others?"

"Without doubt. Had they not the best reason to be?"

"Why?"

"They had the garden and pride of the world for their country. Mention any other in the same breath with Italy."

"If they love it so much why can they not keep it for themselves?"

"How can you ask that? If you know the history of the country you will see that it has been impossible. No other was ever so beset. It is split up into different States. It is surrounded by powerful enemies who take advantage of this. It would not be so bad if there were only one foreign foe; but there are many, and if one were driven out another would step in."

"There will be a chance for them now to show what they can do."

"True; and you will see what they will do. They only want the French to open the way. We Italians can do the rest ourselves. It is a good time to go to Italy. You will see devotion and patriotism such as you never saw before. There is no country so beloved as Italy."

"I think other nations are as patriotic."

"Other nations! What nations? Do you know that the Italians can not leave Italy? It is this love that keeps them home. French, Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, English—all others leave their homes, and go all over the world to live. Italians can not, and do not."

"I have seen Italians in America."

"You have seen Italian exiles, not emigrants. Or you have seen them staying there for a few years so as to earn a little money to go back with. They are only travelers on business. They are always unhappy, and are always cheered by the prospect of getting home at last."

These Italians were brothers, and from experience in the world had grown very intelligent. One had been in the hand-organ business, the other in the image-making line. Ital-

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ians can do nothing else in the bustling communities of foreign nations. Buttons looked with respect upon those men who thus had carried their love for their dear Art for years through strange lands and uncongenial climes.

"If I were an Italian I too would be an organ-grinder!" he at length exclaimed.

The Italians did not reply, but evidently thought that Buttons could not be in a better business.

"These *I*talians," said the Senator, to whom Buttons had told the conversation—"these *I*talians," said he, after they had gone, "air a singular people. They're deficient. They're wanting in the leading element of the age. They haven't got any idee of the principle of pro-gress. They don't understand trade. There's where they miss it. What's the use of hand-organs? What's the use of dancers? What's the use of statoos, whether plaster images or marble sculptoor? Can they clear forests or build up States? No, Sir; and therefore I say that this *I*talian nation will never be wuth a cuss until they are inoculated with the spirit of Seventy-six, the principles of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the doctrines of the Revolution. Boney knows it"—he added, sententiously—"bless you, Boney knows it."

After a sound sleep, which lasted until late in the following day, they went out on deck.

There lay Genoa.

Glorious sight! As they stood looking at the superb city the sun poured down upon the scene his brightest rays. The city rose in successive terraces on the side of a semicircular slope crowned with massive edifices; moles projected into the harbor terminated by lofty towers; the inner basin was crowded with shipping, prominent among which were countless French ships of war and transports. The yells of fifes, the throbbing of drums, the bang of muskets, the thunder of cannon, and the strains of martial music filled the air. Boats crowded with soldiers constantly passed from the ships to the stone quays, where thousands more waited to receive them—soldiers being mixed up with guns, cannons, wheels, muskets, drums, baggage, sails, beams, timbers, camps, mattresses, casks, boxes, irons, in infinite confusion.

"We must go ashore here," said Buttons. "Does any body know how long the steamer will remain here?"

"A day."

"A day! That will be magnificent! We will be able to see the whole city in that time. Let's go and order a boat off."

The Captain received them politely.

"What did Messieurs want? To go ashore? With the utmost pleasure. Had they their passports? Of course they had them *viséd* in Marseilles for Genoa."

Buttons looked blank, and feebly inquired:

"Why?"

"It's the law, Monsieur. We are prohibited from permitting passengers to go ashore unless their passports are all right. It's a mere form."

"A mere form!" cried Buttons. "Why, ours are *viséd* for Naples."

"Naples!" cried the Captain, with a shrug; "you are unfortunate, Messieurs. That will not pass you to Genoa."

"My dear Sir, you don't mean to tell me that, on account of this little informality, you will keep us prisoners on board of this vessel? Consider—"

"Monsieur," said the Captain, courteously, "I did not make these laws. It is the law; I can not change it. I should be most happy to oblige you, but I ask you, how is it possible?"

The Captain was right. He could do nothing. The travelers would have to swallow their rage.

Imagine them looking all day at the loveliest of Italian scenes—the glorious city of Genoa, with all its historic associations!—the city of the Dorias, the home of Columbus, even now



GENOA, THE SUPERB.

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the scene of events upon which the eyes of all the world were fastened!

Imagine them looking upon all this, and only looking, unable to go near; seeing all the preparations for war, but unable to mingle with the warriors. To pace up and down all day; to shake their fists at the scene; to fret, and fume, and chafe with irrepressible impatience; to scold, to rave, to swear—this was the lot of the unhappy tourists.

High in the startled heavens rose the thunder of preparations for the war in Lombardy. They heard the sounds, but could not watch the scene near at hand.

The day was as long as an ordinary week, but at length it came to an end. On the following morning steam was got up, and they went to Leghorn.

"I suppose they will play the same game on us at Leghorn," said Dick, mournfully.

"Without doubt," said Buttons. "But I don't mind; the bitterness of death is past. I can stand any thing now."

Again the same tantalizing view of a great city from afar. Leghorn lay inviting them, but the unlucky passport kept them on board of the vessel. The Senator grew impatient, Mr. Figgs and the Doctor were testy; Dick and Buttons alone were calm. It was the calmness of despair.

After watching Leghorn for hours they were taken to Civita Vecchia. Here they rushed down below, and during the short period of their stay remained invisible.

At last their voyage ended, and they entered the harbor of Naples. Glorious Naples! Naples the captivating!

"*Vede Napoli, e poi mori!*"

There was the Bay of Naples—the matchless, the peerless, the indescribable! There the rock of Ischia, the Isle of Capri, there the slopes of Sorrento, where never-ending spring abides; there the long sweep of Naples and her sister cities; there Vesuvius, with its thin volume of smoke floating like a pennon in the air!



THEIR NOBLE EXCELLENCIES.

VI.

LAZARONI AND MACARONI.

ABOUT forty or fifty lazaroni surrounded the Dodge Club when they landed, but to their intense disgust the latter ignored them altogether, and carried their own umbrellas and carpet-bags. But the lazaroni revenged themselves. As the Doctor stooped to pick up his cane, which had fallen, a number of articles dropped from his breast-pocket, and among them was a revolver, a thing which was tabooed in Naples. A ragged rascal eagerly snatched it and handed it to a gendarme, and it was only after paying a piastre that the Doctor was permitted to retain it.

Even after the travelers had started off on foot in search of lodgings the lazaroni did not desert them. Ten of them followed every where. At intervals they respectfully offered to carry their baggage, or show them to a hotel, whichever was most agreeable to their Noble Excellencies.

Their Noble Excellencies were in despair. At length, stumbling upon the Café dell' Europa, they rushed in and passed three hours

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over their breakfast. This done, they congratulated themselves on having got rid of their followers.

In vain!

Scarcely had they emerged from the café than Dick uttered a cry of horror. From behind a corner advanced their ten friends, with the same calm demeanor, the same unruffled and even cheerful patience, and the same respectful offer of their humble services.

In despair they separated. Buttons and Dick obtained lodgings in the Strada di San Bartollomeo. The Senator and the other two engaged pleasant rooms on the Strada Nuova, which overlooked the Bay.

Certainly Naples is a very curious place. There are magnificent edifices—palaces, monuments, castles, fortresses, churches, and cathedrals. There are majestic rows of buildings; gay shops, splendidly decorated; stately colonnades, and gardens like Paradise. There are streets unrivaled for gayety, forever filled to overflowing with the busy, the laughing, the jolly; dashing officers, noisy soldiers, ragged lazaroni, proud nobles, sickly beggars, lovely ladies; troops of cavalry galloping up and down; ten thousand caleches dashing to and fro. There is variety enough every where.

All the trades are divided, and arranged in different parts of the city. Here are the locksmiths, there the cabinet-makers; here the builders, there the armorers; in this place the basket-weavers, in that the cork-makers.

And most amusing of all is the street most favored of the lazaroni. Here they live, and move, and have their being; here they are born, they grow, they wed, they rear families, they eat, and drink, and die. A long array of furnaces extends up the street; over each is a stew-pan, and behind each a cook armed with an enormous ladle. At all hours of the day the cook serves up macaroni to customers. This is the diet of the people.

In the cellars behind those lines of stew-pans are the eating-houses of the vulgar—low, grimy places, floors incrusted with mud, tables of thick deal worn by a thousand horny hands, slippery with ten thousand upset dishes of macaroni. Here the pewter plates, and the iron knives, forks, and spoons are chained to the massive tables. How utter must the destitution be when it is thought necessary to chain up such worthless trash!

Into one of these places went Buttons and Dick in their study of human nature. They sat at the table. A huge dish of macaroni was served up. Fifty guests stopped to look at the new-comers. The waiters winked at the customers of the house, and thrust their tongues in their cheeks.

Dick could not eat, but the more philosophical Buttons made an extremely hearty meal, and pronounced the macaroni delicious.

On landing in a city which swarmed with beggars the first thought of our tourists was, How the mischief do they all live? There are sixty thousand lazaroni in this gay city. The average amount of clothing to each man is about one-third of a pair of trowsers and a woolen cap. But after spending a day or two the question changed its form, and became, How the mischief can they all help living? Food may be picked up in the streets. Handfuls of oranges and other fruits sell for next to nothing; strings of figs cost about a cent.

The consequence is that these sixty thousand people, fellow-creatures of ours, who are known as the lazaroni of Naples, whom we half pity and altogether despise, and look upon as the lowest members of the Caucasian race, are not altogether very miserable. On the contrary, taken as a whole, they form the raggedest, oiliest, fattest, drollest, noisiest, sleekest, dirtiest, ignorantest, prejudicedest, narrow-mindedest, shirtlessest, clotheslessest, idlest, carelessest, jolliest, absurdest, rascaliest—but still, for all that, perhaps—taken all in all—the happiest community on the face of the earth.



LAZARONI AND MACARONI.

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AN INTERIOR.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

[Sixth Paper.]

THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.—BANKS'S RETREAT.

March 26. — Pleasant. Well, instead of Fredericksburg here we are again at Strasburg, as stupid and dirty a village as may be found in this beautiful Valley. My appreciation of the locality has perhaps been exaggerated by a cup of rye coffee I got at the tavern this morning, which, to borrow the wit of a comrade, has set my temper awry—yet if I looked through the glowing medium of pure Mocha I can not imagine I could see any thing favorable in Strasburg. In this state of mind I met Colonel Brodhead, our Chief of Cavalry, and accepted a polite invitation to share his lodgings and mess, with the assurance of pure Government Java *ad libitum*. Brodhead is a handsome little fellow, amiable, sociable, and conversable. He is from Detroit, has seen some service in the Mexican war, and has latterly been in Congress from Michigan. His views of the war are entirely national, and we can discuss it freely and fully without misunderstanding.

March 27.—Bright and temperate. I received orders this morning to reconnoitre the road to Front Royal; but while I waited for my cavalry escort news came from the front that the enemy were advancing in force from the direction of Woodstock, and that an attack was expected momentarily. Colonel Gordon's Brigade moved out to support Sullivan, who commanded the advanced posts. I applied for permission to go out with the troops, but the reconnoissance to Front Royal was considered important, and the alarm at the front had subsided. After mid-day my escort reported an independent troop of cavalry about eighty men, commanded by a Captain M——. Lieutenant Daniels, of the Michigan Regiment, got leave to accompany me as a volunteer aid.

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Crossing the North fork of the Shenandoah, two miles from Strasburg, we took the road around the butts of the Fort Mountains, running parallel with and generally in sight of the Manassas Gap Railroad. As we approached a station-house, about four miles east of Strasburg, our advance reported that it was occupied by a picket-guard of the enemy. Captain M—— proposed that we should capture them. Although my orders were simply to reconnoitre the roads, I considered that I was acting in accordance with them by removing any impediment in the way of their fulfillment.

I therefore divided the troop into two companies, and ordered M—— to dash forward with one, while I followed slowly, holding the other in reserve, to support or extricate him in case of failure. He started with a "whoop-e! come on, boys!" followed at full speed by his company. At the same time my reserves broke ranks, and, putting spurs to their horses, scampered after their Captain, screeching like Comanches. Their yells drowned my commands, expostulations, and reproaches, and I was fain to spur up and follow the mob. The occupants of the station-house received the advance with two or three shots from their carbines, when a parley took place, and it was discovered they were our own men, belonging to the First Michigan Cavalry.

This dénouement was followed by a general gabbling and guffawing which continued for at least fifteen minutes. By dint of repeated orders I at length got my troop in motion again, fully satisfied that whatever praises might be bestowed on their valor no reliance could be placed on their discipline.

Passing Passage Creek, which flows from the Fortsmouth, we at length arrived at Richardsons, on the bluff, overlooking the South River or main stream of the Shenandoah. The bridges had been destroyed, and the stream reported impassable by fording. I found a negro man, however, who seemed to know more than he was willing to tell me in the presence of white people, and furnished him the apology for doing what he secretly desired, by threatening him with instant death if he did not show me the ford. Nothing loth he mounted a cavalry horse and led the way, M——, Daniels, and myself, with about a dozen of the command, following. The crossing was rough, tortuous, and deep, the water sweeping over the backs of the smaller horses, and bringing some to a swim. The majority of the company declined to follow us over, replying to their Captain's remonstrances, that they "didn't want to get water in their boots."

Pursuing the road, we presently reached the summit of a hill which commanded a view of the village of Front Royal, two miles distant, and also the Blue Ridge and Luray Valley for many miles around. Having only a dozen men with me I hesitated about going farther, when a countryman informed us that Front Royal was occupied by a company of rebel cavalry engaged in impressing recruits for Jackson's army. I was disgusted and angry at the conduct of my troopers, and in this state of mind determined to push on with the squad at command. Understanding my intentions Captain M—— sent back a messenger to the recreants who had tarried on the other side of the river. The courier rode back at speed, and delivered his message



THE FORTSMOUTH.

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in this wise: "Hello, boys! Cap says come over; there's going to be some fun." At the prospect of "some fun" the vagabonds mounted and dashed in, boots and all. The squad under my command had reached the outskirts of the village when, looking back, I saw my heroes trooping over the hill behind. As there seemed to be a line of gray-coats forming across the further terminus of the street I waited until our column closed up, and then moved forward at a walk with carbines advanced. My Captain desired to order another flourishing charge, but I forbade it peremptorily, explaining to him that my theory in regard to cavalry (volunteer cavalry especially) was, that it should be carefully trained to execute all its manœuvres at a walk, rarely using the trot, and never indulging in a gallop until the troop had earned the name of "Veterans" by using the sabre in half a dozen engagements, and capturing one or two batteries at a trot.

Arrived at the angle of the street we found our line of gray-coats to be nothing more than a crowd of unarmed citizens collected to witness our entrée. They answered all questions with civility, and asked us to dismount and drink. This courtesy I was obliged to decline as the day was far spent, and I felt indisposed to risk the discipline of my cavalry. Having obtained satisfactory information in regard to the various roads and bridges in the vicinity, I countermarched the column and started back to head-quarters. Meanwhile the petticoated inhabitants had recovered from the tremor incident to the first appearance of "Yanks" in their village, and, thronging the doors and windows, honored us with their curious regards. Indeed, several cambric handkerchiefs waved salutes, which were cheerily responded to by our men. Others answered our bows with a colder and more constrained civility. We left the village as quietly as we had entered, and I flattered myself that our visit had left an agreeable impression. Instead of the wild marauders they had been led to expect, uncouth and horrible, plundering, outraging, and murdering, regardless of age or sex, we had shown ourselves cool, considerate, and courteous; our fellows were well-dressed, well-armed, and by no means ill-looking. I complimented the men on their good conduct, and took the opportunity to impress them with the idea that, while hard looks, hard words, and hard knocks were for our armed enemies, we should invariably accord to our unarmed fellow-citizens kindness, forbearance, and protection; most especially should brave men be considerate of that charming sex, who, in spite of politics, we were all bound to love and honor—

First Trooper (*interrupting*). "A red-headed gal made a mouth at me, she did—"

"Silence!" shouted the Captain.

"Don't take that to heart, my friend; perhaps she had a lover in the rebel service:

"'"'Twas but the tender fierceness of the dove,
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er its mate.'"

Second Trooper. "The woman that screeched at me had a voice more like a hen-hawk—" (*Laughter.*)

Forward! march!*

Recrossing the South River at Weston's mill I stopped at Richardson's to see some ladies who were desirous of obtaining passes through our lines. One of them I was personally acquainted with, and knew she had two brothers in the Union service. I therefore gave her a recommendation to the nearest Provost Marshal or Post Commander, having no authority myself to grant passes.

It was growing late, and throwing forward an advanced-guard of half a dozen men I again got my troop in motion, recommending silence and precaution against surprise.

Our route lay through a wooded region, crossed and entered by numerous side-paths and roads leading from the secluded mountains lying immediately south of it, all in full possession of the enemy. We were liable to be surprised and cut off at every turn, and if overpowered, had no means of retreat except by tumbling over the bluffs and swimming the swollen river, which ran parallel with our road to the right. Had Ashby been as enterprising as he might have been this road would have been dangerous. My recommendation of silence and alertness were followed by a gabbling, rollicking march of a mile or so, accompanied by the occasional discharge of a carbine or pistol.

Pushing forward with the hope of reaching our pickets before dark, I presently found myself, with Lieutenant Daniels and a brace of or-

* I was enlightened on this subject some weeks after by reading a letter captured by one of our scouts. It was written by a young lady of Front Royal to her brother or lover in the Confederate service, and ran as follows:

"We have been awfully dull since you left us, and had no excitement until last Thursday, when it was reported that the Yankees were coming. You can of course imagine our distress and terror. We hid every thing we thought they might be tempted to steal, and got ready to leave in case they burned the town. Late in the afternoon about a hundred of their cavalry came sneaking into town, and, after stopping in the street a short time, sneaked out again as they came. They seemed to be scared half to death, and were all the while looking up at the windows as if they expected somebody was going to shoot at them. They did not steal any thing nor disturb any body while they were in town, because they were too cowardly, I reckon. They say they behaved dreadfully along the road, and shot Mr. Richardson's negro man because the faithful creature refused to show them the ford. I have not heard whether he is dead or not. They were going to burn Weston's mill, but when they found he was one of their kind they let him off. As I was accidentally passing by the window one of them had the impudence to bow to me, but I gave him a look that I reckon he will remember.

"Would you believe it that S—— and the ——'s waved their handkerchiefs to them. They now profess that they were badly frightened, and did it to save their houses from being burned. For my part I thought they were the meanest, cowardly, hang-dog-looking crowd I ever saw, and did not ride like our boys in gray. I hope this will be the last we will ever see of them."

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derlies, out of sight and hearing of the column. I send an orderly back to hasten their movements. He overtook me in the course of the next half hour with the report that the troop had halted outright, and said they were waiting for Cap, who had stopped for supper at some country-house. We pushed forward rapidly, and at length overtook the advance-guard, riding with them into Strasburg, where we arrived about nine o'clock at night. I called at headquarters, and reported the information acquired by the reconnoissance while taking a cup of tea with the General.

March 28.—I have been occupied this morning in writing out a report of yesterday's reconnoissance, with sketches of the roads and adjacent topography. Our present position is one which can be made untenable by a very inferior force of the enemy. Both our flanks and our communications are open to assault and vexation at any time, and almost without risk by an active partisan force. Ashby's cavalry, however, has neither dash nor discipline, and is inferior to ours, weak and unformed as that is. The General tells me he has telegraphed for a regiment of Vermont cavalry now lying at Poolsville, in Maryland. Brodhead reports our present effective force at seven hundred and thirty men only.

March 29.—Clouds and rain. There is a good deal of sickness developing among our troops, chargeable to the bad water of this locality. Shields's Division, while under Lander's command, was much abused, it is said, by exposure and fatigues from which they ought to have been protected. The consequence is, they have about a thousand bad cases in the hospitals. In carrying on war the art of preserving is more important even than that of destroying.

The General says the enemy is falling back along his whole line behind the Rappahannock and Rapidan. Jackson is reported to be lying behind Woodstock, and he thinks of attacking him. I approve most heartily of the suggestion, but doubt whether Jackson will await an attack. Why does not our force in Western Virginia close in upon Staunton at once? Our outposts report that they have heard cannon apparently in a southwesterly direction from Woodstock. If Rosecrans's command is at Moorfield this may be the sound of his advance. In the east we occupy Warrenton Junction. Why should we lie here?

We hear that Secretaries Seward and Stanton are in Winchester, on a visit to the field of the late battle.

March 30.—It is raining, and every thing covered with an icy coating of sleet. The General called with a map which he wished corrected and improved. He mentioned that Fremont was in Wheeling, having been assigned to command in Western Virginia. He will have a force of about thirty thousand men. I suggested that he should march *via* Lewisburg in Greenbrier, Lexington in Rockbridge, to Salem, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, holding that road, threatening Lynchburg, and, indeed, all the interior railroad lines of the Confederacy. We should push on to Staunton, and be ready to co-operate with or join Fremont in case of necessity. Our position on the Virginia and Tennessee Road, menacing or occupying Lynchburg, turns the James River line completely, and necessitates the abandonment of Richmond.

The General has determined on a forward movement, but finds himself opposed by most of his officers. It is urged that with a lengthened line of communication the army can not be supplied. Our position becomes more exposed as we advance, and from the nature of the country more easily turned. Should we meet with disaster so far from our base it would be ruinous and irretrievable. It was argued, on the other hand, that by remaining at Strasburg we were wasting men and means to no purpose. With a superior force at our disposal, we were simply standing on the defensive on an indefensible line. For the rest we could live on the country, as we should have been doing all along, thereby lightening the expenses of our Government and using the resources of the enemy. I can not see the propriety of holding our forces scattered from Fredericksburg to the Kanawha. But our column, eighteen thousand strong, can take Staunton with its own weight. There is nothing that we know of to hinder us. The advance is ordered for to-morrow morning.

April 1.—Fair. The troops were in motion by early dawn this morning. The Staff did not get off until ten o'clock. As we approached Woodstock Ashby's guns opened from a hill south of the town. Lieutenant-Colonel Daum placed a section of Parrott guns in position to drive them off. Meanwhile Brodhead went charging up the turnpike at the head of the cavalry, and, as usual, got the benefit of Daum's shells. Fortunately nobody was hurt, but there were some narrow escapes, and the Colonel came back furious, declaring if it occurred again he would turn his column upon the guns. Woodstock has a pleasanter aspect than Strasburg, and as we swept through the streets appeared thronged with women and children who had come out to gaze.

At Narrow Passage Creek, two miles beyond Woodstock, our skirmishers drove off the enemy, who were trying to burn the turnpike bridge. There was some firing between the adverse batteries, but nothing of importance. The bridge was saved, and we pushed on. About two hundred yards beyond is the Narrow Passage—a natural causeway with precipitous sides, formed by the near approximation of the Shenandoah River and Passage Creek—a tributary. This causeway is about fifty yards in length, and just wide enough to admit of the passage of the Valley turnpike, which crosses it. The streams appear on either side as if endeavoring to meet, but hindered by a barrier of solid limestone rock sixty or eighty feet in height.

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THE NARROW PASSAGE.

From the summit of the next ridge overlooking the village of Edinburgh we saw two lofty pillars of smoke, indicating the destruction of other bridges in front. The view from this ridge is extensive and beautiful.

Our advanced skirmishers already occupied Edinburgh, and were exchanging shots with the enemy on the south side of Stony Creek. The batteries from the opposing hills were also roaring in a manner that sounded like work. Entering the village we passed the body of a soldier killed by a fragment of shell, which cracked his skull as if it had been a cocoa-nut, throwing out the brain in an unbroken mass, with its lobes and membranes perfect. This man belonged to the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Infantry, and was quietly taking his lunch, seated behind a high hill, and apparently covered from the fire. A shell thrown at the battery above burst in the air, and this was his unexpected death-warrant.

The turnpike bridge over Stony Creek had been effectually destroyed, and our lines were consequently established on the northern bank of the stream. After satisfying himself that the position was a suitable one the General returned to Woodstock.

April 2.—Clouds. The head-quarter offices are established in the court-house. The General examined the premises with much interest, commenting on its smoke-begrimed and weather-stained walls; its brick floors, steeped with tobacco; the uncouth, ill-wrought forms of its architecture; its lumbering, unpainted pine presses, containing papers and records; its totality of quaintness, inconvenience, and dirt, characteristic of Virginia court-houses. He at length observed that these old buildings had turned out many strong men in their day. I had been familiar with these old court-rooms and clerk-offices from childhood, and had long remained under the belief that dusty cobweb hangings and a carpeting of dirt and tobacco-spit were their normal furniture. A visit to Massachusetts taught me that it was possible to transact public business and administer justice without these accessories. Then the question arose whether the material surroundings could in any manner affect the administration; whether the advocate's reasoning was less clear or his oratory less impressive by reason of these dingy walls; whether the judicial ermine was more likely to be soiled by the surrounding dirt, or whether a handsome chair and prevailing neatness would insure its purity. We concluded that these things were merely matters of taste and habit, incidental differences between a lazy and thriftless people and one that is thriving and progressive; characteristic indications, but in no way influencing the intellectual or sentimental qualities.

While we discussed these questions two prisoners were brought in for examination. One was a Lieutenant Duff, of Ashby's cavalry, a Marylander, who had visited a farmer's house to get some apple-jack and see the ladies, and thus fell into the hands of our scouts. He told me that it was he who had captured my friend Luce. He was on picket-duty near Milnwood, when a resident of the locality informed him that a Federal engineer was surveying the Berryville road, and without an escort. He laid in wait for him with his squad, and presently Luce came riding along, absorbed as usual in his note-book and compass. The Lieutenant advanced and demanded his sword. Luce,

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whose official position was not clearly understood by our men, was often annoyed by sentinels and subalterns on outpost duty, and supposing the interruption to be of the usual character, replied to the demand by fiercely asking: "What regiment do you belong to, Sir?"

"To Ashby's Cavalry," replied the Lieutenant.

"The devil!" exclaimed Luce, clapping his hand to his pistol. The Lieutenant's pistol was already cocked and bearing on him, the squad showed itself, and my plucky friend was forced to surrender himself and command, which consisted of the topographical baggage-wagon and Henshaw the teamster. The prisoners were relieved of their equipments and all superfluous clothing, and then sent back to Harrisonburg; and, as I have since learned, they suffered a good deal from cold and short rations. An incident occurred here which resulted in some amelioration of Luce's condition. He was confined in the court-house, with a mob of other prisoners of all varieties of character and opinions. There were Yankee soldiers, Rebel guard-house birds, deserters, and Union men all jumbled together. Luce's generous sympathies had been excited by the condition of an aged prisoner, arrested on suspicion of Unionism, and forced to march with their gang until he was ready to faint from exhaustion. Their meals, scant and far between, were served by a stout negro-man, who distributed the chunks of corn-bread and bits of fried meat with a domineering arrogance which showed that the character of the African is as likely to be spoiled by official position as that of the white man. There had been nothing served that day, and as the burly steward entered the guard-room with a large dripping pan filled with fried meat there was a general murmur of gratification among the prisoners. The ordinarily meek and modest old Union man, half frantic with hunger, stepped forward and snatched a piece of meat as it passed. The insolent black rebuked him with a torrent of abuse, concluding by a cuff which sent the old man reeling against the wall. At the sight of this cruel indignity Luce boiled over, and rushing at the brutal official, gave him a blow and a kick which sent him tumbling down a flight of steps accompanied by his greasy viands and clattering pans. The guard-house roared with applause. The guard outside, alarmed at these unusual sights and sounds, rushed to arms, thinking there was a revolt among the prisoners. The drums beat the long roll, the officers ran to their posts; but seeing no attempt on the part of the prisoners to escape, at length concluded to enter the room to learn the cause of the confusion. Luce meanwhile had time to reflect on the rashness of his conduct, and, perceiving the hubbub it had raised, expected nothing less than instant death. He folded his arms and summoned up his spirit to meet it with becoming fortitude. The entrance of the guard quelled for a moment the merriment of the prisoners. The affair was explained to the officer, who took the generous view of it. Luce was applauded; the negro steward rebuked; and the merriment was renewed.

"The Yankee kicked the nigger—hurrah! that's a good joke. The Yankee kicked the nigger down stairs!"

The political solecism seemed to tickle every body's fancy. The guard laughed and hurrahed. "A Yankee kicked the nigger down stairs!" A capital joke. The Yank was voted a spirited and liberal-minded fellow, and the prisoners shouldn't lose their breakfast for his spunky act. A subscription was opened among the guard, and the pan, refilled with meat and corn-bread, was sent in to them. From this moment my friend found favor in the eyes of his captors. He was a clever artist. They furnished him with paper and pencils, and he sketched their portraits, for which they paid him as they could. He thereby found solace in his confinement, and raised money to refit his clothing and procure other little comforts grateful to a prisoner. He was shortly afterward sent to Richmond, and confined at Belle Isle, I think.

Before closing the subject I may be permitted to relate another anecdote illustrating one of the finest characters I have ever known. Some time after this I met Henshaw, the teamster, who had been exchanged. I questioned him in regard to their imprisonment at Richmond. Luce, who was not only an artist but an ingenious mechanic, passed a great part of his time planning an escape. Henshaw was his confidant, and was to be his companion. With that patient ingenuity which a prison-life frequently develops, he found the material and privacy to make himself a false face. His scheme was nearly complete. The prisoners were numerous, and guard-duty carelessly performed. In the universality of rags and dirt costume had lost all significance. By changing his face the prisoner might easily elude the guards and get into the country. Things began to tighten up, however, and it presently became manifest that their scheme required a forged pass. Mechanically nothing would have been easier to Luce, who was an accomplished penman; but a word that was coupled with dishonor shocked him in the utterance.

"I can not condescend to forge," said he, "even if it were to save my life."

"Why, Captain," quoth the literal teamster, "you have spent a great deal of time and pains trying to deceive your enemies by forging a face, and I don't see that you will add to the immorality by forging a pass, which you can do in a minute."

"Perhaps it is all dishonorable," replied my friend. "I think it will be better to wait quietly until we are exchanged."

The long-cherished object of their labor and their hopes was sadly consigned to the flames, and the plan of escape abandoned.

For the next two weeks we lay at Woodstock, doing nothing, with but few incidents to enliven the dullness. There was the usual

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amount of reconnoitring, skirmishing along the front, and foraging. The country afforded ample supplies, which were obtained with comparative ease. Our cavalry had been strengthened by the arrival of the Vermont Regiment, under Colonel Holliday, an officer of the Regular Army. General Hatch had also arrived, and had been assigned to the command of the whole cavalry. The spirit and discipline of this new force gave us entire predominance over the enemy in our front. Ashby's vagabonds were beaten whenever encountered. A Lieutenant Greenfield, of the Michigan Regiment (I believe), one morning captured an entire company of them—sixty men with all their officers. Deserters and refugees were streaming in upon us, sometimes in gangs of a dozen or twenty together. These informed us that hundreds of their comrades would follow them if they could be assured of deliverance and good treatment. Citizen refugees represented that the rebellion was caving-in every where; that the people only wanted assurance of protection by the United States Government to induce them to repudiate the Confederacy openly, and turn their vengeance on the leaders who had deluded and betrayed them into their present unhappy position. Jackson's main force, it was said, lay between Rude's Hill and Harrisonburg, not more than six or seven thousand strong, demoralized, deserting, and drinking whisky furiously. The weight of their stores and their heavy guns had been sent back to Waynesborough, on the Virginia Central Railroad. They were evidently prepared for a retrograde as soon as we advanced.

In proof of the material character of this disaffection we had positive information that a body of Union men and refugees from conscription had fortified a position near Swift Run Gap, in the Blue Ridge, and were holding their own by force of arms, fighting and praying for the arrival of the National troops. This party, I understood, was headed by a Dr. Edward Gearing. They were armed with squirrel-rifles and ordinary shot-guns, and held within their lines a small grist-mill, which furnished them supplies. Jackson sent a regiment to dislodge them, which succeeded in getting temporary possession of the mill, but was finally driven off. He then sent a brigade with a section of artillery. The cannon frightened the mountaineers, and the force dispersed, a portion surrendering to the rebels and others escaping into the Union lines. We had at head-quarters a Dr. Gillespie, from Honeyville, in Page County, who had been arrested and imprisoned at Culpepper Court House, to be tried for loyalty to his country. He managed to escape, and arrived safely within our lines in front of Washington, from whence he was sent to the column of the Shenandoah, with the expectation that his knowledge of the country would be of service. Gillespie, who was a gentleman of intelligence and education, confirmed all that we had been told of the moral condition of this portion of the Confederacy. The majority of the people were only waiting to be assured of their safety to welcome us with open arms. Upon the first reverse the army, composed of unwilling conscripts or volunteers, wearied with hard work and short rations, would disintegrate or mutiny. In addition to all this the news from the West was glorious and decisive. Grant had fought a great battle at Pittsburg Landing. General Sidney Johnston was dead, and the rebel army of the West defeated with great slaughter. Island Number Ten, with stores, artillery, and prisoners, had also fallen into our hands. Yet in face of an enemy discouraged by defeat and disaster, demoralized by a consciousness of the material and moral weakness of its cause, what is it that has paralyzed so fatally the National power in Virginia?

We have news from McClellan at Yorktown. He says Joe Johnston confronts him with a large force, sustained by strong fortifications. His tone is not confident, but rather complaining that part of his command has been taken from him. He says, however, he will do the best he can. Perhaps this is only a modest manner of expressing himself, but a modest appreciation of his own powers is not a strong point in the character of a military commander. Confidence of success does much to insure success; a boast often engages a man to perform great deeds; at games of chance the millionaire generally wins, because he can afford to play boldly. The United States, with its vast resources, is playing this great game like a poor devil who is staking his last dime, and stands trembling lest he should lose his dinner. Why is M'Dowell, with forty thousand men, doing nothing on the Rappahannock? Why is Fremont, with thirty thousand, doing worse than nothing in Western Virginia? Why rest we here all the day idle?

Since we arrived at Woodstock I had continued to lodge and mess with Colonel Brodhead, in whom I found pleasant companionship. We discussed war, politics, and society with great unanimity of opinion, thereby lightening those hours of tiresome repose which hang most heavily on a soldier's hands. When not engaged in other duties we made frequent reconnoissances of the lines from Edinburgh to Columbia furnace. In these rides we found some material for the improvement of our maps, but met with no adventure worthy of record. On one occasion, while walking in the fields near Woodstock, I saw a column of flame and smoke suddenly leap up to a height of several hundred feet, its top spreading and rolling over in beautifully voluminous curls until it took the form of an immense white mushroom. This exhibition was followed by a deep-toned report which shook the earth, and then a series of minor explosions resembling the rattle of a bunch of Chinese crackers magnified. This pyrotechnical display was caused by a stray spark from a bivouac fire which exploded one of our caissons passing at the moment. The speed at which the horses went up the turnpike was

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AN EXPLOSION.

somewhat less, perhaps, than the initial velocity of a shell discharged from a ten-pounder, and when they stopped, as they did at a point about two miles from the scene of the explosion, they and every one else were amazed to find that neither the driver nor his animals had received any serious damage.

During our stay in Woodstock the Colonel presented me with a beautiful mare—a slender, light-footed chestnut sorrel, with thin mane and tail, and an eye like that of a gazelle, soft, lustrous, and loving. She was gentle as a pet lamb, and wild as a giraffe. Her little head was as full of foolish fancies, skittish perversities, and unaccountable obstinacies as that of a handsome woman. She was fleet of foot, leaped like a doe, and trotted so springily that a weary man might have slept in the saddle. Her silken coat, swelling veins, and punctilious nicety in regard to her drink, indicated her patrician descent. I soon became attached to this animal to a degree that none but a mounted campaigner can fully understand.

April 15.—The snows and rains succeed each other continuously, keeping up the streams and delaying our movements. I met General Rosecrans at head-quarters to-day. He politely mentioned that he had intended offering me a position in the army of Western Virginia, but understanding I was with General Banks he had forborne to do so.

In the midst of the restlessness and dissatisfaction engendered by inaction I received a letter from General Birney in regard to my joining him before Yorktown. Longing to participate in the more stirring service promised in that field, I again solicited and received permission to return to the Army of the Potomac. I have packed my duds, settled my affairs, and have arranged to take my mare with me. Brodhead left for Detroit this morning.

April 16, *Wednesday*.—Taking leave of my friends, I mounted for my journey to Harper's Ferry. On calling at head-quarters I received my written orders from Adjutant Copeland, and again mounted to depart. As I turned to take leave of an acquaintance an orderly handed me a note from Major Perkins. He was confined to his room by sickness, and desired to see me. He had sent for me to urge me not to leave the column, and presented reasons that were both friendly and flattering, and I agreed to delay my departure at least for some days. Thus, instead of riding northward, I turned my horse's head in the opposite direction; and, halting at the Narrow Passage, sought to calm my troubled mind by sketching the ruined railroad-bridge which spanned that romantic gorge.

How seldom do we find a man capable of rightly using or enjoying even that modicum of independence which circumstances, society, and government allows him! How seldom is it that those who, by the fatal favor of fortune, are freed from the ordinary necessities and responsibilities of life, are found in the ranks of usefulness or honor! How surely does that man become a drone and vexation in society, an intolerable burden to himself, and dies "as the fool dieth!" Happier he whose way of life is hedged in with thorny circumstance; who is early taught to feel the saddle of responsibility on his back, and the bit of necessity in his mouth. His strength is spent in earnest labor, and he will die in the midst of honorable achievement.

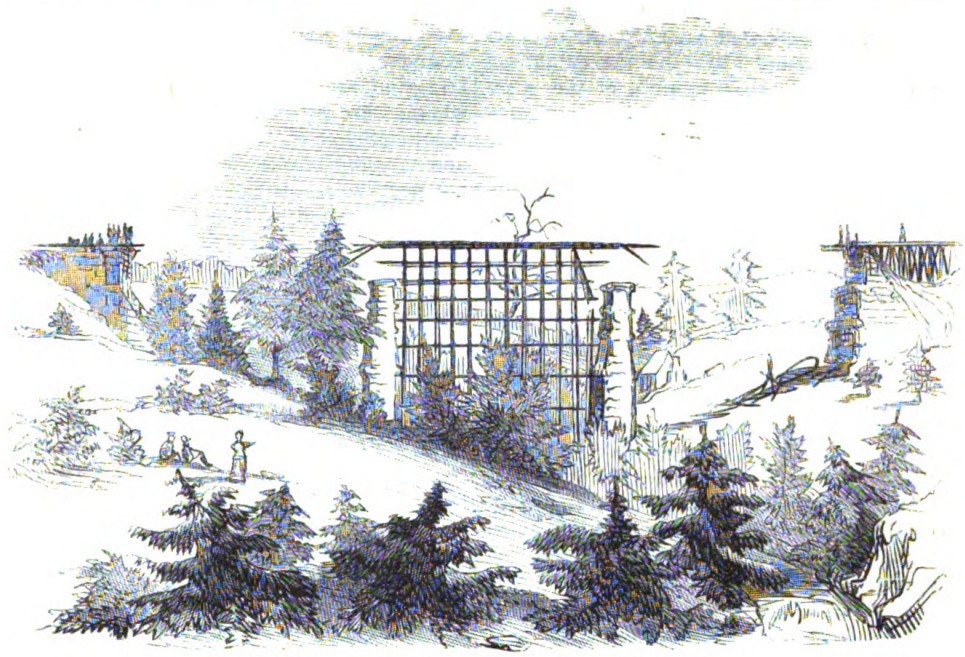
"Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt."

I remember in happier days, when friends and fortune were at my elbow—when peace, prosperity, and honor were the birth-right of my native land—I used to repeat that awful sentence with an involuntary shudder. But now, tossed on this fathomless ocean of events—groping amidst storms and darkness—the words have a comfortable significance, and there is a sense of friendliness in the grasp of the unseen hand—Lead on, dark Fate, you have a willing follower!

Returning to my quarters after dark I learned that General Banks and Staff had moved toward Edinburgh. I overtook and rode with them to General Shields's quarters in that village. There is to be a forward movement in the morning, and Shields's division is to lead the advance. I was introduced to a brace of young Irish officers, attached to Shields's Staff, and just returned from the Italian wars. They seemed to be well-educated, gallant youths, and I had some agreeable conversation with them. The arrangements for the march having been concluded we rode back to Woodstock.

April 17.—Bright and pleasant. Awaking this morning at the usual time, I found the General and Staff had been gone two hours. I got breakfast and rode forward at a trot. Beyond Edinburgh I overtook several brigades of infantry *en route*. The lofty columns of smoke which

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BURNT RAILROAD BRIDGE, NARROW PASSAGE CREEK.

rose in front showed that the enemy was on the alert and at his usual work. Just before entering Mount Jackson I overtook Major Crane of the Third Minnesota and rode with him. There were several dead horses lying beside the highway, indicating that the cavalry had been engaged. At this village the finished part of the Manassas Gap railroad terminates. A number of cars and engines, a quantity of stores and material, with the dépôt buildings and offices, were all ablaze. Three buildings, recently built for military hospitals, were left unburned.

Pushing rapidly through the village I overtook the General and Staff on the bluffs overlooking the north fork of Shenandoah River, which here traverses the Valley from west to east. Opposite, about a mile distant, was Rude's Hill, its summit crowned by the enemy's guns. The bridge over this stream was saved by the activity of the Vermont cavalry. It had been prepared for destruction, which was thought so important that Ashby had remained to superintend it in person. At the approach of our vanguard the fagots were ignited. A squad of the First Vermont charged through flames and smoke, dispersing the enemy on the other side and capturing two men and a tall, robust officer with black whiskers, whom they took for Ashby. As the prisoners rode by, one of our officers exultingly pointed him out to me as the rebel Colonel. I was sorry to be forced to throw a damper over his exultation. Ashby is a small man, very dark, with rather hard features and a heavy beard. The prisoner was a very large, showy man, clear complexion, and rather handsome face, like an Irishman, which I believe he was. Ashby was actually present in the melée, and had his horse shot. The animal had strength enough to carry his rider out of danger, and then fell dead by the road-side. After this exploit the brave Vermonters turned upon the fire, which they extinguished by carrying water from the river in their horses' nose-bags. Thus the bridge was saved.

The aspect of this country justifies all my boastful praises. The broad meadows carpeted with velvet green and watered by crystal streams; the rock-crested mountains overhanging the river, and bordering the valley on either side in long perspective ranges, vanishing in the distance in a haze of delicate blue; all combine to form a picture of marvelous beauty. The General seems enraptured with the country, and continues to remark it even amidst the excitement of the pursuit. As they mount the ridge whole regiments will halt and burst spontaneously into shouts of admiration. There is a significance in all this which we will discuss when more at leisure.

Our marching column had closed up, and the troops lay reposing between Mount Jackson and the river, concealed from the enemy's view. We were trying another flank movement to catch Ashby, or whomsoever might choose to fall into our net. A column about six thousand strong had started from Woodstock by the back road running along the base of the North Mountain. A cross-road entered the Valley turnpike above the village of New Market, by which a force could be thrown upon the rear of an adversary occupying Rude's Hill, thus turning a position which would be unassailable in front. Jackson's main army was doubtless out of danger before this. The force visible was apparently nothing more than a mounted rear-guard under Ashby. He had been trying the range of his guns upon us as usual, and we placed several pieces in position to return his fire, hop-

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ing to amuse him until our flanking column got in his rear. Our Chief of Artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel Daum, more intent on the exhibition of his special arm than mindful of the more comprehensive plan, took a battery around a bend of the river, and obtaining an advantageous cross-fire on Rude's Hill, he opened with such zeal and accuracy that the enemy limbered up in haste and retired.

Our force, about ten thousand men of all arms, then crossed the bridge, and, deploying on the level ground, marched in order of battle across the meadows and up Rude's Hill, halting on the summit. This was the most imposing military exhibition I had seen during the campaign. The Staff followed over, and from the hill enjoyed the view, looking back toward Mount Jackson, and embracing the magnificent estates of Charles Moore, Rude, Steambergen, and Meems. Riding among the enemy's recently deserted encampments, I was impressed with the wretchedness of their provision and equipment.

They seemed to have no tents, but found a very good substitute in their sheds of bark and branches, which, in a country plentifully wooded, can be constructed in nearly the same time that it requires to unload and pitch a canvas-tent. Among the débris of clothes, equipments, and cooking utensils I never saw an article that I supposed any human would take the trouble to gather up. The very hogs that visited these localities in hopes of spoils went away whining with disappointment. In one of the sheds I found a lump of bread—the only thing resembling commissary stores which had been abandoned. I tried to hack off a portable specimen with my sabre, but after some detriment to the steel I gave it up. It is possible this poor devil had been trying to invent a composition which might answer indifferently for commissary or ordnance purposes. Artillery would be terribly effective with such missiles at short range.

We reached New Market about sunset, and took quarters in the house of a Doctor Rice, at the northern extremity of the village. Here we learned that Jackson's main army had moved southward at double-quick, about ten o'clock in the forenoon. The main body of Ashby's force had followed at three in the afternoon, leaving about fifty men and three guns on the bluff to watch and retard our movement. This forlorn hope of a rear-guard had just passed through the village, exchanging pistol-shots with our advance. Our flanking movement was a failure. We heard nothing from it until ten o'clock at night, when a messenger arrived informing the General that the column had reached the river about a mile to the westward, but would not be able to cross until daylight. We are consoled by the assurance that it could have accomplished nothing more if it had come up to time. Our crafty opponent is not to be caught with such chaff.

The news from McClellan is not encouraging.

April 18.—Bright and balmy spring weather. Walked about the village with Colonel Clarke. Found a youth, of Pocahontas County, who brings information from Richmond and elsewhere. He says there is a strong Union feeling in Richmond, repressed only by military power, while in the rural districts the people are ready to revolt against the enforcement of the conscription. They would do all these things and more, I do not doubt, if they had leaders, but they have none.

Fort Pulaski, on the Savannah River, has fallen before the superior fire and weight of our artillery. This determines the fate of all similar strong-holds held by the rebellion.

On the street we saw a native eight-year-old boy in rebel gray uniform drilling a squad of our six-footers. The joke seemed to please the citizens vastly. I also overheard a shock-headed sergeant boasting that the rebel women freely acknowledged that our men were better-looking than the graybacks.

April 19.—Warm and raining. The General started to reconnoitre the turnpike road leading over the mountain toward Luray. At Smith's Creek we saw a regiment sheltered from the rain under gum blankets stretched over frames made of fence-rails. These cloths, enveloping the soldiers' baggage, supply the place of knapsacks. As a knapsack on the march and a shelter during repose they must be well adapted for light campaigning, and will doubtless be introduced. We crossed the range of the Peaked Mountains by an admirable stone road, and descending on the opposite side into the Luray Valley, crossed the main or South Branch of Shenandoah at the White House Bridge. There was a small settlement on the further bank, where we halted and requested some refreshment. We were directed to a comfortable country-house a short distance down the stream, where we were well received and promised a meal as soon as the women could prepare something. We waited an hour, and nothing appearing I went to the kitchen to see what was the cause of the delay. I found our pretty hostess up to her elbows in cooking: pans, ovens, skillets, and coffee-pots all fizzing, stewing, and baking to the extent of their capacity. The results of which, as they were consecutively turned out, being instantaneously swallowed by several dozen of our lantern-jawed, blue-bellied Yanks, who stood ravening about the kitchen and adjacencies.

I represented the enormity of this proceeding to the lady, and endeavored to impress upon her the vast difference between the appetite of a major-general and that of a knapsack-bearing private. As some of the boys were likely and plausible, and our hostess tender-hearted and little versed in the secrets of the military hierarchy, my remonstrances were useless; she couldn't bear to refuse any thing to a hungry man; so I was obliged to seize a couple of dishes at the sabre's point and carry them into the house myself.

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Returning to New Market we left the main road for a short distance to look at the body of a man who had been killed by our skirmishers as we came over. Riding for several hundred yards through a tall dark forest, we came at length to a cleared space, in the midst of which stood a small cottage of logs and clap-boards. Stretched on the green-sward near the gate of this poor dwelling lay the dead man. The body was that of a beardless boy, whose clear white face and scrupulously-clean clothes showed that he had never seen camps nor campaigning. He had probably mounted this morning to seek his first military adventure; and those soft, evenly-knit yarn socks, the white shirt, and neatly-trimmed regimentals of gray jeans, looked as if they had just left the hands of a careful mother or loving sister. His career was short. He had ridden up to the house with a companion to make some inquiries about the Yankee forces. He had not spoken a dozen words when a Minié ball whizzed through his brain. His companion fled, and presently the Yankee soldiers came up, and taking his horse, arms, and boots, left him where he fell. The woodman had straightened the corpse, and was gone to get a neighbor to assist in burying it. This was told us by a shuddering girl about ten years old that our troopers had found in the cottage alone. She spoke to us in a whisper, with her face persistently turned away from the pale horror that lay at the gate, with white hands crossed on its breast and its crushed head glued to the grass by a mass of clotted blood. The General was visibly affected by the scene, and we all rode away in silence.

On arriving at head-quarters we found some prisoners, deserters, and refugees, sent by the Provost Marshal for examination. One of these was a personal acquaintance, and verified the statement made by one of our scouts some time ago. This scout, named Taggart, wishing to gain information of the enemy's force and movements, pretended to desert, and, escaping through our lines, delivered himself up to one of Ashby's picket-guard. He was taken to the chief, and by plausible representations induced him to believe there was serious disaffection among the National troops, especially the cavalry, and promised, furthermore, that, upon assurance of good treatment, he could bring over the whole company to which he belonged. Ashby took him to Jackson, whom he stuffed with the same stories, answering all questions in regard to the numbers and intentions of the opposing army with frankness of manner and with just sufficient regard to truth to avoid exciting suspicion of intentional deception in the minds of those whom he knew were generally quite well informed on these subjects. His stories and promises were too flattering to be rejected. His McClellan saddle and equipments were much admired and coveted. Officers of all grades had it buckled on their horses and rode around to try the seat. His boots were remarked, and measured over and over again. The hope of acquiring a whole company of such boots and saddles overcame all scruples and suspicions. He was allowed to return to the Federal camp, and nightly arrangements made for some time to receive the promised company of deserters. At length the pleasing illusion faded away, and it was acknowledged that he had Yankeed the whole of them, from the General down.

From other refugees and deserters we learn that Jackson has left the Valley turnpike at Harrisonburg, and is moving eastward on the road to Gordonsville by way of Swift Run Gap. This information is most important if true, and must be immediately looked into.

April 20.—Raining. Gangs of refugees and deserters bring positive confirmation of yesterday's report. Some from the Irish Battalion say that Jackson's destination is Gordonsville. It is also reported that the Federal troops occupy Staunton. This is doubtless premature, but Fremont's advance under Milroy should be near there at this time. This manœuvre of Jackson's toward Gordonsville develops painfully the unfortunate location of the National forces in Northern and Western Virginia. A fine army of seventy thousand men is distributed on a line of more than two hundred miles in extent, in detached bodies under different chiefs, separated by long distances, deep rivers, and chains of mountains, rendering mutual support or concert of action impossible. Most of these troops entirely out of the sphere of decisive action, held by a mere shadow of an enemy in front, are lying still, devouring the country around them, or groping their way forward without any definite aims or objects; generally on the defensive before an enemy contemptible in numbers when compared with the aggregate whole, yet who, with the advantage of interior lines, may concentrate a superior force upon either of the columns and overwhelm it. Banks's column, which has shown a disposition to be active, and has, at least, eagerly sought battle, is now clearly brought to a halt and is on the wrong line. Jackson, lying at Swift Run Gap, forbids our advance in this direction. Backed up by Gordonsville and Richmond, with free railroad transportation, he may overwhelm us at any time. His position is a continual menace to us even where we are. If we assail him we must first cross a deep and rapid river, doubtless to find him in a strong position and reinforced to an uncertain extent. Fremont informs us that the force lately in his front has fallen back. We hear the same from M'Dowell. This indicates a concentration of the enemy's whole power at Richmond, or it may more nearly concern us here. Why don't we concentrate? Why don't Fremont join us, and, crossing the Blue Ridge to M'Dowell, precipitate our combined power upon Gordonsville, and consecutively upon Richmond from the north? If there are reasons why this should not be done I have never heard them.

April 21.—Continuous rain. The water-

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THE PEAKED MOUNTAIN FROM NEW MARKET.

courses are all roaring, which precludes the idea of military operations for some days. I found entertainment in reading Olmstead's "Cotton Kingdom." Its pictures of life in the Cotton States are doubtless accurate as far as they go; but they, almost without exception, represent the evils and vices of the slavery system. A series of observations, made in a similar temper, of any country or state of society, may present a picture quite as shadowy.

"For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make"

by going to some blessed El Dorado where none of these evils are found?

Perhaps the greatest evils that afflict society are those produced by the attempts of well-intentioned but ignorant zealots to manage and mend that which they can not control and do not understand.

April 22.—Alternate clouds and sunshine. I was quite ill to-day, and called in Doctor King of the Staff, whose skill and kind attention have afforded me partial relief.

I had up to date managed to get along without a body servant, holding the place open for my man Adam, of topographical memory. As the advance of our army guaranteed the quiet of the border counties, Adam, doubtless satisfied with his military experiences, has found it more pleasant and profitable to remain with his family in Martinsburg. There are always idle negroes enough hanging around head-quarters, and I had but to express the wish to engage a servant when one presented himself. John had belonged to a man named Richardson, who kept the hotel at Strasburg. His elder brother had taken service with one of the officers, and John had followed in the train of the army hitherto without employment. He is, to use a current phrase in Virginia, "a likely boy," quiet and well-mannered, but too modest and slow, I fear, to hold his own among our head-quarters bummers. I will try him.

While on the subject of servants, I must notice the General's *valet de chambre*. Frank is a Saint Domingo Frenchman, black as the ace of spades. He speaks imperfect English, and in his service is quiet, attentive, and polite, and quite French and aristocratic in his deportment toward the other servants. The General tells a pleasant story on Frank, which contains a most pointed illustration of the diversity of character and ideas existing in the world. While the army lay at Frederick City last winter several balls were given to the officers. On one of these occasions Frank was in the cloak-room looking after the General's wrappings. Wine had been flowing freely, and the valet had the misfortune to get into a difficulty with some of the officers. He presently presented himself before his chief all trembling and ashen with rage. "General! General! I have received a blow; an officer has struck me; my God, Sir! what am I to do?" The General examined the contusion upon the negro's cheek, and kindly expressed his regret at the affair. "But what am I to do?" reiterated the excited valet. "I think," replied the General, in good faith, "you had better put some grease on it." "Grease!" shrieked the ebony Frenchman, "grease hell! It is satisfaction I want!"

April 24.—I am still ailing and unable to go out. The view from my window is rather peculiar this morning. Bright green fields, full blooming peach and plum trees all draped in snow. Our signal men on the Peaked Mountain report Jackson's force encamped on the slopes of the Blue Ridge across the road to Stannardsville. Our cavalry have scoured the country nine miles beyond Harrisonburg.

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April 26.—Damp and cloudy. Warm rains have melted the snow; all the streams are swollen, and we hear of the destruction of our bridges in every direction. Hatch, with his cavalry, is on his way to Staunton, expecting to join Milroy, of Fremont's command, who is coming through Buffalo Gap. There is a great panic at Staunton from all accounts.

April 27, *Sunday*.—Bright and pleasant. I was so much better to-day that I rode with the General to Harrisonburg, eighteen miles. Hatch, it seems, got no further than Mount Crawford, where he was arrested by the high-water.

April 28, *Monday*. — Pleasant. This place seems much improved since I last visited it. We have a brigade and some cavalry here. The cavalry has been skirmishing with the enemy near Conrad's Bridge, and took some prisoners. Of the aged Union citizens seized by Jackson, and inhumanly dragged from their homes, two died of fatigue and exposure, and are buried here. These graves are marked "Job Throckmorton and —— Martin, Union men."

We have news of the capture of New Orleans by our forces.

In the afternoon rode back to New Market. Instead of improving, as I hoped, I find the ride has exhausted me terribly.

April 30.—Clouds. I was ordered with Captain Scheffler to inspect our outposts in the Luray Valley. We crossed the mountain to the Columbian Bridge over the Shenandoah. Here we found Lieutenant-Colonel Foster with the Thirteenth Indiana Infantry, a section of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry. The enemy had made no demonstrations in his vicinity, and the position being naturally strong he felt confident that he could hold it in case of attack. The position at the White House Bridge, on the direct road to Luray, was equally satisfactory. Returning, we stopped at a house for dinner, and passed a merry hour with several young ladies of the neighborhood, stanch Unionists, whose father and brother were in the United States service. Descending the Mountain toward New Market we met the First Virginia Regiment of Infantry, formerly Colonel Kelley's regiment at Philippi, now commanded by Colonel Thoburn. It was on the march to reinforce the post at the Columbian Bridge, and was as effective a body of men in appearance as I ever saw. It commenced raining heavily as we descended, and I returned to quarters feeling sick and chilly. An hour after I went to bed quite ill.

May 1.—It rained all day, and I did not leave my bed. The General informs me that the desired movements, looking to a concentration on the enemy's flank at Yorktown and Richmond, are about being consummated.

General Abercombie, with his Brigade, who led the march of our Division across the Ridge previous to the battle of Kernstown, had never rejoined us. He was now in communication with M'Dowell. Fremont was closing in upon us from the West. There would presently be a concentration of forces, then decisive action. This is encouraging.

May 6.—Bright and cool. There is still no abatement in my illness, which is assuming a typhoid form.

Colonel Brodhead has arrived from the North, bringing papers with particulars of the evacuation of Yorktown. The enemy abandoned their works during the night, leaving over a hundred heavy guns, with ordnance stores and other material. This seems the beginning of the end. What next? Yet in the midst of our exultation we receive orders to fall back to Strasburg. Shields, it seems, has been commissioned a Major-General, and is to be withdrawn to hold Fredericksburg with his veteran Division, which contains three-fifths of the numerical strength of this column. Banks's Division, reduced by the absence of Abercrombie's command, by the usual wastage of sickness and furloughs, will show but little over seven thousand men. With this force he is to hold the Valley at Strasburg. While victory crowns our arms, east and west, we are doomed to a shameful retrograde—fleeing like the wicked when no man pursueth. Instead of concentration, dispersion seems to be the favorite strategic idea that governs our military councils at Washington. Milroy is operating against Staunton with a brigade or a weak division alone, the main force of that Department being still at Moorefield. Our signal men on the mountain inform us that Jackson's column seems to be moving toward Staunton. A large additional force is encamped on the Gordonsville Road, where it ascends the Ridge, said to be Ewell's Corps, fourteen thousand strong, brought up from Gordonsville. Refugees and deserters inform us that Edward Johnson, with four thousand men, is in Staunton. This is the force which for a time lay in front of Fremont.

May 10.—Bright and cool. General Hatch has reconnoitred the country three miles beyond Harrisonburg without discovering an enemy. He tells me that, several days ago, two companies of our cavalry, riding toward Harrisonburg, met a squadron of the enemy and charged them, sword in hand. Their onset was gallantly met by the rebels, who were quickly overthrown and routed, losing ten men killed outright, with an equal number of wounded and prisoners. Our loss was but two killed. This is the first instance, on this theatre, of a determined collision with the sabre between two bodies of cavalry, and the result proves, what I have always maintained, that the Southern horsemen can not stand before ours in a charge.

May 11.—Pleasant. There have been some ugly cases of bushwhacking recently. Day before yesterday several of our troopers went out to search for milk. Calling at a house occupied by several women they were directed to a neighboring house, the road to which passed near a barn. As they rode by they were fired on from the barn, losing two men killed. As this was scarcely a hundred paces from the

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house it is scarcely presumable that the women were not in complicity with the murderers. They were arrested, and orders given to burn their house and barn — which were countermanded. Colonel Gordon, of the Second Massachusetts, informs us that a messenger belonging to his regiment was shot near Mount Jackson by an assassin concealed in the woods. Such acts are truly deplorable, as they will tend to give the war a vindictive and ferocious character, which it has not exhibited heretofore.

I felt so much better that I ordered my horse and rode out to Colonel Brodhead's quarters, where I dined. After dinner we received information from head-quarters of the evacuation of Norfolk and Portsmouth by the enemy, and the accompanying suicide of the *Merrimac*. Wool marched into Norfolk with five thousand men. The cavalry band was ordered out, and played "Hail Columbia" and "The Dragon is Dead." We hear music and cheering from all quarters: the rejoicing is general.

May 12.—Bright and mild. Three young men—one a Frenchman, and two Italians—were sent in from our outpost at Columbian Bridge. They present themselves as deserters from Ewell's camp at Swift Run Gap, and confirm our previous information in regard to the forces there. These fellows volunteered in the service of the United States at the commencement of the war; but the organization in which they served being disbanded, and not being able to obtain such positions as they desired, they went South and offered themselves to the Confederacy. They were recommended to positions under Beauregard in the West, but preferred service in the Valley, and in consequence were sent up to Ewell. It is probable he gave them a cold reception, or they otherwise found the rebel service not particularly inviting. They deserted yesterday, and offer themselves again to our side. The moral sense of these adventurers is rather too loose even for mere soldiers of fortune. They obtain no credit at head-quarters, and the General sends them to Washington under guard.

Our retrograde movement commenced this morning. Shields has departed with his Division by way of the Luray Valley and Front Royal to join M'Dowell. The Staff took the road to Woodstock late in the forenoon, I taking a seat in the General's ambulance in the capacity of invalid.

En route we passed the marching column, horse, foot, artillery, and baggage, all encumbered with various spoils, dogs, cats, herds of cattle, sheep, niggers, and refugees in abundance. Arriving at Woodstock we reoccupied our quarters in the court-house. After dinner Captain Abert called to report, and I returned with him to the Topographical Encampment, pleasantly located in a grass-grown street of the village.

I remained to tea, and spent a pleasant hour, recalling past campaigns and former friends. The Captain had a somewhat original and very convenient adjunct to his mess chest. This was a large covered wicker basket, accommodating a game cock and half a dozen hens. On the march the basket was swung to the bows of his baggage wagon. In camp it was lowered and opened, allowing its inmates the freedom of the common, where the hens scratched and chanticleer exercised himself in chivalric combat with any neighboring rooster that showed his crest. His lusty challenge was also often useful in developing the localities of fowls hidden from our foragers. In the matter of fresh eggs the basket resembled the famous cruse of the widow of Zarephath.

May 13.—Bright and warm. I resumed my seat in the ambulance with the General, and we started for Strasburg. In passing the troops and baggage trains we suffered extremely from the suffocating clouds of dust and debilitating heat. We found head-quarters fixed at a brick house on the turnpike, about half a mile north of Strasburg. One of the most agreeable circumstances connected with the location is that the town is entirely out of view. We found Captain Collis here with his company of Zouaves, who resumed their *rôle* of body-guard.

During the following week I find nothing recorded worthy of note. I continued to suffer so much from physical exhaustion and consequent mental depression that I took very little interest in what was passing around me. The weather was hot, damp, and debilitating, while the sudden and unexpected change of our attitude from offensive to defensive seemed to have affected every body's spirits. There was a general collapse.

The General alone, with that calm and patient persistence which characterizes him, set about the task of distributing his weakened force along a line hopelessly indefensible. The Valley at this point is about eighteen miles in width. Between the North Mountain on the west, and the Blue Ridge, its eastern boundary, arises a double chain of lofty parallel ridges called the Fort Mountains. This sporadic upheaval commences on a line with Strasburg and continues for thirty miles to the southward, disappearing as abruptly as it rises at a point opposite Harrisonburg. The great Valley is thus divided into three parallel valleys, separated from each other by mountain barriers generally impassable, and only traversed at distant intervals by narrow and difficult roads. These divisions are again subdivided by the deep and usually unfordable streams of the North and South forks of the Shenandoah, and by Passage Creek and some minor ridges of the Fort Mountains. North of Strasburg runs Cedar Creek; rising behind the Little North Mountain, it flows eastward until it joins the North Fork of Shenandoah, and with that river forming a line to the base of the Blue Ridge, running square across and at right angles with the mountains, valleys, and streams before described. Behind and north of this line, in the direction of Winchester, the Valley shows an undulating plain of alternate field and forest,

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with a width of twenty-five miles unbroken by any important hills or water-courses. Southward of this river line, between it and the butts of the Fort Mountains, and at right angles with all this intricate topography, this natural system of covered approaches, lies the line of the Manassas Gap Railroad, which had been put in running order, and which we were ordered to protect.

The maintenance of this road was advantageous, insomuch as it gave us a shorter and more direct line of transportation for supplies. But as we were in the midst of a fertile and well-provided country, and our old line through Winchester had answered for an army nearly thrice as numerous as ours, this advantage seemed scarcely sufficient to justify the hazards of our present location. To give details. Our head-quarters and main force lay at Strasburg, covering the Valley turnpike and the railroad bridge over the North Fork, about one mile distant. We had an open line on our right of four or five miles in extent, traversed by two roads, convenient for turning our right flank, besides any number of secluded parallel passages beyond the Little North Mountain, adapted for the same manœuvre. We must have a strong detachment at Front Royal to watch the road and bridges at that point, separated from the main command by twelve miles' distance, and two rivers traversed by light trestle-work bridges liable to be swept away by every rise of the waters, which, as our experience had taught, might be expected at any time. Cut off by rivers and mountains from support or retreat, this force was open to attack in front or on either flank by way of the Luray Valley.

We must next keep a detachment to protect Passage Creek bridge at Buckton, nearly midway between Strasburg and Front Royal. This secluded position was hemmed in by rivers and hills, and open to attack by way of the Big Fort Valley road, the Little Fort Valley road, and liable to be cut off by way of Luray or the main Valley. This disposition was essential to the protection of the railroad, and thus posted our whole line was liable to be turned at any time, or each of the detachments might be isolated and destroyed, as best suited the enemy's designs and means of carrying them out. Our only hope of escape from destruction was based on the chance that the enemy might be so hard pressed in other directions that he could not spare the force to assail us.

General Banks well comprehended the insecurity of his position, and, as I understood, sent a staff-officer to Washington to make the proper representations on the subject.

Meanwhile we had been informed of the attack on Milroy at M'Dowell, and his subsequent retreat, relieving Staunton from present apprehension. We also hear of the failure of our gun-boats at Fort Darling, and altogether the hopes of a speedy triumph of our arms are not so flattering as they have been during the past fortnight. Our more thoughtful officers say the enemy is concentrating all his power on Richmond in the East and Corinth in the West, yielding minor advantages to insure success on decisive points.

May 19, *Monday*.—Bright and warm. I rode out this morning with the General and Staff to visit General Hatch's camp in the direction of Woodstock. This is the first time I have been on horseback for three weeks. My mare, wanting her usual exercise, had become so skittish and playful that I was unable to manage her, and I presently became so exhausted that I asked leave to return. After dinner I accompanied the General to Front Royal, traveling by rail. I found some acquaintances here among the citizens and got an invitation to tea, where, with the savory dishes and agreeable conversation, I passed a pleasant hour. We returned to Strasburg about sunset.

May 21, *Wednesday*.—Clouds. Brigadier-Generals Greene and Crawford have reported for duty. Colonel Tompkins takes the command of the Vermont cavalry regiment, vacated by the recent death of Colonel Holliday. This is the same officer who, at the head of a squadron of dragoons, made such a spirited dash through Fairfax Court House last summer.

A great deal of the General's time is occupied in giving audience to complainants from the surrounding country, who will be satisfied with nothing less than an interview with the Commander-in-Chief. The affair is too important to be communicated to the subordinates of the Staff, and most frequently runs in this wise:

Enter countryman, and is presented to the General, with whom he shakes hands. "General, I am a good Union man, and am come to tell you how your soldiers are a behaving."

GENERAL. "How am I to know you are a Union man? Every body who wants a horse returned, or claims damages of the United States Government for any loss whatever, is a good Union man, at least until his claim is secured. What have you done for your Government?"

COUNTRYMAN. "Why, General, you know Swartz: he can tell you I'm all right, and never voted for nothing—"

GENERAL. "How should I know Swartz? Tell me what is the matter."

COUNTRYMAN. "Why, General, you see my wife's been a plantin' of a garden, and the soldiers have burned the fence, every rail of it, and have took every thing that was in the garden, and I would like to have a guard—"

GENERAL. "The mischief is all done it seems, what good would a guard do if they have already destroyed every thing?"

COUNTRYMAN. "Why, you see most of the things ain't growed yet, and if you stay here long I won't raise a wegetable—"

GENERAL (*to an aid-de-camp*). "Please attend to this man's case."

The Yankees of this command seem disposed to poke fun at me in regard to these specimens of Anglo-Norman chivalry, both male and fe-

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YOU KNOW SWARTZ.

male, that daily haunt our head-quarters, and thus arise frequent discussions and expressions of opinion in regard to Northern and Southern society. Colonel B——, like many others I have met, had always been a Northern Democrat. In view of the social and political evils patent in his section, he had been an ally of the Southern party at Washington and an acquiescent believer in Southern pretensions. Indignant and alarmed at the attack upon the nationality he had taken up arms in its defense, yet he had entered upon the campaign more in sorrow than in anger. When he crossed the Potomac at the head of his regiment he experienced sentiments like those attributed to the troops of Brennus on entering the Senate Chamber of the ancient Romans. As he heard the names and saw the localities belonging to history, he was filled with a species of awe as if in the actual presence of the venerable shades of those "simple great ones gone," the national Virginians of the past.

By this time he was cured of all that "*omne ignotum pro magnifico est*"—an interior view of the whited sepulchre had changed respect into contempt and disgust. He now saw through the petty demagogues and impostors who had been so long trading on the reputation of the men of Seventy-six. The South was a pretentious humbug socially, financially, and politically.

Major C——, who had been a political extremist on the Northern side of the question, had also modified his views on several points. He was not so fully assured of the infallibility of the negro as formerly. He was astonished as well as disgusted at the dirt and ignorance he saw around him. The prisoners he examined were objects of mingled contempt and commiseration. Then the seedy beggars that thronged head-quarters, the snuff-eating, slip-shod women, the rough heads of men all filled with aristocratic pretension. Could this be the people who had maintained such position in the country, and had for so many years predominated over the wealthy, educated, refined, and free people of the Northern States? He was both astonished and ashamed to believe it.

Captain B—— rather liked a little social pretension, it had always seemed a harmless vanity, calculated to make people liberal in their hospitality, and serving to soften the harshness of Democratic manners. For his part he always took off his hat to people's parlor idols, and even condescended to burn a little tobacco under the nose of any gentleman's pocket fetich when politely requested; but when these family weaknesses were elevated to the importance of matters of state—when a man's ridiculous presumption or his wife's silliness were continually thrown into one's face as an apology for treason—politeness ceased to be a virtue. When Gessler hangs his insolent cap in the market-place, he would side with Tell—when Nebuchadnezzar sets up his foolish image on the plain and demands obeisance, he would follow Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego if needs be, even into the bowels of the fiery furnace.

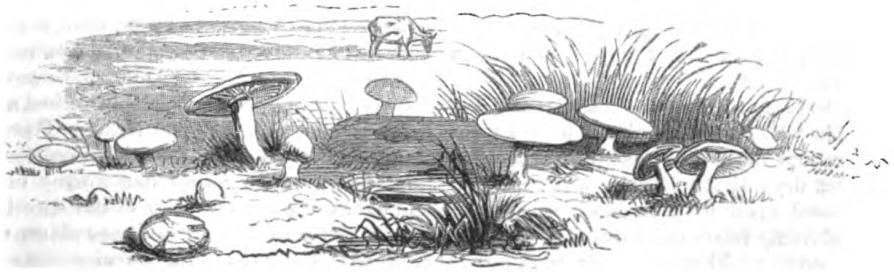
These are the opinions which I continually hear expressed by intelligent and liberal-minded men, and which present appearances would seem to justify. Yet those who were acquainted with and can recall Virginia society in happier days, can scarcely imagine how great the change which the war has made in the appearance and character of the people. Her leaders already perceive they have made a fatal mistake; her people now understand how miserably they have been duped; yet both feel themselves committed beyond the possibility of retrieval. Their pride of opinion prohibits the abandonment of a position in which their ruin is assured, whether the bad cause in which they are involved wins or loses. A people squirming under the consciousness of blunders and necessities so fatal, overtaxed and wasted in maintaining a struggle so gigantic and unequal, is not in a condition to be criticised socially, morally, or materially. There is no subject more generally incomprehensible to a superficial observer

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or more vexatiously elusive of philosophical analysis, than the social distinctions which are found in all organized societies often in direct opposition to circumstances, logic, and positive legislation. So strong, indeed, is this vanity in the human heart that it bends both reason and religion to its sway; so deep that it undermines philosophy; so subtle that the finest woven net of law can not hold it; so protean in the shapes it assumes, that wit and satire find therein the theme of infinite jest; so tenacious of life, that ages of meanness and misery can not eradicate it; so exacting that fortune, friendship, and life itself are readily yielded to its demands; so despicable that honor, decency, and sacred love of country are lightly bartered for its empty pretensions. Scatter a handful of British dirt in any part of the earth, however remote from the parent isle, however unpropitious the climate or barren the soil, and a plenteous crop of volunteer aristocracy will presently sprout, sufficiently resembling the great original plant to excite a deal of envy and admiration in its locality, and even obtain a certain recognition from Old England herself, who pronounces it "quite astonishing for a new country." Thus, in spite of the equalizing poverty and misery of our early settlements—in spite of our boasted Democratic institutions and the hostile legislation of five generations—the patrician rudiment, hardy and irrepressible as wild garlic, still germinates and spreads its aroma throughout the United States. In the Northern States we have a social aristocracy far more elegant in its habits of life, more cultivated in its tastes and refined in manners, more elevated in its humanities, more jealous in its exclusiveness, than any class to be found at the South. But this patrician society at the North maintains its life within a limited and subordinate sphere. It is fashionable, luxurious, æsthetic, philosophic, scholastic, but not political. In the conduct of the Government and the great enterprises of the country it has neither control nor influence. It is completely overshadowed by the power, wealth, and ability of the great working-people of the country, the representatives of Republican Liberty and Equality, who control the Government of their own choosing, administer the laws of their own making, and tolerate every thing that is not strong enough to excite their jealousy. In the South the reverse is the case. Here the dominant class of slaveholding landed proprietors wields all the power of the State, political, social, financial, moral, and religious. Its interests frame the laws, its opinions govern society. There is no "people" in the South to thwart its policy or question its authority. The negro is its unreasoning chattel; the mean white man its dependent and retainer; the middling class of shop-keepers and merchants its subservient admirers and imitators; the expounders of the laws, human and divine, its partisans and participators. With the forms and phraseology of a Democracy this class has the tastes, habits, opinions, and authority of a feudal Aristocracy.

Those who expect to find among the Southern gentry that propriety of manner, that nicety of dress, that familiarity with polite observance, that acquaintance with the elegant arts and lighter social accomplishments, the Oriental luxury of equipage and living, the palatial residences that pertain to Northern society, will be greatly disappointed. Where these things are found at the South they are exotic and exceptional, not characteristic. The true Southerner is rural and squirely in his tastes and manners. He takes delight in horses, dogs, guns, and all exciting sports, including games of chance, narcotic stimulants, and politics. He scorns the arts of the *petit-maître* and the ostentation of the *parvenu*, and affects a republican simplicity in his style of living. He is social, hospitable, and brave; opinionated, overbearing, and easily provoked to violence. In his deportment he exhibits a certain dignified confidence, derived from the consciousness of power. Like the centurion of Capernaum, he has been accustomed to say to his servant, "Do this, and he doeth it;" and to his neighbor, "Think this, and he thinketh it," with a servility as ready and unquestioning.

While, on the one hand, the championship of free thought, free speech, and free government has been generally accorded to Massachusetts, public opinion, with singular unanimity, has allowed to Virginia the prestige once enjoyed by the aristocratic tribe of Koreishites in Arabia, which claimed the exclusive privilege of furnishing all the warriors, statesmen, gentlemen, and office-holders of that country. The eldest born among her sisters, and more intimate in her relations with the mother country, it may be presumed that, during the century and a half of her colonial tutelage, Virginia imbibed more



THE ARISTOCRACY.

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of her parent's aristocratic milk than any other State. The memory of her early supremacy has never left her. The long catalogue of illustrious names which she has furnished to our national history has served to increase this local pride. As early as 1788 M. Brissot de Warville makes the following observation: "The towns in Virginia are but small. This may be said even of Richmond with its capitol. This capitol turns the heads of the Virginians; they imagine that from this, like the Romans of old, they shall one day give the law to the whole North." The continued predominance on the national arena of her trained and confidant politicians over the frequently unskillful and timid representatives of the Northern people has added confirmation to these flattering pretensions. In consequence, all the ambition and ability of the State has concentrated upon this one idea. Let Massachusetts potter with her button factories, her cod-fisheries, her weak literature, and ideologistic conceits. Political and social empire belongs to Virginia. The land, the gown, and the sword were alone considered worthy of her chosen sons. Manual labor, the mechanic arts, trade, and commerce were despised; the fine arts, literature, and science neglected. The real political code of the Virginian was not that of Jefferson, which was always on his lips, but that of the "Son of Sirach," which was engraven on his heart:

"The wisdom of the learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise. How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plow, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks? So every carpenter and work-master that laboreth night and day: and they that cut and grave seals, and are diligent to make great variety, and give themselves to counterfeit imagery, and watch to finish a work. The smith also sitting by the anvil and considering the iron work; the noise of the hammer and anvil is ever in his ears, and his eyes still look upon the pattern of the thing that he maketh. So doth the potter, sitting at his work and turning the wheel about with his feet. All these trust to their hands, and every one is wise in his work; without these can not a city be inhabited, and they shall not dwell where they will, nor go up and down. They shall not be sought for in public council, nor sit high in the congregation; they shall not sit on the judge's seat, nor understand the sentence of judgment; they can not declare justice or judgment, and they shall not be found where parables are spoken."

And the Virginian adds: "Neither can they know how to interpret the Constitution of the United States nor to direct its policy."

Meanwhile, the world continued to move while Virginia continued to stand still; contented with her acknowledged supremacy, she desired nothing more than the quiet enjoyment of her honors.

There were not wanting those among her own people who perceived that where all are consumers and none producers the cask must in time run dry; that so stately and costly an edifice, based upon nothing more substantial than the slovenly labor and natural increase of barbarian serfs, could not be permanent; that a political and social system springing from this wretched muck must be unsound and corrupt. A state thus constituted must perish of *encephalic hypertrophy*, its body dwindling as its head swelled. But there was always a conclusive answer to these croakers; and it must be acknowledged that Virginia could boast of astonishing success in her specialties. Her soldiers and statesmen were always pre-eminent, her gentlemen admired, her placemen numerous and tenacious as barnacles; niggers were trumps, and she held a full hand.

To return to the social view of the question. The abolition of the law of entail, and the consequent division and subdivision of estates, was in time fatal to that most deeply-rooted and easily-pardoned of human vanities, the pride of ancestry. The results were here as elsewhere. As the wheel of fortune turned old families went down and new ones rose; estates changed hands. The hard-fisted overseer of one generation was the father of the following generation of patricians. The cobbler's son, educated to a liberal profession, might be the judge or statesman of his day. Yankee peddlers sneaked in, and purchased property and slaves. Strangers intermarried with the daughters of the land, and inherited estates. The patrician sentiment suffered in nowise from these changes. The new people were quickly imbued with the dominant opinion of the State—"Virginianized," as it was called—and novelty seemed even to impart fresh vigor to the stock; for just in proportion to the recency of their elevation and the humility of their origin do they boast of their aristocracy and their ancestry.

Another still more grievous cause of confusion in the social hierarchy arose from the eternal haranguing of the Virginia orators in praise of Democracy, and the improved facilities for communication with the outer world, which began to develop among the quondam lower classes some dim conceptions of popular rights. These did not manifest themselves, as elsewhere, in the base desire to pull down the gentleman to a lower level; their admiration for the class was greater than their envy. Consequently rag, tag, and bobtail began to assert the doctrine of equality, as they understood it, by proclaiming themselves gentlemen, swaggering broad, drinking vile whisky, and talking viler politics; seeking at village groceries and excited gatherings of all kinds that infallible wisdom which "cometh by opportunity of leisure," and putting on becoming airs in the presence of Yankees, North Carolinians, and others of the inferior tribes. Thus Virginia society, even before the war, had assumed the complexion of a muddled Aristo-Democracy, or a Dem-Aristocracy. As I never heard the Norman idea broached among her gentlemen of the Old School, I presume these later recruits of the patrician order, whose incongruities so bewilder our worthy officers, and excite the imaginations of our discriminating reporters, are the true descendants of the aforesaid Anglo-Norman chivalry. As ignorance, drunkenness, lewdness, brutality, and

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highway robbery were among the prominent characteristics of these famous barons, the claim to descent may be admitted as plausible.

May 22, *Thursday*.—Bright and warm. The newspapers bring intelligence which, if reliable, indicates that the Campaign of Richmond must soon reach a crisis. The impression here is that the city will be evacuated by the enemy. I have been so much enfeebled by sickness that for several weeks I seem to have lost all interest in the military situation, especially in this Valley, where I would naturally feel most concern. I am again mentally canvassing a transfer to the Grand Army, but my determination ebbs and flows with the changes of my physical condition. There seems indeed "no hope for gilded spurs" on this field—but how much less for me in the flaccid and enervating climate of the James River? Why, therefore, do I fret and strive against the irresistible decrees of Nature? To the iron sinews and bold, confident spirit of health belong the glories and rewards of war. Yet it irks me thus to rust away my life in a helplessness worse than captivity, while the loyal armies of my country are closing in to the death-struggle, and fair Virginia yet lies trampled under the foot of domineering treason.

Yesterday Hatch's cavalry had a skirmish, driving the rebel pickets out of Woodstock, killing several, and capturing half a dozen at the Narrow Passage bridge. He sent them in to head-quarters, and I was commissioned to examine them. They were all simple country youths, who had entered the rebel service through ignorance or coercion. One of them, a boy about eighteen years of age, badly bruised by the falling of his horse, commenced crying bitterly when I called him into a separate room for examination. He had been persuaded to believe that the Yankees would shoot him if they caught him, and, under this terror, he would not have been taken alive if his horse had not fallen in the chase and caught his leg under him. Another, with trembling earnestness, asked "if we were going to kill them?" I assured him of his life, and good treatment besides, at which he was overjoyed, and desired to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government immediately. The intelligence obtained from these men was important. The whole power of the enemy had combined, and were at Harrisonburg, with their advance of cavalry and a battery at New Market. For the rest, there was a good deal of vagueness in the details they furnished, and they were not men of a class to know or surmise any comprehensive plans that might be afoot. They had told what they knew voluntarily and with evident truthfulness.

While at the Provost Marshal's office a meagre, sickly person was brought in. He had been sojourning with some relatives in Virginia, where he had been ill of typhoid fever, and was now seeking a pass to go to Philadelphia, where he belonged. Since our retreat from Woodstock, he says, the worthy citizens of that village spend their time about the taverns and street corners, boasting of their defiant demeanor and impertinent speeches to the National officers during their occupancy of the place. I am sure I never saw a more tame and cringing set of knaves than they were.

May 23, *Friday*.—Clear and warm. The village and the camps are teeming with camp-followers of all characters and vocations. The hucksters, clothiers, sutlers, peddlers, and fancy store-keepers, chiefly engaged in selling contraband stimulants. Strolling-players, lecturers, barbers, traders in horse-flesh, professional abductors [not of the cavalry] of that respectable animal, refugees, spies, and negroes of all ages, from the gray-haired sire and dame to the child that can barely run, homeless, wandering, and pitiable. The streets of the village remind one of Bunyan's description of Vanity Fair. While I was undergoing the manipulation of a smart colored barber from Pittsburg I saw one of these sad wanderers from his native corn-fields enter the shop. The poor creature looked so dazed that I began to question him as to his business and birth-place. He was from Rockingham County, had a good master, and would have been content to have lived in servitude for the rest of his life; but the disorganizing influences of the war had reached even his humble dwelling, and the dread of being impressed into the service at Richmond, or sold into the cotton States, had induced him to run away when our army fell back. He had nothing to do and no place to stay, and was hoping to get back to his family in Rockingham somehow. The smart barber told him he had better go home at once. There were more niggers now at the North than were pleasant or profitable. Seeing the stage-coach about starting for Winchester and Harper's Ferry, I gave the driver a note for my wife (to be left at Charlestown), requesting her to join me at Strasburg, and to bring some good wine, of which I was much in need.

I afterward met Colonel Brodhead, and stopped to tea with him. While at table his orderly told us that the rebels had taken Front Royal, burned the bridges, and destroyed the railroad. I hurried up to head-quarters, where I had from the clerks and orderlies confused reports of an attack both at Front Royal and Buckton. The General and aids had gone out. Colonel Clarke and Major Copeland, the Adjutant-General, were absent on leave at the North and Washington. After a while a negro came in, who stated that he had left the scene of action about five o'clock; that Kenley was falling back, fighting desperately, having himself destroyed the bridges. Presently General Banks returned, with General Crawford and others. A dispatch was handed to him, which he read, and then retired into a private room with Crawford to consult. When they reappeared it was to send orders to all the commanders and chiefs of departments to load up the trains and prepare for a move. This caused a general stir.

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Half an hour after an orderly handed the General another dispatch, which, being obscurely written in pencil, he asked me to decipher. It read substantially as follows:

"SECOND BRIDGE EAST OF STRASBURG,
"*May* 23, 7 *o'clock p.m.*

"GENERAL BANKS,—I was attacked this afternoon about four o'clock by three or four hundred cavalry and some infantry, who dashed upon me and attempted to burn the bridge. I have defended it successfully, with a loss of several killed and quite a number wounded. The enemy are close by, and will probably renew the attack in the morning. I would like to be reinforced. HUBBARD,
"Captain Commanding Post.

"Can you send me a surgeon immediately?"

The General observed, "There is a sensible, manly report." Orders were given to send a surgeon to the post forthwith. He then showed me the first report received. It was by telegraph from Winchester, given on the authority of a captain of the First Maryland Cavalry, who had escaped from Front Royal. He says that the whole force at that post is destroyed or taken. Colonel Kenley is dead, and all his field and staff officers captured. Jackson, at the head of twenty thousand men, was marching on Winchester. He had seen as many as ten thousand already across the Shenandoah when he left the field. This was astounding. Hatch had reported every thing quiet in our immediate front as far as Woodstock. I did not think Jackson would move his whole force so far up as Winchester, with M'Dowell on one flank and Fremont on the other, in position to cut him off. I concluded, therefore, that the attack on Front Royal was only a raid to destroy the railroad and capture the garrison and stores at the post. The affair at Passage Creek was a co-operative attempt to isolate Front Royal from Strasburg, to prevent reinforcement, and render the prize more secure. This must be the whole design of the movement, and there it would end. Else why at this hour, half past ten at night, are our unguarded telegraph lines intact? Why have we not already heard of the enemy's cavalry in our rear? Why has no mounted messenger or fugitive officer from a field only twelve miles distant brought us clear and reliable tidings of the fight? Why do we get the first and only information from Winchester, twenty-two miles distant from Front Royal, and eighteen from Strasburg? I expressed the decided opinion that this statement was a monstrous exaggeration, made by some one who left the field prematurely, and who had told this story as an apology for his haste. The officer in command at Winchester was ordered by telegraph to examine the person who brought this report more carefully. He replied that the statement was persistently repeated and maintained. I still insisted that it could not be true. The General, on the contrary, accepted it fully, and sent orders hastening the preparations for a move.

I here proposed that a reconnoissance should be pushed across toward Front Royal by the roads on the northern bank of the river. Captain Collis, of the body-guard, volunteered to take half a dozen dragoons and make the desired reconnoissance. His offer was accepted, and he started immediately. I favored a reconnoissance in force, but on account of the intense darkness it was thought unadvisable to put a large body in motion. They could neither find their own way nor observe an enemy. Meanwhile another telegram arrived from Winchester, giving the statement of another refugee. A Major of the Fifth New York Volunteer Cavalry says that his command had been all killed, taken, or dispersed, while he had remained some time concealed near the scene of action. He had seen the rebel force which crossed the river, estimated at five or six thousand, again fall back on Front Royal. He had also overheard some mounted men saying they intended only to scour the country for a few miles around, and then fall back to the town. As this story accorded with my theory I preferred to believe it. The General then went to bed, leaving me in charge of the head-quarters' office, desiring me to communicate the news received to the War Department at Washington, and to awaken him in case any important tidings arrived.

May 24, *Saturday.*—Clouds and rain. Soon after daylight this morning Captain Collis returned, reporting that he had seen the enemy in large force, with his baggage trains, moving toward Winchester on the Front Royal Road. As the country was hilly and generally covered with wood I thought he might easily have been deceived, and probably mistook a forage train with its guard for a large force. An orderly also came in, who stated that he had lost his way during the night, and had ridden for some distance with a rebel Staff officer, who boasted to him that Jackson and Ewell would certainly catch Banks, and be in Winchester the next day. As I had made up my mind not to believe any thing I also laughed at this fellow's story.

As soon as daylight was established a brigade of infantry, with artillery and cavalry, was ordered to move from Middletown by way of Cedarville to the fords opposite Front Royal. This force, after advancing about two miles, reported a large force of the enemy in their front. By ten o'clock A.M. all our trains were moving toward Winchester, their lines lengthened and impeded by the wagons of the numerous traders and refugees who had accumulated around Strasburg. At the same time volumes of flames and black smoke arising from the village announced the destruction of our extra army stores.

About half past ten the General and Staff took the road. Near Cedar Creek Bridge we saw our company of strolling players packing their trumpery in great haste and trepidation. Just as we were crossing the bridge we met one of our teamsters riding at full speed, hair flying, and eyes staring with terror. The General halted him, and was told that the head of the train had been seized by the enemy, who

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was formed in line of battle across our road about a mile ahead. At the same time several field-officers rode by, confirming the tidings. This was a shock, as I had to this moment been obstinately incredulous in regard to the enemy's being in force between us and Winchester. The present stampede seemed to establish the fact beyond a doubt. Indeed, I saw on the high ground near Middletown a body of men said to be the enemy's forces. The Staff had been scattered on various duties, and I rode forward with the General alone. We met sutlers' wagons, mounted teamsters, and bummers rushing frantically back toward Strasburg, while the regular army train stood still in the road, many of the teams deserted by their drivers. Rapidly summing up our position, I had manned myself for the crisis. I expected momentarily to hear the guns, and hoped that my fate would be what the French soldier calls "*La belle morte*," sudden and outright by ball or shell. There might be, perhaps, a chance of escape to the mountains westward. Surrender on any terms did not enter into my personal plans. Above all, I felt bitterly mortified at the total failure of my judgment, and filled with self-reproach at the thought that my obstinate and openly-expressed disbelief in the danger might have had some influence in delaying a movement upon which the safety of the army depended. The General's countenance I perceived was grave, but resolute. As I rode beside him he observed, "It seems we were mistaken in our calculations." Feeling this as a reproach for my persistent incredulity I only answered, "It seems so indeed." There was nothing more to be said, and we rode on toward Middletown in silence. The troops which appeared at that point were our own infantry, and there we found the wagon-master raging like a lion among his cowardly subordinates, driving them back to their wagons with his heavy whip and oaths of the first magnitude.

We learned here that the stampede had been caused by a dash made upon our ambulance train by about thirty rebel cavalry. In addition to our own sick we had in charge about a thousand invalids of Shields's Division, which stretched our train of ambulances to an inordinate length and scattered the guard in charge of it. This squad of cavalry had rushed in suddenly from a side road, killed one of the sick, and captured some others who were following afoot. They were easily driven off; and Colonel Knipe of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, with his regimental staff and orderlies, charged them, capturing one of their number.

An examination of this prisoner developed the fact that the cavalry on our flank belonged to Ewell's Division, although, as far as he knew, not more than three or four companies were hovering near our column, and the main body of the enemy still lay at Front Royal. Meanwhile our communications with Winchester remained uninterrupted, and every thing was reported quiet in the direction of Woodstock.

This was puzzling, and I began to recur to my former opinion. It seemed impossible that Jackson, with the force attributed to him, having opened the campaign with so vigorous and successful a blow, should permit our weak column, encumbered with so much coveted and needful spoil, to walk away intact and at its leisure. So we moved on, leaving Captain Abert, of the Topographical Engineers, and Captain Collis, with his Zouaves, to burn the Cedar Creek bridge after the rear-guard had passed.

At Newtown there was another demonstration made upon our line of march by a body of cavalry coming in from the right. We opened upon them with a section of artillery and easily drove them out of sight into the woods. At the same time there was a good deal of firing heard in the direction of Middletown. A short time after this had ceased information was received that our column had been attacked at Middletown by the enemy's cavalry with artillery, and that a portion of the baggage-train (about fifty wagons) and the rear-guard had been cut off.

Several mounted messengers had meanwhile been dispatched to Winchester with orders for the troops there to march out and support our advance. As none of these had returned it was surmised they might have been captured on the way by the enemy's scouting parties. Colonel Brodhead was therefore ordered to push forward with his regiment, to scour the road, and communicate with the town at all hazards. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. The day, which opened cloudy, had become clear and pleasant. We were within eight miles of Winchester, and had thus far seen no enemy except a light force of cavalry, which only menaced but dared not attack. I was utterly spent with fatigue and lack of sleep, so I pushed forward to Winchester alone, and on arriving met Colonel Brodhead. The Tenth Maine Infantry and two or three companies of the Provost guard, the only troops in the town, were under arms and prepared to support us in case of need. The Colonel said the Winchester folks had been cooking dinners and baking cakes all day to feast Jackson and his army, whom they confidently expected. We laughed heartily at their fatuity. I did not think the main force of the enemy had advanced beyond Front Royal. Their cavalry was annoying our flank and rear, hoping to ease us of some of our superfluous baggage, and to clean out a few of our sutlers and perambulating whisky-merchants, which I thought would be advantageous to both parties. For the rest, I had been on duty all the previous night. I must have sleep and repose at all hazards. So I took a bed at the Taylor House, requesting the Colonel to send an orderly for me in case any thing should occur.

May 25, *Sunday*.—Bright and pleasant. I

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awoke this morning with the consciousness of having enjoyed the most profound and refreshing sleep. As the house and streets seemed perfectly quiet I stretched and dozed again, and at length concluded to get up, take breakfast, and report at head-quarters to see whether the enemy still continued to annoy us. It was seven by the hotel clock when I went out; I had slept thirteen solid hours. I noticed some confusion about the house, and that there seemed to be no servants. I demanded breakfast of the landlord, who said, apologetically, that his negroes had all left, but they were trying to get something in the kitchen for us. I then inquired if there was any thing going on. He said there had been some cannonading on the hill toward Holliday's Mill, but that had ceased and he had heard of no particulars. Presently some breakfast was served, and I sat down with two or three of our surgeons, one or two quarter-master's assistants, and some non-commissioned army followers. None of these seemed to have the slightest idea that any thing important was going on, so that I took my rolls and coffee in that leisurely manner, and with that placidity of mind so especially recommended by writers on dietetics. As I was buttering my second roll a soldier entered and said to one of the officers, in a quiet, pleasant way, "Captain, they've driven our men off the hill." I finished my roll, paid my bill, and, taking my sabre from the office where I had deposited it, went out to the stable to order my mare, intending to ride out toward Kernstown to join the Staff, which I supposed would be in that direction.

I was surprised to find the stable deserted, tenantless, except by my mare, who whinnied as I entered. To my great disgust I found her all harnessed as I had left her the evening before, and from this concluded she had neither been fed nor rubbed. At this moment the hostler entered, and I commenced abusing him for neglecting my animal. He protested that he had fed her, and called my attention to her clean, sleek condition to prove she had not been otherwise neglected. Who, then, had saddled her and tied her to the stall ready for mounting?

"It was your servant, I think, Sir, a black boy named John."

"And where is John?"

"Don't know, Sir. Think he is run off with all the rest of the niggers—gone toward Martinsburg."

I was entirely bewildered, and led my steed to the stable-door preparatory to mounting. Across the way I saw a negro man with two or three women in the greatest trepidation, hustling some trunks and bundles into a light wagon. At this moment an officer, with whom I was acquainted, dashed by at speed, shouting, as he passed, "Mount, Captain, mount and ride for your life, you have not a moment to spare; they are in the town!" The rattle of musketry in close proximity clenched this recommendation. I mounted and trotted along the street behind the Taylor Hotel and down the cross street that leads to Main by the Farmer's Bank. A few infantry stragglers were hurrying along the sidewalks, at whom and myself a dozen or more shots were fired from windows and from behind fences.

On entering the main street I saw our troops moving at a quick step, and in some confusion, toward the Martinsburg road. The sidewalks were filled with stragglers, but the regiments kept their organization very fairly. Seeing Colonel Ruger's Third Minnesota Regiment coming up by Taylor's, I halted until it passed and then joined the Colonel. There was a sharp crackling of pistol-shots on every side from the houses and inclosures. Within six or eight paces of the Colonel and myself I observed a group of soldiers gathered to drink from the canteen of one who had just filled. As one of these men stooped to drink I heard a shot which appeared to come from the gate behind him, and only a few feet distant. The soldier clapped his hand to his side and fell into the gutter, where he lay struggling in the agonies of death. A short distance back I saw another man fall on the sidewalk, wounded, into the arms of a comrade—those around pointing up at the windows opposite, indicating that the shot had come from that quarter. An assistant surgeon showed me a bleeding wound in his horse's buttock from a pistol-shot fired from a house on one of the side streets. This murderous fusillade was evidently kept up by occupants of the town unconnected with the rebel army, the vanguard of which could be seen at the other end of the street, at least three-quarters of a mile distant. As we tarried to see the troops well up, I saw Colonel Gordon of the Second Massachusetts, and asked him why it was we were in retreat. He told me Jackson was on our heels, with between twenty and thirty thousand men—that our rear-guard at Middletown had been cut off, and was in all probability captured. He had been closely pressed from Newtown to Winchester, and on several occasions had been obliged to throw his brigade into squares to resist the persistent attacks of cavalry.

This morning about daylight our army, not over five thousand strong of all arms, had formed in order of battle, and with artillery and skirmishers held the enemy for about four hours. Jackson manœuvred and felt his way with great circumspection, remembering, no doubt, how severely he had burned his fingers in this neighborhood two months ago. One or two feeble attacks were easily repulsed, and with some loss to the enemy. At length, having apparently satisfied himself of our weakness, he displayed a line of battle, overlapping ours for half a mile on either flank and advanced slowly. Gordon says he counted twenty-seven battle-flags, representing as many regiments. At this exhibition of force several of our regiments faced about and left the field without orders. A general order to retreat speedily followed, and here we are.

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As we mounted the little ridge, the northern terminus of the main street, the scene was animated and exciting in the highest degree. For a mile ahead the open country toward Martinsburg was covered with our fugitive stragglers; horse and foot soldiers, refugees and camp followers, all "gitting" in the most approved style. Pouring out of every avenue from the town, marched our organized infantry in four short columns, with artillery in the intervals, and a column of cavalry covering either flank. Looking back upon the town, great clouds of flame and smoke were seen arising from the burning warehouses, which contained the military stores we could not move for want of transportation. Hurrying up the long street trooped a few of our stragglers and wounded, hoping to escape the advancing tide of the enemy's forces, which might be seen pouring in at the southern extremity of the town like a muddy torrent with the sunlight glittering on its turbid waves. As this panorama was essentially a moving one I did not dwell upon its grandeur, but, after one comprehensive glance, started down the Martinsburg road.

In an incredibly short time thereafter, as it appeared to me, I heard the crackle of musketry and the singing of bullets about my ears, and, looking back, saw the crest we had just left crowned by the enemy's infantry, who were hurrying up our rear-guard by a sharp fire. Presently a battery opened from the same point, and then for the first time I began to feel alarmed. At every shell that screamed and burst over their heads I could see our columns shake with a convulsive start, as of a single body. Their pace quickened, the number of stragglers increased, while knapsacks, overcoats, blankets, and even arms, were seen strown along the route. For several minutes it looked like the commencement of another Bull's Run panic. But the rising tremor was checked by a few sharp and animated words from the officers, and the troops again resumed their steady march. In the current of bummers that rushed by me at this time I remarked a fellow mounted on a horse hastily cut from some vehicle, with the harness still hanging upon him. A cannon-shot had plowed a furrow along the animal's rump so deep that a stout man might have covered his arm in the wound. He was making good speed notwithstanding; and, to my surprise, I saw the same horse in Martinsburg in the afternoon, doing as well as the rest, his wound nicely dressed with a coating of dust. Several miles out I overtook General Crawford, who, with drawn sword, was endeavoring to arrest the tide of stragglers. I joined him with a will, and a few moments after General Banks and Staff rode up. The General congratulated me on my safety, having given me up for lost. With the assistance of the Staff and escort he succeeded in rallying a troop of loose cavalry and several hundred infantry of various organizations, many of whom had thrown away their arms. A battery was also put in position, which fired a few shots, sensibly checking the enemy's pursuit. At the same time the sound of the guns came near putting our newly-rallied battalion to flight again.

In the vicinity of Stephenson's Dépôt we saw a body of cavalry approaching at full gallop from the direction of Charlestown. It was doubted for a moment lest the enemy was making an attempt upon our flank, but the loud cheers which hailed their arrival proved they were friends. Although these two companies made but a small addition to our numerical strength, their timely presence served to encourage the troops; and the long-continued and hearty cheering which followed their arrival had the effect, no doubt, of rendering the enemy's pursuit more cautious. Indeed, from this point all serious pursuit seemed to have ceased. Some cavalry, with a battery, hovered on our rear from Bunker's Hill to Martinsburg, firing a few shots occasionally at long taw, which served to drive up the stragglers, but scarcely hastened the march of the column. As we progressed this column was increased and encumbered by refugees from the surrounding country, who streamed in from every hamlet and cross-road, on foot, on horseback, and in every sort of vehicle known to the land. Among these were many respectable white citizens with their families, and such baggage as they could hastily collect. But the negroes were especially affluent. They had been told that, in revenge for their friendliness to the Yankee invaders, Jackson would kill them all when he came again. Whether they really believed this story in their cooler moments I doubt, but they had worked themselves into a general and irresistible panic. From the gray-haired sire to the apish pickaninny at the breast they thronged our line of March, blocking the road with their carts and loads of plunder. Whether on foot, on horseback, or on wheels, each negro had a "grab" of personal baggage, variously bestowed in a meal-bag, a pillow-case, or an old pair of breeches tied at the legs. Bundles they had from the capacity of a red cotton handkerchief to the voluminous circumference of a bed-cover. I remarked a girl carrying a fat baby in her arms, with another toddling after holding to her skirt, a plain sun-bonnet on her head, and a straw-hat ornate with flowers and ribbons firmly griped in her teeth. At every boom of the cannon this ebony column would leap as if struck by lightning. Down would go bundles, pillow-cases, bonnets, and babies, the proprietors starting at a full run, which continued until they were exhausted. Infants were not unfrequently abandoned by the way-side, where they lay squalling, until some soft-hearted soldier would gather up the little foundling and deposit it at the next house he passed. An uncommonly obese negress and a stout mulatto girl (her daughter, perhaps) were struggling and puffing along loaded with children in all the stages of infantile helplessness. There was some cannonading going on just as we passed

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'JORDAN IS A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL."

them, and they seemed about to drop from exhaustion, and at the same time half frantic with terror; tears were rolling down their fat, dust-covered cheeks, leaving little channels of mud in their course. The whites of their eyes and their chattering teeth seemed actually to have grown whiter from fright.

"O Lord, masters, save us! Please don't leave us behind! They gwine to kill us—they gwine to kill us!" The very simplicity of the prayer was touching. The General ordered an artillery officer to give them seats on a caisson.

For the rest, while the troops regarded them with no especial favor, they gave them no wanton abuse that I observed. But the exigencies of a moving army are remorseless. At every rough point in the road we found the vehicles of these poor fugitives thrust aside, broken, and overturned, their goods scattered, and the family weeping in despair, or abandoning all and joining the trailing column of pedestrians. At Bunker's Hill I saw a cart laden with a negro family thrust off the causeway at the mill-dam to make way for a battery. They had got into water so deep that it ran into the body of the cart, and the man was wading up to his breast trying to lead his frightened horse to land. The dame sat upon the apex of their plunder, with an innumerable family of younglings hanging to her, reminding one of a female opossum with her litter hanging to her tail. I left without witnessing the *dénouement* of this scene, and must confess that among graver duties and anxieties I spent a thought or two as to the fate of the poor frightened creatures. That the humane reader may be relieved I will anticipate. As I was nearing Williamsport that night I passed a cart-load of negroes who were singing, merrily, "Jordan is a hard road to travel." Drawing near I recognized my quondam acquaintances of the mill-dam, and learned, to my satisfaction, that, "as near as they could count," none had been drowned or lost by the way.

At Martinsburg we found our baggage and supply train arrived and parked for rest and refreshment. Every thing else was in a hubbub;

"While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, The foe! they come!
they come!"

There was a small Provost guard here, but neither soldiers nor citizens could give us any reliable information about any thing. The telegraph and railroad, as far as known, were both intact, but the operator had run off, carrying

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his machinery, and all the rolling stock of the road had been withdrawn toward Harper's Ferry. It was but half past one in the afternoon when we arrived, and the General had expressed his intention of halting here until further developments. Captain Scheffler and myself were sent forward to select a position, and agreed upon the high ground to the north of the town.

Meanwhile the enemy's artillery was again heard in the opposite direction; but it created no uneasiness, as we had by this time ascertained we were followed only by a portion of his cavalry, which we did not consider dangerous. We were, however, mortified and alarmed at the non-appearance of a brigade of infantry commanded by Colonel Donnelly. This officer, it seems, without orders or the knowledge of the commander, had, at Bunker's Hill, left the turnpike upon which the army was moving, and led his brigade by a somewhat obscure parallel road, running several miles to the right.

As this route was but little, if any, longer than the main highway, Donnelly should have arrived in town as soon as we, whose march was impeded by carts and wagons of the flying population. We had been in town an hour, and still heard nothing from him. The Michigan Cavalry Regiment had been sent out on the back road to meet him, but after proceeding several miles met the enemy's cavalry advancing. The regiment returned about four o'clock, not having been able to obtain any information of the missing brigade.

Thus weakened, and without any reliable information in regard to the condition of things at Harper's Ferry, the General concluded to send his trains to Williamsport, and establish a position behind the Potomac, where he might the more securely rest, refit, and collect his stragglers. While our remaining infantry were pretty well knocked up and thinned out by the fatigue and straggling incident to a long retrograde march, we still had several regiments able to show a fighting front, our sixteen guns were all safe, and the cavalry full as strong and in as good condition as that of the enemy. All the men and material which might be classed among the impedimenta being now *en route* for Williamsport, we took position north of the town, determined to wait for Donnelly to the last moment. During our sojourn of five hours the loyal ladies of Martinsburg were incessant in their hospitable attentions, distributing coffee, tea, and more substantial refreshments to all who needed them. Of the male citizens a number had already taken service in our army, and many others joined our train of refugees.

Passing out toward the Williamsport road the General halted in front of a large stone warehouse used as a commissary dépôt and filled with valuable stores.

He was about to have the building and its contents destroyed, as usual, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. But it being represented to him that the house belonged to a loyal citizen he determined to spare it, and throwing open the doors, told the inhabitants to help themselves—an order which was obeyed without much hesitation or reluctance. As we moved slowly along the turnpike a messenger overtook us with the gratifying information that Colonel Donnelly, with his command intact, was at Opequan Bridge, two miles and a half to our right. He had lost his way, and wandered several miles out of the direct route.

I happened to be acquainted with a by-road which led to his position, and a squadron of cavalry was immediately dispatched to open communication and bring him back to the highway.

Leaving the General and Staff awaiting the arrival of the strayed brigade, I rode forward with orders to Colonel Gordon to halt and take position at Falling Waters until the other troops came up. I overtook him near Hainesville, the scene of Jackson's skirmish with Patterson's advance last summer. Gordon, who had been with Patterson in that campaign, recognized the ground, although now seen by starlight. He said any attempt to execute the order received would be futile. His brigade, which had kept its organization fairly during the day as long as there was any danger to be apprehended from an enemy, had, since it left Martinsburg, and with the approach of darkness, dissolved into a current of straggling individualities, moving in the same direction, and actuated by the common idea of reaching the terminus of their thirty-six miles' march.

I had begun to suffer seriously from exhaustion, when I proposed to Doctor King (the medical director), with whom I was riding, that we should halt at a way-side cottage and discuss the contents of my saddle-pockets, which had been filled by my kind friends in Martinsburg. A bottle of wine and some sandwiches were developed and disposed of, and we took the road again, refreshed and invigorated. Passing rapidly over the remaining distance we at length emerged from the wood overlooking the Potomac River at Williamsport. Here was a scene of animated and picturesque confusion. On the open slopes and along the margin of the river blazed a hundred camp-fires, illuminating a chaos of vehicles, animals, and human beings all jumbled in apparently inextricable entanglement. Here soldiers of all arms and organizations mixed with civilians, refugees, and negroes, of all ages and varieties. The ponderous army trains and batteries blocked up the highway in double and treble lines, while the lighter carts, wagons, buggies, and coaches were scattered far and wide where they could find a level or sheltered position.

Threading our way carefully through this multitude, at each moment I heard my name called with a cheery salute, for I was here among my own people—Virginians all—the loyal and the true; for, if the eastern and southern portions of the State had tamely submitted to being kicked into rebellion by the overbearing myr-

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LOWERING THE FLAG.

midons of the cotton oligarchy, Berkeley, my native county, had never bowed the knee to Baal. The stubborn and defiant spirit of her people had never quailed before either the political or military executors of treason. These, enraged at the persistent defiance of their cause, revenged themselves by a sobriquet representing in their vocabulary the concentrated essence of all opprobrium. They called Martinsburg "Little Massachusetts." Instead of feeling insulted, the citizens had sense enough to accept this compliment to their spirit, their patriotism, and their civilization. Martinsburg was at this time represented in the United States Navy by Commodore Charles Boarman, Commander N. B. Harrison, Surgeon F. M'Sherry, and Midshipman Harry Pendleton, and had also furnished quite a number of officers and men to the army. Better than all, the *élite* of her society and lovely women wore the Union colors.

The closing scene of our occupation of Martinsburg to-day must not be forgotten. Late in the afternoon, when the last of our cavalry had left the town, it was perceived that the National flag which belonged to the citizens still floated from the tall flag-staff in the public square. The army was gone, and the men had followed the army, so the flag was left alone to hold the town against the enemy, who were waiting outside, and dared not enter until assured it was evacuated. Presently a mournful procession of women and children appeared moving toward the square, with bowed heads, wringing of hands, and tears.

Loosing the halyards they lowered the emblem of their hopes and pride, folding it with a solemn tenderness as though it were a shroud enwrapping the body of a dead friend. A boy on horseback receives the sacred charge from trembling hands, while eager voices bid him speed to save the flag from insult. Even at the moment, the rising dust-clouds give notice of the foe's advance. The bold urchin hugs the bunting with a nervous clasp, and digs his bare heels into his horse's ribs. They follow him with their hearts and eyes until he clears the limits of the town and disappears in the direction of Williamsport. The messenger reached the retreating army in safety.

On nearing the river bank I found our Chief Quarter-master, Captain Holabird, and his assistants, laboring with intelligent energy to effect the transportation of this motley mass of men and material to the Maryland shore. The river is here about four hundred yards wide, and fordable in ordinary stages of water. To-night its current was swollen and rapid, quite beyond the usual fording point, although some of our dragoons who rode tall and strong horses had crossed over safely. Mr. Thayer Abert, of the Topographical Engineers, had with great skill and energy succeeded in stretching a cable from shore to shore, and rigged a flying ferry, which was now in full success, crossing the sick and wounded.

It worked admirably, but its capacities were necessarily so limited, in view of the vast accumulation on the Virginia shore, that we turned away hopeless.

At the entrance of the fording there were several baggage wagons swamped, the water pouring over the tops of their wheels, while the teamsters and guards were cutting the harness and endeavoring to extricate the struggling and braying mules. This was not encouraging. Neither, as I circulated among the wagons and camp-fires on the bank, were any comfortable ideas suggested by the prospect of a damp and chilly bivouac. Here were thousands of men, women, and children, white and black, wandering like dreary souls on the shores of Styx, seeking a resting-place and finding none. Fortunately there was no panic among this crowd, and folks, seeing the impossibility of crossing, generally resigned themselves to necessity, providing such food and lodging for their families as could be had, or making up their minds to forego both until the dawning of a happier day. However, the situation was not accepted by all with equal patience and equanimity. There were growlings and complainings and cursings loud and deep, murmurings and bewailings in shriller tones, but always from grown people. Here, as elsewhere, it seemed that true wisdom had been revealed unto babes rather than the "wise and prudent." These little bald-headed

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sages, with one consent, had gone to sleep sucking their thumbs.

The experience of a life that has known many vicissitudes can suggest nothing better under the circumstances, and I would fain follow their example. Yet, alas! where is the tender and faithful mother upon whose breast we of the bronzed cheeks and grizzled beards may lay our heads, even for a little while, to forget our weariness and responsibilities?

These enfeebling and unsoldierly reflections were suddenly rebuked by a voice that recalled the war in all its grimness. A tall, broad-chested, hirsute, leather-lunged fellow rode up to a party huddled round a neighboring fire, and, with a preface of roaring blasphemies, thus addressed them: "Git up here, I say, ye d—d ignominious lazy hounds! Them mew-ils be a drounding, and you a settin' here a-suckin' of yer thumbs!"

This discourse clearly indicated the wide difference between the duties of an old soldier and the proprieties of a juvenile civilian. So, shaking myself and stretching my stiffening limbs, I again approached the river bank. Seeing Colonel Gordon, with a group of officers around him, I proposed we should try the hazard of the river, and being well acquainted with the ford, offered to lead the way.

The proposal was favorably received; but I did not see fit, like Cassius, "to plunge in accoutred as I was." Distrusting the deep and powerful current, and the light weight of my mare, I prepared for all emergencies by unbuckling my sabre and revolver and hanging them to my saddle-bow. My heavy cavalry boots were also vacated and tied on behind. I was now light enough to try a buffet with the river on my own hook in case my monture was swept away. Calling on my friends to follow, I started down the bank, and was presently churning in an eddy among tangled wagons, harness, and dead mules. Rearing forward, my mare cleared these impediments by plunging into water which swept over her back and brought her to a swim for a short distance. At length she gained a footing, but so rocky and deep that at every step she wavered and stumbled, once going under until the water reached my arm-pits. Floundering along in this way I at length got to the middle of the river, when I perceived a dragoon, on a tall, strong horse, following me. I waited until he came abreast, and made the rest of the distance riding under the lee of his stout animal, which broke the force of the current. It was with feelings of great satisfaction that I heard the clatter of my mare's hoofs in the shallow water on the Maryland side. There was a large beacon fire burning here to direct those who crossed by the ford. Looking back I perceived my friends had not followed, so I rode directly to the hotel. The first man I met was Colonel Clarke, of the Staff, just from Washington. He told me that orders had been sent to M'Dowell and Fremont which would throw at once forty thousand men on Jackson's rear. That was a soporific, and now "blessed be the man that invented sleep."

IF I WERE RICH.

If I were rich, like some folks I know,
Who think themselves wondrously grand,
First of all I would purchase a costly ring
For my darling's snow-white hand;
A circle of gold for her fair young head,
With jewels to twine in her hair,
And a necklace of pearls for this queen of girls
Round her swan-like throat to wear.

I would build her a bower in some sunny nook,
Where no trace of gloom should come;
There the birds would warble their sweetest lays,
And the honey-bee would hum;
The nightingale's song would lull her to sleep
In the night which is sacred to love,
And at dawn of day her soul would awake
With the voice of the wooing dove.

All round and over the fragrant porch
Should the honey-suckle bloom,
And about the casement the clambering rose
Would scatter its sweet perfume;
There she should dwell, this queen of girls,
With a jewel in each little ear,
And if wealth could save her across her face
Never shadow of grief should appear.

If I were rich I would buy great ships,
And send them over the sea,
And close by the shore I would watch and wait
Till my ships came home to me:
Breadths of satin and shining silks,
With plumes from the ostrich's wing,
And cloth of India, woven fine,
My home-bound ships would bring.

If I were rich, then these attic walls
Would blossom with tapestry gay;
And the lingering hours, that so weary seem,
Would speed on swift wings away.
But alas for me, how often I fear,
In these cold methodic times,
That little of profit and little of praise
Will come from my idle rhymes!

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TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND SPIDERS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE has just left me a deputation of spiders from an island near Charleston, South Carolina, who announced themselves as the representatives of an indefinite number of their eight-legged kindred, and as empowered by them to present to me, first, an indignant remonstrance, and, second, an earnest request. The former on account of certain histories of another kind of spider from Long Island, wherein a single paragraph only was devoted to the remonstrants, while the appearance, habits, and uses of the other species were described with care and minuteness; which favoritism, they averred, was unjust, inasmuch as they could prove my opinion once was, that the James Island spider was very interesting and would be very useful; but that, after having paid them much attention and given them reason to anticipate high distinction, I had, all at once and for no reason whatever, discarded them entirely and occupied myself exclusively with the other species.

Of all this, by no means so mildly put in the original, I could make no denial; and simply offered them a bit of worldly wisdom, to the effect that it would have been more politic to have first made their "earnest request," after the granting of which (in case it was granted) their "indignant remonstrance" would have done them no harm, whereas now, a single stamp of my foot could easily demolish their entire embassy.

At this one of them laid his fore-foot aside of the place where his nose should have been (for spiders lack that organ of sense, though whether they smell or not is another and mooted question), snapped his ugly jaws, and said:

"Yes, we expected some such answer, and are prepared to say that if our request is denied, as will be inferred if we do not return within a certain time, then our whole nation will assemble, declare war against your precious silk spider, cross the creek on floating wood and fishermen's boats, and, with our overwhelming numbers, speedily destroy the entire population of Long Island."

To which threat I calmly replied that, if they did so, no great harm would follow; for, in the first place, the *Nephila plumipes*, so far from being confined to Long Island, as was at first supposed, is found upon other parts of the Southern coast; as, for instance, at New Orleans, in Louisiana, and on St. Simon's Island, Georgia; and, in the second place, as I already possessed a sufficient number for scientific purposes, the extinction of the whole race would injure, not me who had nothing to do with the silk beyond demonstrating the possibility of obtaining it, but rather the business men, with whom it rested to develop the matter in a practical point of view.

This put the subject in a new light before my excited friends, and, after some deliberation, they asked my pardon for their vehemence, begged to be at once sent back to their homes, and trusted to my generosity and sense of what was due to them, after the expectations raised by my first investigations upon them, for the performance of what they had been instructed to demand—namely, to write a little account of them, to let the biggest and handsomest one sit for her portrait, and to make pictures of their webs and cocoons, just as had been done for the silk spider. All which they seemed to think was a very easy matter—as easy, perhaps, as for them to spin a web. So I suggested that they must not adopt the recent teachings of philosophical anatomy so literally as to conclude, because the two ends of the body had been shown to be repetitions of each other in opposite directions, that there was no difference at all between them. The poet Southey knew better than that, when he said to a spider of his day: "You your bowels spin, I spin my brains;" by which he evidently intended should be conveyed the idea that spinning a web was one thing, and elaborating a discourse quite another. Besides, I added, even if I am willing to prepare such a history, it by no means follows that other people will care to read it; they may say that they have heard enough of spiders for the present. To which the spiders answered they were very sure that spiders were not all alike, that between them and the Long Island species were great and remarkable differences, and that there was plenty more to be said about even them.

All this I was forced to admit; for the result of all the attention I had bestowed upon the *Nephila plumipes* was, that, for one question to be settled when I began, twenty now suggested themselves for future inquiry.

So I yielded, and here is the promised history of the *James Island Spiders*. I must first,

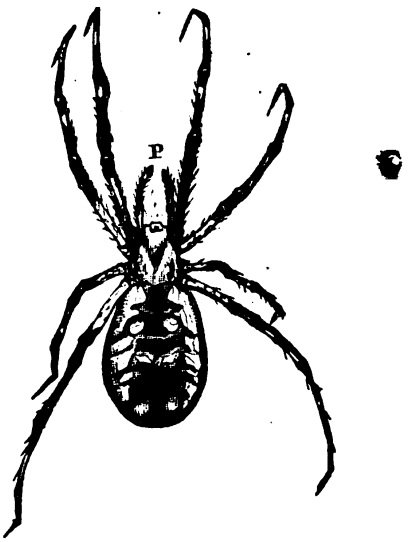


FIG. 1.—James Island Spider (Epeira riparia). Female.—P. Palpi, or Feelers.

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however, premise to the readers, what ought to have been urged to the subjects, of these memoirs, that they do not represent a *finished* investigation even to the small extent which could be claimed for the one they wished it to emulate; for, though at one time I was much interested in these spiders, yet the observations were made in the field, and at irregular intervals, and were twice totally interrupted—first, by the death of all the young; and afterward, by the discovery that the old ones were by no means well fitted for the project of obtaining silk. But, so far as they go, the observations are correct; the conclusions are, I trust, not far out of the way; and both may, perhaps, serve as hints to others in the further investigation of this and kindred branches of Natural History.

I.

To render what follows more intelligible to those who have not heard of the *Nephila plumipes*, I will briefly recapitulate the circumstances which led me to observe the spiders of James Island.

On the 19th of August, 1863, I found a female *Nephila plumipes* on Folly Island, South Carolina, and was led to draw silk from her body—to the extent of one hundred and fifty yards. During the following summer and autumn great numbers of the same spider were found on Long Island, and their silk obtained by various means and in various forms. Still there was no idea of the discovery ever proving of any practical value until February, 1865, when it was suggested to me to ascertain how much silk could be got from one spider, and to what extent it was possible to obtain and rear the insects themselves.

This I readily undertook, for the investigation not only opened a rich and hitherto unexplored field of scientific research, but, if successful, would supply work and means of subsistence to the freedmen, whose steadily-increasing number on the sea islands was already giving concern to the General Government.

During my absence from the regiment (the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts infantry) Charleston had been evacuated, and it naturally occurred to me that among other good results of this was that of removing obstructions in the way of further inquiries respecting spiders' silk; but so far from this, it soon appeared that Long Island, at least, was even more difficult of access from Charleston than from Folly Island, where we had passed so many months of careful watching against the attack of men who, knowing better than we the peculiar character of South Carolina mud, not only never undertook to cross it, but were on several occasions greatly astonished when the desperate Yankees, smeared to their knees with mud, suddenly appeared at the wrong side of their supposed impassable swamps.

But that our own opinion of their quality had some foundation will appear from the experiments make by General Gillmore to determine the practicability of placing a small work (afterward well known as the "Swamp Angel" Battery) upon the marsh between Morris and James islands, at a point which, prior to the capture of Fort Wagner, was the nearest within our lines to the city of Charleston. A trial platform four feet square, and made of three-inch plank, was evenly loaded with sand-bags; but when the weight of these amounted to nine hundred pounds upon a square foot it suddenly capsized, and many of the bags, weighing eighty-five pounds each, were buried out of sight in the mud, which here was *only* twelve feet in depth, but in most places ranged from eighteen to twenty-three feet. In addition to this information, which is contained in the official report of General Gillmore, there was, at the time the battery was made, a report current among those who were employed upon it, that the requisition for necessary materials sent in by the engineer officer detailed to superintend the work asked, among other things, for a certain number of men eighteen feet high.

But to return to my subject:—On the 14th of March, 1865, I found the regiment encamped at a place called Rickersville, on the Cooper River, just outside the city of Charleston. From the great numbers of spiders upon Long Island there was every reason to suppose they existed every where in the vicinity; but a search in the woods revealed no spiders—which perhaps was not strange at that season; and a strict inquiry among the residents elicited only the negative information that no such things had ever been seen by them. We were soon afterward removed to James Island, and located near Wappoo Creek; and here too was no trace of the spiders themselves, but on the 21st of the same month, while riding over the island toward Fort Pringle, I found in a bush by the road-side a little brown, pear-shaped bag, hung between the twigs by strong silken lines. (Fig. 2.) Without the least idea of what it was (for at that time I knew little of spiders), I opened it, and, to my astonishment, there tumbled out little spiders, not half the size of a pin's-head, with fat, round bodies and short legs, looking

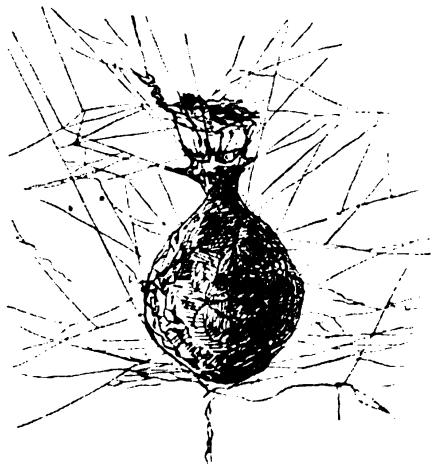


Fig. 2.—Cocoon of Epeira riparia.

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—as they swung down, each at the end of a silken rope (as in Fig. 12)—wonderfully like a lot of newly-hatched chickens hung by their tails. To count them was impossible; but there were evidently several hundreds in the cocoon, all huddled together in a living mass, but keeping pretty quiet unless their house was disturbed, when the outer ones would swing off—always, however, attaching a silken thread by which they could return to their companions. The cocoon itself was made of silk, very closely woven, and apparently varnished over with gum, so as to make a smooth and stiff outer layer, which could be separated from an inner layer of a more fibrous and open texture; but the most remarkable feature of this cocoon was its stem, or *pedicel;* this, like all the rest, was made of silk, but spun very closely in layers, or laminæ, narrow, and hollowed out at one end, to form the head and neck of the pedicel (Fig. 3, A), but much wider at the other, forming a

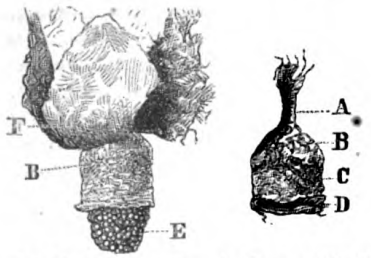


FIG. 3.—Interior of Cocoon.—A, Stem of Pedicel.—B, Base of Pedicel.—C, Hollow Curtain of Silk.—D, Upper Plate.—E, Eggs.—F, Walls of Cocoon turned back.

broad base (Fig. 3, B), the whole looking very much like an inverted mushroom. In the entire cocoon only the head and neck of the pedicel are visible, the base being covered by the body of the cocoon, which fits closely around the neck of the pedicel like a bag (Fig. 3, F). It would appear, then, that the pedicel is spun first, and firmly suspended between twigs by strong silken lines, attached principally to its upper edge, which, as was said, is cup-shaped; the pedicel would now serve as a point of attachment for the rest of the structure, and it was easy to see that the body of the cocoon had been spun around its neck so as to be supported by it.

But the cocoon contained something more than the spiders. In the first place, there was a mass of reddish-brown silk, very loosely packed, in the meshes of which was ample space for the movements of the infant spiders; this loose silk filled the cocoon, and, on close examination, was seen to consist of two or more layers (often differing slightly in color), loosely attached above to the edge of the base of the pedicel, which projected a little way into the cocoon (Fig. 3, B); then there were two little flat plates, the upper one of which (Fig. 3, D) was inverted, and as wide as the base of the pedicel, to the edge of which it was suspended by a hollow cylinder, or curtain, of silk (Fig. 3, C), about one-third of an inch wide; the lower plate seemed to have no definite attachment—its concavity looked upward toward the first, while between and upon them were numerous little white scales, evidently the shells of the eggs of the newly-hatched spiders; to complete the table of contents, there were found scattered here and there, in the meshes of the silk, little filmy bits which, under the microscope, proved to be the empty skins, or exuviæ, of the spiders, who it seems wear closely-fitting garments, and, like caterpillars, can increase in size only by throwing off the outer skin, under which is a new and softer one, which expands for a time, and is then, in like manner, discarded for a third, and so on until the insect has completed its growth.

From what I saw in this first cocoon (and, never having succeeded in observing this spider deposit her eggs, I am none the wiser now), I inferred that, after the pedicel is made, the spider suspends from the edge of its base the upper plate, against the lower and concave side of which she deposits her eggs; for this purpose, judging from the habit of other geometrical spiders, she hangs by her legs, back downward, and presses the under side of her body up against the plate to which the eggs (Fig. 3. E), as they are excluded from the transverse fissure at the front part of the abdomen, adhere by means of a glutinous fluid with which they are covered; she then spins the second plate to fit as a cap over the lower side of the eggs, and then, over the whole, two or more layers of loose silk which she pulls out of her spinners with her hind-legs; this done, she spins a more compact layer, which is carried a little way over the edge of the pedicel, and, finally, envelops the whole in a firm tissue like thin brown paper, which is quite stiff and crackles when bent, and serves, in some degree at least, to keep out water; and then, having done her part toward the perpetuation of her race, I presume she goes about her ordinary business; for, although many spiders, especially those that live on the ground (*Lycosa*, *Dolomedes*, etc.), carry the cocoon in their jaws or attached to the spinners, and exhibit such solicitude for it and the young spiders (which have been known to be carried for weeks on their mother's back) as to almost atone for their usual ferocity, yet most of the garden spiders (*Epeiridæ*) seem to exercise no care over their offspring after the eggs are laid; and, indeed, with most species, the latter are not hatched till after the death of the parents.

This first cocoon was soon joined by others, and by the 25th of the month I had about fifty, containing at least twenty thousand young spiders—all alive and vigorous, but packed away in so small a compass that a good-sized carpet-bag would readily contain a million of them. By this time it was evident that no full-grown specimens of the *Nephila plumipes* were to be found on James Island; but in view of their abundance on Long Island the year before, it was very natural to conclude that these little

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ones, so plenty on an island separated from it only by a marsh—and at one point, by a creek but a few yards in width, were the young of the spider I sought.

At all events it could not be denied that the cocoons were the production of some large spider; and this was sufficient reason for giving them some attention. But before speaking further of them, and of certain other mysterious occupants of their silken domiciles, let us understand the use of the word *cocoon* in connection with spiders, and see if we can draw any absolute distinction between it and the cocoon of ordinary insects—I say *ordinary* insects, for the class *Insecta* is now considered by Agassiz and Dana to include not only the *Hexapods* or insects proper, having six legs, and generally, though not always, wings, but also the *Arachnida* or spiders, scorpions (Fig. 4), and mites

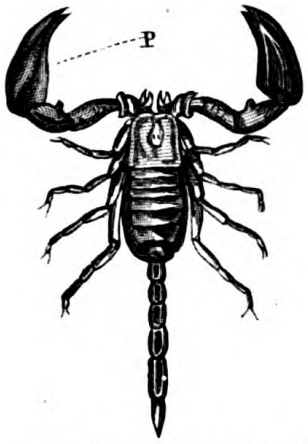


Fig. 4.—Scorpion.—P. Palpus (enlarged and modified so as to resemble a lobster's claw).

with eight legs and no wings, and the *Myriapoda* or centipedes and many-legged worms; and, indeed, setting aside the absence of wings, which are also lacking in certain unquestionable insects (the flea tribe), and the presence of a fourth pair of legs, which distinction, however, would, if admitted, require us to make a separate order also for certain unquestionable spiders (Fig. 5) (the *Mygalidae* or trap-door species, whose palpi have the form of legs). There

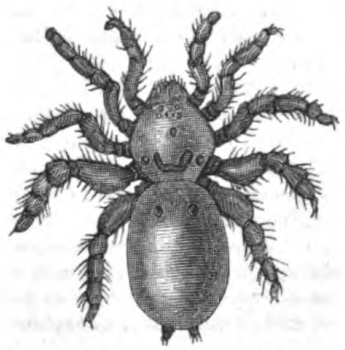


Fig. 5.—Mygale (a Spider which makes a hole in the earth, closed by a trap-door, which she holds down with her long palpi).

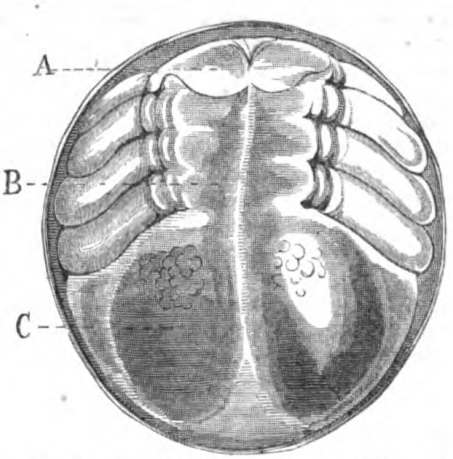


Fig. 6.—Very young Spider in the Egg (*Pholcus opilionoides*), showing three regions of the body.—A, Head; B, Thorax; C, Abdomen.

is no more reason for excluding spiders from the class of insects than Linnæus had for ranking the whale among the fishes before it was shown that the cetacea are warm-blooded, air-breathing animals, and bring forth living young, and are, therefore, entitled to a place in the same class with man himself.

The great naturalist was, no doubt, confirmed in his error by the fish-like shape of the whale; it seemed to have no neck, and its limbs looked like fins; but dissection showed that its so-called fin was a five-fingered hand, and that, although there *seemed* to be no *neck*, yet the shoulder-blade was not attached to the back of the skull as in fishes, but to the side of the chest, leaving a distinct cervical region between the shoulder and the head. In like manner, great stress has always been laid upon the fact of spiders having no neck; and only two regions in the body instead of three, as with ordinary insects; but a glance at the embryo spider before it leaves the egg (Fig. 6) shows that at this early stage of development the head (A) and chest (B) are distinctly mapped out as separate regions, and that only at a later period are they soldered together by a horny covering or shield, somewhat as the *carapace* of the tortoise brings together as one region the chest, abdomen, and pelvis of that reptile.

Admitting, then, that our spiders are insects just as truly as the beetle or butterfly, only holding a lower rank than they, and standing intermediate between them and the *Myriapoda*, let us see whether the silken envelope of the spiders' eggs has an equal right to the title commonly applied to the larva case of a lepidopterous insect. This of itself would be very naturally taken as a sufficient reason for giving a different name, that the one is spun by the mother spider as a covering for her eggs, while the other is made by the caterpillar for a shelter during its season of helpless inactivity before its final appearance as the butterfly or moth. But it is a first principle in Natural History that the *use* and *shape* of an object have nothing what-

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ever to do with its scientific name. If it had, we should be obliged, from its shape, to call the elephant's tusk an *eye-tooth*, whereas its position in the jaw shows it to be only a *front-tooth*, modified in form for a special purpose; a better distinction would be, that the cocoon of the caterpillar is begun at the *outside* and finished *within*, while that of the spider is begun within, at the mass of eggs, and is completed by the outermost envelope: in brief, the one is made *centripetally*, the other *centrifugally*; but even this can not be laid down as an absolute rule, for the little hunting spiders (*Saltici*, etc.), when about to lay their eggs, first construct a silken tube which is made from without inward, and serves them as a retreat wherein they can stay, and, for a time at least, watch over their eggs, which are deposited in a separate cocoon inside of it; so that it might be imagined that some spider should spin from without inward a bag open at one part, through which she could enter and lay her eggs and afterward close up; and, indeed, it may be said that the *Nephila plumipes* combines the two methods, by first drawing out from her body with her hind legs a quantity of silk, matting it together in the form of a soft hemispherical cushion, which she attaches to the lower side of a leaf; against this she lays her eggs, she being then in the centre of an imaginary sphere, of which the cushion would form a part of the periphery, and this first step in the process is *centripetal*; but she completes her work *centrifugally* by spinning a second cushion upon the lower side of the mass of eggs, and finally covering the whole with silk.

You say, then, it is granted that the cocoons of the spider and of the caterpillar are both made of silk, and that they may be constructed in the same manner; but is not the chemical nature of spider's silk different from that of caterpillar's silk; and even if this is not the case, is not one always evolved from the *head*, the other from the *tail* of the insect? This latter consideration seems, at first, an important one, and a sufficient ground of distinction; for what can be more unlike than the two ends of the body? In one sense they are, or may be, very unlike, as in common insects, and even in spiders; but, except that it would lead me too far, I could show that, however dissimilar they may be in appearance and in the functions which they perform, the two ends of the body, whether of insect, of quadruped, or of man himself, are essentially repetitions of each other in opposite directions, like the right and left sides, the two sides of a crystal, the north and south poles of a magnetic bar; and that the difference usually observed is always the result of a specialization of parts for particular functions, which does not exist in the lower forms, nor in the early stages of growth of the higher ones. Cut a centipede across the middle of its length, and not only will the two halves bear a wonderful resemblance to each other, but they will readily travel off in opposite directions; with this difference only, that, as the eyes are in the head, the front half will go *around* an obstacle, while the hinder part will run against it and stop. But that is nothing; for some worms have eyes near the tip of the tail: they are the ferry-boats, the "double-enders;" while the higher forms undergo a greater change at one end of the body, so as to move much more readily in one direction, like the better class of vessels. But even the higher insects must attain their perfection by slow degrees, while in this figure of an embryo spider (Fig. 7) few could decide which end is to be-

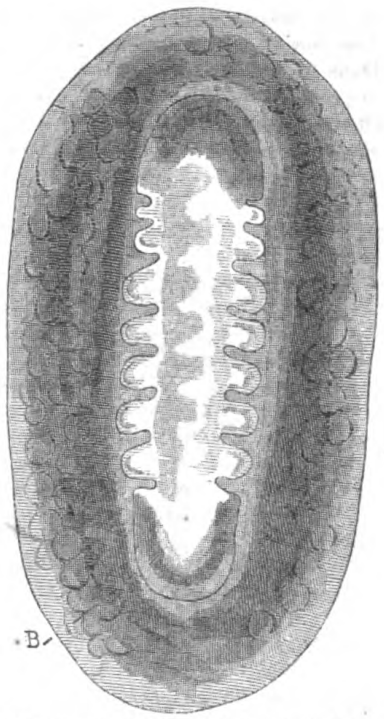


FIG. 7.—The same as in Fig. 6; but at an earlier period, and as if flattened out.—A, Head.—B, Tail.

come the head, and which the tail of the insect. The difference between the two ends of the body is, then, not sufficient to warrant our denying a common nature to the substances produced from them. And the distinction vanishes entirely when we learn that the larva of the ant-lion (*Myrmeleon*) spins silk from the hinder end of the body, and that the great water-beetle also envelops her eggs in a cocoon of silk from the same region.

The second question, which is really of more consequence, whether the two silken materials are identical in composition, may be, on good authority, answered in the affirmative. The only other consideration is, that ordinary silk is a single fibre, while the spider's thread is often made up of two or more strands, each of which is again composed of many filaments of exceeding fineness; but *size* and *shape* are of no importance, and so the unit of the spider's thread is a single fibre, as with that spun by the caterpillar.

It would seem then that, having yielded to

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spiders the *inch* of admission into the class of Insecta, they claim the *ell* of having the covering of their eggs called by the same name as that wonderful shroud of a caterpillar, from which is got the precious material, once worth its weight in gold, and still an appurtenance of wealth and luxury. And why not? It is reported by travelers that the inhabitants of the Bermudas, and the Indians in Paraguay, make thread of spiders' silk. More than a hundred and fifty years ago Le Bon, of France, experimented with the cocoons of certain spiders, which, having been carded, were woven into gloves and stockings, which were laid before the French Academy, and made the subject of an elaborate report by Réaumur.

This great entomologist seems to have been somewhat prejudiced against Le Bon's project, and not only stated the objections in the strongest possible manner, but committed serious errors in his estimates and calculations. Nevertheless, so potent was his authority that nothing more was heard of spiders' silk until, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, a Spaniard, named Raimondo Maria de Termeyer, made some investigations upon this matter, and in 1777 and 1778 published two memoirs in Italian periodicals of that time, and afterward, about 1810, at Milan, a little book in the Italian language, entitled "Ricerche e Sperimenti Sulla Seta dé Ragni," in which, after describing his own experiments, he points out the errors, and, to a great extent, refutes the arguments of Reaumur. How many copies of this book were printed I do not know; but Mr. Blackwall, of England, the highest English authority on spiders, has never seen one, nor does the work seem to have been known in this country until, at the sale of the library of the Baron de Walckenaer in 1853, a copy, bearing, as a great rarity, an autograph letter of presentation to the Baron, by Mons. de Béarne, was purchased in Europe by the Superintendent of the Astor Library in New York. Here it seems to have remained unnoticed up to the spring of 1866, when my attention was called to it. And then as soon as possible it was translated and published in the Proceedings of the Essex Institute, of Salem, Massachusetts, both as a most interesting and valuable contribution to the scanty literature of the subject, and as an example of the coincidences which from time to time occur between the experiments and conclusions of different investigators in distant parts of the world, and, as with the discovery by computation of the planet Leverrier, even at the same time. The present instance is the more remarkable from the almost entire oblivion, during more than half a century, of the name and fame of one who "had been occupied for more than forty years" with a matter which has always received especial attention in Italy and France.

Since then there has come to my notice a vague newspaper account of some similar experiments recently made at Vienna; and, perchance, we shall some day be informed that the idea of reeling silk from living spiders originated with, and was adopted by, some citizen of the Celestial Empire hundreds or thousands of years ago. But of this it is clear that neither Le Bon nor Termeyer had any knowledge. The former devoted himself to the cocoons of the spiders; but the Spaniard, in addition to this, after trying in vain to unwind the thread of a cocoon, as is done with the cocoon of the silk-worm, "made an observation which guided him to a more fortunate experiment." Let him relate it in his own words:

"But I made at that time another observation, which guided me to a more fortunate experiment. I saw that when the spider *diadema* took an insect it drew out from the spinner placed at the extremity of the abdomen some large threads, and enveloped it in a brilliant white web formed at the instant, and so strong that the insect, although sometimes it was a black beetle or a grasshopper, lost all motion. From this I argued that if I could have drawn similar threads I should have had a strong and beautiful silk. I succeeded, in fact, holding the spider by the corselet and touching the spinner, in drawing the silk; but I saw that by contracting the spinner, and, yet more, by grappling with the long legs behind, he soon cut the thread. I could hardly remedy the contraction of the spinner, but I found a remedy for the second inconvenience by placing the spider so that it could not touch the extremity of the abdomen (Fig. 8). This is the little contrivance which I devised: In a piece of cork (*a*) I made a small cavity, and a hollow place of nearly equal size in a sheet of tinned iron (*b*), about an inch wide, to which were soldered two iron pins or wires (*c c*), which were introduced into the cork. Upon this the spider was placed so that the sheet of iron, falling between the corselet and

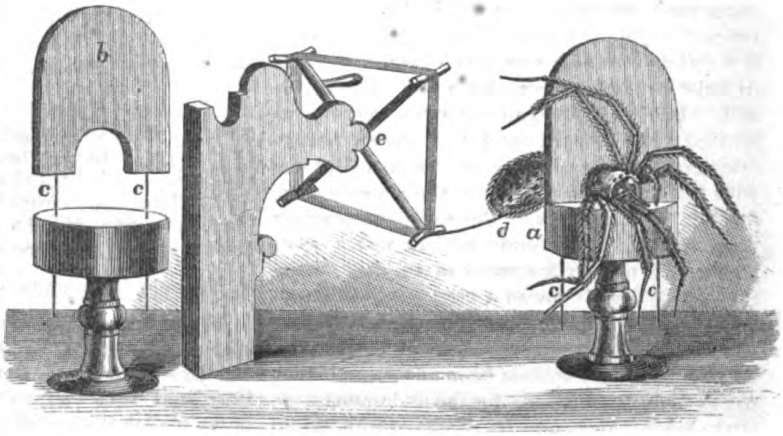


FIG. 8.—Termeyer's Reel.

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the abdomen, held him secure in that place, so that he could not extend his legs behind, as is seen in the illustration.

"I have also found a method by which I can easily take the silk or allow it to be drawn from the spinner. I present a fly to him; he takes it quickly with the palpi, and turns it over as if he would envelop it. I raise the abdomen, and at the first touch he opens the spinner (*d*) and permits an abundance of silk to pass out. I then attach the end of silk to a little reel four and a half inches in diameter, with cylindrical arms of glass, which I slowly turn, and wind the silk of the spider like that of the cocoon. If, by the caprice of the spider, or for any other reason, the thread is broken, I again attach it as is done with the silk of the silk-worm drawn from the cocoon immersed in warm water. I have wound upon the same small reel a band of spider's silk, and a similar band of the silk of the silk-worm. The comparison shows evidently how much more brilliant and beautiful the first is than the second; so bright that it appears more like a polished metal or mirror than like silk."

Besides many more experiments and conclusions so wonderfully like those which, without the least knowledge of what had been done by either him or Le Bon, have been made by myself during the past three years, that, were not the past history of our science almost as important as its present or future, I should have been tempted to christen the translation after a story which appeared some years ago—"My Double, and how he Undid Me." But the naturalist who willfully conceals the labors of others lest they should appear to lessen the originality of his own investigations deserves not the title of student and interpreter of Nature.

It was now desirable to ascertain whether the spiders inhabited other islands in the neighborhood; so, on the 27th of March, I rode down James Island to that part known as "Grimbals," whence by bridges I reached Coles's Island, which lies between James Island and the lower or southern portion of Folly Island. Here there were woods, and, if I am not mistaken, plenty of bushes similar to those on which the cocoons had been already found; but not a single cocoon was seen either on Coles's Island or at "Grimbals." This seemed very strange; for though spiders might not readily pass over water from one island to another, yet one would suppose accidental transfers would occur even if a species were so narrowly circumscribed as to exist originally upon but a single small island. But this day another circumstance increased some misgivings I had already entertained as to the identity of the little spiders with the large ones of Long Island; namely, the finding, in a tree near the camp, of another cocoon, containing young spiders which were larger and more vigorous than the first, while the cocoon itself showed a very different structure, consisting of two cushions of loose yellow silk attached to the lower surface of a leaf. But neither did these spiders bear any resemblance to the *Nephila plumipes;* for the abdomen of the latter is very long, and its profile is trapezoidal (Fig. 9), while that of the little ones of both



FIG. 9.—Body of Female Nephila plumipes, seen in profile and a little enlarged.—P, Palpus; A, Spinners.

kinds was nearly round (Fig. 10); moreover, that of the silk-spider is yellow, or olive-brown, and variously ornamented with spots and stripes, while that of the little ones was pale-yellow, or nearly white, with some very faint markings on the back.—Perhaps the color was rather deeper in the newly-discovered variety. But if either should prove to be the young of the *Nephila plumipes* it was evident that, during growth, they must undergo changes in form and color much more extensive than are usually ascribed to spiders: and this, too, affecting not only the body, but also the legs, which, from a pale yellow color with a few scattered hairs, become dark, and, in places, nearly black, with peculiar anklets of black bristles. So that these spiders may be said to undergo a metamorphosis scarcely more incomplete than that of certain common insects—the bugs, grasshoppers, and others. With the spiders, too, there occurs a most decided change in disposition; for, after living quietly together, either, as with the garden spiders, in or near the cocoon, or, as with some field spiders, carried on the back of the mother, and if they do eat each other sometimes, doing it as if from necessity, gently and without "malice prepense," suddenly there seizes them a spirit of general distrust and longing for undisturbed seclusion; each seeks a corner in which to make her own web, and jealously guards it against all intruders, even though the visitor be a messenger of Cupid, or of such miserable particle of the god as feebly animates these creatures. But, in justice to the race, it should be said, a few species, as the *Neriene errans*, retain their infantile virtues through life; and Termeyer, although, after describing the impregnation of the eggs, says:



FIGURE 10.—Body of young Nephila plumipes, magnified.

"But I saw also with surprise and indignation that, the work hardly finished, the male not being able to fly on account of the confinement, the female enveloped him in her threads, and, having thus deprived him of every means of defense, devoured him. Perhaps overpowering hunger compelled her to it, but the act was very ferocious."

He adds, in extenuation:

"But I ought to say that I have not found other spiders so ferocious. The *Aranea cucurbitina* remained with his companion in a little box the entire season, and if I gave them a fly, instead of quarreling over it, they ate it together peaceably."

It is worthy of note that the form of these young

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resembles that of certain full-grown spiders of other kinds, as, for instance, the little round-bodied species that spins an irregular mesh of threads in the corners of rooms (Fig. 11). And this resemblance of the mature condition of one species to the earlier stages of others may some time serve as a guide to the determination of their relative rank, in the same manner as the butterfly is seen to be higher than the worm because the former *begins* in a shape like that in which the latter remains during life.



Fig. 11.—Body of small House Spider, Theridion.

On the 29th I filled both my coat-pockets with cocoons of the first kind gathered from bushes skirting the wet ditch in front of the first line of rebel earth-works, then in our possession, and on the 2d of April, by wading knee-deep in the water covering the field beyond, I took from the bushes cocoons enough to make the total number *four hundred and six*, containing, by a very moderate estimate, *two hundred thousand spiders*. The necessity of ascertaining whether they were the silk-spider was now greater than ever; so, on the following day, by taking a boat from Fort Pringle and rowing around the lower portion of James Island, then through the creeks separating it from Coles's Island, I at last reached Long Island: here, after a careful search, there were found only two specimens of the pear-shaped cocoon, while of the other and looser kind I gathered twelve, which number would doubtless have been larger but for their concealment under the leaves. It was noted at the time that all the cocoons I found of this kind were attached to the *lower* surface of the leaves of some *evergreen vine*, while the spiders themselves, as had been observed in the previous summer, always made their nets in trees whose leaves fell at the approach of winter; and I now remember that soon after the death of the only specimen of the *Nephila plumipes* that lived in Professor Gray's green-house, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, a cocoon, evidently made by her, was found attached to a leaf of an evergreen vine at a considerable distance from the web, to which, however, she had afterward returned. This instance, if such it shall prove to be, of the parent spider depositing her eggs where their safety will be more sure than in the place where she herself prefers to live, is most wonderful; yet no more so than that the cabbage-butterfly should attach her eggs to certain vegetables on which her young will feed, while all her own subsistence is derived from the honey of flowers. The dragon-fly too, and the mosquito, which live in the air, always drop their eggs into the water, where only the larvæ can exist.

These, and many other similar examples which might be given of the wonderful instinct manifested by insects in making provision for their offspring, would lead us to conclude that in all cases the little creatures do their best, and that any disaster is to be referred, not to a lack of foresight or accidental omission on *their* part, but rather to disturbing agencies over which they have no control—such as the wind, the rain, and cold, the depredations of birds and larger insects, and the less violent but no less deadly attacks of the insidious ichneumons. Nevertheless, in view of the great discrepancy between the small number of cocoons found and the hundreds of the spiders themselves, and also between the thousands of eggs contained in these cocoons and the far lesser number of the young spiders which live to form cocoons themselves, we can not deny, without more complete observation, that, as one means of keeping the increase of the species within due limits, it may be provided that, of all the cocoons made by the female spiders, only a few—namely, those attached to *perennial* leaves—shall be preserved during the winter, the rest being carried to the earth and destroyed by water and by other insects.

There could now be very little doubt that the *open* cocoons were those of the *Nephila plumipes;* but who would have thought that two islands but a few miles in extent, and in several places barely separated from each other by creeks, should each be almost exclusively the home of *one* large geometrical spider? And was it not the most natural thing in the world for me to infer that the young spiders found upon one island were the children of old ones such as were already known to inhabit the other? That this conclusion was not verified is a good example of a very safe rule in studying Natural History, that, though inferences may be useful in suggesting *probabilities* and lines of search, yet we must constantly bear in mind that Nature is not subject to mathematical rules, and that we *know* only what we have *seen*.

I was now more cautious, and confined my anticipations to two: 1. That these cocoons must have been the production of some *large* spider; 2. That, whatever it was, it would prove as docile and as amenable to the peculiar conditions imposed upon a silk-producer as had its neighbor of Long Island. That this latter hope was not realized will be seen further on; but whatever their disposition proved to be their number was prodigious. Two hundred thousand spiders all in one room! To my brother officers the statement seemed incredible; and occasionally my own misgivings as to the fact induced me to open a cocoon and see if there really were contained therein five hundred, more or less, creatures, which after a time would be large enough each to deposit another half thousand eggs, and cover them with a cocoon from half an inch to an inch and a half in diameter. Besides, each of these cocoons contained considerable silk, which could at least be carded. And from the spiders themselves who could say how many miles of beautiful thread could be drawn by the dusky hands of those to whom Sherman had allotted the isl-

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ands where they were found. But great as was this number, it seems moderate compared with those on which Termeyer based his calculations. He says, in a note to the section treating of the "Facility of rearing spiders:"

"When I was in America, traveling over the great Ciaco, I collected thus 2484 very large spiders, which, being then placed upon a double row of pomegranate-trees, gave me 2013 great cocoons of the best yellow silk. I took out the eggs from the cocoons, which (calculating six cocoons for each spider, and between 600 and 1000 little spiders for each cocoon) exceeded 9,000,000 in number, and would have given me as many little spiders the next year. But an unexpected command and an irresistible power called me away from that country. What a pity, and what a loss!"

It seems that his spiders made five or six cocoons each year, but it will be noted that he "counted his chickens before they were hatched." Mine were already hatched, so far as leaving the egg was concerned. But something more was necessary before they could become useful members of society. In short, some of them had now been in my possession for nearly two weeks, and, by anticipating a little, I may add that some of them continued so until the *middle of June*, and yet, unless the cocoons were *artificially opened, not a single young spider was seen to escape from them.* It should have been said before that, of the 406 pear-shaped cocoons now in my possession, only 134, or about one-third of the whole number, were *entire*, while the remaining two-thirds presented certain openings which shall now be described.

Those which I first noticed were rents or tears of greater or less extent, sometimes laying open the side of the cocoon so that the contents had wholly or partly disappeared, sometimes consisting of one or two small holes, out of which the inner loose silk had apparently been violently pulled (Fig. 12); in fact, one could hardly resist the conclusion that these

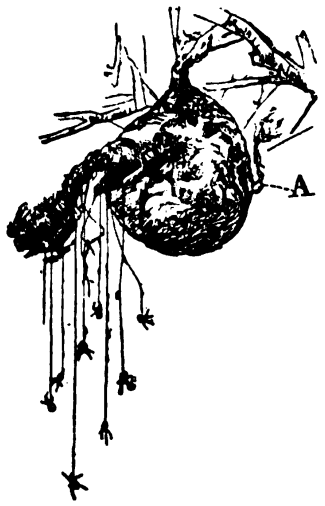


FIG. 12.—Cocoon torn by a bird, with the little Spiders hanging at the ends of their threads.—A, Smaller Hole, filled by the silk which was pulled through it.

cocoons had been attacked by some bird; and one day it was my good fortune to actually see a little gray bird, the size of a sparrow, fly at a cocoon, make one or two quick pulls and retreat with, as we may imagine, a mouth full of dry silk, and a sensation akin to that of one of us after a good bite at a delicate first of April fritter, which some friend has slyly filled with cotton.

As has been said, this sudden opening of the cocoon seems, in some cases, to at once destroy all the inhabitants; in others, it is probable that many die from premature exposure and the attacks of insects; but in a certain number the rent is more or less completely filled by the silk which is pulled through it. And so the little spiders are safe, and at the proper time find a ready avenue of escape into the air; so that these depredations of birds, which are made with the intention of destroying *all*, and generally do prove fatal to *some*, are apparently almost the only means of giving to *any* a chance to live. This curious provision recalls that in the case of certain flowers—the milk-weed and many orchids—fertilization of which seems absolutely to depend upon the insects who, in seeking their honey, cause the pollen to fall upon the stigma; indeed, the cases are strictly parallel, for if the birds came to *murder*, the insects came to *steal;* yet both these intended injuries are made the means of preserving, in the one case, the life of the individuals, in the other, that of the species.

Of the cocoons torn in the manner I have described there were sixty, most of which still contained some of the spiders; and it is to be observed that none of these showed any disposition to escape so long as they were kept quiet and not exposed to the sun; and even when so exposed they merely came out as if to enjoy it, sometimes swinging down in long festoons, and clinging to each other as bees when they swarm, but always retaining their connection with the cocoon, to which they returned when no longer warmed by the sun. The same was the case with the spiders in the entire cocoons which I cut open; but they never made their appearance through the walls of a cocoon, even though it was hung in the sun and sprinkled. So I concluded that it was not yet time for them to come out, and that when the proper time came some way would present itself for their escape from what now seemed altogether too secure a protection. The most careful examination of the entire cocoons showed no outlet whatever. All was smooth and firm, and even when the outer surface was not *glazed*, this was compensated for by an increased thickness of the walls, which would seem to defy the jaws of the little inhabitants. The loose and open extremity of the pedicel suggested that here might be an avenue of escape, but a section through it showed the base of the pedicel to be the thickest and most unyielding portion of the whole cocoon; and even if there had been such an opening it was strange for it to point always

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upward; whereas the looser end of the caterpillar's cocoon, through which the moth is to force its way out, is always directed *downward*, so as to be shielded from the rain. So hopeless, indeed, seemed the prospect of the spiders escaping by their own unaided efforts that when, on the 4th of April, there came an order for us to prepare for moving, I selected two hundred of the cocoons, cut holes in each one, strung them upon loops of twine, twenty-five in a bunch, and next morning carried them in a bag across the whole length of James Island to Coles's Island, where I hung them in the trees to take their chance of life in their new country; where at least they would run less risk of destruction than in their former habitat, where a few fires or the cultivation of the field might kill them all.

From the 5th to the 14th we were on a raid into the State, during which, as may be supposed, rebels and their ambuscades received more attention than spiders and their fly-traps. Our returning march was attended by at least fifteen hundred freed people of all ages, taking with them as many as possible of their household goods, either upon their own backs or in very rickety vehicles, which, sometimes from their own weakness, sometimes from the giving out of the poorly-fed cattle, were occasionally disabled and left by the road-side, the owners being then obliged to select what portions of the load should be finally abandoned. I remember on one occasion catching up upon my horse a screaming, half-naked "pickaninny," the chaplain and the mounted orderly doing the same for two more, whose father, stupefied with terror of the rebel scouts who had just shot down some of his companions, seemed to lose all thought for his children, and frantically tried to save an enormous pile of *bedding*, which his wearied horse and broken cart could no longer carry.

This anxiety of the lower class of freed people for their property, more particularly the bedding, was sometimes noticed and indignantly commented upon by our own colored soldiers; most of whom, however, were free negroes from the North and West, and had outgrown the degrading consciousness which not even the hope of freedom could cancel in the minds of their less fortunate brethren, that *clothing* was their own because not worth taking from them, while their *children* were theirs only in name. And yet these same poor creatures—such was their dread of sickness, their faith in doctors, and, when permitted to think for themselves, their real affection for each other—would often walk ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles under a burning sun to get a little medicine for wife or child. The South would keep the negro as he has been; the North would have him what he may be. For one, as an officer in a regiment of colored men, I am glad to record my respect for them as men, and my confidence in them as soldiers, whether in camp, on the march, or in battle. Adding to this that they were never guilty of inhumanity toward captives even in the heat of action, our indignation was great when, on the 19th of March, in riding over the scene of the skirmish on James Island, July 2, 1864, we came upon the bones of our killed lying unburied just as they fell, the turf around them unbroken, and no traces of the skulls to be found. With no wish to add another doubtful case to the reports of such barbarism as the absence of the skulls would imply, we can not avoid comment upon the fact that the bodies of at least six colored soldiers were left unburied inside the rebel picket lines from July, 1864, to March of the following year. To those who then permitted this, and now regret it, there may be satisfaction in knowing that these dry bones were reverently gathered and buried with military honors in a fort upon the point of James Island nearest to Charleston.

To return to the spiders. My not finding any signs of them at Rickersville did not lead me to anticipate seeing many of the cocoons further from the coast, but as we moved quite slowly they could not have been very numerous without my observing them; nevertheless, I saw only eight cocoons on the way to and from Eutaw Springs, and all but one of these were within twenty miles of Charleston. But it by no means follows from this that in certain localities the spider may not be as abundant all over the State as it is on James Island, where also the cocoons had been found chiefly in a marshy field and by the side of a ditch, and also in dryer places along the roads between Wappoo Creek and Fort Pringle; while I never saw one in the woods about Fort Johnson or at St. Andrew's Parish, where we were stationed during the three weeks succeeding our expedition to Eutaw Springs.

Now, how was it that so few, comparatively, of these spiders were found when each of them, or at the most each pair of them, produced so many young at once? Five hundred is a very moderate estimate; for I have counted twenty-two hundred eggs in a single cocoon of this species: even taking five hundred as the limit, in two years our two hundred thousand spiders would give us the astonishing number of *fifty thousand million.* It is easy to see that the country would soon contain nothing but spiders. But then the same can be said of any animal which produces two or more young at once; "even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years; and at this rate, in a few thousand years, there would literally not be standing room for his progeny."

The result of this geometrical increase of animals and plants is ably set forth by Darwin in his chapter on the "Struggle for Existence;" and probably he is correct in assuming that out of the hundreds or thousands of young which are produced, the weaker "go to the wall" and the stronger individuals survive. But it is to be regretted that such profound learning as is manifested in this and other parts of the "Origin of Species," should have been employed in the ef-

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fort to confirm the unsupported assumption that these *more vigorous individuals deviate from the common type* rather than the weaker ones; which supposition lies at the bottom of his theory, and yet no single fact has ever been adduced to show that it is true among animals in a state of nature.

But I am treading upon dangerous ground, where taller men than I have, at least in the estimation of their opponents, got very deeply into trouble; so we will confine ourselves to the proposition that, except in cases where a marked increase in number has taken place, there comes to maturity, on the average, but a single individual for each preceding one, or two for every pair when the sexes are equally represented; and this, also, whether the offspring be originally *single*, as with some animals, and even a few flies (the *Hippoboscidæ*), or hundreds and thousands in number, as with most insects and fishes; the difference being, that, in the one case, more complete protection is afforded to the few young, while in the latter they are, at some period of their growth, so dependent upon chance, as it were, for the means of existence, or so subjected to destructive agencies as to prevent an increase which would otherwise, sooner or later, cause a plague of any creature producing more than one at a birth.

What then becomes of the rest? and how is this fortunate destruction accomplished? These questions apply with more or less force to the whole animal and vegetable creations, and present a most interesting line of observation and thought; but a general consideration of it would lead us too far, and we must limit our inquiry to the spiders already under our notice.

It is evidently the design of the mother spider to make some protection for her eggs. The *Nephila plumipes* constructs a cocoon of a loose and open texture, but attaches it to the lower surface of an evergreen leaf, by which it is sheltered from rain and excessive heat. The James Island spider also first makes a loose cocoon; but as it is to be suspended between two twigs she adds an outer covering, which is usually glazed so as to shed water. Now, to counteract the good effects of these measures, I have suggested that *occasionally* the former species makes a mistake, and attaches her cocoon to a leaf which falls in the winter, and thus involves the destruction of the eggs; and that with the latter species the outer envelope of the cocoon is *always* too tough for the little spiders, and must be torn by a bird before they can escape. But neither of these explanations is quite satisfactory: and although in support of the former it may be added that the Nephilas commonly occur in small colonies of five or six in the same or neighboring trees, as if all had come from one cocoon which was saved, and thus made up for the loss of five or six other cocoons; yet in regard to the latter I ought to say that, on the 12th of June, nearly three months after the spiders were probably hatched, I observed, for the first time, that two cocoons presented, just at the side of the pedicel, a hole with ragged edges (Fig. 13), as if something had gnawed its way in or out; but unfortunately my notes say nothing as to whether these cocoons still contained the spiders. During our stay at St. Andrew's parish I kept a few of both kinds of young in glass jars, and observed that occasionally they devoured each other, but not as yet to any marked degree, and generally preferred to keep in company, following each other by their silken trails as a flock of sheep follows its leader. In this respect the two kinds showed no especial difference, though the young from the loose cocoons were already larger and more vigorous and of a darker color. A string dipped in fresh blood was hung among them, and, though all seemed to like it, the larger kind ate the most: so with a small fly deprived of its wings, one of the larger ones caught it by the foot and held on in spite of its struggles, and presently others came and clustered about the fly, apparently sucking its juices; but the smaller kind were more timid, and manifested far less enterprise. One day I dropped a dozen or so of both kinds upon the branches supporting the web of a common garden spider about one-third of an inch long: some of them soon made their way along the guy-lines, and the spider, perceiving their presence by the vibration of the web, darted out, seized one of them, and quickly covered it with a mesh of silk. It then turned to pursue the others, but they, alarmed, had retreated—some as they came, others by swinging down upon their threads: again and again they ascended the lines leading to the web, and the owner as often attacked and drove them back, leaving as trophies in various parts of the web the bodies of the slain securely covered by silk. But at last some of them found their way to his back-door, and so outflanked him, while others advanced in front; and now the spider actually retreated, and left his net to the little assailants, twenty of which would hardly equal him in size.



FIG. 13.—Upper part of cocoon.—A, Hole near the Pedicel.

Of the other checks upon the increase of the spiders we may mention their disposition to devour each other, the depredations of other insects, and exposure to cold and wet after leaving the cocoon; but there is still another agent of destruction whose attacks, though less apparent, are none the less fatal in their effect. How this secret enemy gains access to its prey, when its operations commence, and even what is its precise nature, is still, in great measure, a matter of conjecture, as are also the details of its own ruin by still a third link in this wonderful "chain of destruction;" but whatever is known of these matters shall now be laid before you.

The facts are, in brief, as follow: One of

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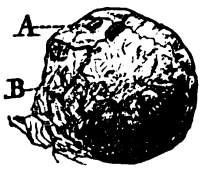


Fig. 14.—Bottom of cocoon pierced by Ichneumons and Chalcidians. —A, Holes made by Ichneumons.—B, Hole supposed to have been made by Chalcidians.

the cocoons first found on James Island in April exhibited several openings in its walls, the edges of which were not ragged as if torn but tolerably even, the holes themselves being rounded and about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter (Fig. 14, A). On cutting into this cocoon a strange sight presented itself; the entire lower half of its cavity (Fig. 15) was occupied by a dozen or more little oblong cocoons of a white color, quite fine and closely woven, and firmly connected with each other apparently by some of the same silk as that of which they were composed; the original and lawful contents of the cocoon were crowded into half their former compass; but in the confused mass could be recognized the loose silk, the two little plates, and a number of blackened grains which were undoubtedly all that was left of the spiders' eggs; evidently mischief had been done, and by cutting open one of the small whitish cocoons we might gain some clew to the perpetrator; but in each of these were several little round holes like pin-pricks (Fig. 16, A), and within were, 1st, a hollow shriveled skin of a dark-brown color (Fig. 16, C), and, 2d, lying in and about this, fifteen or twenty little black bodies, some motionless and as if swathed up closely like mummies (Fig. 17, A); others crawling about and possessing four wings (Fig. 17, B). Here was a mystery indeed! and one which excited serious suspicions of terrible crimes—house-breaking and deliberate murder at the least. A second small cocoon was opened with the same result—it contained only one wrinkled skin and many little black flies; and this was the case with every one of the small cocoons in that large one; in another spider's cocoon, which had the round holes in its walls, there were found not merely the small cocoons, the loose silk, the two plates, and the blackened grains, but likewise a few egg-shells and a few little spiders. Here, then, were the evidences of three different insects in the house which properly belonged to but one; and, not having the means for a minute examination of them, or for ascertaining whether similar combinations had ever been described, I could only speculate to this extent: that a female spider had constructed a silken covering for her eggs; that some insect had contrived to deposit her eggs in such a position that the little larvæ hatched therefrom found their way to the spider's treasures, and, having wholly or in part devoured them, had themselves spun cocoons in which to undergo their metamorphosis; bnt this was not to be acccomplished, for death had been busy at their entrails in the shape of twenty little worms natched from eggs which had been in some way put into or upon them by little insects, the parents of those now filling their empty skins; these latter were evidently allied to the ichneumon flies—a family of insect busy-bodies, whose propensity for minding other folk's affairs is never satisfied with a simple visit, but impels them to leave a very palpable memento in the shape of an egg, from which proceeds a little worm destined to feed upon and finally destroy the caterpillar or other unfortunate recipient of their attentions.



Fig. 15.—Cocoon opened so as to show the small cocoons of the Ichneumons pierced by the Chalcidians.

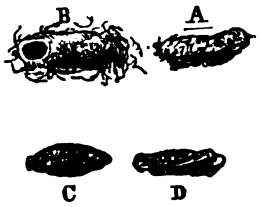


Fig. 16.—Cocoons, empty Larva Skin and Pupa of Ichneumons.—A, Cocoon pierced by the Chalcidians. —B, Cocoons pierced by the Ichneumon.—C, Empty Skin of Larva of Ichneumon.—D, Pupa or chrysalis of another Ichneumon (Pimpla instigator).

But what was the precise nature of this larva in the present case was not easily made out: did it belong to the Lepidoptera (butterflies and moths), which are so commonly attacked by parasites? No; for, in the first place, caterpillars have legs; and, in the second, no insect of that order was ever known to be parasitic upon others or upon their eggs. Was it, then, *dipterous* in its nature—the production of a two-winged fly? This seemed quite likely; for it is known that some flies (the Tachinidæ) are guilty of just such things—gluing their eggs upon the skin of a larva, so that the little worm may burrow in as soon as it is hatched: indeed such flies have been actually known to come from a mass of spider's eggs. In this case the parent fly, having neither jaws nor ovipositor, could not, of course, penetrate the cocoon after its completion, but she might have seized the opportunity, just as the spider's eggs had been laid, to deposit her own upon them before the outer walls were completed.

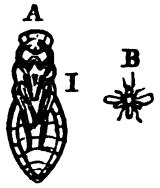


Fig. 17.—A Chalcidian (*Eulophus nematí*) magnified.—A, Pupa, or chrysalis.—B, Imago, or perfect insect.—The line between the two figures represents their real length.

Besides, there was a sort of poetical justice in this destruction, by a fly, of the eggs which would otherwise produce the sworn enemies of her race; and, as the larvæ of flies have no feet, I was much inclined to adopt this view of the nature of the shriveled brown skins in the

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small cocoons; but, after examining nearly all of the twenty-three spiders' cocoons, which had holes in them, and meeting with no new indications as to the nature of the larvæ which had made the small cocoons—all of them having been destroyed by the little flies—I came upon one in which some of the small cocoons bore no little holes, but a single larger opening near one extremity (Fig. 16, B): all such were empty; but three of them were whole, and contained neither the larva skin, nor the little black flies, but fragments of some larger insect, among which were two long and jointed antennæ or feelers, and some other parts which, after such combination as was possible, indicated that the larva had changed into a pupa or chrysalis, nearly resembling Fig. 16, D, and which represents the pupa of an ichneumon. I have since ascertained that the little black flies are not real ichneumons, but belong to the *chalcididæ*, a nearly allied family, whose members not only attack their more distant relations, but very often deposit their eggs in the bodies of their near cousins, the ichneumons, and are thus, in many cases, the *parasites of parasites.*

Those I have described are so minute that I shall not attempt to give an accurate picture of them, but merely a general representation of a chalcidian pupa (Fig. 17, A), and imago (B), the real length of our species being less than one-sixteenth of an inch, as indicated by the line between the two figures.

How the ichneumon and the chalcidian gain access to their respective destinations has not yet been observed; but as the larger holes in the spiders' cocoons are present in all that contained them, while not one of these ichneumons would have reached its final winged state so as to come out (though they do, in some cases, of course), we may reasonably infer that these larger holes were made by the parent ichneumon to effect an entrance, knowing, by a wonderful instinct, that the silken bag contained delicious food for her young. Through these holes the chalcidians could easily pass and deposit their own eggs under the skin of the ichneumon larvæ; they would soon hatch, and, probably knowing how to avoid at first the vital parts of the ichneumon, would slowly devour the fat, and afterward the other organs, until the latter, with just strength enough to spin a silken cocoon, finally died, leaving little but her skin and her minute destroyers. These in due time cast their own skins, became pupæ, and afterward, by a second moult, appeared as the winged chalcidians, who would easily eat their way through the skin and cocoon of the ichneumon larva, and then escape, either through the large holes (Fig. 14, A) already made in the spider's cocoon, or by gnawing for themselves a passage, as would appear from the occasional presence of such smaller perforations, as shown in Fig. 14, B.

Such would appear to be the methods of procedure, judging from the few facts known in this case and the analogy of other cases, where a parasitic insect is itself preyed upon by a parasite still more minute. But I can find no record of an instance exactly similar to this, and hope that what little information I have been able to impart will be of some use in an investigation of this interesting subject under more advantageous circumstances.

The remaining cocoons are mentioned in my notes as not quite *entire*, yet as not containing any ichneumons; quite often they presented minute holes, like those made by the chalcidians (Fig. 14, B), of which, however, they contained no trace; and a few had openings as large as those made by the ichneumons (Fig. 14, A); but the young spiders never came out of them, and as the large ones almost always showed a little silk pulled through them, as in Fig. 14, A, perhaps they were made by some small bird, who was not encouraged to persevere in his attacks; at any rate, the spiders in all of these behaved as though the cocoons were entire.

On the 7th of May we moved from the coast to Summerville, and soon afterward to Orangeburg, where we remained until late in August. At neither of these places did I see any signs of the James Island spider, nor indeed of large spiders of any kind. From time to time I opened an entire cocoon to make sure the inmates were still alive, and in every case found them both living and apparently contented with their close quarters, but increasing in size so slowly that toward the middle of June I could hardly conceive how, in the short time remaining to them, they could possibly get large enough to make for themselves such great cocoons: for some of these were fully an inch and a half in diameter, though among them was one so diminutive (Fig. 18) that, if such a thing had ever been reported, I should be strongly inclined to suspect some precocious little spider of trying her skill at making a nest long before she could expect to put any eggs therein; for this cocoon contained only loose silk, and as the pedicel was hollow, it may be questioned whether this cocoon was not the work of some smaller kind of spider.



Fig. 18.—Very small cocoon of some Spider, containing only silk.

I have said that most of the cocoons were as if glazed on the outer surface; and this, added to their pear-shaped form, would probably exclude the rain under ordinary circumstances; but after floating upon water for six hours the latter began to make its way through the walls, and steadily increased until, at the end of four days, the cocoon had sunk to the surface of the water, which was now found to have filled every part of it and caused the death of the spiders, who were, in every instance, gathered together in the (then) upper region of the cocoon. It was with but few, however, that the experiment was carried to such a fatal termination,

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though all were dropped into the water for some seconds, to see if they exhibited a peculiarity I had noted with the first; namely, that it floated upon one side, and would retain no other position, from whatever height it was dropped into the water. After a short time, too, a spot in the centre of the submerged portion changed its appearance; it grew darker, and almost transparent, and was to some extent soaked with the water. Out of ninety-nine entire cocoons so dropped into the water all floated upon the *side*, and never with the stem directed either upward or downward; of these, eighty-two invariably took a certain definite position, as if one side was heavier than the others; and upon this lower side there soon appeared the darker spot I have mentioned, differing in size in different cocoons, but never occupying more than two-thirds of the submerged surface; the remaining seventeen cocoons manifested no such peculiarity, but rested upon the water in nearly or quite the same position in which they were placed. It would be natural to account for this constant sinking of one side by assuming that the young spiders occupied that side; and that although no difference could be perceived in the texture of the walls at that place while the cocoon was dry, yet perhaps there was a difference with which the spiders were acquainted, and which would admit the slow passage of not only water but air. The fact of the spiders being found at the upper and *opposite* side of the cocoon after a longer exposure might be due to the presence of the water, which, by its weight, would keep the cocoon in the same position, even after they all had been driven into the upper part of its cavity. But all this is merely conjecture.

On the 10th of June I constructed a little house for the spiders taken from such cocoons as had been opened. It consisted of a cartridge-box set upon one narrow side, each wider side being covered with a pane of glass and a strip of gauze for ventilation. This house, for want of a better name, I called an "Arachnarium," and it enabled me to observe something more of the habits of the spiders. These now were all of the smaller variety, and had grown but little, though their skins were cast off as with the young of the *Nephila plumipes*. Like them, too, they preferred the light, and even that of a candle or lamp would attract them; so that, physically, at least, our spiders may be said to look always upon the brightest side of things.

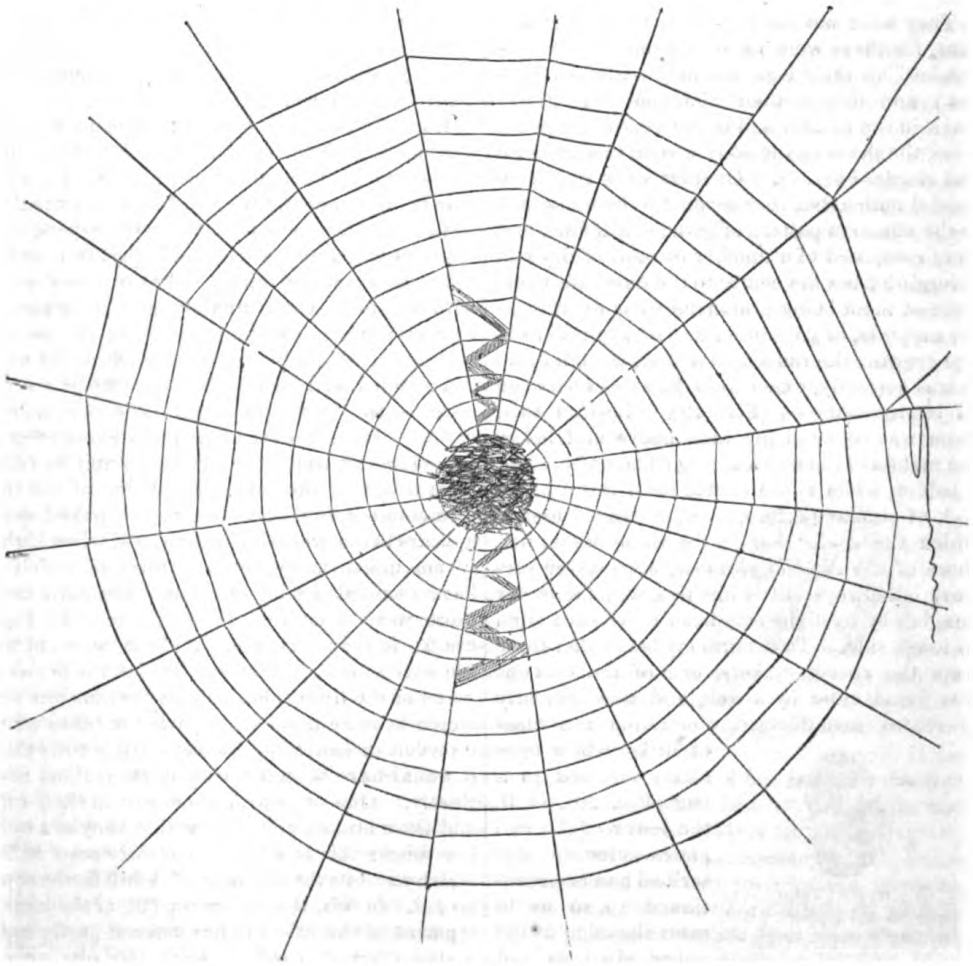


Fig. 19.—Web of Epeira riparia.

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These spiders also took a position with their heads downward, and, in fact, differed very little in their actions, from what I have since observed, with the young of the *Nephila plumipes*. But on the fifth day after the establishment of the arachnarium all the spiders in the remaining cocoons were cruelly sacrificed in one great holocaust by being left too long on a tray in the hot sun. This virtually put an end to my attempts to rear them; and though a bit of tender liver of chicken was offered to the survivors in the box, they would not eat, and as I have no further records of them, it is to be presumed they soon followed their companions.

II.

We have devoted so much of our time and space to the children that but little is left for the parents; and I must be very brief in my account of the full-grown James Island spiders. What these were like was still uncertain, though there was but slight prospect of their proving to be the *Nephila plumipes*. So, on my first visit to Charleston, I crossed the Ashley to our former camp on Wappoo Creek, and soon found plenty of large spiders in the field where the cocoons had been obtained, and especially along the borders of the wet ditch.

They were not the *silk-spider;* that was evident, for there were no such handsome "hair-brushes" on their legs, but only scattered bristles; and though their abdomen was glossy black in the middle and bright yellow along the sides, the shape of the body was far less graceful and elegant (Fig. 1). Of their webs I took no special notice, but they seemed to be made after the common pattern of geometrical nets, and were composed of a number of radii of dry silk diverging from the centre to the circumference, some of them being prolonged so as to serve as the supports, or guy-lines; and of a spiral viscid line crossing the radii, and nearly, though by no means perfectly, exact as to the spaces between its circumvolutions (Fig. 19). Besides this, there was between the radii above and below the middle of the web a zigzag ribbon of silk like a ladder, while at the centre itself was a broad disk of similar texture, over, or rather under, which the spider hung; for these webs, like those of the *Nephila plumipes*, were never vertical, but always a little inclined, with the spider hanging by its eight legs head downward from its lower side. To confirm my belief that these were the cocoon-makers, one of the cocoons was found close by a web, and was evidently of recent manufacture, containing the mass of little yellow eggs nicely inclosed in a bag (Fig. 20), as if the lower of the two plates already described had been continued up so as to meet the edge of the upper plate, as had also been observed in some of the other cocoons opened after the first specimen, in which the lower plate was the smaller of the two (Fig. 3).



Fig. 20.—Bag containing the Eggs. — A, Upper plate, forming a cover to B, the lower plate, which is larger than usual, and hollowed so as to form a bag.

An approaching shower gave me just time to secure a dozen of these spiders, each in a little square box, and to carry them back to Charleston. Here I spent the evening in reeling off some of their silk to ascertain whether it was likely to be useful like that of the *Nephila plumipes*.

But it was soon evident that there were very decided distinctions between the two species; for the legs of these were comparatively short and strong, and their bodies were shorter and more rounded, so that it was far less easy to handle them; and they snapped their jaws so viciously at any attempt to infringe upon their liberty of motion, that at one time, when, from the insufficiency of the contrivance for holding them upon the reel, several got loose together and crawled about the room in all directions, there was some prospect of a serious interference with the intended experiments. However, I succeeded in securing three of them on the periphery of a wheel which turned at the same time with the reel upon which the silk was wound, and so twisted their several threads into one. This silk was not brilliant like that of the Nephila plumipes, nor, so far as I could ascertain, were there two distinct colors, but was all of a light yellow, while their webs had appeared nearly or quite white.

Like the *Nephila plumipes* they had six spinning papillæ, or *mammulæ*, on the lower side of the abdomen near the tail (Fig. 9, A), two pair being large, and the third so much smaller as to be ordinarily concealed by the others, but exposed when they are opened apart from each other, as when the spider wishes to cover a fly with her silk. Unfortunately the precise structure and functions of the spinning organs of spiders are still subjects of so much doubt and discussion that I do not dare to attempt a representation of even as much as is reasonably certain; but the exceeding minuteness of the tubes through which the silk issues may be seen from this, that the free edge of one of the intermediate spinners, which, to the naked eye, appears like a *straight line*, presents, when highly magnified, many delicate tubes, of which I have counted *seventy-five*, and am sure that more were concealed below them. In Figure 21 is represented at A about *one-sixth* of the edge of one of these small spinners, bearing seven of the little tubes. This portion was selected because in all other parts the tubes were crowded so closely in double or triple rows that it would have been less easy to show them distinctly. One or two of them are broken off, and their broken edges show that they are hollow tubes: this is still more clearly seen at B, which exhibits the last tube of A still further enlarged. In this, the top, or cap (2), of the larger segment of the tube (1) has become partly separated from it, carrying back the smaller or terminal segment (3), which also has lost its

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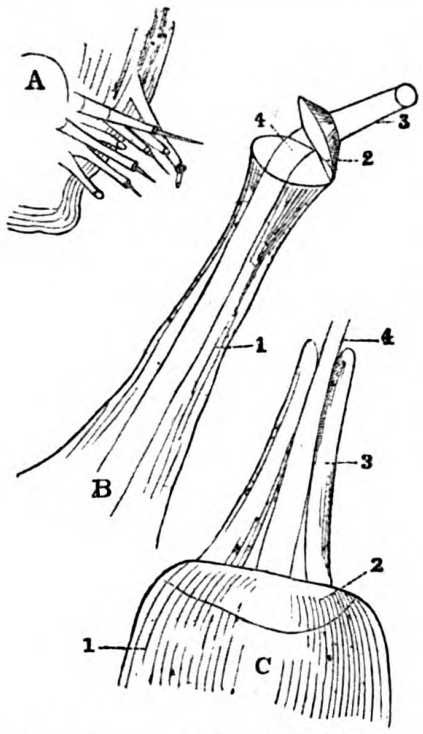


FIG. 21.—A, Part of one of the small intermediate Spinners of *Epeira riparia*, as seen in profile under the microscope.—B, The last tube still more highly magnified; 1, Lower or larger segment of a tube.—2, Cap of this turned back.—3, Upper or smaller segment of the tube.—4, The filament of silk.—C, Another tube magnified; 4, End of the filament.

extremity; but what is better than all, between the edge of the larger tube and the cap may be seen the filament of silk (4); and at C is shown a larger and thicker tube from a part of the spinner which is not shown at A, the orifice of which is dilated, and the extremity of the thread projects a little way through it (4).

If these tubes are present also upon the larger spinners it is amazing that organs of such exceeding fineness can be, as they seem to be, pressed upon rough surfaces and not be destroyed; but their length, perhaps, accounts for the readiness with which the spider draws out the silk upon her hinder legs, as when securing a fly or other insect. For this purpose, suspending herself from the web by means of her second pair of legs, which, like all the others, are provided with claws, she slowly revolves the insect between her front legs, her palpi (Fig. 1, P), and the third pair of legs, which are shorter than the rest; and at the same time, applying one of the hinder legs to the widely-opened spinners, she draws from them a broad band of white silk, which is carried forward and thrown over the victim, while the other leg is in like manner employed, and carried forward in its turn, the process being repeated until the fly is absolutely covered in a sheet of silk so firm that, though still alive, motion is almost wholly prevented. It was my intention to insert here a representation of the spider thus engaged; but I have not yet been able to satisfy myself whether, in taking the silk from the spinners, the foot is put *under* the thread already hanging from them, or merely *against* it, the filaments being, in this case, caught upon the short hairs covering the foot; and as the figure would have to show it in one way or the other, it is better to leave it for some other occasion.

This operation appears to be the same as with the *Nephila plumipes*, and indeed is common to most geometrical spiders; but there is some difference among them, and even under different circumstances with the same ones, for sometimes the insect is first seized in the jaws and held until nearly or quite dead before it is covered with silk, while at other times this is done at once, and the fatal bite inflicted afterward. What may be the effect of this bite upon animals and men I know not, but will repeat the opinion elsewhere expressed, that the bite of different species is not equally severe. In order to aid in settling the question it is desirable that, when people are bitten and the offender can not be secured for a proper examination, some notice be taken as to whether it is a *hunting* spider, of a black or gray color, with short, thick legs, or a *garden* spider, with longer and more slender limbs, and often of brighter colors.

During the same month (August, 1865) the colored man who accompanied me to James Island went a second time with a companion and secured ninety spiders, which, however, remained in the boxes for nearly two weeks before I could attend to them, and then my time was so limited that I only made a record as to how many had died, and what each one had done while in confinement—some having made cocoons, some merely a few irregular lines, some a central nucleus connecting these lines, as if the beginning of the pedicel of a cocoon, and others again having cast their skins. But, so far as my notes contain information on the subject, all these spiders were females—that is, the palpi or feelers were of nearly the same size in their whole length (Fig. 22, P), and never club-shaped at the tip, as is the case with the palpi of most male spiders. These organs are, in all the arachnidæ, subject to strange modifications as to form, being, in some spiders (Fig. 5, P), prolonged so as to appear like a fifth pair of legs; in the scorpions (Fig. 4) still more largely developed into very lobster-like claws; while in the females of most spiders they are shorter than the other limbs, and endowed with such sensibility that, when in use by the *Nephila plumipes*, and other species with little or no power of vision, they remind one very forcibly of the blind man's feeling-stick; indeed, one can hardly believe that they do not see, when



FIG. 22.—Face of *Epeira riparia*, showing the eight eyes and the jaws.—P, Palpus.

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they actually turn in their webs and stretch themselves to seize a bit of flesh which has merely been touched by the tips of these palpi. With the males of spiders the last joint of these organs is still more complicated in structure (Fig. 23, P); and, whether or not it *secretes* the impregnating fluid, it is the organ by which that fluid is conveyed into the body of the female so as to reach the eggs. I can only account for the absence of any males among the ninety females by supposing that, as with the *Nephila plumipes*, the former are so much the smaller and fewer in number as to have escaped the eyes of the collectors. Nor was this any great discredit to them, since they also escaped the notice of the naturalist Hentz, who has given descriptions and figures of many American spiders, and among them of the female of this species, but makes no mention whatever of the male.

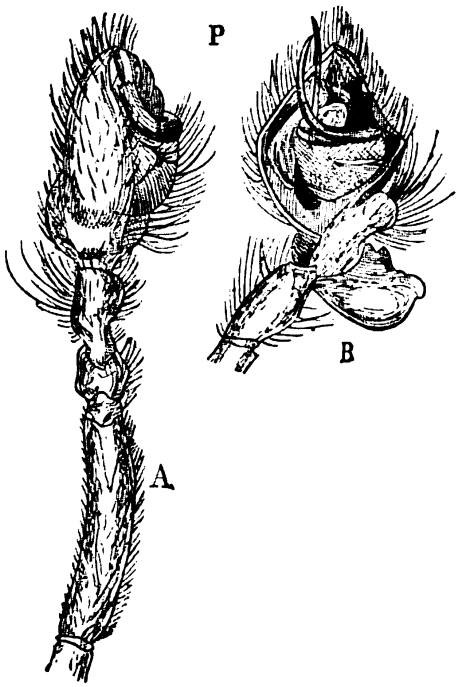


Fig. 23.—A, Palp of a Male Spider (*Epeira fusca*), enlarged.—B, Last joint of the same, enlarged.

But we thought this was a *new* spider. By no means, though new to me when I first saw it. You will find a pretty good representation of the female in Fig. 5, Plate XXX., in Vol. V. Boston Journal of Natural History; and in the text a very brief account of it and of its cocoon. But Hentz, though a resident in Alabama, seems to have known so little of the economy of the insect that, after describing the cocoon as always containing *young spiders*, he asks: "Is this species viviparous?"

And now I hope that those of my readers who have followed so far the story of the James Island Spider, and who may not unnaturally have owed some of their first interest to having taken for granted that it was found only in the neighborhood of Charleston, will not refuse to study its habits and try to solve some of the questions of which we know so little, when they are told that the *Epeira riparia* is a geometrical spider, found, according to Hentz, throughout the United States; and that specimens from various parts of the country are contained in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

OUR EXPECTED GUESTS.

I AM a young married woman. I married a widower some years older than myself, and I have been married—let me see, how long?—why, it is now six years and seven months since I was married; so I might have left out the word "young," for I was full five-and-twenty when I was married.

Excuse me one moment. I want to stop and explain something. You may think—and I dare say you do, and very naturally too—that I have not stated the above facts with as much terseness as I might have done; you think I might have given you all the information contained in my sentence just as well without saying five times over that I was married.

Well, yes, I suppose I might; and then, again, I mightn't; for you must understand that my main object and intent was to fix the idea in your mind at the very outset that I am married; and some people have to be told any thing half a dozen times over, "here a little, and there a little," and by-and-by a great deal, before they can fully take it in. And although you may not be one of that obtuse sort—and I don't believe you are—or you may think it is very unimportant to you, and no sort of matter whether I am married or not, it is of the greatest importance in the world to me, and I can't have it overlooked any way. It is the one great event of my whole life; it is the date by which I reckon every thing else, before or since. My marriage! Why, my birth was not a circumstance compared with it in my estimation! Besides, the fact of my being born is a mere matter of record; I have to take it all upon trust, second-hand, for I can't be expected to remember so long ago. But as regards my wedding, that is all within my own memory. My marriage! It was the great object of my earnest wishes while I was single, and the great subject of my fervent gratitude and self-congratulation ever since it took place.

There! I knew you would laugh at that; I expected you would, so it does not disconcert me in the least. You think I was a silly, commonplace sort of girl, seeking only for adulation, *éclat*, and wedding finery—looking forward to an early marriage as a lucky chance, a fortunate adventure—or, worse still, a good financial speculation, which should release me from parental discipline and surveillance, and give me independence of action and a much-coveted superiority over the unmarried girls "of our set." But it was not so. I was not that sort of girl at all; I was not, indeed. I just want

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you to wait and hear my account of the matter, and then I am sure you will do me more justice.

I had been a lonely child, and I grew up a still more lonely girl, the only child of my parents. My young mother died at the time of my birth—her health undermined, as I have been told, by grief for my father, who had died just four months previous. My grandparents on both sides had preceded their children to the "Land of the Hereafter," and I came upon earth only to find it made desolate by the loss of all that makes earth dearest.

I had no relations nearer to me than cousins. Now cousins are very well in their way, no doubt; they are a great deal better than nothing, certainly; a great deal to be thankful for, any way. I think a great deal of cousins in general, and when one happens to be brought up with them in the same family circle, of course propinquity does a great deal, and may elevate them to a brotherly or sisterly place in your affections for life. Yes, you may run with the little chickens, and if the old hen is motherly, and does not peck at you, or rudely pluck out your little pin-feathers, you may almost forget you are a duck, and not one of the original brood. But this was not the case with me and my cousins. I never had lived with them; they were all a vast deal older and wiser than I was. They were married men and women. They gave me a great deal of the best advice, "sage reproof and counsel too," as much as I would take—and more; but, somehow or other, I did not seem to fraternize with them as much as could be wished. Nice people they were too, and made me splendid presents when I was married. But, well—there, you know how it is. I dare say you've met with just such cases before now.

My guardians and trustees were nice people too. I believe they did their solemn duty to me: had me christened and vaccinated and photographed from time to time; had my teeth attended to and my hair cut; put me to the best of schools, and asked me to their houses to pass a week at Christmas-time in regular succession, and managed my money-matters very judiciously; for I had a comfortable little independence left me by my father, which, during my long and unexpensive minority, they had faithfully nursed, and tended, and rolled up, until, at my coming of age, I had quite a pretty little fortune—more than enough to supply all my wants.

Yes; I had every thing I could want but one thing. A *home* I had not—I never had had. From boarding-schools to boarding-houses this had been my only experience. To have a home was the one great longing of my nature. I saw with an intense interest, amounting almost to envy, I am afraid, other young girls the objects of affectionate and assiduous interest to father, mother, brothers, or sisters; I saw them the unheeding recipients of a thousand little nameless acts of devotion and love for which my lonely soul thirsted in vain. I saw them sharing in all the holy and beautiful amenities of home, apparently unconscious of the blessings they possessed. But I—I had, as the French express it, no *chez moi*, no home; and how could I have? how could a young girl gather a household around her who had no relations but cousins, and they all settled in establishments of their own?

I reflected upon the subject deeply; I brought to bear upon it all the powers of my intellect; and I could see but one sole remedy. There was nothing for me to do but to marry! To *marry?* Yes, that was just what I must do; but marry *whom?*—that was the question! I had beaux enough and to spare. I will not call them lovers—they were not worthy of that good old English word; but I could not marry a man for his dancing or his whiskers. I would as soon have wedded one of the waxen-faced gentry with well-oiled mustache and faultless raiment, who smile upon us from the plate-glass windows of some tailoring establishment. No; I did not want to spend all my life in polkaing and the German; and I did want companionship, protection, and support. I did not need to marry to be free from restraint, to be independent, to have an establishment; to say, "*my* horses," or "*my* opera box," instead of "my father." Oh no! I was tired of all that lonely possession, and I longed rather to sink my individuality. I wanted to belong to some one else; to put the reins, of which I was fairly weary, into stronger and more skillful hands; to have an adviser whose interests were identical with mine. I did not mean or intend to renounce my crown and abdicate my throne like the weakling Charles; but, like the good Queen of modern times, I wanted a King-Consort. Ah! how well I remember that it used to seem to me that in summing up all the divine attributes there was none so winning as that which is conveyed in the words, "He setteth the solitary in families," and, for the matter of that, I think so still.

I used to think what a blessed thing it would be if it could be so ordered that, without offending against the conventionality of society, there could be some civil and well-recognized contract by which an earnest, innocent, high-minded woman, who did not choose to marry, might be suffered *sans peur et sans reproche* to elect for herself a brother, father, uncle, or grandfather, as her taste might dictate or circumstances offer, and create a home which would be doubly blessed to herself and another. I used to think so then for myself, and I think so yet for others. I am sure I know in my own circle of personal acquaintance a score of women, good, true, and warm-hearted, who have passed the season of youth and romance, yet have kept their youth's true romance fresh and pure in their heart's deepest recesses; and who, having never found what their fancy had pictured—for, alas, how "few find what they could or would have loved!"—have bravely determined not to

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carry on the quotation, and marry only because "the strong necessity of loving has removed antipathies;" but to meet the idle scoffs of the world in single life, rather than to desecrate their souls by a heartless marriage without love; and who, learning at last to look upon themselves as among the things "which God has made superfluously, and needed not to build creation with," are quietly waiting his will, wearing out patient, lonely lives in the dull selfishness of a boarding-house; who, enthroned in such a home, and dignified and ennobled by the household cares which are woman's true province, would be a very sun and centre of peace and gladness, a joy to themselves and a source of joy to others.

Oh, ye true sisters of charity! uncrowned martyrs, of whom the world is not worthy, and of whom it may never hear!—ministering angels with yet undeveloped wings! drooping beneath your many crosses—faint not nor be weary; for the hour shall surely come when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed; and for you there shall yet arise praise and blessing and honor from hearts and homes which your unobtrusive and unappreciated labors of love have kept pure and sweet, though now they may be regarded with only a pitiful endurance.

But I must hasten on, for I am talking too much at right and left now; and my husband, who is a lawyer, says my style is apt to be rather too, too—well, what did he call it? voluminous? verbose? diffusive? ornate? No, no! not just either of these words; I can't think what it was—*garrulous*, could that be it? no, not just that very word; but I guess it meant a good deal like it, so I must take care.

Well, to go back—I looked about, and I looked about, but all in vain. I was getting on in life; I was almost five-and-twenty, and I declare I began to *think*, and I used to sing the old Mother Goose song of "How can I be married without any wife?" only by certain verbal variations, suiting it to my own sad circumstances, when that gracious Power that does "set the solitary in families" brought me into acquaintance with Henry La More, and I married him, and I'm very glad I did, and I do not think he has ever regretted it.

Mr. La More is seven or eight years older than I am. I liked that; I could the more gracefully accede to the dictates of his superior wisdom and experience. He was a lawyer in good practice, and I had enough of this world's goods—not to make me a mark for fortune-hunters, but quite enough to make me feel easy in marrying him.

Mr. La More was a widower and had two children. Now I know there is a prejudice against second-hand children: many young ladies do object to them; but I did not. I was glad enough of them. They were something to go to housekeeping with. I was thankful he had them. I always did like a large family; and if he had had a dozen instead of two I think I should have clucked them all in under my motherly wings and brooded them in great contentment. I only regretted he had not an old mother for me to pet, a bachelor brother, or two old maiden sisters to add to the household circle; but he had not, so I took the two little children very thankfully.

Now I dare say you expect that I shall have in the end to say these children have proved the torments of my existence; but it is no such thing. Two sweet, pretty, gentle, loving little girls, they have been every thing to me; and now, when I have three little ones of my own, they are just as dear to me as ever. If any evil should threaten either of our little flock it may be that the mother-instinct in me would assert itself; but I do not at present, upon the closest scrutiny, feel that I love one more than the others—unless it is the baby—and he is our only boy, and so cunning!

As to my predecessor, I don't mind telling you, in confidence, that I should much rather have been my husband's first choice, and that I had naturally rather a prejudice about widowers and second marriages; but then it was too late to remedy that when we met, and as he had never seen *me* when he married *her*, it was not the slightest possible slight to me, you understand. And then, again, there were the children; if it had not been for her I should not have had them. That thought brought the balance right again; and, upon the whole, I guess she was a good enough sort of a woman; and so, considering she was our first wife and so one of the family, I got at last to have a very kindly regard to her memory.

But I am getting in advance of my story now. I married him. I do not intend to afflict you with all the details of our wedding. You know all that sort of thing, of course. It was all according to rule, got up in the best taste, and in the most approved fashion; so much lace, so much wedding-cake—flounces, flowers, rich presents, diamond ring, and bridal tour. But in fact I did not care very much for any of these things; flowers and diamonds I had had in profusion, wedding-cake I never eat, and Catskill, Niagara, Sharon, and the White Mountains—why! I had taken them at regular intervals, as dyspeptic people take spring bitters, ever since I left school.

The prettiest part of the whole wedding paraphernalia in my eyes were the cake-boxes marked "Mr. and Mrs. Henry La More's compliments;" that looked so sociable—I can not tell you how delightful it was to me to find an owner; I that had been drifting round the world unclaimed by any near relation; I that had felt myself an isolated thing—a fragment struck off from the great human family—was now part and parcel of a domestic circle; I that had been wandering through life lonely and purposeless as a comet, and almost as much speculated upon, was now moving in harmonious measure in a regular sphere, my motions timed and ordered by one whose wisdom I relied upon.

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Yes, we had a grand tour, and I enjoyed it, of course; it could not be otherwise. We went to Saratoga and to the lakes, and I do not know where we did not go; and all the time in my inmost heart I was longing for the day when we should go home and settle quietly down to my housekeeping. Oh that word *Home!* it embodied so much to me. The pride and delight with which I thought and timidly talked of *our* garden, *our* house; even *our* pig and *our* cat became very interesting animals to me, because I had a partnership in them. I used to watch eagerly at the hotels to see my husband enter our names as "Mr. and Mrs. H. La More," with a genuine thrill of enjoyment; and when I first saw him sign a check, "H. La More and Co.," I felt a sort of childish jealousy that "Co." did not mean *me*. In fact, I was so delighted at the idea of a community of goods that I was several times upon the point of saying, "*Our* hat and walking-stick—*our* ear-rings and sunshade;" and I think I was only saved from this absurdity by a timely recollection of the hospitable intentions of the mistress of a sea-side boarding-house, who, hearing a young lady boarder vainly regretting she had left her tooth-brush at home, remarked, with equal kindness and *naïveté:* "Law! dear sakes! don't mind that a bit, I am sure you can use *ours* just as well as not."

Well! our journeying was over at last, and we went home. And it certainly was a lovely place—so convenient, and fitted and furnished in such good taste; quite out of town, and with such pretty grounds—large enough for all enjoyment, and not large enough to be a trouble or expense to keep them in good order. And the two dear little girls came running out to receive us, and made friends with me at once; and our Cat was a splendid Maltese, and the most dignified and well-bred cat I ever saw in all my life; and I did not like the looks of our old cook at all; but as my husband said I was to change her just as soon as I pleased if she did not suit me, I concluded to try her a while before I made any fuss. And we had such kind and pleasant neighbors, so friendly and so different from city neighbors. And then our Cow, why, she was a perfect lady; I am very fond of milk and cream, and she was, as the astronomers would say, "clearly distinguished in the milky way!"

As to our Pig, though I often talked about him with the children, I must own I did not make his acquaintance. I found he lived in a rather damp basement under the barn; that he was not of a social turn of mind, but kept himself to himself, and did not go into society at all; and as my own temperament did not agree with his, I never called upon him; particularly as the children said he was of a greedy and very dissatisfied turn, always squealing if not fed, and grunting if he was, which seemed very unamiable in him. But I have rather regretted since that I did not do something to make his lonely life more agreeable to him; for, like too many of our human fellow-creatures, it was not until after his sad but virtuous life had come to a sudden and violent close that we fully realized what a pig he was! And when we came to sum up all his excellent parts, from his chops to his trotters, his hams and his shoulders, his spare-ribs and chine pieces, his harslet and middlings, we were fairly astonished at the magnitude of his merits; and as the briny drops fell fast over his cold remains, we looked at each other and said, "We had no idea there was so much in him!"

Altogether I was just as happy as a summer bird, and my heart, like the morning stars, fairly sung for joy, and I— but what was I going to tell you? I know I had something to tell when I began, at least I *thought* I had; but I have been so—well, yes, we'll call it "garrulous," I have almost forgotten what it was about. Oh yes! I remember now, it was about the first time I expected any of my husband's family to come to make us a visit.

It was the second summer after our marriage. I had been a wife one year and a half, and my baby was just three months old. I had not quite got up my strength, and I suppose I was nervous, for I did so fuss over that first baby; and she was a little, healthy, rugged, easy-going child, too, as ever a mother was blessed with. But my knowledge of babies was at that time altogether theoretic. I loved them intensely; but as to the care of them, I knew no more of that than "the man in the moon," who is, I believe, the received type of ignorance upon all points, though why he should be, with his exalted opportunities of observation, I really never could understand.

Oh, how I did fuss over that baby! I had such a solemn sense of my great responsibility in the charge of a "young immortal" that the very consciousness of my weakness made me distrust the little knowledge and judgment I really had. Fortunately I had a good, kind, practical, common-sense nurse; if I had not had I think I should have worried myself and the baby—not to say the rest of the family—out of existence.

If the baby did not sleep as usual, I was sure she was sick—going to have a brain-fever, possibly. If she slept more than usual, I dreaded she was going into a lethargy. If she cried, I was sure she was ill; and when she did not cry I feared she was in a stupor. I almost put her eyes out holding her in the strong light to be certain she was not born blind; and when the dear little innocent, in her unconscious sleep, indulged in those diabolical grimaces which, I regret to say, the best and sweetest of babies are prone to in their sleep, I was possessed with the idea she was going into convulsions, and poked her awake to be sure she was not, to the disgust of nurse.

I have often thought since of the boy who, in an agony of awe and remorse, cried out that he had "been, and went, and killed a cherubim!" I think I fully shared all his awe and distress;

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only in my case it was not remorse at having killed my cherubim, but overwhelming anxiety lest I should. It was just while matters were in this state that my husband one day brought home a letter—a mere letter of business—from his sister's husband; but at the close it contained the following short but, to me, important announcement: "Love to Mary and the little ones; please tell Mary that Isabella and I mean to run down one of these fine days and spend a week or so with you."

That was all—"only that, and nothing more;" it looked simple enough at first, certainly; nothing very alarming in the idea of a friend and his wife—some of your own family, too—coming to pass a few days with you—and possibly a month or more to get ready in.

Oh, that is the very point! don't you see it? Ah! then it is possibly because you are a man and not a young housekeeper. That vague uncertainty as to the time; and then a whole month given you to get ready in! How much they must expect! Oh, if they had only come now, just out of hand, unexpectedly, it had been so much better! They would not have expected so much; and I should not have aimed at so much. I should have made a very good appearance, taken unawares; and all would have been easy and sociable. But now I had time enough and to spare; and I must look after my laurels, and be sure and have every thing in prime order, for

"From those to whom so much is given,
How much may be required!"

Aunt Isabella (Mrs. Allenbie) was my husband's elder sister; and it must be confessed that at that time I stood a good deal in awe of her. She was a rather formal, dignified, stately personage, much older than I; indeed, she was some years older than her brother, who, I used to think, was somewhat in awe of her himself; at least his respect and attention to her and her opinions amounted almost to reverence. He always deferred to her rules in all that related to domestic matters, and I knew that he considered her a model housekeeper. I was but little acquainted with her myself; we had, of course, met once or twice at the time of my marriage, and she had treated me with great attention and kindness. Still, she had a cold, dispassionate way of looking at me, as if she was gauging me—in some way taking my mental and moral weight, depth, and breadth; and I had a humiliating and most uncomfortable sense that she might think me light weight and short measure. Now that I know her better I love her dearly, and do full justice to all her many excellent qualities; but then I was awfully in dread of her. Sisters-in-law are said to be hard to please, and I felt she would come prepared

"To view me with a critic's eye,
Nor pass my imperfections by."

And for my own gratification, and to justify my husband's choice, I was determined to outdo myself; and so, then and there, began a series of petty care-takings, wearying to mind and body both.

First, my cook was rather extravagant, and slightly inclined to dispute my authority, upon the ground of my disparity in years; and I had made up my mind to make a change in that department; but then she did make rich soups, and get up such pretty side-dishes, and such delicate tea and breakfast cakes and relishes, I must keep her until my guests had come and gone; and a present of a new shawl was the flag of truce which I held out with ready hand but reluctant heart.

What a mercy I felt it was for me that the spring cleaning was all well over; to be sure, the white draperies of the guest-chamber had been taken down, and nicely got up, and they were all "laid out," white and stiff as sheeted ghosts, upon the bed. It had been my intention to have them put up again that very week; but then, as Isabella was coming, I wanted to have her find them in all the beauty of their fresh gloss and newness; so they were condemned still to lie in state, and the chamber was left to "scud under bare poles," as the sailors say, for some weeks longer.

The children's summer dresses were all in readiness, and it was quite time to make the change; but they could not put them on then, they must wear their old dresses until their aunt came, for Aunt Isabella is quite particular in the matter of dress. I had intended to have little Belle's hair cut that spring; her father had said her long curls would ruin her eyes; but it would change her appearance so much, and her aunt, for whom she was named, might think, perhaps, that it was just a malicious stepmother's act of cruel power, making a really pretty child look like that. No! I felt the curls must not be cut till Aunt Isabella had been and gone, even if the child did have weak eyes; so I contrived to tie them up with ribbons.

The weeks rolled on; June had come, and our place looked lovely; "the plot thickened;" they might come any day now; but oh! if I had only known when! "If," I said to myself, "they would only happen to come while our beautiful Wistaria is in such full bloom; before the climbing roses fade; if they could only be here while this splendid moon lasts, or while this delightful June weather continues!" as if I, personally, was answerable for all these. Next, I began living in a state of constant watchfulness and preparation. Our own family being small—only ourselves and the children—I fell (in view of the impending visit) into a habit of keeping house "by a system of double entry" (so to speak)—day by day providing not only for the actual but for the possible dinner—the dinner which was to be, and also the dinner which might be, and would be if they came; a *corps de reserve* in the larder, and reinforcements in ambush in pantry and store-room; the *reserve corps* of to-day to be the *pièce de résistance* of to-morrow, and so on and on through the whole week.

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Batch after batch of rich cake I had made and kept as an edible "trust fund;" and when it had reached its last limits of freshness it had to be confiscated to the use of the children, for whom it was neither intended nor suitable. Oh, the labor and expense "to a small, genteel family residing in the country," as the newspapers express it, of the visitors *who do not come!*

It had got to be the last week in June. I felt they *must* come then; and whenever I went out for a walk or a drive I cast many "a longing, lingering look behind," to survey my premises; to try to judge how they would strike the eyes of strangers; to be certain that all was in perfect order—no scattered threads, no fallen scissors, no turned-down book, to bear mute evidence against me and the tidiness of my habits.

And I left repeated injunctions to Thomas to be at hand to receive our guests and carry up their luggage promptly; and I gave Mary O'Neal private instructions, until we were both weary of the subject, about showing them to their room, asking the lady to lay off her bonnet, offering to brush the gentleman's coat, proffering the Oriental refreshment of cool water and napkins, and deporting herself as a well-trained chamber-maid should do; for I wished Isabella to see that I did have well-drilled servants, if I did live out of town. And every day when I came home I looked in vain for the mark of wheels upon the nicely-kept approach, which John, by my express orders, raked off twice as often as he had been accustomed to do.

One day, on returning from a drive, nurse met me with a troubled face and the information that the two little girls had had a tumble. It appeared that they were running, hand in hand, in the garden walks, when little Lily tripped and fell, dragging Belle down after her. They were not much hurt, she said, only scratched and bruised a good deal; and sure enough, on lifting my eyes, there they were, upon the landing of the stairs, ruefully smiling down upon me through the railing of the balusters, like a pair of most forlorn game chickens in a coop.

Belle had a cut on her lip, and her cheek, chin, and arms scratched by the gravel; and Lily had her forehead and nose badly scratched, and a very black eye. If it had not been for my sorrow I really think I should have laughed, they looked so wobegone, suggesting at once the idea of two little domestic gladiators, who had just come from a regular "set-to" in a private ring in the nursery; and they were such gentle little things too, I do not believe their childish differences ever went beyond "Please, Lily, don't do so!" or "Belle, dear, I don't want you to do that!" And there they were, in a plight such as would naturally suggest a pugilistic encounter to any impartial observer.

But I was thankful they were not more seriously hurt; and I went to work with zeal at once, using cold cream for the cuts and scratches, and fresh butter and wormwood for the bruises, and comforted up their sad little hearts with some extra jam and cake for their supper, and sent them to bed wonderfully relieved by the welcome assurance that mamma did not blame them at all.

But the next morning, when my husband came down to breakfast, after his usual morning visit to the nursery, fond as he was of his children, he could not help laughing,

"Why, Mary, what a looking set you have got in the nursery! Sore, battered, and bruised, they look as if they had had to undergo pretty severe discipline. I shall have to spend all my eloquence to convince Isabella that you are not a regular termagant."

Playful words thoughtlessly uttered; but I leave it to you, could he have said any thing worse? It was the one thought which had haunted me, and he had given it utterance. But then, men never do see such things in the same light we do; and my husband, although the very best of men, is (at least I suppose so) only mortal; so he went off to his office, unconscious of the deadly stab he had given me; and I went back to my cold cream.

The next night I fancied my baby was more restless than usual, nestling and fidgeting round in her little crib by my bedside; but as the night was warm, and I was restless myself, I did not think much of it; but in the morning, when my eyes fell upon her, she looked as if she had been sprinkled from head to foot with red pepper. I was horrified; and with fearful forebodings, and dire but very undeveloped apprehensions of small-pox, erysipelas, scarlet-fever, and measles, all rising in my mind at once, I summoned nurse and pointed in my speechless terror to the child.

The unfeeling woman actually laughed.—"Law, Miss La More! don't, dear, look so scared; that ain't nothing in the world but just the 'red goom!' Nearly all babies has it, more or less, and the fairest complected children has it the worst; it will be all gone in a day or two; law, sakes! that isn't nothing!"

"*Nothing*" indeed! and it had changed my lily-white babe in one night to the appearance of a boiled lobster or a wild Indian! What the "red goom" was I did not know then, and I am sure I don't know now—perhaps more experienced matrons among my readers may; but nurse was a very firm and resolute woman, she never suffered her experience to be upset by the breath of my inexperience. She said it would all go off in a day or two, and it did.

The last days of June came. Nothing but my pride and self-respect withheld me from asking my husband to write, and ask what had detained them; and even these impediments were beginning to give way under the nervous impatience and anxiety with which, like Mrs. Bluebeard's unmarried sister Anne, I was looking out for our long-expected guests. Still, I hated to speak to him about it; I could not tell him what a bugbear his sister was to me, and gentlemen never understand these things. I was sure he would say, "Don't think a word more about it;

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if they come, let them come, and take us as we are. They don't come expecting us to make strangers of them, or if they do, let them find that we don't expect to do it; besides, we always live well enough—don't fret or fuss yourself about it, my dear Mary." Oh! yes, that is it; nothing is a trouble to those upon whom the trouble does not come.

But one day, when Mr. La More was later than usual to dinner, he handed me a letter as he went up to his dressing-room:

"DEAR HENRY,—The late important commercial news has decided me to go abroad at once. My wife goes with me, of course. As we leave this week, this alters all our plans for the summer; Isabella joins me in love to Mary and the little ones; hope our visit to you is only a pleasure postponed: what can we do for you in Paris?" etc.

And this was all; this was the final result of all my painstaking! Yes: this disappointment was my "portion of all my labor and travail which I had taken under the sun." I could have cried with a hearty good-will; but it was just dinner-time. I have an idea that tears are not in good taste at the head of one's table; and it is ungraceful, not to say awkward, to weep and help to soup at the same time.

Mr. La More came down, and we went in to dinner. "I wonder," he said, "how long Charles and Isabella intend to remain abroad?"

"His letter does not say," I replied, with forced calmness. "Possibly he does not know himself until he gets there. Lily, my dear, do not tip up your plate in that way when you take your soup; that is not ladylike."

A BRACE OF BOYS.

I AM a bachelor uncle. That, as a mere fact, might happen to any body; but I am a bachelor uncle by internal fitness. I am one essentially, just as I am an individual of the Caucasian division of the human race; and if through untoward circumstances—which Heaven forbid!—I should lose my present position, I shouldn't be surprised if you saw me out in the *Herald* under "Situations Wanted—Males." Thanks to a marrying tendency in the rest of my family, I have now little need to advertise, all the business being thrown into my way which a single member of my profession can attend to.

I suppose you won't agree with me; but do you know sometimes I think it's better than having children of one's own? People tell me that I'd feel very differently if I did have any. Perhaps so; but then, too, I might be unwise with them. I might bother them into mischief by trying to keep them out. I might be avaricious of them—might be tempted to lock them up in my own stingy old nursery chest, instead of paying them out to meet the bills of humanity and keep the Lord's business moving. I might forget, when I had spent my life in fining their gold and polishing their graven-work, that they were still vessels for the Master's use—I only the butler—the sweetness and the spirit with which they brimmed all belonging to His lips who tasted bitterness for me. Then, if seeking to drain another's wine I raised the chalice to my lips and found it gall, or felt it steal into my old veins to poison the heart and paralyze the hand which had kept it from the Master, what further good would there be for me in the world? Who doesn't know in some friend's house a closet containing that worst of skeletons—the skeleton which, in becoming naked, grim, and ghastly, tears its way through our own flesh and blood?

To be an uncle is a different kind of thing. There you have nothing of the excitement of responsibility to shake your judgment. That's what makes us bachelor uncles so much better judges of what's good for children than their fathers and mothers. We know that nobody will blame us if our nephews unjoint their knuckles or cut their fingers off; so we give them five-bladed knives and boxing-gloves. This involves getting thanked at the time, which is pleasant; and if no catastrophe occurs, when they have grown stout and ingenious, with what calm satisfaction we hear people say, "See what a pretty wind-mill the child's whittled out with Uncle Ned's birthday present!" or "That boy's grown an inch round the chest since you set him sparring!" Uncles never get stale. They don't come every day like parents and plain pudding; they're a sort of holiday relative, with a plummy, Christmas flavor about them. Every body hasn't got them; they're not so rare as the meteoric showers, but as occasional as a particularly fine day, and whenever they come to a house they're in the nature of a pleasant surprise.

I meander, like a desultory, placid river of an old bachelor as I am, through the flowery mead of several nurseries. I am detained by all the little roots that run down into me to drink happiness, but I linger longest among the children of my sister Lu.

Lu married Mr. Lovegrove. He is a merchant, retired with a fortune amassed by the old-fashioned, slow processes of trade, and regards the mercantile life of the present day only as so much greed and gambling Christianly baptized. For the ten years elapsing since he sold out of Lovegrove, Cashdown, and Co. he has devoted himself to his family and a revival of letters, taking up again the Latin and Greek which he had not looked at since his college days until he dismissed teas and silks to adorn a suburban villa with the spectacle of a prime Christian parent and Pagan scholar. Lu is my favorite sister; Lovegrove an unusually good article of brother-in-law; and I can not say that any of my nieces and nephews interest me more than their two children, Daniel and Billy, who are more unlike than words can paint them. They are far apart in point of years; Daniel is twenty-two, Billy eleven. I was reminded of this fact the other day by Billy, as he stood between my legs, scowling at his book of sums.

"'A boy has eighty-five turnips, and gives

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his sister thirty'—pretty present for a girl, isn't it?" said Billy, with an air of supreme contempt. "Could *you* stand such stuff—say?"

I put on my instructive face and answered:

"Well, my dear Billy, you know that arithmetic is necessary to you if you mean to be an industrious man and succeed in business. Suppose your parents were to lose all their property, what would become of them without a little son who could make money and keep accounts?"

"Oh!" said Billy, with surprise. "Hasn't father got enough stamps to see him through?"

"He has now, I hope; but people don't always keep them. Suppose they should go by some accident, when your father was too old to make any more stamps for himself—"

"You haven't thought of brother Daniel—"

True; for nobody ever had, in connection with the active employments of life.

"No, Billy," I replied, "I forgot him; but then, you know, Daniel is more of a student than a business man, and—"

"Oh, Uncle Teddy! you don't think I mean he'd support them? I meant I'd have to take care of father and mother, and him too, when they'd all got to be old people together. Just think! I'm eleven, and he's twenty-two; so he's just twice as old as I am. How old are you?"

"Forty, Billy, last August."

"Well, you aren't so awful old, and when I get to be as old as you Daniel will be eighty. Seth Kendall's grandfather isn't more than that, and he has to be fed with a spoon, and a nurse puts him to bed, and wheels him round in a chair like a baby. That takes the stamps, *I* bet! Well, I'll tell you how I'll keep my accounts; I'll have a stick, like Robinson Crusoe, and every time I make a toadskin I'll gouge a piece out of one side of the stick, and every time I spend one I'll gouge a piece out of the other."

"Spend a *what?*" said the gentle and astonished voice of my sister Lu, who, unperceived, had slipped into the room.

"A toadskin, ma," replied Billy, shutting up Colburn with a farewell glance of contempt.

"Dear, dear! Where does the boy learn such horrid words?"

"Why, ma! Don't you know what a toadskin is? Here's one," said Billy, drawing a dingy five-cent stamp from his pocket. "And don't I wish I had lots of 'em!"

"Oh!" sighed his mother, "to think I should have a child so addicted to slang! How I wish he were like Daniel!"

"Well, mother," replied Billy, "if you wanted two boys just alike you'd oughter had twins. There ain't any use of my trying to be like Daniel now, when he's got eleven years the start. Whoop! There's a dog-fight; hear 'em! It's Joe Casey's dog—I know his bark!"

With these words my nephew snatched his Glengarry bonnet from the table and bolted down stairs to see the fun.

"What will become of him?" said Lu, hopelessly; "he has no taste for any thing but rough play; and then such language as he uses! Why *isn't* he like Daniel?"

"I suppose because his Maker never repeats himself. Even twins often possess strongly marked individualities. Don't you think it would be a good plan to learn Billy better before you try to teach him? If you do, you'll make something as good of him as Daniel; though it will be rather different from that model."

"Remember, Ned, that you never did like Daniel as well as you do Billy. But we all know the proverb about old maids' daughters and old bachelors' sons. I wish you had Billy for a month—then you'd see."

"I'm not sure that I'd do any better than you. I might err as much in other directions. But I'd try to start right by acknowledging that he was a new problem, not to be worked without finding out the value of x in his particular instance. The formula which solves one boy will no more solve the next one than the rule-of-three will solve a question in calculus—or, to rise into your sphere, than the receipt for one-two-three-four cake will conduct you to a successful issue through plum-pudding—"

I excel in metaphysical discussion, and was about giving further elaboration to my favorite idea when the door burst open. Master Billy came tumbling in with a torn jacket, a bloody nose, the trace of a few tears in his eyes, and the mangiest of cur dogs in his hands.

"Oh my! my!! my!!!" exclaimed his mother.

"Don't you get scared, ma!" cried Billy, smiling a stern smile of triumph; "I smashed the nose off him! He won't sass me again for nothing *this* while! Uncle Teddy, d'ye know it wasn't a dog-fight after all? There was that nasty, good-for-nothing Joe Casey, 'n Patsy Grogan, and a lot of bad boys from Mackerelville; and they'd caught this poor little ki-oodle and tied a tin pot to his tail, and were trying to set Joe's dog on him, though he's ten times littler—"

"You naughty, naughty boy! How did you suppose your mother'd feel to see you playing with those ragamuffins?"

"Yes, ma, I *played* 'em! I polished 'em—that's the play I did! Said I, 'Put down that poor little pup; ain't you ashamed of yourself, Patsy Grogan?' 'I guess you don't know who I am,' says he. That's the way they always say, Uncle Teddy, to make a fellow think they're some awful great fighters. So says I again, 'Well, you put down that dog, or I'll show you who *I* am;' and when he held on, I let him have. Then he dropped the pup, and as I stooped to pick it up he gave me one on the bugle."

"*Bugle!* Oh! oh! oh!"

"The rest pitched in to help him; but I grabbed the pup, and while I was trying to give as good as I got—only a fellow can't do it well with only one hand, Uncle Teddy—up came a

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policeman, and the whole crowd ran away. So I got the dog safe, and here he is!"

With that Billy set down his "ki-oodle," bid farewell to every fear, and wiped his bleeding nose. The unhappy beast slunk between the legs of his preserver and followed him out of the room, as Lu, with an expression of maternal despair, bore him away for the correction of his dilapidated raiment and depraved associations. I felt such sincere pride in this young Mazzini of the dog-nation that I was vexed at Lu for bestowing on him reproof instead of congratulation; but she was not the only conservative who fails to see a good cause and a heroic heart under a bloody nose and torn jacket. I resolved that if Billy was punished he should have his recompense before long in an extra holiday at Barnum's or the Hippotheatron.

You already have some idea of my other nephew if you have noticed that none of us, not even that habitual disrespecter of dignities, Billy, ever called him Dan. It would have seemed as incongruous as to call Billy William. He was one of those youths who never gave their parents a moment's uneasiness; who never had to have their wills broken, and never forgot to put on their rubbers or take an umbrella. In boyhood he was intended for a missionary. Had it been possible for him to go to Greenland's icy mountains without catching cold, or India's coral strand without getting bilious, his parents would have carried out their pleasing dream of contributing him to the world's evangelization. Lu and Mr. Lovegrove had no doubt that he would have been greatly blessed if he could have stood it. They brought him up in the most careful manner, and I can not recollect the time when he was not president, secretary, or something in some society of small yet good children. He was not only an exemplar to whom all Lu's friends pointed their own nursery as the little boy who could say most hymns and sit stillest in church, but he was a reproof even unto his elders. One Sunday afternoon, in the Connecticut village where my brother-in-law used to spend his summers, when half the congregation were slumbering under the combined effect of the heat, a lunch of cheese and apples, and the sermon, my nephew, then aged five, sat bolt upright in the pew, winkless as a deacon hearing a new candidate suspected of shakiness on "a card'nal pint," and mortified almost to death poor old Mrs. Pringle, who, compassionating his years, had handed him a sprig of her "meetin' seed" over the back of the seat, by saying, in a loud and stern voice:

"I don't eat things in church."

I should have spanked the boy when I got home, but Lu with tears in her eyes quoted something about the mouths of babes and sucklings.

Both she and his father always encouraged old manners in him. I think they took such pride in raising a peculiarly pale boy as a gardener does in getting a nice blanch on his celery, and so long as he was not absolutely sick the graver he was the better. He was a sensitive plant, a violet by a mossy stone, and all that sort of thing. But when in his tenth year he had the measles, and was narrowly carried through, Lu got a scare about him. During his convalescence, reading aloud a life of Henry Martyn to amuse him, she found in it a picture of that young apostle preaching to a crowd of Hindoos without any boots on. An American mother's association of such behavior with croup and ipecac was too strong to be counteracted by known climatic facts; and from that hour, as she never had before, Lu realized that being a missionary might involve going to carry the gospel to the heathen in your stocking feet.

When they had decided that such a life would not do for him, his training had almost entirely unfitted him for any other active calling. The strict propriety with which he had been brought up had resulted in weak lungs, poor digestion, sluggish circulation, and torpid liver. Moreover, he was troubled with the painfulest bashfulness which ever made a mother think her child too ethereal, or a dispassionate outsider regard him too flimsy for this world. These were weights enough to carry, even if he had not labored under that heaviest of all—a well-stored mind.

No misnomer that last to any one who has ever frequented the Atlantic Docks, or seen storage in any large port of entry. How does a store-house look? It's a vast, dark, cold chamber—dust an inch deep on the floor—cobwebs festooning the girders—and piled from floor to ceiling on the principle of getting the largest bulk into the least room, with barrels, boxes, bales, baskets, chests, crates, and carboys—merchandise of all description, from the roughest raw material to the most exquisite *choses de luxe*. The inmost layers are inextricable without pulling down the outer ones. If you want a particular case of broadcloth you must clear yourself an alley-way through a hundred tierces of hams, and last week's entry of clayed sugars is inaccessible without tumbling on your head a mountain of Yankee notions.

In my nephew's unfortunate youth such storage as this had minds. As long as the crown of his brain's arch was not crushed in by some intellectual Furman Street disaster, those stevedores of learning, the schoolmasters, kept on unloading the Rome and Athens lighters into a boy's crowded skull, and breaking out of the hold of that colossal old junk, The Pure Mathematics, all the formulas which could be crowded into the interstices between his Latin and Greek.

At the time I introduce Billy both Lu and her husband were much changed. They had gained a great deal in width of view and liberality of judgment. They read Dickens and Thackeray with avidity; went now and then to the Opera; proposed to let Billy take a quarter at Dodworth's; had statues in their parlor without any thought of shame at their lack of petti-

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coats, and did multitudes of things which in their early married life they would have considered shocking. Part of this change was due to the great increase of travel, the wonderful progress in art and refinement which has enlarged this generation's thought and corrected its ignorant opinions, infusing cosmopolitanism into our manners by a revolution so gradual that its subjects were a new people before their combativeness became alarmed; yet so rapid that a man of thirty can scarcely believe his birthday, and questions whether he has not added his life up wrong by a century or so when he compares his own boyhood with that of the present day. But a good deal of the transformation resulted from the means of gratifying elegant tastes, the comfort, luxury, and culture which came with Lovegrove's retirement on a fortune. They had mellowed on the sunny shelves of prosperity like every good thing which has an astringent skin when green. They would greatly have liked to see Daniel shine in society. Of his erudition they were proud even to worship. The young man never had any business, and his father never seemed to think of giving him any, knowing, as Billy would say, that he had stamps enough to "see him through." If Daniel liked his father would have endowed a professorship in some college and given him the chair, but that would have taken him away from his own room and the family physician.

Daniel knew how much his parents wished him to make a figure in the world and only blamed himself for his failure, magnanimously forgetting that they had crushed out the faculties which enable a man to mint the small change of everyday society to the exclusive cultivation of such as fit him for smelting the ponderous ingots. With that merciful blindness which alone prevents all our lives from becoming a horror of nerveless self-reproach, his parents were equally unaware of their share in the harm done him, ascribing to delicate organization the fact that, at an age when love runs riot in all healthy blood, he could not see a Balmoral without his cheeks rivaling the most vivid stripe in it. They flattered themselves that he would outgrow his bashfulness; but Daniel had no such hope, and frequently confided in me that he thought he should never marry at all.

About two hours after Billy's disappearance under his mother's convoy the defender of the oppressed returned to my room bearing the dog under his arm. His cheeks shone with washing like a pair of waxy spitzenbergs, and other indignities had been offered him to the extent of the comb and brush. He also had a whole jacket on.

"Well, Billy," said I, "what are you going to do with your dog?"

"I don't know what I'm a-going to do. I've a great mind to be a bad, disobedient boy with him, and *not* have my days long in the land which the Lord my God giveth me!"

"Oh, Billy'"

"I can't help it. They won't be long if I don't mind ma, she says; and she wants me to be mean, and put Crab out in the street to have Patsy catch him and tie coffee-pots to his tail. I—I—I—"

Here my small nephew dug his fist into his eye and looked down.

I told Billy to stop where he was, and went to intercede with Lu. She was persuaded to entertain the angels of magnanimity and heroism in the disguise of a young fighting character, and accept my surety for the behavior of his dog. Billy and I also obtained permission to go out together and be gone the entire afternoon. We put Crab on a comfortable bed of rags in an old shoe-box, and then strolled hand in hand across that most delightful of New York breathing-places, Stuyvesant Square.

"Uncle Teddy!" exclaimed Billy with ardor, "I wish I could do something to show you how much I think of you for being so good to me. I don't know how—would it make you happy if I was to learn a hymn for you—a smashing big hymn—six verses, long metre, and no grumbling?"

"No, Billy; you make me happy enough just by being a good boy."

"Oh, Uncle Teddy!" replied Billy, decidedly, "I'm afraid I can't do it. I've tried so often, and I always make such an awful mess of it."

"Perhaps you get discouraged too easily—"

"Well, if a savings bank won't do it there ain't any chance for a boy. I got father to get me a savings bank once, and began being good just as hard as ever I could for three cents a day. Every night I got 'em I put 'em in reg'lar, and sometimes I'd keep being good three whole days running. That made a sight of money, I tell you. Then I'd do something, ma said, to kick my pail of milk over, and those nights I didn't get any thing. I used to put in most of my marble and candy-money too."

"What were you going to do with it?"

"It was for an Objeck, Uncle Teddy. That's a kind of Indian, you know, that eats people and wants the gospel. That's what pa says, any way; I didn't ever see one."

"Well, didn't that make you happy—to help the poor little heathen children?"

"That's just it, Uncle Teddy; they never got a cent of it. One time I was good so long I got scared. I was afraid I'd never want to fly my kite on the roof again, or go any where where I oughtn't or have any fun. I couldn't see any use of going and saving all my money to send out to the Objecks, if it was going to make good boys of 'em. It was awful hard for me to have to be a good boy, and it must be worse for them 'cause they ain't used to it. So when there wasn't any body up stairs I went and shook a lot of pennies out of my chimney and bought ever so much taffy, and marbles, and pop-corn. Was that awful mean, Uncle Teddy?"

The question involved such complications

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that I hesitated. Before I could decide what to answer, Billy continued:

"Ma said it was robbing the heathen, and didn't I get it! I thought if it was robbing I'd have a cop after me."

"What's a 'cop?'"

"That's what the boys call a policeman, Uncle Teddy, and then I should be taken away and put in an awful black place under ground, like Johnny Wilson, when he broke Mrs. Perkins's window. I was scared, I tell you! But I didn't get any thing worse than a whipping, and having my savings bank taken away from me with all that was left in it. I haven't tried to be good since, much."

We now got into a Broadway stage going down, and being unable on account of the noise to converse further upon those spiritual conflicts of Billy's which so much interested me, amused ourselves with looking out until just as we reached the Astor House, when he asked me where we were going.

"Where do you guess?" said I.

He cast a glance through the front window, and his face became irradiated. Oh, there's nothing like the simple, cheap luxury of pleasing a child, to create sunshine enough for the chasing away of the bluest adult devils!

"We're going to Barnum's!" said Billy, involuntarily clapping his hands.

So we were—and, much as stuck-up people pretend to look down on the place, I frequently am. Not only so, but I always see that class largely represented there when I do go. To be sure they always make-believe that they only visit it to amuse the children, or because they've country cousins visiting them, and never fail to refer to the vulgar set one finds there, and the fact of the animals smelling like any thing but Jockey Club; yet I notice that after they've been in the hall three minutes they're as much interested as any of the people they come to poh-poh, and only put on the high-bred air when they fancy some one of their own class is looking at them. I boldly acknowledge that I go because I like it. I am especially happy, to be sure, if I have a child along to go into ecstasies, and give me a chance, by asking questions, for the exhibition of that fund of information which is said to be one of my chief charms in the social circle, and on several occasions has led that portion of the public immediately about the Happy Family into the erroneous impression that I was Mr. Barnum explaining his 500,000 curiosities.

On the present occasion we found several visitors of the better class in the room devoted to the Aquarium. Among these was a young lady apparently about nineteen, in a tight-fitting basque of black velvet which showed her elegant figure to fine advantage, a skirt of garnet silk looped up over a pretty Balmoral, and the daintiest imaginable pair of kid walking-boots. Her height was a trifle over the medium—her eyes a soft expressive brown, shaded by masses of hair which exactly matched their color, and, at that rat-and-miceless day, fell in such graceful abandon as to show at once that nature was the only maid who crimped their waves into them. Her complexion was rosy with health and sympathetic enjoyment; her mouth was faultless, her nose sensitive, her manners full of refinement, and her voice musical as a wood-robin's, when she spoke to the little boy of six at her side, to whom she was revealing the palace of the great show-king. Billy and I were flattening our noses against the abode of the balloon-fish, and determining whether he looked most like a horse-chestnut burr or a ripe cucumber, when his eyes and my own simultaneously fell on the child and lady. In a moment, to Billy, the balloon-fish was as though he had not been.

"That's a pretty little boy!" said I. And then I asked Billy one of those senseless routine questions which must make children look at us, regarding the scope of our intellects very much as we look at bushmen.

"How would you like to play with him?"

"Him!" replied Billy, scornfully, "that's his first pair of boots; see him pull up his little breeches to show the red tops to 'em! But, Crackey! isn't *she* a smasher!"

After that we visited the wax figures and the sleepy snakes, the learned seal and the glass-blowers, every where enjoying what we saw all the more because that beautiful girl and child were not far from us. Whenever we passed from one room into another, Billy could be caught looking anxiously to see if they were coming too.

Time fails me to describe how Billy was lost in astonishment at the Lightning Calculator—wanted me to beg the secret of that prodigy for him to do his sums by—finally thought he had discovered it, and resolved to keep his arm whirling all the time he studied his arithmetic lesson the next morning. Equally inadequate is it to relate in full how he became so confused among the wax-works that he pinched the solemnest showman's legs to see if he was real, and perplexed the beautiful Circassian to the verge of idiocy by telling her he had read all about the way they sold girls like her in his geography.

We had reached the stairs to that subterranean chamber in which the Behemoth of Holy Writ was wallowing about without a thought of the dignity which one expects from a canonical character. Billy had always languished upon his memories of this diverting beast, and I stood ready to see him plunge headlong the moment that he read the sign-board at the head of the stairs. When he paused and hesitated there, not seeming at all anxious to go down till he saw the pretty girl and the child following after—a sudden intuition flashed across me. Could it be possible that Billy was caught in that vortex which whirled me down at ten years—a little boy's first love?

We were lingering about the elliptical basin, and catching occasional glimpses between bub-

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bles of a vivified hair trunk of monstrous compass, whose knobby lid opened at one end and showed a red morocco lining, when the pretty girl, in leaning over to point out the rising monster, dropped into the water one of her little gloves, and the swash made by the hippopotamus drifted it close under Billy's hand. Either in play or as a mere coincidence the animal followed it. The other children about the tank screamed and started back as he bumped his nose against the side; but Billy manfully bent down and grabbed the glove not an inch from one of his big tusks, then marched round the tank and presented it to the lady with a chivalry of manner in one of his years quite surprising.

"That's a real nice boy—you said so, didn't you, Lottie? and I wish he'd come and play with me," said the little fellow by the young lady's side, as Billy turned away, gracefully thanked, to come back to me with his cheeks roseate with blushes.

As he heard this Billy idled along the edge of the tank for a moment, then faced about and said,

"P'raps I will some day—where d'you live?"

"I live on East Seventeenth Street with papa—and Lottie stays there too now—she's my cousin—where d'you live?"

"Oh, I live close by—right on that big green square, where I guess the nurse takes you once in a while," said Billy, patronizingly. Then, looking up pluckily at the young lady, he added, "I never saw you out there."

"No, Jimmy's papa has only been in his new house a little while, and I've just come to visit him."

"Say, will you come and play with me sometime?" chimed in the inextinguishable Jimmy. "I've got a cooking stove—for real fire—and blocks and a ball with a string."

Billy, who belonged to a club for the practice of the great American game, and was what A. Ward would call the most superior battist among the I. G. B. B. C., or "Infant Giants," smiled from that altitude upon Jimmy, but promised to go and play with him the next Saturday afternoon.

Late that evening, after we had got home and dined, as I sat in my room over Pickwick with a sedative cigar, a gentle knock at the door told of Daniel. I called "Come in!" and entering with a slow, dejected air he sat down by my fire. For ten minutes he remained silent, though occasionally looking up as if about to speak, then dropping his head again to ponder on the coals. Finally I laid down Dickens and spoke myself.

"You don't seem well to-night, Daniel?"

"I don't feel very well, uncle."

"What's the matter, my boy?"

"Oh—ah—I don't know. That is, I wish I had words to tell you."

I studied him for a few moments with kindly curiosity, then answered,

"Perhaps I can save you the trouble by cross-examining it out of you. Let's try the method of elimination. I know that you're not harassed by any economical considerations, for you've all the money you want; and I know that ambition doesn't trouble you, for your tastes are scholarly. This narrows down the investigation of your symptoms, listlessness, general dejection, and all to three causes—Dyspepsia, Religious Conflicts, Love. Now, is your digestion awry?"

"No, Sir, good as usual. I'm not melancholy on religion, and—"

"You don't tell me you're in love?"

"Well—yes—I suppose that's about it, Uncle Teddy."

I took a long breath to recover from my astonishment at this unimaginable revelation, then said,

"Is your feeling returned?"

"I really don't know, Uncle. I don't believe it is. I don't see how it can be. I never did any thing to make her love me. What is there in **me** to love? I've borne nothing for her—that is, nothing that could do her any good—though I've endured on her account, I may say, anguish. So, look at it any way you please, I neither am, do, nor suffer any thing that can get a woman's love."

"Oh, you man of learning! Even in love you tote your grammar along with you, and arrange a divine passion under active, passive, and neuter heads!"

Daniel smiled faintly. "You've no idea, Uncle Teddy, that you are twitting on facts; but you hit the truth there—indeed you do. If she were a Greek or a Latin woman I could talk Anacreon or Horace to her. If women only understood the philosophy of the flowers as well as they do the poetry—"

"Thank God they don't, Daniel!" sighed I, devoutly.

"Never mind—in that case I could entrance her for hours talking about the grounds of difference between Linnæus and Jussieu. Women like the star business, they say—and I could tell her where all the constellations are; but, sure as I tried to get off any sentiment about them, I'd break down and make myself ridiculous. But what earthly chance would the greatest philosopher that ever lived have with the woman he loved, if he depended for her favor on his ability to analyze her bouquet or tell her when she might look out for the next occultation of Orion? I can't talk bread-and-butter talk. I can't do any thing that makes a man even tolerable to a woman!"

"I hope you don't mean that nothing but bread-and-butter talk is tolerable to a woman?"

"No; but it's necessary to some extent—at any rate the ability is—in order to succeed in society; and it's in society men first meet and strike women. And oh, Uncle Teddy, I'm such a fish out of water in society!—such a dreadful floundering fish! When I see her dancing gracefully as a swan swims, and feel that fellows, like little Jack Mankyn, who don't know twice two is four, can dance to her perfect admiration;

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when I see that she likes ease of manners—and all sorts of men without an idea in their heads have that—while I turn all colors when I speak to her, and am clumsy, abrupt, abstracted, and bad at repartee — Uncle Teddy! sometimes (though it seems so ungrateful to father and mother who have spent such pains for me)—sometimes, do you know, it seems to me as if I'd exchange all I've ever learned for the power to make a good appearance before her."

"Daniel, my boy, you make it too much a matter of reflection. A woman is not to be taken by laying plans. If you love the lady (whose name I don't ask you, because I know you'll tell me as soon as you think it best), you must seek her companionship until you're well enough acquainted for her to have her regard you as something different from the men whom she meets merely in society, and judge your qualities by another standard than that she applies to them. If she's a sensible girl (and God forbid you should marry her otherwise!), she knows that people can't always be dancing, or holding fans, or running after orange-ice. If she's a girl capable of appreciating your best points (and woe to you if you marry a girl who can't!), she'll find them out upon closer intimacy, and, once found, they'll a hundred times outweigh all brilliant advantages kept in the show-case of fellows who have nothing on the shelves. When this comes about you will pop the question unconsciously, and, to adapt Milton, she'll drop into your lap 'gathered—not harshly plucked.'"

"I know that's sensible, Uncle Teddy, and I'll try. Let me tell you the sacredest of secrets: regularly every day of my life I send her a little poem fastened round the prettiest bouquet I can get at Haupt's."

"Does she know who sends them?"

"She can't have any idea. The German boy that takes them knows not a word of English except her name and address. You'll forgive me, uncle, for not mentioning her name yet? You see she may despise or hate me some day when she knows who it is that has paid her these attentions; and then I'd like to be able to feel that at least I've never hurt her by any absurd connection with myself."

"Forgive you? Nonsense! The feeling does your heart infinite credit, though a little counsel with your head would show you that your only absurdity is self-depreciation."

Daniel bid me good-night. As I put out my cigar and went to bed, my mind reverted to the dauntless little Hotspur who had spent the afternoon with me and reversed his mother's wish, thinking—

"Oh, if Daniel were only more like Billy!"

It was always Billy's habit to come and sit with me while I smoked my after-breakfast cigar, but the next morning did not see him enter my room till St. George's hands pointed to a quarter of nine.

"Well, Billy Boy Blue, come blow your horn; what haystack have you been under till this time of day? We sha'n't have a minute to look over our spelling together, and I know a boy who's going in for promotion next week. Have you had your breakfast, and taken care of Crab?"

"Yes, Sir; but I didn't feel like getting up this morning."

"Are you sick?"

"No-o-o—it isn't that; but you'll laugh at me if I tell you."

"Indeed I won't, Billy!"

"Well"—his voice dropped to a whisper, and he stole close to my side—"I had such a nice dream about *her* just the last thing before the bell rang; and when I woke up I felt so queer—so kinder good and kinder bad—and I wanted to see her so much that if I hadn't been a big boy I believe I should have blubbered. I tried ever so much to go to sleep and see her again; but the more I tried the more I couldn't. After all, I had to get up without it, though I didn't want any breakfast at all, and only ate two buckwheat cakes, though I always eat six you know, Uncle Teddy. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, dear, so you couldn't get it out of me if you were to shake me upside down like a savings bank."

"Oh, ain't you mean! That was when I was small I did that. I'll tell you the secret, though—that girl and I are going to get married. I mean to ask her the first chance I get. Oh, isn't she a smasher!"

"My dear Billy, sha'n't you wait a little while to see if you always like her as well as you do now? Then, too, you'll be older."

"I'm old enough, Uncle Teddy, and I love her dearly! I'm as old as the Kings of France used to be when they got married—I read it in Abbott's Histories. But there's the clock striking nine! I must run or I shall get a tardy mark, and, perhaps, she'll want to see my certificate sometime."

So saying he kissed me on the cheek and set off for school as fast as his legs could carry him. O Love, omnivorous Love, that sparest neither the dotard leaning on his staff nor the boy with pantaloons buttoning on his jacket—omnipotent Love, that, after parents and teachers have failed, in one instant can make Billy try to become a good boy!

With both of my nephews hopelessly enamored, and myself the confidant of both, I had my hands full. Daniel was generally dejected and distrustful; Billy buoyant and jolly. Daniel found it impossible to overcome his bashfulness; was spontaneous only in sonnets, brilliant only in bouquets. Billy was always coming to me with pleasant news, told in his slangy New York boy vernacular. One day he would exclaim: "Oh, I'm getting on prime! I got such a smile off her this morning as I went by the window!" Another day he wanted counsel how to get a valentine to her—because it was too big to shove in a lamp-post, and she might catch him if he left it on the steps, rang the bell, and

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ran away. Daniel wrote his own valentine; but, despite its originality, that document gave him no such comfort as Billy got from twenty-five cents' worth of embossed paper, pink Cupids, and doggerel. Finally, Billy announced to me that he had been to play with Jimmy, and got introduced to his girl.

Shortly after this Lu gave what they call "a little company"—not a party, but a reunion of forty or fifty people with whom the family were well acquainted, several of them living in our immediate neighborhood. There was a goodly proportion of young folk, and there was to be dancing; but the music was limited to a single piano played by the German exile usual on such occasions, and the refreshments did not rise to the splendor of a costly supper. This kind of compromise with fashionable gayety was wisely deemed by Lu the best method of introducing Daniel to the *beau monde*—a push given the timid eaglet by the maternal bird, with a soft tree-top between him and the vast expanse of society. How simple was the entertainment may be inferred from the fact that Lu felt somewhat discomposed when she got a note from one of her guests asking leave to bring along her niece, who was making her a few weeks' visit. As a matter of course, however, she returned answer to bring the young lady and welcome.

Daniel's dressing-room having been given up to the gentlemen I invited him to make his toilet in mine, and, indeed, wanting him to create a favorable impression, became his valet *pro tem.*, tying his cravat, and teasing the divinity-student look out of his side-hair. My little dandy Billy came in for another share of attention, and when I managed to button his jacket for him so that it showed his shirt-studs "like a man's," Count d'Orsay could not have felt a more pleasing sense of his sufficiency for all the demands of the gay world.

When we reached the parlor we found Pa and Ma Lovegrove already receiving. About a score of guests had arrived. Most of them were old married couples, which, after paying their devoirs, fell in two like unriveted scissors—the gentlemen finding a new pivot in Pa and the ladies in Ma, where they mildly opened and shut upon such questions as severally concerned them, such as "the way gold closed," and "how the children were."

Besides the old married people there were several old young men of distinctly hopeless and unmarried aspect, who, having nothing in common with the other class, nor sufficient energy of character to band themselves for mutual protection, hovered dejectedly about the arch pillars, or appeared to be considering whether, on the whole, it would not be feasible and best to sit down on the centre-table. These subsisted upon such crumbs of comfort as Lu could get an occasional chance to throw them by rapid sorties of conversation—became galvanically active the moment they were punched up, and fell flat the moment the punching was remitted. I did all I could for them, but having Daniel in tow, dared not sail too near the edge of the Doldrums, lest he should drop into sympathetic stagnation and be taken preternaturally bashful, with his sails all aback, just as I wanted to carry him gallantly into action with some clipper-built cruiser of a nice young lady. Finally, Lu bethought herself of that last plank of drowning conversationists, the photograph album. All the dejected young men made for it at once, some reaching it just as they were about to sink for the last time, but all getting a grip on it somehow, and staying there in company with other people's babies whom they didn't know, and celebrities whom they knew to death, until, one by one, they either stranded upon a motherly dowager by the Fire-place Shoals, or were rescued from the Sofa Reef by some gallant wrecker of a strong-minded young lady, with a view to taking salvage out of them in the German.

Besides these were already arrived a dozen nice little boys and girls, who had been invited to make it pleasant for Billy. I had to remind him of the fact that they were his guests, for, in comparison with the queen of his affections, they were in danger of being despised by him as small fry.

The younger ladies and gentlemen—those who had fascinations to disport, or were in the habit of disporting what they considered such, were consulting the looking-glass until that oracle should announce the auspicious moment for their setting forth.

Daniel was in conversation with a perfect godsend of a girl, who understood Latin and had begun Greek. Billy was taking a moment's vacation from his boys and girls, busy with "Old Maid" in the extension-room, and whispering, with his hand in mine, "Oh, don't I wish *she* were here!" when a fresh invoice of ladies, just unpacked from the dressing-room in all the airy elegance of evening costume, floated through the door. I heard Lu say: "Ah, Mrs. Rumbullion! Happy to see your niece too. How d'ye do, Miss Pilgrim?"

At this last word Billy jumped as if he had been shot, and the bevy of ladies opening about sister Lu disclosed the charming face and figure of the pretty girl we had met at Barnum's.

Billy's countenance rapidly changed from astonishment to joy. "Isn't that splendid, Uncle Teddy? Just as I was wishing it! It's just like the fairy books!" and, rushing up to the party of new-comers, "My dear Lottie!" cried he, "if I'd only known you were coming I'd have gone after you!"

As he caught her by the hand I was pleased to see her soft eyes brighten with gratification at his enthusiasm, but my sister Lu looked on naturally with astonishment in every feature.

"Why, Billy!" said she, "you ought not to call a strange young lady '*Lottie!*' Miss Pilgrim, you must excuse my wild boy—"

"And you must excuse my mother, Lottie," said Billy, affectionately patting Miss Pilgrim's rose kid, "for calling you a strange young lady.

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You're not strange at all—you're just as nice a girl as there is."

"There are no excuses necessary," said Miss Pilgrim, with a bewitching little laugh. "Billy and I know each other intimately well, Mrs. Lovegrove; and I confess that when I heard the lady aunt had been invited to visit was his mother, I felt all the more willing to infringe etiquette this evening by coming where I had no previous introduction."

"Don't you care!" said Billy, encouragingly. "I'll introduce you to every one of our family; I know 'em if you don't."

At this moment I came up as Billy's reinforcement, and fearing lest in his enthusiasm he might forget the canon of society which introduces a gentleman to a lady, not the lady to him, I ventured to suggest it delicately by saying:

"Billy, will you grant me the favor of a presentation to Miss Pilgrim?"

"In a minute, Uncle Teddy," answered Billy, considerably lowering his voice. "The older people first;" and after this reproof I was left to wait in the cold until he had gone through the ceremony of introducing to the young lady his father and his mother.

Billy, who had now assumed entire guardianship of Miss Pilgrim, with an air of great dignity intrusted her to my care and left us promenading while he went in search of Daniel. I myself looked in vain for that youth, whom I had not seen since the entrance of the last comers. Miss Pilgrim and I found a congenial common ground in Billy whom she spoke of as one of the most delightfully original boys she had ever met; in fact, altogether the most fascinating young gentleman she had seen in New York society. You may be sure it wasn't Billy's left ear which burned when I made my responses.

In five minutes he reappeared to announce, in a tone of disappointment, that he could find Daniel nowhere. He could see a light through his keyhole, but the door was locked and he could get no admittance. Just then Lu came up to present a certain—no, an uncertain—young man of the fleet stranded on parlor furniture earlier in the evening. To Lu's great astonishment Miss Pilgrim asked Billy's permission to leave him. It was granted with all the courtesy of a *preux chevalier*, on the condition readily assented to by the lady, that she should dance one Lancers with him during the evening.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lu, after Billy had gone back like a superior being to assist at the childish amusement of his contemporaries. "Would any body ever suppose that was our Billy?"

"I should, my dear sister," said I, with proud satisfaction; "but you remember I always was just to Billy."

Left free I went myself to hunt up Daniel. I found his door locked and a light showing through the keyhole, as Billy had stated. I made no attempt to enter by knocking; but going to my room and opening the window next his, leaned out as far as I could, shoved up his sash with my cane, and pushed aside his curtain. Such an unusual method of communication could not fail to bring him to the window with a rush. When he saw me he trembled like a guilty thing, his countenance fell, and, no longer able to feign absence, he unlocked his door and let me enter by the normal mode.

"Why, Daniel Lovegrove, my nephew, what does this mean? Are you sick?"

"Uncle Edward, I am not sick—and this means that I'm a fool. Even a little boy like Billy puts me to shame. I feel humbled to the very dust. I wish I'd been a Missionary and got massacred by savages. It may be that like Jonah I am undergoing the wrath of Heaven. I have fled the Nineveh of my life's work—I'm swallowed by the whale of my own horrible, hateful, hopeless bashfulness. Oh that I'd been permitted to wear damp stockings in childhood, or that my mother hadn't carried me through the measles! If it weren't wrong to take my life into my own hands, I'd open that window and—and—sit in a draught this very evening! Oh yes! I'm just that bitter! Oh, oh, oh!"

And Daniel paced the floor with strides of frenzy.

"Well, my dear fellow, let's look at the matter calmly a minute. What brought on this sudden attack? You seemed doing well enough the first ten minutes after we came down. I was only out of your sight long enough to speak to the Rumbullion party who had just come in, and when I turned around you were gone. Now you are in this fearful condition. What is there in the Rumbullions to start you off on such a bender of bashfulness (for it amounts to absolute intoxication) as this which I here behold?"

"Rumbullion indeed!" said Daniel. "A hundred Rumbullions could not make me feel as I do. But *she* can shake me into a whirlwind with her little finger; and with the Rumbullions came she."

"What! D'you—Miss Pilgrim?"

"Miss Pilgrim!"

I labored with Daniel for ten minutes, using every encouragement and argument I could think of, and finally threatened him that I would bring up the whole Rumbullion party, Miss Pilgrim included, telling them that he had invited them to look at his conchological cabinet, unless he instantly shook the ice out of his manner and accompanied me down stairs. This dreadful menace had the desired effect. He knew that I would not scruple to fulfill it; and at the same time that it made him surrender it also provoked him with me to a degree which gave his eyes and cheeks as fine a glow as I could have wished for a favorable impression. The stimulus of wrath was good for him, and there was little tremor in his knees when he descended the stairs. Welladay! So Daniel and Billy were rivals!

The latter gentleman met us at the foot of the staircase.

"Oh, there you are, Daniel!" said he, cheer-

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ily. "I was just going to look after you and Uncle Teddy. We've wanted you for the dances. We've had the Lancers twice, and three round dances; and I danced the second Lancers with Lottie. Now we're going to play some games —to amuse the children, you know," he added, loftily, with the adult gesture of pointing his thumb over his shoulder at the extension-room. "Lottie's going to play too; so will you and Daniel, won't you, uncle? Oh, here comes Lottie now! This is my brother, Miss Pilgrim—let me introduce him to you. I'm sure you'll like him. There's nothing he don't know."

Miss Pilgrim had just come to the newel post of the staircase, and, when she looked into Daniel's face, blushed like the red, red rose, losing her self-possession perceptibly more than Daniel.

The courage of weak warriors and timid gallants mounts as the opposite party's falls, and Daniel made out to say, in a firm tone, that it was long since he had enjoyed the pleasure of meeting Miss Pilgrim.

"Not since Mrs. Cramcroud's last sociable, I think," replied Miss Pilgrim, her cheeks and eyes still playing the tell-tale.

"Oho! so you don't want any introduction!" exclaimed Master Billy. "I didn't know you knew each other, Lottie."

"I have met Mr. Lovegrove in society. Shall we go and join in the plays?"

"To be sure we shall!" cried Billy. "You needn't mind—all the grown people are going to."

On entering the parlor we found it as he had said. The guests being almost all well acquainted with each other, at the solicitation of jolly little Mrs. Bloomingal, sister Lu had consented to make a pleasant Christmas-tide kind of time of it, in which every body was permitted to be young again, and romp with the rompiest. We played Blindman's-buff till we were tired of that—Daniel, to Lu's great delight, coming out splendidly as Blindman, and evincing such "cheek" in the style he hunted down and caught the ladies that I became satisfied that nothing but his eyesight stood in the way of his making an audacious figure in the world. Then a pretty little girl, Tilly Turtelle, who seemed quite a premature flirt, proposed "Door-keeper"—a suggestion accepted with great *éclat* by all the children, several grown people assenting.

To Billy—quite as much on account of his shining prominence in the executive faculties as of his character as host—was committed the duty of counting out the first person to be sent into the hall. There were so many of us that "Aina-maina-mona-mike" would not go quite round; but, with that promptness of expedient which belongs to genius, Billy instantly added on, "Intery-mintery-cutery-com," and the last word of the cabalistic formula fell upon me—Edward Balbus. I disappeared into the entry amidst peals of happy laughter from both old and young, calling, when the door opened again to ask me whom I wanted, for the pretty lisping flirt who had proposed the game. After giving me a coquettish little chirrup of a kiss, and telling me my beard scratched, she bade me, on my return, send out to her "Mither Billy Lovegrove." I obeyed her; my youngest nephew retired; and after a couple of seconds, during which Tilly undoubtedly got what she proposed the game for, Billy being a great favorite with the little girls, she came back, pouting and blushing, to announce that he wanted Miss Pilgrim. That young lady showed no mock-modesty, but arose at once, and laughingly went out to her youthful admirer, who, as I afterward learned, embraced her ardently, and told her he loved her better than any girl in the world. As he turned to go back she told him that he might send to her one of her juvenile cousins, Reginald Rumbullion. Now whether because on this youthful Rumbullion's account Billy had suffered the pangs of that most terrible passion, jealousy, or from his natural enjoyment of playing practical jokes destructive of all dignity in his elders, Billy marched into the room, and, having shut the door behind him, paralyzed the crowded parlor by an announcement that Mr. Daniel Lovegrove was wanted.

I was standing at his side, and could feel him tremble—see him turn pale.

"Dear me!" he whispered, in a choking voice; "can she mean me?"

"Of course she does," said I. "Who else? Do you hesitate? Surely you can't refuse such an invitation from a lady."

"No, I suppose not," said he, mechanically. And amidst much laughter from the disinterested, while the faces of Mrs. Rumbullion and his mother were spectacles of crimson astonishment, he made his exit from the room. 'Never in my life did I so much long for that instrument described by Mr. Samuel Weller—a pair of patent double-million-magnifying microscopes of hextry power, to see through a deal door. Instead of this, I had to learn what happened only by report.

Lottie Pilgrim was standing under the hall burners with her elbow on the newel post, looking more vividly charming than he had ever seen her before at Mrs. Cramcroud's sociable or elsewhere. When startled by the apparition of Mr. Daniel Lovegrove instead of the little Rumbullion whom she was expecting, she had no time to exclaim or hide her mounting color—none at all to explain to her own mind the mistake that had occurred, before his arm was clasped around her waist, and his lips so closely pressed to hers that through her soft thick hair she could feel the throbbing of his temples. As for Daniel, he seemed in a walking dream, from which he waked to see Miss Pilgrim looking into his eyes with utter though not incensed stupefaction—to stammer, "Forgive me! Do forgive me! I thought you were in earnest."

"So I was," she said, tremulously, as soon as she could catch her voice, "in sending for my cousin Reginald."

"Oh dear, what shall I do! Believe me, I

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was told you wanted me—let me go and explain it to mother—she'll tell the rest—I couldn't do it—I'd die of mortification. Oh, that wretched boy Billy!"

On the principle already mentioned, his agitation reassured her. "Don't try to explain it now—it may get Billy a scolding. Are there any but intimate family friends here this evening?"

"No—I think—no—I'm sure," replied Daniel, collecting his faculties.

"Then I don't mind what they think—perhaps they'll suppose we've known each other long—but we'll arrange it by-and-by. They'll think the more of it the longer we stay out here—hear them laugh! I must run back now. I'll send you somebody."

A round of juvenile applause greeted her as she hurried into the parlor, and a number of grown people smiled quite musically. Her quick woman-wit showed her how to retaliate and divide the embarrassment of the occasion. As she passed me she said in an undertone,

"Answer quick! Who's that fat lady on the sofa that laughs so loud?"

"Mrs. Cromwell Craggs," said I, as quietly.

Miss Pilgrim made a satirically low courtesy, and spoke in a modest but distinct voice:

"I really must be excused for asking. I'm a stranger, you know; but is there such a lady here as Mrs. Craggs—Mrs. *Cromwell* Craggs? For if so, the present doorkeeper would like to see Mrs. Cromwell Craggs."

Then came the turn of the fat lady to be laughed at; but out she had to go and get kissed like the rest of us.

Before the close of the evening Billy was made as jealous as his parents and I were surprised to see Daniel in close conversation with Miss Pilgrim among the geraniums and fuschias of the conservatory—"a regular flirtation," said Billy, somewhat indignantly. The conclusion which they arrived at was, that after all no great harm had been done, and that the dear little fellow ought not to be peached on for his fun. If I had known at the time how easily they forgave him, I should have suspected that the offense Billy had led Daniel into committing was not unlikely to be repeated on the offender's own account; but so much as I could see showed me that the ice was broken.

Billy's jealousy did not outlast the party. He became more and more interested in "his girl," and often went in the afternoon after getting out of school, ostensibly to play with Jimmy. Daniel's calls, according to adult etiquette made in the evening, did not interfere with my younger nephew's, and as neither knew that the other, after his fashion, was his most uncompromising rival, my position as the confidant of each was one of extreme delicacy. But the matter was more speedily settled than I expected.

Billy came to me one day and told me that he intended to get married immediately—that he was going to ask his Lottie that very afternoon. He was prepared to meet every objection. He had asked his father if he might, and his father said yes, if he had money enough to support a wife—and Billy thought he had. He'd saved up all the money his Uncle Tom and Aunt Jane had sent him for Christmas; and besides, if he were once married, his father wouldn't see him want for stamps, he knew. Then, too, he was going to leave school and be a merchant next year—and I'd help him now and then, if he got hard up, wouldn't I? If he were driven to it he could be a good boy again, and save up the money to buy Lottie dresses instead of giving it to nasty old "Objecks." He was so much older than when he had the savings bank that he ought to have at least ten cents a day now for being good: didn't I think that was fair? As to his age, if Lottie loved him he didn't care—any way he'd be lots bigger than she was before long—and he'd often heard his Ma say she approved of early marriages; hers and Pa's was one. So he ran off up Livingston Place, the most undaunted lover that ever put extra shine on his proposal boots, or spent half an hour on the bow of his popping neck-tie.

Shortly after Daniel went into the street. Not meaning to call upon his *inamorata*, but, drawn by the irresistible fascination of passing her house, he strolled in the direction that Billy had gone. As he came to the Rumbullion's something suddenly bade him enter—a whim he called it, but not his own—one of the whims of Destiny, which are always gratified.

"Yes, Sir," said the servant, "Miss Pilgrim is in. I will call her."

His step was always light. He passed noiselessly into the front-parlor, and sat down among the heavy brocatelle curtains which shadowed a recess of one of the windows. He supposed Miss Pilgrim to be up stairs, and while his heart fluttered expecting her footfall at the parlor-door, he heard an earnest, boyish voice in the extension-room. Looking from his concealment he beheld Miss Pilgrim on a sofa in the pier, and sitting by her side, with her hand clasped in his, his brother Billy. Before he could avoid it he became aware that Billy was unconsciously but eagerly forestalling him.

"Now, Lottie, my dear Lottie! I wish you would! I'll do every thing I can to make you happy. If you'll only marry me, I'll be good all the time! Come, now! Say yes! Father's got a real nice place over the stable—they only use it for a tool-room now; we could clear it out and have it scrubbed, and go to housekeeping right away. Ma 'd let us have all her old set of china; I've got a silver mug Uncle Teddy gave me, and a napkin-ring and four spoons. As soon as I make my money I'll buy you a nice carriage and horses, any color you want 'em. Oh, my darling, darling Lottie, I do love you so much, and we could have such a splendid time! Do say yes, Lottie—please, *do* please!"

Miss Pilgrim looked at the earnest little suitor with a face in which tender interest and com-

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passion quite over-rode any sense of the whimsicality of the situation which might lurk there. Daniel's astonishment at the sight was so great that he realized the entire state of the case before he could recover himself sufficiently to rise and go into the back-room.

Billy jumped up and looked defiantly at the intruder. Miss Pilgrim blushed violently, but turned away her head to avoid the exhibition of a still more convulsing emotion than embarrassment.

"I must beg your pardon, Miss Pilgrim—and yours too, Billy," began Daniel, in a hesitating way, hardly knowing how to treat the posture in which he found things; "but—you see—the fact is—the servant said she'd go to announce me—and really, when I came in, I hadn't any idea you were here, or Billy either."

"Then," said Billy, moderating the defiant attitude, "you truly weren't dodging around and trying to find out what Lottie and I were about on the sly? Well—I'll believe you. I'm sure you couldn't be as mean as that when I'm the only brother you've got, that always brings you oranges when you're sick, and never plays ball on the stairs when you've got a headache. Now, then, I'll trust you. I've been asking Lottie to marry me, and I want you to help me. Ask her if she won't, Daniel—see if she won't do it for you!"

Miss Pilgrim had been trying to find words; but her face was too much for her, and she was obliged to seek retirement in her handkerchief. As she drew it from her pocket a well-worn piece of paper followed it and fell upon the floor. Billy picked it up before she noticed it, and was about to hand it to her, when his jealous eye fell upon a withered rose-bud sewed to its margin. As he looked at it, with his little brows knit into a precocious sternness, he recognized his brother's handwriting immediately beneath the flower. It was one of the daily anonymous sonnets of which Daniel had told me, and the bud a relic of the bouquet accompanying it. Still Daniel was silent. What else could he be?

"Very well! very well, Master Daniel!" exclaimed Billy, in a voice trembling with grief and indignation; "there's good enough reason why you won't speak a word for me! You want her yourself—here it is in your own writing. No wonder you won't tell Lottie to be my wife when you're trying to take her away from me. Oh, Lottie! dear Lottie! I love you just as much as he does, though I don't know every thing, and can't write you poetry like it was out of the Fifth Reader! Daniel, how could you go and write to my Lottie this way—'my —churner'—no it isn't churner, it's 'charmer'—'let me call thee mine?'"

Forgetting the sacredness of private MS. in that of private grief, he would have gone on, with a pause here and there for certainty of spelling, to the conclusion of the poem, had not Lottie sprung up with her imploring face suffused by her discovery for the first time of the identity of her secret lover and the escape of his sonnet from her pocket. It was too late! There he stood before her unmistakably proved, and himself unmistakably proving in what estimation she held his verses and bouquets.

"Oh, Billy! dear Billy! if you do love me don't do so!" So exclaiming she held out her hand, and Billy put the MS. into it with all the dignity of a wounded spirit.

"Mr. Lovegrove," said Miss Pilgrim, "I don't know what to say."

"I feel very much that way myself," said Daniel.

"*I* don't!" said Billy, now in command of his voice. "I'll tell you what it is—perhaps Daniel didn't know how much I wanted you, Lottie—and perhaps he wants you 'most as bad as I do. But whatever way it is, I want you to choose between us fair and square and no dodging. Come now! You can take just whichever one of us you please, and the other won't lay up any grudge, though I know if that's me or like me he'll feel awful. You can have till to-morrow morning to make up your mind between me and Daniel; and if he won't say any thing about it to Pa and Ma till then *I* won't. Good-by, *dear* Lottie!"

He drew her face down to his, kissed her most affectionately, and then marched out of the door, feeling, as he afterward told me, as if he'd blacked his boots all for nothing. Ah me! my dear Billy, how many times we do that in this world! Of what followed when Daniel and Miss Pilgrim were left alone I have never had full details.

But I do know that the young lady obeyed Billy and made her choice. Six months after that both my nephews stood up in Mrs. Rumbullion's parlor to take their several shares in a ceremony of which Miss Pilgrim was the central figure when it began, and Mrs. Daniel Lovegrove when it concluded. Time and the elasticity of boyhood had so closed the sharp but evanescent wound in Billy's heart that he could stand the trial of being groomsman where he had wanted to be groom—more especially since he was supported through the emergency by a little sister of Lottie's, who promises to be wondrously like her by the time Billy can stand up in the more enviable capacity. Neither Daniel nor Lottie would listen to any objections to such a groomsman on the score of his extreme youth; for, as they said, Billy had been quite as instrumental in bringing them together as any agent save the Divinity, which shapes all the ends and ties all the knots in which there are heart-strings concerned as well as white ribbon.

Since then Lu has stopped wishing that Billy were like Daniel, for she sees that, if he had been, there would never have been any Mrs. Daniel Lovegrove in the world.

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"RUM CREETERS IS WOMEN."

ALTHOUGH this story will tell of hair-breadth escapes and of the shedding of blood, the object of principal interest in it to me is a girl's heart. That heart was agitated by such strong and contradictory enthusiasms, it was naturally so right and womanly, and it had been taught to be so wrong and unwomanly, that it despotically commands my attention even amidst the exciting drama of events which it wrought out for itself and for others. This strange heroine was a Virginian, of a family well known in the Shenandoah Valley, and a native of that city of many battles, Winchester. I shall not give her true name; I shall call her Fannie Pendleton.

Her seventeenth year found her a school-girl in New Haven, Connecticut, flirting with Frederick Huntington, a student of the senior class of Yale College. Thanks to skating parties on Lake Saltonstall, holding of hands in flying over the ice, stolen asides in smoothly frozen nooks and the laughing familiarity of an occasional tumble in company, this flirting ripened during the winter of 1860–61 into downright love-making and love-granting. There were tremulous confessions, kisses that were brooded over through days of happiness, a throbbing of hearts which was not good for the color in young cheeks, and an engagement of marriage. But the fate of these two children was bound up in that of their nation, and the engagement could not survive the dissolution of the Union. The Southern heart of Pendleton *père* being fired by the attack on Fort Sumter, he scouted the offer of a Yankee son-in-law, hurried on to New Haven, refused to see Mr. Huntington in spite of a tearful "Oh, papa, do speak to him!" gave the schoolmistress a blowing up, paid Fannie's bills, and got her back to Winchester before Virginia had fairly seceded. Having accomplished thus much for the Confederacy, the old gentleman presently died out of the Union, greatly to his satisfaction, and went to that world where all good secessionists go.

During the war the affairs of the Pendletons prospered like those of their neighbors; their negroes ran away, their stocks became worthless, their barns were burned and their lands laid waste. By the autumn of 1864, when the main interest of this story commences, their income had entirely failed, and the widow and daughter were living on a few hundred dollars in coin which had been laid aside for this very emergency. One son had fallen in battle, and two were with Lee, struggling to keep Grant out of Richmond. Sheridan, lately victorious at Cedar Creek, lay at Middletown between these brave boys and their home; and all around that home raged the murderous partisan warfare between Sheridan's troopers and Mosby's guerrillas. It was at this time that Harkless (Hercules), a white-headed negro, the only remaining "boy" of the Pendleton raising, entered the poverty-stricken house with a saddle and bridle on his shoulders, and proclaimed that a Yankee had just taken away his mule, the last of the many Pendleton "creeturs."

"Oh dear, what shall we do?" groaned the widow, a feeble, pallid woman of fifty, worn to the bone with infirmities and sorrows, and dressed in the rusty bombazine which had mourned through two bereavements.

"Go right straight to the provost marshal," urged Harkless. "That's all we kin do, missus."

"I never have been to the Yankees," sighed Mrs. Pendleton. "Oh, Harkless, I can't!"

"Got to do it, missus. Can't git 'long without the mule nohow. How kin we do our wood haulin? How kin we plant on the farm nex spring? Now, missus, don't you keep your pride up. You's got a heap o' pride. Mus git rid o' some on't. Don't wait, missus, or we loses our chance. Jes walk right straight aroun with me to the provost marshal 'fore the Yank gets the mule out of the town."

"Well, Harkless, I would go. I'll give up my pride. I'll go to these horrible people. But how am I to get there? It is half a mile to the office, and you know how lame I am."

"Sposin I go to Mass Jeemes Jackson and ask him to lend us his carryall," suggested Harkless.

"Mamma, if it must be done let me do it," said Fannie Pendleton.

The two women looked each other in the face for a moment. They were both crying silently, the mother with grief and despair, the daughter with grief and anger. During the three years which had passed since Fannie left New Haven she had not heard from Huntington, had ceased to love him, had almost forgotten him, and had learned to hold the very name of Northerner in hatred. No Southern girl had shouted more exultantly over Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, or wept with more heart-felt sorrow over Chattanooga and Cedar Creek. She was a secessionist; that is, as she believed, a patriot, with enthusiasm, with passion, with anger.

But now there was a shadow at the door like that of the wolf of destitution, and for the moment at least she felt as if the day of defiance and pride was over.

Scared by the same bristling horror the mother accepted the sacrifice which the daughter offered, although conscious of its full magnitude and shrinking from it with aversion. There was one shocking circumstance in it which both were miserably aware of, although neither spoke of it. The daughter was to go on this piteous errand, not because she was stronger than the mother, but because she was younger and handsomer. She was to use her girlish beauty as a plea for favor. It seemed like a prostitution.

"Well, Harkless, let us go," said Fannie, putting on her well-worn cloak and hat.

"Don't you want the carryall, Miss Fannie?"

"No; I can walk. What is the name of the provost marshal?"

"Cap'n Miles. Oldish kind o' man. Kind

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o' old uncle like. Oh, I reckon he'll give us up the mule right off."

He looked at his young Missus with great satisfaction, foreseeing sure success in the pleading of that handsome face, and aware of no degradation in the use of such an irresistible argument.

Fannie Pendleton, at this time twenty years old, was in the fullest bloom of the beauty of maidenhood. She was not modeled on the usual grand scale of the tall girls of the Shenandoah Valley; nor was she blonde, as they generally are, except that her wavy chestnut hair was slightly tinted with sunlight. She was under the middle size of woman, and rather slightly built than otherwise; but her light form was very straight, and she walked like a queen in fairy-land. Her eyes were clear hazel; her complexion remarkably pure for a brunette; her cheeks almost radiant with color; her features exquisite.

"We wants to see Cap'n Miles," said Harkless to the orderly at the door of the provost marshal's office.

"In there," replied the soldier, motioning them forward, but without removing his eyes from that roseate passing face. He was using his time too well to remember that Captain Miles had been relieved that morning by a Captain Huntington; and if he had thought of it he would not have deemed it worth mention, for the provost marshal was the provost marshal whatever human name he might bear. Thus unexpectedly were the two lovers of other days brought face to face. When Huntington turned toward his visitor her cheeks were flushed and her eyes unsteady with the excitement of humiliation; but the moment she saw him she became pale and stared at him with such a gaze as she might have fixed upon a spectre. Both were fascinated: she could not find will nor strength to retreat; he could not help advancing. As he took her hand his only word was her name, uttered in astonishment or inquiry.

"Yes," she said. Then the blood flew back to her face, and she added, "I didn't know that you were here."

"I am so glad that I am. I am so glad to meet you!" he commenced, impetuously. Then seeing that she drew away from him, he too recollected the years and events that had risen up between them.

"What can I do for you, Miss Pendleton?" were his next words.

Very tremulously and almost unintelligibly the complaint was stated. Saying nothing more to Miss Pendleton the provost marshal took down a description of the mule and of the plunderer from Harkless.

"You shall have your property, Miss Pendleton, as soon as it can be found," he said.

"Thank you, Sir," she replied, and retired without another syllable.

Storms of rain, riotings in the streets, thunders of neighboring battle could hardly have drawn Fannie to a consciousness of outward things as she walked homeward. Soul and body were tremulous with the palpitations of a life which she had supposed to be long since buried. Was it possible, then, that during those years in which she had seemed to hate the thought of her engagement, and to spite herself for having ever loved a Yankee, she had been laboring under a delusion? There is a passion stronger and more vital than hate. The moment she had looked upon him, though dressed in that abhorred uniform, he appeared to her as handsome, as noble, as adorable as ever. It is sometimes useless to be a Virginian when one is also a human being.

On reaching home she told her mother what the provost marshal had promised with regard to the plundered property, but she did not tell her who the provost marshal was. Then she went to her own room and had a violent fit of crying. When she emerged from this shower she had made up her mind in regard to Huntington; she was sure that she hated him, that she did not wish to see him again, and that she would refuse to receive him. The next day she wondered to herself a good deal whether he did not mean to call, and was almost disappointed when the mule was returned because the soldier in charge of it left no message. On the day following she had turns of being indignant at Captain Huntington because he made no attempt to force himself upon her society. Of course she would not allow him to enter the house. Oh no; no Yankee should ever cross their threshold; but then he might at least be civil enough to attempt it. A woman needs to have her principles tried occasionally; or how can she prove to herself and others that she has principles? It is a moral luxury to be afflicted with temptations.

At last the provost marshal presented himself. He did not ask beforehand if he might come; he was afraid lest he should be refused; he came by surprise.

"How could you call on us?" she asked, after a few chilly words of greeting had been exchanged. "We are bitter secessionists. I am a rebel to the bottom of my heart. Don't you know that I hate your flag?"

She was trying faint-heartedly to make him hate her; she hoped, but could not wish, that he would never see her again.

"I know. I supposed so," he answered, shaking his head with a sad gravity which touched her. "Still, I could not help coming. You understand why I wanted to look at you again. Is it so necessary that you and I should be enemies?"

Fannie did not dare try to answer; she knew that her voice would fail her.

"I do not see why we should carry the miseries of our country into all of our individual lives," he went on. "There is hate enough without my hating you or you me."

"I am a Virginian," protested Fannie, but in such a quivering tone that you might readily

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have suspected her of being the daughter of some much less heroic State.

"I shall come again," he said, after a short conversation. "You see I am not magnanimous about it: I don't ask your permission. If you won't see me you must shut your door in my face."

"Oh! why—?" she asked, and stopped there, unable to beg him not to come.

And so the courtship was resumed—not where it had been broken off by Pendleton the father, but still at a very advanced stage of emotion. They comprehended each other so easily, so instinctively, so spiritually, that only a few disconnected words were needed to send a passionate meaning from one heart to the other. An interview of five minutes was enough to turn Fannie's head and upset her political conscience for the rest of the twenty-four hours. Of course she had severe attacks of good resolutions; she reproached herself violently for seeing this handsome and adorable enemy; she told him that he must go away, that he must not come again, and that she hated the very sight of his—flag. But these spasmodic struggles availed nothing, either against him or against herself.

One would suppose that Mrs. Pendleton might have sustained this failing heroine; but there were several reasons why the poor lady could not see her way clear to be so foolish. She was not a rebel by nature, being one of the meekest and most submissive of her sex; she had found the ways of secession hard to travel, and was well-nigh aweary of their difficulties; and then a gentlemanly provost marshal, who protected from drunken soldiers and caused the return of plundered mules, was a temptation. Doubtless the sensibility of Virginia will be relieved by the statement that Mrs. Pendleton was by birth a Marylander. The waxen temper of this poor woman's soul may be inferred from a conversation which took place between her and Fannie an hour or two after Huntington had made his second call on the family.

"Mamma, I suppose you know who this provost marshal is," said the girl, determined to be frank, and hoping for aid to be noble.

"I suppose I do," replied Mrs. Pendleton, in a low tone, looking very guilty.

"He is the gentleman to whom I was—engaged," persisted Fannie, with a shaking voice.

Mrs. Pendleton answered not a word. She didn't want to talk about it; she couldn't. Fannie gave her a look of desperation, which said, as plainly as possible, *Aren't* you going to help me?

"I suppose that I ought not to see him," resumed the girl, after a brief silence.

The mother thought so too, but haltingly and ineffectively, for she also thought of their poverty, the recovered mule, and the dreadful drunken soldiers. Thus perplexed she only replied by a nervous twitching of the hands and a comprehensive though feeble groan.

"The neighbors must think it very strange that he comes here," continued Fannie, dropping from the abstract right of the thing to what other people might say of it.

Mrs. Pendleton inwardly hoped that the neighbors would suppose that the provost marshal visited them as an enemy, and not as a friend.

"Oh! when will this dreadful war be over?" burst forth Fannie, with a groan of half a dozen kinds of despair.

"The Lord's will be done!" whimpered Mrs. Pendleton, putting her hands to her face as variously troubled as her daughter.

Humanity is stronger than politics. The eternal laws of creation are more potent than the social passions of any century. These two women thought themselves so unnatural and wrong that they would not say what they really wished; and yet they were in consonance with the instincts which vitalize our race, and they were as right as the stars in their revolutions. It is better and holier to love than it is to hate.

Fannie saw how it was; she would receive no help from her mother; if she was to be heroic, she must be so unaided. She soon went to her room, and cried, let us hope, as much as was necessary to cover the circumstances.

Her next phase of feeling was a resolution to make her Yankee lover, whom she could not get rid of and could not help loving, subserve the interests of the Confederacy. She would persuade him to desert the Federal ranks and wield his sword for the good cause; or, failing in that, she would draw from him Sheridan's plans of campaign and transmit them to Early. All female rebeldom in Winchester soon became aware of these projects; for she felt the necessity of justifying herself to the public for her intimacy with a Yankee. Huntington himself heard of her intentions, and smiled rather sadly at the story, but did not the less continue his visits to the Pendletons. I do not enter into an analytical history of this young fellow's emotions for two reasons, one of which is that I have not space, while the other and most important is that he was a man. With the masculine creature love is an episode, and is not worthy of being related with that richness of detail which it deserves when the sufferer is of that other sex whose inner life is epitomized in the word Affections. I will simply state concerning Captain Huntington that he was constant in his attentions to Fannie Pendleton; but that he neither joined the rebel army nor revealed how Sheridan proposed to outwit Early.

"Just think how much nobler it would be in you to befriend the weak than the strong!" said Fannie.

"My dear friend, why don't you set me the example?" replied Huntington, with a patient smile. "You know my weakness. I told you three years and more ago."

For a few seconds Fannie could not speak and could not look at him; and when she regained her utterance she did not use it to ask him to be a traitor. The truth is, that during

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several minutes she forgot all about the interests of the Confederacy, and thought of nothing and nobody but marriage and Captain Huntington. Pretty much in this manner ended all her attempts at bringing over the provost marshal. I dare say that the whole matter would have shortly ended in a renewal of the old engagement, and perhaps in a hasty wedding, but for Mosby's guerrillas, and the momentum of a train of events which they set in motion.

Nearly all the war that there was at this time in the Shenandoah Valley was carried on by these audacious and indefatigable troopers. To force Sheridan back, or to at least prevent him from advancing, they continually assaulted the wagon trains which brought his provisions over the long road from Martinsburg to Middletown. As self-protection is a law of nature, Sheridan shot the guerrillas, and the guerrillas in return shot their prisoners. This warfare, like all warfare of the kind, became a series of murders, the responsibility of which was charged by each party upon the other.

The country people harbored Mosby's men, the citizens of Winchester sent them information, and both were charged with joining in the raids as opportunity offered. The result of this was an order of depopulation. Every able-bodied man was carried off to Pennsylvania. To our provost marshal fell the duty of executing this tremendous command, and against him, of course, were directed the curses and threats of the sufferers and their sympathizers.

In this stage of the public feeling Lieutenant Charles Mason Merton, a first-cousin of Fannie, and an officer in Mosby's cavalry, entered Winchester in disguise, and reached the house of the Pendletons. At sight of him Fannie flushed crimson with a consciousness of political guilt, but nevertheless rushed at him and gave him one of those kisses which brave rebels doubtless deserve from fair ones. By-the-way, it is possible that the girl's blush did not arise altogether from reasons of state, inasmuch as it is quite a common matter in Virginia for cousins to fall in love with each other, and this lieutenant cousin was an uncommonly handsome fellow. But the provost marshal?—but Captain Frederick Huntington? you will suggest. Oh yes, of course; but then it is one of the peculiarities of woman that she is much like man; she can love two persons at the same time—a little. You know how it is, ladies: an old friend is away, and you partially forget him; he comes back, and you remember him!

"But what dreadful danger you are in, Charlie!" said Fannie. "Do you know it? I hear that these wretches kill all of Mosby's soldiers wherever they find them!"

"I know," answered Charlie. "It's pretty much so. They don't give our fellows long to say their prayers. I didn't fancy this job much. Of course the Yankees would shoot me for a spy if they should catch me. But I couldn't help myself. The Major asked me if I would undertake the duty, and I couldn't refuse."

"Oh! you are on duty, then?"

"Of course I am—not a bit of pleasuring about it! Do you suppose I would spend a leave of absence here? Winchester is a pretty place for a Confederate officer to pass his time in! My God, what a place it is! It would be like a city of the dead if it wasn't for this gang of infernal Yankees about the streets. Do they trouble you much, Fannie?"

"No," answered Fannie, with a guilty look, as she remembered the protecting provost marshal.

"You rather frightened me by recognizing me so quick," resumed the Lieutenant, changing the subject. "I thought I was well disguised, but you knew me right off."

"Oh yes, I knew you; any body would. You mustn't stir out of the house while you are here."

"But I *must* stir out of the house. I tell you I've got a mighty big duty to discharge, and I must attend to it. See here, Fannie! perhaps you can help me; of course you will if you can."

"Of course I will, Charlie."

"I have been sent in here to see if some plan can't be started to bag this infernal provost marshal, who has been sending our poor people North, to leave their families in starvation."

Fannie turned deadly pale, and drew back from her cousin.

"Oh, Charlie!" she gasped, "he—he can't help it!"

"I don't suppose he can," returned Charlie, without noticing her emotion. "He is an officer, and must obey his orders. But I can't help it either; I must obey my orders. That is the long and short of it. I must bag him if I can."

"It will be terribly dangerous!" murmured Fannie, trembling as if with cold. "I don't see how you can do it. I don't, indeed, You will lose your life if you try. Oh, do pray go back! Tell them you couldn't do it!"

"I will, if it actually can't be done. Seems to me you are very gloomy about it," returned Charlie, staring at her in some wonder, but discovering nothing.

That evening he went out, lurked about the forsaken town, consulted good rebels, and returned wise.

"Fannie, I know all about this provost marshal," he said to his cousin next morning.

Fannie had a fit of moral fever and ague, with the chills and flush on at the same time.

"He comes to see you," pursued the pitiless Lieutenant. "I understand, from the name and other things, that he's the fellow you sacked in New Haven. Why didn't you tell me this last evening?"

Charlie looked stern with virtuous indignation, and Fannie cowed down before him like a guilty woman.

"It's very extraordinary conduct!" continued the accuser. "I don't see what you mean by it. I don't see how you can receive him."

"He has protected us," whispered Fannie.

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Then, regaining a little of her voice, she added: "He sent back our mule when he was stolen by a soldier."

"Oh, he did, eh? Well, it was his duty. You needn't thank him nor endure him because of that. It's his business to keep order here, and prevent his riffraff from plundering."

"Yes, but—he was very gentlemanly about it."

"Oh, of course!" sneered Charlie. "Look here, Fannie! I may as well speak plainly—this fellow is courting you. He is taking advantage of his position to force his attentions upon you. And you?"

"Charlie, I don't care *that* for him!" returned the girl, snapping her fingers and raising her head with a toss of desperation. Driven to the wall, conscious of guilt in loving a Yankee, she lied outright.

"Of course not," exclaimed the Lieutenant. "A Virginian girl! one of *our* family!—by Jove, that would be too much! Of course you don't. So, Fannie, you'll help me out with this job, will you? I'll tell you how. I've learned to-day that he has been appointed Adjutant-General of a division, and will leave town as soon as he can turn over his business. Find out when he goes, and let me know."

During the evening of that day Huntington called on the ladies. The moment Fannie saw him she resolved that she would not ask him when he would leave the city, so that she might have nothing to communicate concerning his movements to her cousin. But he told her of his own accord. He had come to bid her the first of two or three farewells; of course he told her, watching her anxiously the while to see if she was not a little sorry. There was agitation enough in her face to flatter him, ignorant as he was of the cause of it.

"I shall leave for the army day after to-morrow morning," he would say, in spite of her internal prayers that he might say nothing. "I regret the change much, but I can not help it."

Now Fannie had in her own hands the choice of life and death for her lover. Should she have him bushwhacked for the good of her darling Confederacy, or should she save him to adore her and fight for the hated Union? It is probable that she would have decided according to nature and against her conscience but for that now dreadful patriot her cousin.

"Well, when is he going?" demanded the Lieutenant, entering the parlor a few seconds after the Captain had left it.

"I—I didn't ask him," stammered Fannie.

The Lieutenant (a cavalryman, be it remembered) swore such a long and wicked string of oaths that I dare not shock the virtuous public by repeating it. Under ordinary circumstances Fannie would have flamed up in resentment, but now her conscience sided with her cousin, and likewise cursed dreadfully. Before this couple of accusers, representing pretty much all that she had been taught to consider just and noble, she crouched humiliated, and in her abjectness let slip a fatal confession.

"But I heard him say something, Charlie." And here she hesitated, conscious that all was lost, but unwilling as yet to surrender her secret.

"Well, what did he say?" shouted Charlie. "Good Heavens, Fannie! don't you know that time is precious? I must ride twenty miles, perhaps, before I can give the information, and then twenty back to get on his route. Out with it, Fannie!"

"Charlie, I won't tell you. No, I won't. I won't join in a plot to have this man bushwhacked. He has treated us kindly. If he has been harsh to other people it was his orders, and not—"

Here the girl very nearly carried her point by bursting into tears. I have yet to see the man who likes to go at a pretty woman when she is crying, unless it be his own wife or other quite domestic antagonist with whom he feels intimately acquainted. A sister Charlie could perhaps have bullied vigorously; but a cousin is quite a different person, at least in Virginia.

"Look here, Fannie. I—this is very singular," he began, after staring at her perplexedly for some seconds. "Come now; let's talk about it. Don't you see? it's my orders. And then the public good requires it. It isn't merely to punish him; that isn't all by any means. But the idea is to get hold of his reports and dispatches, and see what the enemy are about. Why, Fannie, it's of the greatest importance to seize this man. The welfare of the Confederacy may depend on it. It's all for the Bonnie Blue Flag, cousin. I don't see how a Virginian, a daughter of the South, one of *our* family, can hesitate a moment."

Although our heroine was all those fine things in one, she still hesitated.

"Look here, Fannie. Have you turned traitor?" demanded the Lieutenant, sternly.

"No!" blazed up the little secessionist, with a fine flush of confederately patriotic anger.

"I don't believe you," said Charlie.

"He is going on Thursday morning," returned Fannie, with a passion of defiance and anguish that sharpened her voice to something like a shriek.

"Thursday morning," repeated Charlie. "I have thirty-six hours to do it in. I can catch him easy."

He moved away and had nearly reached the door when the girl sprang after him and caught him by the arm.

"You are not going now?" she said. "There is no need of your going now."

"No. But I shall go in about an hour. I must get beyond the Yankee lines before daylight."

She still clung to his arm until he kissed her and promised that she should certainly see him again before he left. Charlie was greatly flattered by her agitation, feeling that it was a delightful thing to have a pretty cousin so anxious

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about him, and trusting that the day would soon come when he could reward her by offering her his hand and all his estate of Confederate bonds and runaway negroes. Her aversion to betraying the Yankee provost marshal into Mosby's ambushes he attributed to feminine softness of heart and an untutored sense of honor. Concerning the engagement he believed what the deceased Pendleton had thought it best to state; that is, that Fannie had refused Huntington of her own motion, and because he was a natural enemy of the Confederacy.

During the hour which Charlie spent in preparing for his departure Fannie debated whether she should beg him to spare the life of Huntington. Patriotic sense of duty and maidenly pride forbade it; but a sentiment far grander than either, a sentiment which is a law of nature, urged it: and the opposing counselors were in the most perplexing fury of their argument when the Lieutenant re-entered. Up to the moment when he kissed her good-by the internal contest continued, and she remained speechless on that subject.

"How cold you are!" he said, tenderly. "What is the matter with you?"

"Oh, Charlie!" she cried, suddenly seizing his hands, "don't kill Captain Huntington. Promise me that you will spare his life. Oh, Charlie, do! I love him."

Intellectually blinded by her urgent trouble she forgot that she and her cousin had once flirted, and that he might still be her lover.

In his astonishment, his sudden misery, and his anger Charlie pushed her from him. She caught at a table, leaned against it a moment, and then, before he could support her, sank upon the floor. "Fannie!" he called, lifting her; but she did not answer—she had fainted. Mrs. Pendleton came in, the girl was gently cared for; no explanations could be made; and Charlie went off in despair.

Unfortunately for Huntington the girl did not soon recover; she had hysterics and spasms nearly all night; next day it was nervous prostration. Consequently he did not see her when he called to say good-by, and did not receive the warning which she might have given him. The next morning, unhappy enough, though not perhaps the most wretched of the three, he set out with an escort of eight cavalrymen for the head-quarters of his division near Middletown.

He had ridden about five miles, and had passed a quarter of a mile beyond a little wood, which was considered the most dangerous spot on the road, when out of a little hollow in front of him charged a dozen or fifteen horsemen clad in the butternut clothing and sombrero hats of the Confederate army. Huntington's troopers fired instantly, without waiting for orders, bringing down a couple of the assailants. The next instant they were on their way back to the wood at full speed, meaning to use it as a cover from which to skirmish with their Spencer rifles. Huntington followed them, somewhat astonished and perplexed, for he was an infantry officer and knew nothing of cavalry fighting. The plan was good enough, and might have resulted in a victory or a drawn battle, but a new and unexpected element marred the calculation of the ready-witted troopers. Out of the wood itself, directly toward them, rode another party of rebels. They were in a complete trap; they were scientifically bushwhacked.

"Keep together, men!" shouted Huntington. "Straight down the road. Charge!"

He led the way; he was in the highest excitement of animal spirits; it was new fighting for him, but he felt up to it. The rebels did not meet them with the sabre, but they did worse; they fired as the Yankees passed through, and then mingled with them in an arm's-length pursuit. Huntington had discharged two barrels of his revolver, with what effect he could not see, when his horse slackened speed, faltered, and went on his knees. The death of the animal saved the life of the rider, for by this means Lieutenant Charles Merton missed his aim; and when he rode back to the spot a moment after, the hated provost marshal had surrendered and was a prisoner of war. One after another the fugitives were put *hors du combat;* two were killed, two severely wounded, and four captured unhurt.

"What is to be done next, Major?" inquired Merton of the chief of the party.

"Take a guard of fifteen men and carry the unwounded prisoners to the mountains," replied the Major. "When you get to a safe place send back all the men you can spare; we want them down here. As for this man, this provost marshal, don't let me hear of him again. You understand?"

In two hours after these orders were given the prisoners were in a wood at the base of a mountain, at least eight miles beyond the usual sweep of Sheridan's cavalry. There Merton halted, sent back ten of his fifteen men, untied his captives from the sorry hacks on which they had been mounted, and suffered them to lie down for half an hour. He had not spoken a word to one of them, but he had stared strangely at the provost marshal. Huntington, who knew nothing of Merton, had noticed these looks, but had been able to make nothing of them except that they were not friendly, and consequently had not attempted to open a conversation.

"Come, Yanks, hand over your watches and almighty dollars," said a rebel sergeant. "You won't want 'em, and we shall."

"No use looking at the Lieutenant," he added, addressing Huntington. "It's the orders."

Watches, money, and trinkets were produced and divided among the soldiers. Huntington noticed, and hailed it as a sign of hope, that the Lieutenant refused to accept any portion of the booty. "He must be a gentleman," he thought, "and surely will not murder us."

"I say, sergeant, what are you going to do

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with us?" asked one of the troopers, a little trumpeter of not more than seventeen.

"I s'pose we're going to shoot you," replied the sergeant, coolly.

"What's that for? The fight's over."

"Don't you shoot our fellers?"

The trumpeter gasped and said no more for a while. But presently he recovered hope, and added, "If you're going to shoot us why don't you do it here?"

"Because it's jest as well they shouldn't find your carkisses," was the rationally ferocious answer.

A minute afterward the trumpeter stretched himself on the ground in such a position that his head was close by Huntington's, who was also lying down.

"Captain," he whispered, "there's a Spencer rifle hung to my saddle."

"Can't you load it?" answered Huntington, in the same tone.

"'Tis loaded, but 'tisn't capped. I guess I can cap it."

Under the pressure of the emergency Huntington thought rapidly.

"When you get it capped, whistle Dixie," he said.

"Yes."

"And when you hear me say, *A good riddance*, then fire."

"Yes, Captain," returned the brave little fellow. And with these soldierly words the interview closed.

Huntington now felt the necessity of engaging the attention of the commandant of the squad which was guarding him to his place of execution; and no sooner were they all in the saddle again than he pushed alongside of Merton, with the remark:

"I suppose, Lieutenant, that we are to make a long journey to-day."

"You will make a longer one than I shall," was the cruel reply.

"Probably," replied the Captain, with a shudder. Then, collecting himself, "Well, I am ready."

"Do you know how we came to surprise you?" continued Merton.

"I have no idea."

"You are acquainted, I believe, with my cousin, Miss Fannie Pendleton?"

"What! is she your cousin?" exclaimed Huntington, with such evident pleasure that Merton glared at him savagely. "Is it possible?" continued Huntington, smiling. "Why, I am almost glad to meet you."

Merton flushed with anger at this speech, and answered it with this vindictive utterance:

"I was at her house on Tuesday evening, and she told me when you would leave Winchester."

Huntington nearly fell from his horse with the shock. Even at the portals of death the keenest sting of the moment was the perfidy of the woman whom he had loved. In this moment of torture, so keen that he forgot in it the perils of his position—forgot the desperate plan by which he had hoped to escape from it, he heard the little trumpeter behind him whistling the first bars of Dixie. He made a mighty effort; for the sake of life and vengeance he collected himself; he turned to Merton in the calmness of intense fury.

"Well, Lieutenant," he said, "if that is so, then I have only to say *it is a good riddance.*"

He leaned sideways; he clasped Merton with both arms; the horses stopped; he held him. In the same moment he heard shots behind him, screams of anguish, rushes and tramplings, blows and groans. Then the horses separated with a start, and both the riders came to the ground together, the one still grasping the other and pinning his arms to his sides. There was another flash, which blinded Huntington, and loosening his hold he sprang to his feet. The contest was over and the salvation perfect. The trumpeter had shot three rebels in as many seconds; two others had had their brains beaten out before they could fire; a ball in the head had finished the wrestlings of Merton.

"What next, Captain?" asked the trumpeter.

"We can't go back the way we came," said Huntington. "We must take to the woods, separate, and each one shift for himself."

"But we want our money and things first," remarked the trumpeter, proceeding to rifle the bodies with the dexterity of an expert.

After thirty-six hours of solitary wandering, lurking, and starvation, Huntington reported at the head-quarters of his division, and found that all of his fellow-adventurers had preceded him. It was thought strange by his fellow staff-officers that he showed no signs of elation over his extraordinary escape. We can understand it. He was cut to the very soul by the sanguinary perfidy of Fannie Pendleton. At times, too, he grieved for her, remembering that he had aided in killing her cousin, and questioning whether that cousin might not be an accepted lover.

Meanwhile how fared it with Fannie? After one day in bed she was so haunted by the horror of what might have happened that she could lie there no longer. Haggard in face, and weak with incipient fever, she went from house to house among her friends, asking for news, especially curious as to whether any fighting had occurred on the road between Winchester and Middletown. There was much to hear of. Sherman was making great progress, and Hood was in trouble. But all this was nothing just now to Fannie; she was woefully unpatriotic. I doubt whether at this moment she cared half as much about the independence of the Confederacy as she did about the life of this Yankee provost marshal whom she had just handed over to the mercies of Mosby. She had reached the point of praying for him in secret—yes, and of sending up agonizing, speechless supplications for his safety, as she walked the streets, when she heard of his capture, and no more. Immediately she wrote a letter to her cousin, petitioning for the life of the prisoner.

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"Charlie, if you will only save him from being murdered," implored this letter, "I promise you that I will never see him again. Oh, Charlie, I could not beat to have him die through my means!"

This prayer sent off by a hired messenger whom she could ill afford to pay, she passed a sleepless and miserable night. Oh that the war were ended! that it had never been begun! that Confederate independence had not been thought of! that nothing had been as it had been! The next morning, painfully weak, but unable to remain quiet, she commenced another tour of newsmongering, and chanced upon a friend, Mrs. Barham, who was going to the Yankee camp near Middletown to recover a vanished horse, supposed to have been spirited away by soldiers.

"I will go with you," said Fannie, jumping at the thought that she might hear news of Huntington.

"Oh, thank you, dear!" said Mrs. Barham. "I am so glad to have company going among those wretches! And then you may help me," she added, with a roguish smile. "The late provost marshal here is Adjutant-General of the division that I must visit."

Mrs. Barham, it seems, had not heard of the fate of Huntington; and Fanny, you may be sure, could not muster the heroism to tell her of it.

That morning the little trumpeter, now orderly at division head-quarters, went to the tent of the Adjutant-General, saluted, delivered the message—"Captain, two ladies wish to see you;" and was very much astonished to observe the Adjutant-General turn as pale as a sheet. Huntington, looking through the door of the tent over the orderly's head, had recognized the face of the girl whom he loved, and who had betrayed him to death.

"Tell them I will be out in a moment," he mumbled, and sat down upon his camp-bedstead very nearly palsied in mind and body.

"*Does* she love me?" he wildly thought; and then he rejected the absurd fancy savagely; was angry with himself for grasping at it.

"It is for her cousin," was his next idea. "She loves him and wants news of him. She shall have it."

Revived by indignation, he rose and went out to execute his vengeance. His face was still ashy pale, but his brown curls waved beautifully about his forehead in the autumn wind, and his port was superbly defiant, like that of the triumphant Apollo. Probably in all his life he never looked handsomer than in that miserable moment.

Fannie saw him, uttered a faint scream, and leaned toward him with a visage as white as his and eyes dilated.

"It is for her cousin," thought Huntington again, and boiled through every vein with an anguish of fury.

Mrs. Barham looked from one to the other completely dumbfounded.

"You have come to inquire for your cousin?" said Huntington, addressing Fannie, and hardly conscious of any other presence.

Neither of the ladies answered; both stared at him without stirring.

"Your cousin," he repeated. "I left him in the road—on his back—dead."

Here he stopped, with a sob, and turning square on his heel went back into his tent.

"Let us go!" gasped Fannie, clutching Mrs. Barham's arm. "Oh, let us go!"

Being a woman of ordinary humanity, Mrs. Barham signed to her coachman, and the barouche started homeward.

A day or two afterward it was known all over Winchester that Lieutenant Charles Merton had been murdered by the Yankees, and that his cousin, Fannie Pendleton, who was doubtless in love with him, had thereupon gone into a brain-fever.

It is firmly believed by certain philosophers that it is the monkey's tail which spoils the monkey, using up, as it does, an amount of spinal marrow which might otherwise become brain and beget rationality. So there is a tail to this story, which I fear much to exhibit, lest it should injure the dramatic unity of the impression. Nevertheless, as this sequel is perhaps the strangest part of the whole affair, and as it will probably be very satisfactory to some human though not æsthetic natures, I judge best to make it public.

About a year after the surrender of Johnston Captain Frederick Huntington, of Norwich, Connecticut, was married to Miss Fannie Pendleton, of Winchester, Virginia. There was a passion of love in these two young hearts which could make them forgive and ignore the terrific past.

"Why not forgive her?" said Huntington to a near relative, who wondered at him. "I have forgiven all the men who attempted my life. I have forgiven every Confederate soldier. I would shake hands with Merton, poor fellow! if he were alive. Why not forgive a woman?"

"But to love her!" gasped the near relative.

"Oh, that is the easiest thing in the world!" laughed Huntington.

A very easy thing, say all who know her.

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THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS.

CHAPTER X.

OUT IN A NORTHER.

WITHOUT a thought in the world except antelopes Venable dashed across the prairie, greatly inconveniencing Slow by the excessive application of both his enormous spurs.

He rode keeping the clump of timber between the antelopes and himself. Arrived at its edge he crept cautiously through it, leaving his horse behind, and peered out with leveled rifle upon the spot where he had seen them feeding. He might as well have expected to have found still resting on the brown grass the shadows of yesterday's clouds. As lightly, and far more fleetly, the drove had swept on almost at the instant the young Texan had first driven spurs into his horse's sides after them; for of all animals they are at once the most timid and the keenest of hearing and of scent.

A few hundred yards beyond where they had been feeding the prairie rolled up into a vast billow that concealed all beyond. In his eagerness the boy ran half-way up its slope before he remembered that he had left his horse. Hastening back he untied and mounted him with trembling haste, sprang upon him, and was soon near the crest of the hill. Alighting here he threw his coil of lariat off from the horn of his saddle upon the ground. One end was already secured around Slow's neck, at the other end the lariat was knotted to an iron spike some ten inches long. Sticking the sharp end of this into the earth he drove it in to its head by a few stamps of his heel, thus securely staking out his pony. Then with his rifle ready in his hand he crept carefully to the summit of the hill, burrowing as he went into the long, thick, dry grass.

Looking over he saw that the ridge he was on was as the rim of a vast bowl, circling miles around, and in the very bottom of the bowl he could see the antelopes feeding, seeming more like a drove of goats than any thing else. As he gazed he observed another and larger herd running toward them from the east; and he noticed that they did not bound along with occasional "lopes" like deer, but moved much more swiftly and evenly over the ground in a rapid trot, making the movement of the drove more like the flying of the shadow of a cloud across the grass than any thing else.

The antelopes were very nearly the color of the brown grass. None but a Texan could have seen them at all. Venable had by this time considerable practice in looking for cattle and game upon the vast prairies; and, like a sailor used to the sea, he could detect small objects very far away on the expanse. It is practice—practice! A music-master by perpetual practice trains his fingers to astonishing agility on the keys of a piano. So a rope-dancer can train his feet to the narrow path of an inch rope till he can tread such a thread-path for a long distance and with Niagara roaring far beneath him. There is no telling to what degree practice in any thing will carry a man. Only patient, persevering practice, and the end is certainly attained. Thus, what comes to very few indeed, not one in a hundred million, as the result of genius, can be attained by any one who will only lend himself persistently to *practice* toward it.

Thus Venable came to see twice as far and as distinctly as he could when his father's wagon-wheels first struck Texas soil. Untiring energy attains all the results of genius. But where the eyes are at all weak the prairies of Texas, by their vastness, are terribly trying. New-comers have often to travel with goggles on, making them look like owls exactly; and to come out of the narrow hollows and thick forests of other States into the unbounded magnificence of the prairie *is* as the flight of an owl from its dark nook into the splendor of open day. They say that living amidst such vast expanses makes a man large-hearted and open-handed. Sailors certainly are just that. If you have ever traveled in Texas, I will not affront you by even asking you whether or no you found Texans to be such. Perhaps their strong tendency to exaggeration and enthusiasm may be traced to the same cause. At any rate, Venable had become twice as animated and expanded—a nobler, manlier youth in every respect since coming out West.

In Virginia he certainly never would have dared to leave his uncle so impulsively, and he now turned his fascinated gaze from the antelopes, half remorsefully, in search of his uncle. He could see nothing of him. He knew him too well, however, to suppose that he could offend him seriously when game was the cause.

"I'm in for it, as I was that day uncle left me in deep water," he said to himself. "And my only way is to do now as I did then—strike out for the other bank—go through with it! And your best plan, my young friend," he continued to himself, "is just to go back, get Slow, ride around down out of sight around this biggest of bowls till you get entirely around on the opposite side—they are nearest that side—then take a crack at them. Even if you miss you will drive them toward uncle, and he never misses." No sooner said than done, I was going to add, only it took him much longer to make the circuit on his pony than he had imagined.

There is nothing so deceiving as a prairie. You may journey all day toward a prairie knob that seems not ten miles off when you start for it in the morning, and camp at night far enough off from it yet. It is the singular transparency of the atmosphere which produces the delusion.

It was near sunset before Venable reached

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the other side. And then, when he had staked his pony, and crept so carefully up to the summit of the ridge, as he lifted his head out of the brown grass to look, off went the drove of antelopes in a fleeting cloud like a pinch of gunpowder from the ground when a spark is applied. On and on they went due West, with such incredible smoothness and speed that it was a pleasure, even to the disappointed hunter, to see them, till they disappeared over the very spot where he had knelt on the opposite side of the bowl.

"Never mind, my fine fellows!" said Venable, as he saw them vanish. "As sure as you live I'll get you some of these days—see if I don't!"

The sun was fairly down as the boy mounted and turned toward home. He did not fear to lose his way, for right to the west of his father's house towered Mount Hoogenboom, as the boys had named the cedar brake in honor of the Dutch rail-cutter whose cabin was perched thereon. This lofty point could be seen far over the prairie, and served as an excellent landmark; it was destined to be seen farther over the prairie than ever before that night. As the boy struck a straight line across the bowl for the opposite side he strained his ears, expecting every instant to hear the crack of his uncle's rifle at the antelopes.

But it grew rapidly darker and colder, and a chill struck into the heart of the young hunter as he reached the opposite crest, after a swift gallop, and could see nothing of his uncle, and could barely detect the dim outlines of Mount Hoogenboom through the gathering night. A sense of desolation and alarm filled him as he spurred on such as he had never before known.

At this instant a singular sound behind him caused him to look around. Far down in the north hung a low black cloud, in which the lightning came and went incessantly. It was but the banner, black and fire-starred, of a tremendous foe, rushing with such artillery and forces upon the field as man can never marshal or withstand. On it came like a solid body across the prairie, gathering fury and force as it came—a Niagara of wind. The instant before it reached the flying boy the air was as calm and cool as on a pleasant summer day, the next the Norther was upon him, furious as a tornado, cold as midwinter. For the first time in his life the youth was absolutely terrified. With all his urging his tired pony seemed to creep rather than fly over the ground. The darkness, too, had become appalling. He could only urge his pony along in the direction in which he had aimed when he last saw Mount Hoogenboom. What rendered it worse the blankets were with Frank, and almost bitter thoughts rose in his mind that his uncle should have so deserted him.

He had heard often enough about the Northers, and how often people overtaken by them on the prairies had perished.

"If I could only get to that knot of timber where we first saw the antelopes," thought he, "I could shelter myself."

But he had gone too much to the left to hit it; and even if he had entered it the trees were so small and the elevation so great that there would have been no sufficient shelter.

Still he rode on, till at last the cold became insupportable. As a sudden thought he jumped off and endeavored to screen himself behind his horse from the mad fury of the wind. There was no shelter in this. Suddenly the shivering boy uncoiled his rope, threw it around the legs of his horse about the hoofs, and pulling the lariat to him, at the same instant pressing against the side of the animal, he succeeded in throwing him over on his side on the thick brown grass. The creature seemed to understand his master's object, and lay still, while Venable endeavored to nestle himself on the grass inside the legs of the animal. Some little protection from the fury of the wind was thus obtained by the body of the horse interposed.

The storm, however, seemed to grow in violence, as the boy, exhausted with fatigue and cold and alarm, sank into a kind of doze. It seemed to him as if the very grass must be torn up by the roots; as if the very globe would be thrown out of its orbit; but it was only a moment or two that his doze lasted. Strange that he did not think of his saddle-blanket, but it never once occurred to him. Even if it had its protection would have been insufficient. As it was, he was shivering, was perishing with cold, the sudden change causing the temperature to affect him even more than it would otherwise have done. And the cold continued to increase, and hail began to fall. Soon the horrors of a furious hail-storm were added to the darkness of the dreadful night.

"O God, have mercy on me!" said the poor boy, clasping his quivering hands together on his breast. And notwithstanding the bitter cold, he thought of all his occasional disobedience of his parents, his unkindness to Will and to Bessie. He thought especially of an oath he had uttered—it was the first and it had been the last that had ever passed his lips. Associated for a time with some wicked boys, there had one day sprung up in his mind a singular craving to use profane language like theirs—a *craving* the direct and powerful temptation of Satan. He had yielded to it on the instant, and now he thought of it with horror. He dreaded to die—that oath, that oath! If God would but spare his life this once, this once, he would try to be a better boy, to love and serve God. Not a sin of all his past life, not a prayer for him at family worship by his father, not a quiet talk with him and fervent prayer offered for him by his mother, kneeling by his bedside at night in the dark and silent room, but rose to his remembrance. For the first time in his life did he pray fervently, sincerely, there lying on the grass in the black and bitter storm.

And miles away another was also praying for

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him—his mother kneeling with Will beside her by the bed at home, praying, O how fervently! for her boy. And seated far above the roaring storm, God was hearing them both—"a very present help.....therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed." The disjointed words kept ringing in the ears of the boy; he did not remember having ever heard them before.

As he held his hands clasped upon his breast he had felt something hard there for some time. It now occurred to him that it was a box of matches his uncle had handed him that morning to carry—he had not thought of them since. Instantly he had them out. Making an arch of his body among the horse's legs, by resting his head and knees on the ground, he endeavored to strike a light under him near the ground against the stomach of the horse. Over and over again the flame caught and was instantly extinguished by the wind. Pressing himself still closer against the animal, sheltering the flame still more carefully by his hollowed hand, at last there was a blaze. It is a wonder it had not exploded the powder-horn, which hung down by its strap from the young hunter's breast, actually into the blaze, with only a paper stopper. At the instant, however, that Slow felt the smart of the new element, and saw its sudden light, he struggled to his feet, and Venable with him, holding on to the lariat, and trembling lest the storm should extinguish the feeble flame.

But no, the grass was a yard long, very thick and matted, besides perfectly dry. The whole prairie was like an immense straw mattress, three feet thick, with the ticking off. It seemed to the boy that it was but an instant before the grass was on fire for twenty yards before him. Mounting his horse he reined him back, and gazed with terror at the rapidity of the conflagration. The flame could not rise upward at all, but was driven by the wind in long tongues of fire, level with the earth, into the thick, dry grass ahead, traveling through the brown tinder-like hay with incredible speed and fury.

Venable had supposed that the fire would only spread *from* him before the wind. He now observed that it eat its way with only less rapidity toward him, and against the wind. The truth is, he had kindled the fire only to warm himself without any thought beyond that. And now he reined his terrified horse farther and farther back before a danger more appalling than the storm. With his little match he had *set that awful tempest on fire!* The thought filled him with horror and dread inconceivable. He would gladly have extinguished it if he could. He even attempted to do so. The fire, just before imprisoned in the little red drop on the end of a splinter safe in the box in his pocket, had now escaped like a wild animal from its cage—like the awful giant of Arabian story from the fisherman's box. On the wings of the storm it rushed along red and roaring, and as unchainable and past his control as the storm itself.

The cold was forgotten, as was the night, in the heat and glare of the conflagration—escape was the only thought. At one instant he turned to ride backward, but he could not endure the idea of riding a step from home; besides, the fire seemed to travel almost as rapidly in that course. Then he thought of putting spurs to his horse and dashing straight ahead through the fire; he even put the stopper of his powder-horn into his mouth, and moistened it thoroughly for this purpose, lest a spark should get at the powder.

Suddenly he thought of the instinct of animals, and, dropping the rein upon the neck of the struggling horse, with a loud cry and applying both spurs he let the animal take his own course. Plunging once or twice, it turned and dashed off to the right till it got beyond the fire, then it turned again to the left. This brought it again in the very track of the wind and the fire, but it was the straight line to its stable; and beyond this its instinct could not go. So thick and matted was the grass, however, that it could advance but slowly—at least so it seemed to the rider.

Once or twice the horse fell with his rider in the unevenness of the way. Once Venable was thrown completely over his head, but he lighted on the soft, thick grass, the coil of the lariat in his hand, and speedily regained his seat. All this time the fire was pursuing them like some fiendish foe, exulting in its red fury, roaring and blinding them. Whenever Venable glanced back at the blaze the night, when he looked forward again, was only doubly black before him, until at last he determined to look back no more, but to ride on, the hail rattling about his ears, as fast as possible.

In a short time he felt, by the unevenness of his horse's gait, that they had reached a "hog-wallow prairie." This is a prairie pitted, as with a gigantic small-pox, all over with hollows, all alike, of about eight feet diameter, and one to three feet depression, formed, as is conjectured, by the cracking of the ground during long droughts, the earth afterward filling in. Why the depressions should be so regular and systematic is not accounted for.

Hardly had they advanced a hundred yards into this, when Slow suddenly stumbled forward over something in his way with more violence than ever before, throwing his rider far over his head. The grass had now become much more thin and bare, and the boy struck with considerable violence on the earth. Before he could regain his feet Slow had disappeared like a dream. In vain his master attempted to whistle or call—his voice was drowned at his lips by the roaring of the storm and the beating of the hail. Exhausted with terror, cold, and fatigue, he crouched upon the ground powerless for the moment. As he did so he felt beneath him the object over which Slow had stumbled. It was the wreck of an ox, which had bogged and perished in one of the hog-wallow pits years before. The bones had been

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cleaned and scattered around by the ravenous wolves; only the hide remained whole—shriveled up on the ground like the shell of a turtle—and it was over this that the pony had stumbled.

But the sound of the approaching fire awoke Venable from his stupor. He turned around and saw that the sea of fire would sweep its red surges over the spot on which he then was in a few minutes. As to escaping on foot, that would have been impossible in any case; and as it was, he was far too much bruised and overcome by weariness and cold. Almost instinctively he tore his powder-horn from his neck and cast it from him as far as he could hurl it. Then, murmuring incoherent prayers to God for help, and holding to his darling rifle even in death, he crept under the hide, coiling himself up beneath it as well as he could, with his face against the earth, and submitted to his fate.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NIGHT OF THE FIRE.

ALMOST before Uncle Frank had disappeared in the darkness Hark, Scip, Rohamma, and Will, led on by Mr. McRobert, were hard at work "fighting the fire."

Before fencing in his field Mr. McRobert had, under his brother's advice, plowed up the earth for thirty feet without the line of fencing. Thus a comparatively bare space lay between the cedar rails which inclosed the field and the thick grass of the prairie. The field lay between the prairie and the timber in which the house was built; so that, if they could only keep the flames off the rails all would be safe. Even if the fire had seized upon the rails only it would have been a terrible loss. Almost a single spark, under such a wind, would have burned all the long line of fence, containing thousands upon thousands of rails, into merely a black line upon the ground, like that left by a train of powder when fired. Each rail cost on the ground nearly five cents; besides, it would be impossible to inclose it again in time, so that all the next year's crop was involved. In a word, before morning Mr. McRobert was to be several thousand dollars poorer even than he then was unless the fire could be kept off; and if you had stood there that night where Will stood and seen the oncoming ocean of fire you would have thought, with him, that it was hopeless. So his father feared; yet he was determined to do what he could; and trusting in God, aided by every busy hand there, he fought the fire. With water, of course, you say? No, Sir. It would have taken all the Colorado for that. With fire. There is a practice in medicine called homeopathy—that is, the conquering a disease in any one by employing the same agent of disease, only in a very much smaller quantity. "*Similia similibus*" is the motto—the use of poison to drive out poison. I am sure I do not personally know whether homeopathy and humbug are identical or not, but this was the practice adopted by Dr. McRobert that night for the saving of his imperiled property. Under his direction, all hands being employed, the prairie was set on fire all along some sixty feet from the fence. With the help of the storm all the grass was thus speedily consumed up to the very rails, but without setting them on fire, as they were closely watched, and the conflagration had not headway enough to be unmanageable. Thus, all along the fence there was, in half an hour, a broad, bare, blackened belt sixty feet wide, upon which there was not left a straw unconsumed as fuel for the approaching conflagration. The same process was repeated further out, and soon the belt had been widened eighty feet broader all along. But now it behooved them to bestir themselves indeed. The storm of fire was by this time full in sight. Busy as he was, Mr. McRobert could not but pause a moment to gaze upon it, ever keeping Will close to his side. Right across the prairie, more vivid for the blackness of the night, more terrible for the roaring of the tempest of wind and hail, was an horizon of red fire, curling high in the air, darting hither and thither upward, crackling and roaring even above the storm. But the most appalling of all was the swiftness of its advance. But just now it was a mile or two off, and now it was almost upon them. To gaze upon the inrolling of the crimson ocean it seemed the folly of a child even to attempt to check it from sweeping all the world before it. But small time was there to admire its sublime splendor. Already the wind came hot and full of sparks and smoke upon them from the approaching furnace. Another belt must be burned, at least, or all would be in vain. At least a hundred feet beyond the blackened line ran Rohamma and Hark, each with a blazing torch. Hurrying Will in to his mother with Scip, Mr. McRobert was at work too. But Hark was the hero of the fight. Notwithstanding the storm he had cast off his coat, and, with his old hat drawn down over his eyes, he ran with almost superhuman energy along the line of grass he was firing, stooping every step as he ran to thrust his torch an instant into the grass. It was close work, for the heat from the approaching fire was almost intolerable. By the time Hark ran out at one end of the line Mr. McRobert and Rohamma had ran out at the other, and all the grass was in a fierce blaze. It was a close race between the two fires. But the large fire assisted the smaller by casting in its storm of sparks and cinders. Having done all man could do, seated on the fence, Mr. McRobert watched with breathless interest the result—as well as the stifling smoke would permit. Never before had he been so thoroughly aroused in all his life. Whatever the result of the fire, he could never again be the same listless, somewhat sluggish, Virginia planter he had before been. From a sudden development of this sort no man ever can wholly recede.

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"Dey tell me, Mass Morton," said Hark, standing beside him, steaming with perspiration and smoke, "dat de Dutchman—Squeezleborn I belebe his name is, de farmer down de ribber—allus hauled his rails home after he gathered his crap, carried dem out again next spring when he done planting his seed. Folks here laugh at him. I nebber laugh at him any more after dis night."

"Nebber hab such doings in Ole Virginny," groaned the panting partner of his bosom. "Nebber see such crazy wind as dis dare; nebber see such world on blaze as dis dare; nebber lebe bed fighting fire all night in Virginny. Oh, how I hate de country! All dis worser dan ole Watkins eben. And where Mass Venable all dis time?"

Where, indeed! The excitement and intense struggle against the fire had not kept that thought an instant out of his father's mind. But what could he do? And that storm of fire, whose billows were now breaking in upon his very feet; had it indeed passed over his boy—his brave, noble boy? He did not know before how he loved his boy—how he was beginning to look to and lean upon his manly growth. As he sank his head upon his bosom a hand was laid upon him from behind. He turned with surprise to see his wife standing quietly behind him on the inner side of the fence on which he was seated.

"Never fear about me," she said, in reply to his exclamation. "I am so strong and well the storm will not hurt me. Besides, I am warmly clad. I left Scip in the house with Will and Bessie all safe. I came out for a moment to see if I could help;" and she shielded her face against the blast.

"Work's done, Miss 'Manda," said Hark, eagerly. "See, our fire done burned out; and prairie fire just reached its far edge—good two hundred and fifty feet from here."

Sure enough—the conflagration rushing magnificently on, reaching the edge of the burned belt, had suddenly subsided for lack of fuel—was rapidly sinking. Still the air was almost unendurable; not so much from heat as from the smoke and sparks.

"Get two buckets of water each as quick as you can, you and Rohamma," said Mr. McRobert to Hark; "one go one way, the other the other way, along the fence, lest some of the sparks should lodge in the cedar bark of the rails. When all is safe come to the house, Hark, with Rohamma. There'll be supper there for you."

As soon as they returned with the water Mr. McRobert, assisting his wife through the darkness across the plowed ground, hastened to the house.

"I am not so much alarmed about Venable," she said, cheerfully, as they sat down by the fire. "It's my belief that it was he who started the fire to warm himself, not knowing. Then, he has only had to keep up with it on Slow to keep warm in spite of the Norther. What do you think? But can that be the wind roaring so?" she added.

"Just what I always think, my dear," said her husband, turning upon her with half the anxiety gone from his brow, "that all things are for our best interest in some way if we only do our duty. It always has been so, it always will be so with us. As to Venable—"

But the remark seemed to meet with a flat contradiction on the spot.

"Cedar's on fire, Mass Morton," interrupted Scip, putting his head in at the door.

Mr. McRobert sprang to his feet. "Hark and your mammy are there still!" he exclaimed as he grasped his hat and rushed out.

"Lor, no, massa, dey's at de fence. It's de cedar brake dat's on fire!" and a ruddy glow upon the midnight sky to the west explained it all. Hastening down the spring a hundred yards below the house and turning, Mr. McRobert beheld the sublimest scene he had ever witnessed. As has been said, on the other side of San Hieronymo from the house the rocks ran up into a mountain crowned almost to the summit with mountain cedar. This had been the vast storehouse from which both of the brothers had cut and hauled all their logs and rails for building and fencing, for years in the case of the younger brother. A great deal, too, had been sold to neighbors around, until the best of the cedar nearest the house was cut off. There was still an immense quantity of cedar left, but some of it was farther off west, and most of it lay upon the mountain on the other side of the river. The fire had scaled the mountain from the prairie and was now raging upward like a furnace. The direction of the Norther drove the conflagration rather off to one side from the house, so that there was no danger so far as it was concerned. Mrs. McRobert had by this time joined her husband, and stood beside him, watching the magnificent spectacle. As the flame reached higher and higher, feeding eagerly upon the lopped-off branches and heaps of brush left from the axe of the rail-cutters, the whole mountain was literally on fire. Vesuvius could not be more awful, for here the flame ascended not from a central crater but from the sides as well as the summit—a solid pyramid of light, a mountain of fire. The wild contortions of the spires of flame, broad at the base and narrowing to a long flexile tongue each till the lofty points were lost in the dull orange of the smoke overhead; the awful roar, rising high above the storm, the prairie on fire was tame in comparison. The house, the spring, the river, all were lighted up by the glare, the shadows of the garden-posts fell clear and distinct on the earth. Notwithstanding the cold, and wind, and sleet, the husband and wife stood fascinated, unable to move their eyes.

"Well," said Mrs. McRobert at length, "if Venable *did* start the fire from a match—not that I blame him in the least, dear fellow, he will certainly have an illustration to last him all his life of one passage of Scripture at least."

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"What is that?" asked her husband.

"Why, 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!' But what about Hoogenboom, and Francisco too?" she continued, suddenly.

"I don't know; I have not forgotten them, but what can we do?"

"And there is a fire in the east too!" exclaimed Mrs. McRobert, as they turned toward the house, pointing to a ruddy glow through the smoke rising from the prairie.

"Yes," replied her husband; "but that is a fire of God's own kindling—it is day that is breaking." So saying he hurried on with her to the house.

"Now for Venable," he said, as he passed on toward the stable. There he found that Hark had already saddled his master's horse in anticipation.

"By-the-by, when did you see Duke last?" he asked, as he mounted.

"Mass Venable tied him up before he left yesterday," replied the black; "but he howled so 'bout dark dat I let him go. Habn't seen him since, massa," continued the negro, drawing nearer as he spoke, and sinking his trembling voice into a whisper, "Slow is in de stable. I found him whickering at de bars dis morning an let him in; but whar Mass Venable?" he continued, with deep anxiety, laying his hand on his master's knee.

Mr. McRobert sprang from his horse, hastened to the stable, there stood Slow eating at his manger as if there was nothing unusual.

"I lef de saddle and bridle on him jus as he come; his rope was trailing, an I take it off," said Hark. Mr. McRobert walked once or twice around the animal with eager eyes, but nothing could be elicited.

"Hark!" he exclaimed, suddenly, and in a voice so altered that the negro did not recognize it, "tell the rest to say nothing to Mrs. McRobert of this. Get a mule as quick as you can, and follow." And he spurred out of the yard. Before him lay the expanse of the prairie, black and bare as far as the eye could reach. The sleet had now ceased, but the wind still blew with unabated violence, driving before it the smoke and ashes. Reaching the first eminence, Mr. McRobert halted till Hark could join him, sweeping the desolate landscape with his eye, eager yet dreading to detect any unusual object. Nothing to be seen save here and there the blaze from a fallen mesquit-tree.

"I hear Mass Frank say dey gwine by de ten-mile knot," said Hark, closing with his master.

"Very well, we'll aim for that first," replied his master; "it's all we can do." And they galloped on in the teeth of the wind.

"Dere's no wolves on de prairie, massa, any how," said the black, after half an hour's swift ride. "De fire done drove 'em out into de ribber bottom. I saw whole pack running 'fore de blaze last night. Mass Venable's body—I mean Mass Venable safe from dem for to-day."

Mr. McRobert could not reply. It was the darkest hour of his life. Though he could scarce keep his seat for the fury of the wind his glance ran incessantly on every side as he rode, without a thought of any thing but his son. It might have been the balmiest of summer mornings to him instead for what he observed of it.

"Why didn't we think of it?" he exclaimed, suddenly drawing up. "We might have tracked the way Slow came in."

"No, massa, no," said his companion, shaking his head. "I tried dat dis morning hard. De wind cover de tracks wid ashes 'tirely."

Again they drove on at full speed. On the summit of every rise they would pull up; and though the wind seemed as if it would tear them from their saddles, they scanned the expanse closely—fearfully yet closely. Not a living thing; black, bare; the heretofore hidden rocks and ravines showing plainly in the increasing light as the sun struggled, as if itself against the wind, above the murky horizon. In another hour they had come in sight of the ten-mile knot. Yesterday it was a green clump of live-oaks; now it stood a dwarfed and shriveled group of leafless trunks.

"Oh, massa!" exclaimed Hark, suddenly, "I see a man on a horse riding toward de knot. But Lor, Mass Venable hab no horse."

A few minutes' gallop, and they could see that it was Uncle Frank and alone. There was no gladness in his haggard face as they joined him at the knot.

"Not a thing of him, not a thing of him!" he exclaimed. "I've been riding around the edge of the fire—into it for that matter," he continued, pointing to the singed fetlocks of his horse, "and I can see nothing of him. I've been here a dozen times since day broke, sweeping the prairie with my spy-glass. Nothing can I see. I'll try again." He did so slowly and thoroughly, then shook his head, and handed the glass to his brother. In vain his brother attempted the same; the trembling of his hand and the dimness of his eyes made it useless.

"Let me try, Mass Morton," said Hark, and taking the glass and rapidly adapting it to his focus—for he had often used it for cattle—he carefully scanned the whole expanse—once, twice, thrice. "Hah!" he exclaimed, suddenly, but then in an altered voice, "Psho, it's only hide of ox burned so black. Yes," he continued, "and yonder's a wolf—you fool nigger. No, it's Duke circling round and round! Hi on dog! good dog! Hi on! Hunt him, boy!" he exclaimed, at the top of his voice, and slamming the tubes of the glass together he thrust it in his bosom, and was off in a moment, followed by his companions. It was with difficulty they could detect the form of the dog, for it was Duke, now on a crest, next lost in a hollow, as he ran with his nose to the ground.

"He got 'larmed 'bout Mass Venable las night," said the excited negro, "but de ground too hot for his foot—too hot now, but he hunting up his massa. Hi on, boy! hunt him fel-

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low! good dog!" he exclaimed, almost beside himself with eagerness, though the dog was still far beyond sound of his voice. It was but a few moments, however, before they were up with him, rising an elevation as they did so. The dog was running before them toward a burned and blackened heap lying in a hog-wallow, motionless.

"Hold up, Morton, for God sake!" exclaimed the Texan, seizing upon his brother's bridle and reining both horses back, while the tears gushed from his eyes and rolled in torrents down his cheek and beard. "This is no sight for you to see. Be a man, brother! be a man! Here, Hark," he continued, sharply, "stop! you stay with your master!"

Mr. McRobert had caught sight of the object yet distant, and, yielding to his feelings, sank, as his brother spoke, upon the pommel of his saddle in unutterable grief. He had dreaded it—it was what he knew must be, but the reality was too painful. The strong arms of the negro were around his master in a moment, and both seemed convulsed equally with grief as the Texan rode ahead alone. Suddenly he dismounted—it was to pick up a powder-horn lying on the ground, exploded and black. A moment more and he was beside the dread object. Suddenly the negro and his master started with surprise.

"Oh, you everlasting scamp!" was the exclamation they heard. "If I only had a mesquit branch handy, if I didn't let you have a taste of its thorns I wasn't at San Jacinto, that's all! I have seen folks play possum before," he continued, as his companions ran up, "but this beats all!"

He had seized upon the shriveled hide of a long-ago-dead ox, and there, beneath it, coiled up in the smallest space, lay Venable, just waked out of a sound sleep, his rifle beside him.

It were vain to describe the revulsion of feeling as they assisted the young hero to his feet. Even Duke himself ran round and round with delirious barking, knocking his young master over once or twice in his exuberant joy.

"The wind blows too hard and cold to stop to hear about it now," interrupted Mr. McRobert, at length. "Up behind me, Venable, and home to your mother as fast as we can go."

The Norther was now upon their backs, and seemed even to help them on with its force as they rode. Never summer breeze filled happier homeward sails. It seemed but a few moments before they were near the edge of the timber, Mount Hoogenboom still smoking with fitful flames upon their right. In his eagerness the father had ridden with his son quite ahead.

"Massa Frank," said Hark, earnestly, drawing back the Texan as they approached the house, "I want to show you something. I clean forgot all 'bout it till dis moment, looking for Mass Venable. He's in my cabin. Dis is de way it was—"

"Who's in your cabin?" asked the Texan.

"Lor, massa, dis is de way it was. I see him once, twice, before las night—day he saved Mass Will from ribber, and odder times. Las night I see him fightin de fire like mad. He keep at my end ob de fence, in dark, so Mass Morton couldn't see. He hope me mightily, I tell you. Did more'n I. 'Don't tell your marster, boy,' he said, ebry time we come togedder in de smoke and wind. After de fence saved Mass Morton go to de house, and I hurry down to odder end ob fence, and dare he lay, where I seen him fall—in corner ob fence. Rohamma and me we take him up—he limber as if dead—and carry him in our cabin, put him in bed. 'Don't tell any one, don't tell any one!' he groan. But, Lor, I mus tell. I keeps nuffin from *my* massa. I thought I tell you fust."

By this time they had dismounted and reached the cabin of the negro. Throwing open the door and entering, there on the bed, bearded, emaciated, covered to the chin in blankets, his sunken eyes sealed as in death, lay the wild man who had so long haunted the house and the woods around.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. ROLAND.

"Mass Frank say he and Hark gone over to de ranch; back arter while," was the announcement of Scip to the family as they sat down to the breakfast-table, not without thanks to God first around the family altar for the preservation of the past night. Now that it was all over, it all seemed more like a dreadful dream than sober reality.

"But it wasn't so wonderful at last my escape," said Venable at length, when he had somewhat brought up the arrears of his long fast. "Only," he continued, "it does seem fortunate that Slow should have thrown me just in the hog-wallow. If I had kept on him only a little longer, he would have been in the thickest sort of prairie grass; and Slow was getting to be *so* slow that I do believe he could not have kept ahead of the fire to save our lives. We would have been burned up, certain."

"But I can't imagine how being in the hog-wallow prairie saved you," said his mother.

"Why, ma," exclaimed Venable, "didn't you ever notice how thin and green and short the grass always is in those damp hog-wallows? But it's well the hide was there, too. I declare it does seem as if the very things that seem worst for us at first turn out afterward to be the very best things that could possibly happen. I didn't want to go into the brake that morning at all; yet I killed my first buck by going. I didn't want to be sent back that other morning by Uncle Frank; and it led at last to my killing that big bear. If I had shot one of those antelopes—I'll kill one yet one of these days—I do believe I would have perished out in the cold. The very hide that pitched me off of Slow was my salvation from the fire. You see,

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I crawled under, and pretty near gave up, I was so worn out. I was hardly safe under, when there came tearing along a herd of something—wolves I believe—running from the fire. One of whatever it was actually stood on the hide above me to look back on the fire. It was only a moment, and he was off like a shot. I could hear the fire roaring and crackling nearer and nearer. The smoke got dreadful bad. If it hadn't been that the wind was so strong, I would have been smothered sure. I drew in my feet close, put my mouth with my hands beside it close on the damp ground, and breathed as slow as I could. The hail made the grass harder to burn too. Somehow it was on me and past me in a flash, like; and after that I fell asleep, although terribly cold, I was *so* worn down. But I thought my feet were frozen when Uncle Frank stirred me up."

"Next time, my dear boy," said his mother, "don't be so impulsive—it is growing on you."

"But you wouldn't have me hang round like cousin Gus, would you, ma? He isn't older than I am, and he chews and smokes and idles about all day so fat and lazy."

"No fear of your being a lazy man," replied his mother, with some little maternal pride as she glanced at her son — black-eyed, black-haired, straight as an Indian, and almost as brown, lithe, and active in every member, his face sparkling with animation.

"No," said his father; "but there is no use going to either extreme. When I was at college at old Hampden-Sydney there were two youths in the Freshmen class with me—Bob Winslow was one. He was rich and short and heavy, extravagantly fond of good eating. He went to bed at eight, and was never up at chapel hardly, scarcely out to breakfast even, except when it was the season for buckwheat cakes. He never learned a lesson well in his life. We called him 'Log,' because he drifted along like a log on a current. The very opposite of him was King or Rex, as we used to call him. He was thin, poor, sharp, active, eager. Up earliest of all, to bed last of all. Hard at it all the time. He went into mathematics like a skater on ice, into shinny on the Campus in the same way. He would never take less than a half dozon books out of the Society library on Saturdays at one time. He was the fastest walker I ever tried to keep up with. And what was the result? He was the swiftest and shallowest man I ever knew. He was everlastingly stumbling, he went so fast. It was no pleasure to converse with him, he was perpetually interrupting you; before you could finish half a sentence he would have the other half finished for you. You couldn't keep his eye in yours a minute. He was a fussy man—a headlong, hap-hazard, harum-scarum. Don't be either, Venable; be just between the two, neither too slow nor too impulsive. The noblest style of men are those who combine in themselves opposite excellences without the extremes of either."

"An even mixture of Texas and Virginia, father, I suppose," said Venable.

"Without the extremes of either," added his mother; and she continued, "it must be the climate of Texas, or the strong winds, or the broad prairies, or all these combined; but I never heard so much exaggeration in my life. In all this neighborhood, if any body is sick they are always reported as *very* sick. And if really and seriously sick, it is immediately said that they can not possibly live. It is always terribly hot or awfully cold, pitch-dark or splendidly bright. Every thing is either the very biggest or smallest, the very best or the very worst ever known. Both of you boys are catching this Texas brogue fast enough."

"Oh, it's the country, ma," said Will. "Nobody ever saw such a grand fire as we had last night in good, dull, easy old Virginia; and I am certain I never heard such a Norther as this there in my life. And such splendid *long*-eared rabbits, and such heaps of grapes and pecans, and such great big flowers on the Spanish dagger-tree."

"That's right, Will; stand up for Texas always," said Uncle Frank, entering; for the family had lingered long around the table. "All safe over at the ranch," he added, drawing up to the fire. "Hoogenboom was driven down to it with his family from the fire in the brake," he continued; "he will stay there till the fire is done burning. He thinks his cabin has escaped, as there was a clearing all around it."

"There must have been immense mischief done?" asked Mrs. McRobert.

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Venable. "I declare I would almost rather have frozen to death. The fact is, I never once thought about it."

"You never mind," replied his uncle. "If the prairie's burned over it will only help the young grass when it rises in a month or two now. As to the brake, it was mostly trash from where we cut rails that were burned. A good deal of good cedar is burned too, but there's plenty left. Mustn't be so headlong next time, Venable. A rifle too quick on the trigger is almost as bad a one as one of these old Yagers that keep snap, snap, snapping all day at a deer without going off. Besides, you'll never kill antelope that way all your life. Cool, patient, persevering, that's the way."

"How long will this Norther continue, I wonder," said Mrs. McRobert, lifting the curtain, and gazing out upon the stormy scene.

"Just three days exactly," replied the Texan, "and then a lull of half a day, and back all the wind comes again from the south, dampened by the Gulf, till matters are balanced again. I hate the return wind worst of the two, it's so chill."

"I'm afraid our cattle will suffer," said his brother.

"They would if we lived farther from the mountains," answered the Texan, "but they can find something to eat there all winter. It's

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astonishing how thick and rich the mesquit grass grows up to the very tops of the mountains, out of holes drilled by the rain in the rocks; and it's the richest grass for stock in the world."

"But I have often seen skulls of cattle on the prairies," said Will.

"Well, very often they do die from one cause or other, though Texas is the best stock-raising country in North America, at least; never have to feed; prairies always open, and fat with grass. And it's the most profitable business, too," continued the Texan. "You know that white calf I gave you, Will, last spring. Five years hence, without any care on your part except to drive up once a year and brand the calves, that one calf will have increased to no less than thirty head of fine cattle. By the time you want to get married and "set up" a ranch for yourself, say ten years after that, you will have from that one white calf a herd of one hundred and fifty head to begin the world with, at the lowest calculation. As to the skulls you speak about, most of them are buffalo skulls, as you can tell by the shortness of the horns."

"But it is such a dry country," said his brother; "that is the grand objection to it."

"Well, it *is* dry for two or three years at a time," replied the Texan. "But you ought to have seen Hoogenboom this morning. Down he had come from his cabin in a hurry from the fire, hardly time to bring any thing but his wife and children; yet he had managed to bring with him a block of wood, cut from a post oak, about six inches long and eight or ten across. I thought it was a stool to sit on; but he took and showed it to me. It was the section of a tree, and he had planed and polished and varnished one end so as to show the rings—the yearly growths of the tree. He had told me about it before. There were eighty or a hundred rings, showing the growth of the tree for that number of years past. He could tell the wetness or dryness of all the seasons for that time back by the comparative thickness or thinness of the rings. He had made out a table, and found that the seasons went wet or dry in separate groups of six or eight years each; but a large number of the seasons had been very wet, and a majority of all favorable in the highest degree. He says similar experiments all over Texas have proved the same, and that he has tested his tree-almanac by what is well known in regard to seasons for the last twenty years. Its rings for that time and the facts agree. He is a learned man, Hoogenboom; it's his broken English makes him seem ignorant. I think a great deal of him."

"As you would of any body, Frank, who says a good word for Texas," said his sister.

"But we are so out of the world here," said his brother, "you can hardly reason that away."

"Only till railroads are built," replied the Texan, warmly; "and their tracks are already graded for them over the country in every direction by nature itself. The cedar brakes are full of cross ties, ready. Coal for the locomotives plenty — the mountains crammed with it."

"Coal?" asked his sister.

"Yes, iron too, in abundance, copper, and lead. As to gypsum Texas has the largest known bed of it in the world. Only wait a little and the world will know what Texas is, I tell you!"

But there was one thing which the Texan did not tell them. As the result of a rapid conversation with the man whom he had found in Hark's cabin, he had bundled him up, and, aided by Hark, had hurried him through the tempest over to his own ranch, and there put him securely and comfortably to bed under the care of Francisco. And from that moment there sprang up a singular interest in his warm heart toward the stranger. As he slowly recovered during days after, under the care of the Texan, many and long-continued were the conversations between them, no allusion ever being made to the family at the San Hieronymo of his being at the ranch. So carefully—for whatever reason—had the matter been kept secret that six or eight weeks had passed before it was known to the San Hieronymo family that there was such a person. One day, however, Venable came suddenly into his uncle's ranch in search of a powder-horn to supply the place of the one lost in the fire. He was startled as he entered to observe a grave-looking gentleman seated by the fire absorbed in reading. The stranger sprang to his feet at first, greatly alarmed and embarrassed, and the boy noticed that he had turned ashen pale, sprang up as if on the point of flying from the spot, then stopped with a hesitating, palpitating manner like a snared bird. Venable, confused by the confusion of the other, was retreating when the gentleman, as by a sudden and strong effort, resumed his composure, and begged him in courteous tones to be seated. As he complied with his request Venable observed, in a glance, that his companion was a closely-shaven, pale-faced, sad-eyed, student-like man. "Looked like a minister," said the boy afterward. The quick glance of the young Texan showed him, too, that his companion was plainly but neatly dressed in black, and had the appearance of great mental suffering and long-continued ill-health. It was some time before either party could be perfectly at ease. At last, after some hesitating conversation, Venable spied the horn he was in search of hanging against the wall, and, taking it, he was about leaving.

"Are you going directly home?" said the stranger, suddenly, as Venable bade him good-by.

"Yes, Sir," said the boy.

"Be so good as to wait a few moments," said the stranger, "and I will accompany you;" and he withdrew into the next room.

Venable waited some time for him to reappear. At last he rose and sauntered to the book-case, which was a set of rough shelves nailed up against the logs which partitioned off

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the two rooms. As he stood there with a book in his hand his eye fell through a crack in the wall upon the stranger in the adjoining room. He had knelt on the floor beside his bed, and, with face buried in his hands upon the coverlet as silent and as still as a statue, seemed engaged in prayer. With a glow of shame on his cheek for having thus unwittingly intruded upon the privacy of another the boy stealthily resumed his seat. In a few moments the stranger reappeared, hat in hand, and with an aspect of perfect composure, and they proceeded on their walk.

There was a certain gentleness and refinement in the face and bearing and tones of his companion that impressed Venable with a sense of respect and almost awe toward him. Both education, society, and suffering had united to give to him, apparently, that indescribable air of purity and refinement so unmistakable, yet so difficult to analyze. The boy felt that he walked with one superior to the mass, though why he felt so he could not have told. As it was he felt strongly drawn toward him. On reaching his father's house he showed him into the parlor, while he informed his mother—his father being absent—of the arrival.

"Permit me to introduce myself, Madam," the visitor said, rising and bowing as Mrs. McRobert entered the room. "My name is Roland. I am a minister of the Gospel. I have been on a visit to your brother at his place. I have taken the liberty to accompany your son home this morning to have the pleasure of becoming acquainted with yourself and husband."

There was something in the tones of his voice which caused Mrs. McRobert to hesitate a moment, coloring and embarrassed in spite of herself, and without knowing why. Soon recovering herself, however, she engaged in conversation, and learned that it was his intention to remain in the neighborhood for some time, in accordance with the request of Mr. Frank McRobert, making that house his home. Mrs. McRobert learned, too, in the course of the conversation, that Mr. Roland was a minister of the same communion as her husband and herself, and that it was his intention to preach and visit as a minister of the Gospel as he had opportunity. This was glad news to her, as both herself and family had long yearned once more for the public worship of the Sabbath and the sanctuary: it was the greatest of their privations so far; and upon this the conversation became more animated and interested until Mr. McRobert came in. In accordance with their cordial and repeated request Mr. Roland remained to dinner. Long before he left a total change had come over him, his eye kindling, his wan cheek flushing with a new life.

The conversation of the family, the artless prattle of Bessie, seemed to give him exquisite pleasure, as if long ignorant of such things. It was late in the afternoon that he rose to leave, his face mantled with smiles and pleasurable excitement, a pleasure reciprocated by the rest, who were charmed as in the society of one of the most fascinating men they had ever met, even in the most select circles of their old home. At this moment Uncle Frank suddenly entered the room. At sight of Mr. Roland he uttered a sudden exclamation of astonishment, which he endeavored to cloak, first by a cough and then by pleading that he had not known that Mr. Roland had come over. He soon, however, recovered himself in the calm composure of the minister's manner.

"You see I could not wait for you to introduce me, Mr. McRobert," he said, "so I came over myself."

"I trust that we may often have the pleasure of seeing you," said Mr. Morton McRobert, accompanying him to the door.

"Thank you sincerely," said Mr. Roland, as he stopped in the doorway, his hat in his hand. "I should have told you," he continued, "that my daughter Agnes will soon be with me. She is an orphan, has no mother now, and I hope—I think, you will like her. I fear she will be very lonely during my absences."

"Where can I have seen him before?" thought Mrs. McRobert often during the rest of the evening, pausing in her sewing to think. "In Virginia? where can it be?"

It was but a short time, however, before all felt as if Mr. Roland had been known to them for years. On the Sabbath after his visit worship was held, at Uncle Frank's special request, in the largest room of his ranch. He and Hark had constructed some rude benches in addition to the seats already there—that is, unplaned planks supported upon chairs. At the appointed hour not only the family from the San Hieronymo, but several other families, had gathered in. A small cedar table had been placed on one side of the room as pulpit. When the hymn had been read, to the astonishment of all Uncle Frank raised an old familiar tune in a bold, clear, and sweet voice—one he had learned from often hearing it in his father's family. Hoogenboom sat beside him growling a deep bass, almost equal to an organ; while all the rest, male and female, joined in cordially and harmoniously. Rough as was the sanctuary and small the audience, it was none the less the solemn worship of Almighty God. Every heart was stilled, and warmed with devotional feelings long unknown to most there. A fervent prayer, the very breathing of childlike feeling, by the minister, in which he solemnly and touchingly dedicated the room they were in for the time as a sanctuary to God; another familiar hymn, and then, in a simple and natural manner, the minister expounded to his hearers a passage of Scripture. His manner was unstudied, easy, colloquial, familiar, yet solemn, and full of rich and instructive thought. The hearers could not but listen. It was a conversation held as with each of them, personally, upon the momentous questions of the soul and eternity. There was no lack of animation in

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the speaker, nor any strong gesticulation or uplifting of voice unsuited to the small room in which they were assembled. The attention of all was held unslackened to the close. Then another prayer, gushing from the heart of the speaker, and sweeping all other hearts there upward with it to Heaven—another hymn, closing with an old-fashioned doxology, and the benediction was laid upon the bowed heads of the audience like a reality of good—and the services were over.

Notice had been given, before the conclusion of the services, of future services by the same minister there and at other points around. No language can express the gratification of the family as they walked slowly back to the San Hieronymo. It was the sudden, unexpected supply of just what they most desired.

"And could we possibly have had a better preacher?" said Mrs. McRobert. "Surely he comes among us sent of God. Where did I know him before?"

LAURA'S LOVERS.

EVERY one in Summertown thought that it was all over with Laura. There wasn't a soul in the neighborhood but had settled her long ago as the dependent drudge in some cousin's family when her aunt should die; for though Mrs. Devon had "worldly goods," as the Rev. Mr. Lovett characterized her stocks and stones—she owned an interest in a marble quarry—still there were so many nearer heirs that Laura stood a fair chance of coming off with a mourning-ring and crape veil merely: very insufficient means for beginning life on one's own account, as an impartial observer—viz., not one of the said heirs—would acknowledge. But this is only supposition. However, at the time of which I speak, Laura had been booked for the outside; there positively was no hope for her, in the opinion of Summertown. In the mean while, whether or no Laura was herself confirmed in this belief of her friends and neighbors who shall say? No little manœuvre of hers betrayed anxiety or despair; no word *pro* or *con* escaped her—she received and kept the confidences of others, and if she had any little passages of her own she kept those too. Nobody knew *exactly* how things stood with her, but every one fancied he did, which made it comfortable all round. Still, there was one incident—trifling enough, if you please—which perhaps served to mitigate her misfortunes. Very likely there had come a day when Laura, looking about her a little curiously, had seen herself reflected in no other eyes—unless it was when she wiped the cherry stains off Geordie's mouth—and had wondered somewhat sadly why she was so uninteresting, why the young men made love to her cousins, laughed and chatted with the married ladies, without appearing to observe her any more than one would a shadow; why nobody said pretty things to her such as Rose sometimes repeated, or begged her to let him button her glove, or sent her presents, or flushed when she spoke; why her handkerchief always fell unnoticed and her questions unheard; why no one asked her opinion on any earthly topic. "It would be so pleasant if somebody would just take the least bit of interest in one."

So thinking a little about these things, observing every thing, and sensitive as the mimosa, she drifted, maybe, into the natural conclusion, and put the thought aside, as a problem that would work out its own answer in time or eternity.

But leading Geordie up and down the gravel-walk one morning for a constitutional, Major Thorne's crutch was heard in *staccato* movement over the gravel, falling into the *legato* as he joined them. There was a little thud of pleasure down somewhere in Laura's being, rather neutralized by the remembrance that Major Thorne was one of Geordie's slaves. Now the Major was no hero: he had lost a leg, to be sure, if that is any qualification—lost it by the accidental discharge of a gun, not in any Balaklava or Blenheim; and, though bred a soldier, since that had doffed the sword and donned the crutch; then, in a financial point of view, he was not so picturesque as a beggar, for nothing makes so much interest for a lover as a limited income, a hat with the nap a trifle rubbed off, a crutch won in the fray, and a pair of eloquent eyes. Now the Major had none of these, poor fellow! but the very questionable crutch and the eyes, and when he turned these last full upon Laura she felt as if something were being said beyond her comprehension, some language was uttered of which she had never been taught the A B C; therefore the Major, finding that he spoke an unknown tongue, undertook to be his own interpreter, and put into English what he had previously put into his glance.

It was the confusion of tongues; Laura was confounded: she had met him, on and off, for six years or so, lived under the same roof with him six weeks, sat beside him at the table, fallen in with him on the grounds. He had talked with her at the dancing-parties—Laura's partners were like angels' visits—they had played chess together to oblige each other; she had picked out with great trouble the air of some little songs he had composed expressly to keep himself before her eyes, but all unsuspected by her; he had indited numerous sonnets for her delectation, which figured in the Poet's Corner of the local gazette, but which, unfortunately, she never read; he had declined a shooting expedition and a yachting voyage, of both which he duly and significantly informed her, and she had wondered if Rose were the attraction; in short, she had put herself so entirely out of the question that this confession appeared incredible, and consequently the Major experienced a defeat. So it passed by, and Major Thorne changed his mind and went yachting after all, and no one guessed what had happened.

"I can't understand what has sent the Ma-

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jor off so suddenly," said Mrs. Devon. "No fault of yours, I hope, Rose?" And Rose simpered and tossed her fine head, leaving it to be inferred, while if any one had noticed the color that flew over Laura's face at the mere name the story would have been only too plain.

"However," said Rose, "it's only an exchange of officers: Major Thorne goes, and Captain Laurence arrives."

"Who *is* Captain Laurence?" asked Laura, glad to change the subject.

"Heaven only knows; some one Harry has picked up—one of his violent friendships."

"I hope he will prove an addition," said Mrs. Devon; "for, now that the Major is away, every one seems a little downcast."

"Nonsense, mamma! Major Thorne is your hobby. I don't see what there is to admire in him; do *you*, Laura?" He never could dance a step—a positive thorn in the flesh!"

The following day, toward evening, as Laura came up from the garden with a bowl of gooseberries which she had been picking—her eyes on the ground and her thoughts, maybe, a little way out at sea—what should she do but trip, and let the bowl dance out of her hand and splinter itself and scatter the contents.

"Even Hebe has her ups and downs!" said a voice at her elbow—a voice sweet and suave, as if some nectarous blossom had spoken instead of the bending figure beside her. There was yet enough light to show Laura the bold, black eyes that seemed to interrogate her; the smiling outline of expressive features; the soft, rich tint of complexion. In the mean while she had just enough wit left to put two and two together, and conclude that the intruder was Captain Laurence, who had strayed into the garden to enjoy a quiet smoke.

"I am afraid that you have me to thank for that false step," he continued; "I startled you, did I not?"

"Indeed, Captain Laurence, I shall not thank you, then; see all my berries rolling in the gravel!"

"The ruins of Carthage," said he; "but how do you know I am that Captain Laurence?"

"By induction, Sir; certainly not by introduction," Laura replied, laughing lightly.

"You are more fortunate than I," he returned, echoing her laugh. "I have no data from which to deduce whether you are Fair Rosamond or a Nun of St. Hilda."

"You might take me for a Gooseberry Fool," she answered, in allusion to her labor lost. "But don't let me interrupt your Havana; besides, some one is calling me."

"Let us listen then; it will save the ceremony of introduction. When I was a boy I used to hide in the garden and enjoy the uproar that ensued when no one answered to my name. Laura, or Laurence? Is it you or I, or both of us, that is wanted? Miss Laura, it is quite dark in this alley; you are apt to trip; my arm is at your service. We will make it dramatic by appearing together on the scene."

"What a piece of impertinence!" thought Laura, but took his arm nevertheless.

"My dear Laura," quoth her aunt, "it is long past Geordie's bedtime."

"Oh, indeed! I didn't know it was so late. Bridget was anxious to get off early to a wake, so I offered to pick the berries for her. But where *is* Geordie?"

"*I* put him to bed!" said Rose, as if it were some unheard-of sacrifice on her part; and directly there came from over the balusters a stentorian cry:

"Laura! I want my Laura! Can't *somebody* find my dear Laura? Oh, my head aches, and I do want my Laura!" saturated with a supply of sobs and tears, which subsided into evident chuckling as soon as she replied to his tender appeal. For King George was in the habit of making the household bow before his mandates, and of never seeking his pillow but in company with Laura and a fairy tale or song; the last usually one of Major Thorne's efforts, and though hardly adapted to infantine appreciation, he seemed to like it heartily, and, readily catching the air, would add a voice of most inappropriate volume, till, falling into a hushed diminuendo, it became perhaps only the sweetest of echoes in dream-land. So that night, as Rose and Captain Laurence paced up and down the piazza in desultory flirtation, Laura's lilt came rustling down to them, like the murmur of a distant beck, and Captain Laurence found ears to listen to it while he led Rose onward through a labyrinth of nonsense.

In fact, Geordie was very tiresome on that particular night. He lamented the departure of the Major, who used to ride him on the pony, repair his toys, make his whistles, and lose marbles to him.

"I tell you what, Laura," said he, confidentially, "there's nobody like the Major! Why, I won twenty marbles of him, right off, one day. And do you know, Laura, the morning he went away he came into my room, before I was up, to say good-by; and he asked who kissed me last. Wasn't that odd?"

"Was it?" asked Laura.

"Why, yes—don't you think so? It wasn't any *matter* who kissed me last, you know," he continued, bent upon telling his own tale; "but I said it was *you* who always kissed me on my eyelids, that I mightn't forget you. 'Then,' said he, 'I'll kiss you there too.' And, Laura, I couldn't help it—I just put my arms round his neck and hugged him tight, he is such a dear old Major! And he had such a queer look in his eyes, just as if he'd got hurt and was trying not to let any one know it; but he never cried a drop—*men never do;* I sha'n't when I'm grown up. Laura, don't you wish he hadn't gone? Laura, Laura! are you there? You may sing now, please." Geordie's good manners were always after-thoughts.

It was not quite sunrise one morning, about a month later, when the summer's dissipation had been already prefaced with drives and

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dances, that Harry tapped at Laura's chamber-door.

"Are you awake, Laura? Could you come down and pour the Captain and me a cup of coffee? I don't dare disturb the other magnates, and we want to be off to the beach before the sun gets too high."

"I'll be down in a moment," said she; and directly she presented herself, dressed in a white morning-wrapper, ruffled within an inch of its life—the great waves of her brown hair entrapping the light with every silken thread, and just a breath of rose-color palpitating on her cheeks.

"So you rise with the lark, Miss Laura," said Captain Laurence; "and I happen to know already that you sing like him."

"And to complete the simile, we are bound on a lark," said Harry.

"Are you going to the singing beach?" asked Laura.

"I believe so; but unless you go with us I sha'n't be able to say whether it sings in the minor or major key. I shall be utterly adrift on the sand-bars of music."

"What a predicament!" cried Laura. "Shall I fill your cup?"

"If you will fulfill my request."

"That's right," put in Harry; "make her go with us, Bell; she can ride like a bubble on the wind."

"Oh, I should like it so much; but you know, Harry, that I haven't ridden these two years; and then—oh, it's quite out of the question, your mother would be anxious."

"Nonsense, you're not a minor, are you? There's Simoon you can have as well as not. I'll go out and have him saddled."

"No, no, Harry! I positively can not go."

They rose from table as she spoke; Captain Laurence drew near so that his Vandyke beard almost swept her cheek, as he bent low and murmured:

"Not for my sake?"

The heavy lids fell over the troubled eyes. It was quite too early to be mastered by that strong gaze; sooner or later, she felt it would work her mischief, but not yet, not yet; she must struggle while she might, before the spell was hopelessly finished. So she turned to him saucily.

"You are quite right, Captain Laurence. I shall stay at home for Geordie's sake—it is his birthday."

"I wish I were Geordie, lucky cherub!"

"And six years old to-day?"

"And six years old to-day, if I might enjoy his perquisites, if *you* would look after my birthdays."

Poor Laura, she was so unused to gallant speeches that these little things went a great way with her.

All the morning that flush of pleasure never faded from her face, that smile forgot to leave her lips; up stairs, before her mirror, dressing for dinner, she paused to regard herself, paused half regretfully, half surprised, as if, just to-day, some unsuspected blossom had sprung up in her place.

"Why, I am *almost* pretty to-day," she whispered; "if—" and checked herself, leaving unsaid the willful thought that traced with a thread of gold the gracious possibilities of life, then as for penance she turned resolutely away from the glass and indulged in no second glimpse.

Tea was served that evening out under the willows, whose great plumes entangling the reflexes of a hundred tints, swung indolently in the breeze; then there was dancing on the lawn till Geordie could no longer keep his eyelids in order. What an evening it was for more than Geordie! How freely Laura forgot herself beneath the lustre of those ensnaring eyes—how her wayward pulses quickened with each caprice of flute or violin—how her foolish little heart beat measure for measure! She thought afterward that a swallow's summer flight across the blue heavens could describe no more delightful arabesque than those dancing feet upon the green turf.

Well, by-and-by the stars slipped, one by one, into their places, and the early moon just showed the tip of her silver horn above Holiday Hill, and then Laura must leave it all to pilot Geordie happily across the waters of oblivion into the Land of Nod. Through the pauses of her fairy-tale she could catch the rhythm of the dance; sometimes a little jet of melody flew up, like a bird, to seek her; sometimes a ripple of laughter found her out; sometimes the wind came following with a breath from the willows, as it were some sweet thought sent after her, and all the while Echo went wandering into the distance with stolen snatches of the festivity. It nothing availed to cut the story short, to bring the beautiful Princess into hasty possession of the two magic crystals which held her crown and kingdom. Geordie only grew garrulous and used all his powers of fascination, in order to detain Laura by his side, till, exhausted by his arts, Nature took the matter in hand and reduced him to subjection.

By that time the dancing was over, the lawn deserted, the musicians had departed; above all there brooded the sweet solemnity of night, broken only by some footfall on the piazza below. Laura went to the window and looked out. One star, shining large and luminous overhead, seemed to point at Captain Laurence, pacing up and down there like some caged creature, as if some impalpable limits shut him out from the Promised Land. "I wonder what he is thinking about," pondered Laura; she had almost said "*who*." If she had only known!

One morning Captain Laurence was a little late at breakfast; but before the meal was half through he sauntered into the room with that easy grace of his, bent an instant over Laura with some syllables half tender, half jest, and dropped into the seat beside Rose.

"The sweetest dreams, I understand, come

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with daybreak," said that subject, "and surely since then you have had time for a whole nosegay."

"But faulty if the rose were omitted. Since dawn I have seen the sunrise break through Tangle Wood. You must go there with me sometime, Miss Laura," he added, turning to her.

"Is it not a great way off?"

"The further the better," he replied.

"What is the programme to-day, Rose?" asked Harry.

"That stupid picnic of Mrs. Bryant's."

"Why stupid?" inquired Laurence.

"Oh, because every body gets cross and hungry, and you lose the people you want to find and find the people you want to lose; and some one is sure to tread on your dress—it actually seems as if there were a detachment for that especial duty—"

"The long and the short of it," put in Harry.

"Shall *you* go, Captain Laurence?" asked Rose.

"Go! after such a warning?"

"But you have no unfortunate gown to be trodden on; consequently no danger of losing your temper."

"You forget, Miss Rose, the danger of losing what is not so easily recovered."

"Nothing so easy if you offer a sufficient reward."

"Ah, fair Pagan! I am afraid there is no need for me to run any further risks."

"Indeed! I have heard of the beautiful Dulcinea, have I not?"

Laurence gave the least perceptible start, and the least suspicion of a frown darkened on his brow.

"No; have you? What is she like—Gipsy Jane?"

Now Rose had really heard nothing, only she thought it wise, before reeling off into a flirtation, to beat about the bush a while and knock down all the last year's nests.

"She has dark-brown hair, long and wavy," she began; "eyes the color of my sapphire ring; see—Harry gave it me, the extravagant; she has an ear like a little pink shell. You would take her for alabaster if a ripple of color upon her white cheek didn't remind you of an opal. When she laughs you hear the 'silver falling' of the fountain of perpetual youth; when she sings you remember the sirens; when she walks you follow."

"Thank you," said the Captain, reassured.

"Miss Laura, your cousin has been taking your picture."

"Why didn't you tell me I was sitting that I might have called in 'prunes and prisms' to my aid?" she answered, just on the point of leaving the room.

"'When she walks you follow,'" quoted the Captain, looking back at Rose with a laugh as he turned away to join Laura in the drawing-room.

"Do you mean to humor this stupidity of Mrs. Bryant's?" he asked, taking his seat beside her.

"I think not."

"The poor Bryant, what will become of her—and all her cakes and ale?"

"Oh, the others are going."

"And why not yourself? The moon might as well excuse herself from rising, because there were sure to be plenty of stars out."

"Captain Laurence! what if any one should hear me listening to such nonsense? Some one must stay to see after Geordie."

"Miss Rose has just denounced picnics, perhaps she would fancy *that* recreation."

"Oh no," said Laura, very honestly, "that was only one of her little caprices, she doesn't want to anticipate too much. Rose is very bewitching at times, don't you think so?"

"I know some one who is always bewitching."

"Ah! who is that?" very simply.

"It's a great secret of mine."

"Oh, excuse me."

"Not at all. I'll tell you—in confidence. No, I'll write it on this oak-leaf; the wind blew it in on purpose. There;" and he passed her the leaf bearing the word "Laura" merely, followed by something like a superfluous flourish, as if he had designed to make the name alliterative but wavered.

A little spark of delight flashed from Laura's wide-open eyes.

"Petrarch's Laura," she said, smiling.

"I didn't mention Petrarch; I was speaking of myself."

"Oh! are you going to this picnic yourself?"

"It is a vexed question; what would you advise?"

A little signal ran up her cheek, plainly showing what would be too charming to think of.

"You will find it very agreeable," said she.

"Impossible; I shall not find you there."

"But you will meet the Mores from the Cliffs, the Thorpes from the Upper Parish, the Gilberts from Crane-neck Hill, and I can't say how many others."

"Positively I'm afraid to encounter so many strangers without a guardian angel. Can't the cherub go with us?"

"Children are not invited."

"But surely the maids can take charge of him."

"He might give them the slip; why, one day we went to Cragstowe and left him in their care, and he went down to sail his brig in the brook—they call it a brook, but it's both deep and wide; some reapers, happening to pass by, found him making out into the middle of the stream, where his brig lay becalmed, the water already up to his shoulders; and Laura came near losing sight of her dear boy," she added, as that young desperado administered an emphatic hug, crying:

"The Major, Laura; you forgot the Major."

"Oh, did I forget the Major?" she said, the color deepening a shade.

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"The reapers, you know, only *called* me back, but the Major walked right in after me, with the crutch and all, and caught me up on one arm just as if I were nothing but a fly; but I kicked some."

"Naughty boy!"

"But, Laura, there was the brig in danger; I didn't know he was going back after it, and he looked so cross too. And he wouldn't let me get out of bed the rest of the day, that was the worst of it; and when you came you told him you didn't know what you could do for him, and he said *he* did, but he didn't say *what*. I suppose he wanted you to sew on a button or mend his glove—Harry always does."

"Sapient youth," laughed the Captain, "won't you wade in the stream again that I may emulate this Major?"

"Oh, but you haven't any crutch," said he.

An hour later the carriages were on the way to the picnic.

"Why didn't Captain Laurence ride with us, Harry?" asked Rose, with some vexation.

"Laurence? Oh, he had letters to write; he didn't come."

"I hope they'll miscarry," quoth the sweet Rose.

Late in the afternoon, when Laura went into the drawing-room with her work, Captain Laurence met her half-way.

"When did you return?" she queried.

"I haven't been away; I had letters to write, which only the pleasure of escorting you could induce me to postpone."

"Thank you. And you have had no luncheon."

"I beg pardon, 'twas brought to my room. Won't you come out on the veranda and sit? I've improvised a luxurious divan of piled cushions for you, and the most fragrant of south winds is ready to fan you if you won't let me."

"Do you know," he continued, after they were agreeably seated, "I've half a mind to quarrel with this Major of Geordie's. What business had he to know *you* before I was so fortunate?"

"Oh, he is only a friend of my aunt's; he is always coming here more or less," she answered, demurely.

"So much the worse; and in the mean time you are always walking with him, more or less, and playing chess with him—"

"How do you *know* that?"

"From Geordie. He challenged me to a contest and I declined, whence he inferred that I wasn't half so good as his Laura, which, of course, is a weak expression of a strong fact; 'for she used to play lots with the Major whether she wanted to or not.'"

"Poor Geordie, he tells all he knows, and a good deal which he imagines."

"Then you didn't dislike playing with the Major?"

"Oh, no indeed, we both played so badly that it was very nice."

"You are making me very uncomfortable."

"No indeed; am I? How?"

"It's too plain that I can never be such an old friend as this Major; he has stolen a march on me."

"Yet—" She had it in her heart to say that old friends were not always the most valued, but bethought herself in season.

"Yes, I see; you want an excuse. Pray don't mind breaking *my* heart, 'tisn't worth much."

"Nonsense; I dare say if you come here two or three summers aunty will like you as well as the Major."

"Consoling—and how about aunty's niece?"

"Oh, the Major is nothing to me, truly; if you mean that."

That was not precisely what he *did* mean, but it was a pleasant assurance.

"Then," said he, touching her hand with his lips, "I wouldn't be the Major for any thing. But as for coming here two or three summers, I might as well suffer a chronic voyage round Cape Horn."

"Why, are we *so* tiresome?"

"By no means; only the experiment is *so* dangerous. Do you hear what a pretty *canzone* the wind is singing through those honey-suckle vines? I dare say *you* sang to the Major?"

"Sometimes. I know nothing but his songs."

"So he made songs for you, eh? I think I should like to hear one, if you please; it is well to understand the policy of the enemy."

"It was simply amusement."

"Well, I am listening."

Laura's voice was not in the least strong nor full, but there was a something touching in the clear treble peculiar to herself; a something plaintive without complaining, fresh as if the dewy morning pervaded it, sad as if the twilight were advancing. Once heard it would return to you again and again, long after the singer was forgotten.

"Are you quite in earnest? My voice is the merest bird-call," she said, and sang:

"Oh, were my love the wind that blows
O'er hill, and field, and lonely sea,
And I the sweetness of the rose
To follow where he beckoned me,

"No storm so cold, no night so dark,
Would daunt me on his restless wing,
And when the sun awoke the lark
We'd higher soar and louder sing."

And directly the family carriages rolled up the drive and conversation became a Babel.

"Every body was so sorry you weren't there, Captain Laurence," said Rose.

The Captain thought he knew of two exceptions, and Laura was equally certain of one.

"I am sincerely obliged to every one," he said.

And thus, step by step, Captain Laurence advanced in informal wooing; a sort of experimental affair with him, in order to assure himself if love were more potent than the other power struggling for mastery—in short, "if the game were worth the candle."

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But Laura, we know, had a different point of view. She had lived in peace till Major Thorne opened her eyes, just in time for them to be dazzled by this new luminary. By-and-by, when she becomes accustomed to this beautiful radiance, the twilight will have quite set in. Well, perhaps even there the stars may shine.

The following day opened with a grand overture of the elements; the rain hung like a curtain before the eye, but Laura never missed the sun. Captain Laurence, now always beside her, read the last new novel to an attentive group; it was the simple narrative of the sufferings of one who chose disinheritance rather than renounce the woman he loved.

"What an everlasting spooney!" cried Harry, as the book was ended.

"Do *you* think so?" asked the Captain, turning to Laura.

"It seems to me," she answered, "that there was but one way open to him and he took it. I can't conceive of his doing otherwise."

"Very true," said Aunt Devon, "all the money in the world wouldn't have purchased him a love like Jacqueline's."

"I agree with you," said Laurence: the trouble was, that he couldn't agree with himself.

When the gossips of Summertown perceived the turn things were taking, they began to lose faith in their own predictions. Henceforth wherever Laura was seen Laurence was sure to be not far behind; they might be met morning and evening on the beach with Geordie straggling in front. Many a good woman of the place toiled up her scuttle stairs, glass in hand, to satisfy herself if yonder sail-boat weren't Harry Devon's *Bluebird* skimming down to Rock Creek, with "Laurie and that Cap'n of hern."

On the family excursions to Cragstowe they invariably adopted extremes, either dropping far behind the main party, perhaps losing their way and returning home to spend the day in splendid seclusion, or galloping miles ahead, till no suspicion of the detestable third person intervened. Once the *Bluebird* was caught outside the bar in a fog, with the unseen breakers muttering in their ears, and Laura thought it was as if they were shut into a great pearl alone, without giving more than a thought to the possibility of being run down by some other craft, or dashed to atoms in the tumult of the waters, till presently the fog blew off, and they flew homeward as if fear and danger were fables of the story-books; only as he lifted her ashore he held her one swift instant in a grasp of steel, murmuring,

"If we had died it would have been together."

"But it is so much pleasanter to live," said Laura, artlessly.

Once, too, they encountered a party of strolling gipsies encamped at the Witch's Well, one of whom gave Laura an amulet of aromatic seeds.

"To keep your heart light," the crone said.

"And I must never give it away?" asked Laura, just to humor her.

"When you give it you give yourself," was the reply. But, sauntering home, Laurence took possession of it.

"I did not give it to you, remember," said she.

"I did not ask for it," he returned. "I take my own wherever I find it."

Sometimes they galloped to Tangle Wood, returning before breakfast with wreaths of wild-flowers, deserted birds-nests for Geordie, and pretty eggs for his collection.

"Do you know," said Laura, on one of these occasions, "there is a legend, that if you lose yourself in Tangle Wood you are never able to find the way out again?"

"Let us try the experiment," said he.

"And starve to death?" queried the practical Laura.

"Ah, I didn't take that view of it!"

"But, you see, that is the view to take. The story goes, that a young man who was to be married the next day came into this wood to gather flowers and never returned home. Every one thought that he had deserted his sweetheart; but long years after they found his bones here and the ring she had given him."

"I certainly shall not come here the day before *my* marriage unless you come with me," he said, laughing.

And now even the Rev. Mr. Lovett congratulated himself upon a new proselyte as he observed the dark, handsome face every Sunday in the Devon pew; and no wonder that the simple country folks regarded it as a matter already foreclosed, and that old Mrs. Grew, who had baked wedding-loaves for the Devons time out of mind, began to look up her recipes.

To be sure there were days when Captain Laurence seemed possessed with a strange melancholy; when his glance never brightened except it met Laura's; when he permitted another to fill his place beside her, to bring her shawl when the dew fell, to cut her flowers, or take off her hands the never-to-be-concluded tail of Geordie's kite—for now that she had found favor in the Captain's eyes all the others were ready to be commanded—dour and threatening periods, when it seemed as though he hesitated to rivet the chains he loved well to wear, when even Geordie's query, "You aren't cross with my Laura, are you?" met with no rejoinder.

But these were only spots on the sun—so rare and peculiar that you would have said they were merely strategic freaks of a lover who accentuated his devotion by contrasts. And presently the hour arrived when he resigned himself to Fate, and the dear, blind boy, when delight overflowed the brief moments, when together they surprised the wild azalia in its swamps, when they made the woods echo with catch and chorus, and drew enchantment from the cool depth

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of the Witch's Well, from early purple dawns, and starry spaces of evening sky, from

"The light that never was on sea or land."

Life was growing idylic with Laura.

One day, as they returned from a drive, a traveling carriage whirled by them, then wheeled suddenly about and overtook them, while a gentleman from within cried, "Laurence, Laurence, is that you or your wraith?" and directly was out, and testing the matter with a vigorous hand-shake; then:

"Are you staying in this neighborhood?" asked the stranger. "Is the Empress with you? I understood that you were both stopping at Engelhardt's."

Laurence kept a frown at bay with the ghost of a smile, as he replied, somewhat evasively:

"I *was* at Engelhardt's for a time, but alone; the Empress went to the Springs with an invalid friend."

"You had better look out for your laurels," laughed the other, as he drove away.

"Thank you," returned the Captain; "mine are just within reach." And he bent himself anew to Laura.

"Who is the Empress?" asked Laura, carelessly.

"The Empress!" indifferently. "Oh! Matilda—my cousin."

And Laura never dreamed what empire she called her own.

So the summer was wearing away untarnished, brimming with a new meaning to Laura. The high heavens seemed to bend and bless her; the stars to come out only to look at a happy mortal; the river to ring its silver chimes in union with her thought; the very hedgerows to blossom and sing because she smiled; while even the sober, everyday sunlight wore a touch of romance. But when she drew her curtains at night, across which the trees and the moonlight wove beautiful designs, she used to wonder if all her summers would prove as sweet. Can it be possible that ever she anticipated the equinoctial?

And one day there was the Major back again. He had a weed on his hat, and looked as if yachting hadn't agreed with him. And Geordie foreswore the Captain on the instant, and returned to his old love, which he prefaced with the pleasing report that "the Captain was hand in glove with his Laura; he heard Harry say so." The Major made no reply, but put Master Geordie down, and devoted himself to telling Mrs. Devon that the death of a friend in the neighborhood, of whose estate he was executor, had brought him back thus unexpectedly.

Laura and the Captain had gone across the fields with a basket of fruit for a sick woman, and Geordie ran to meet them half-way with the latest news.

"And now you won't be going off all the time with the Captain, will you, Laura? And you'll stay at home and play chess with the Major, and I can look on and see the bishops catch it—won't you, Laura?"

"And what is to become of me?" asked the Captain.

"You!" said Geordie, nonchalantly. "You can look on too, I suppose—can't he, Laura?"

As for the Major, he took it all in, and confirmed Geordie's fact at a glance.

"She is more like an angel than ever," he thought. "Confound the fellow! he's handsome as a picture too. Well, it's good to think that she isn't thrown away, at least. There are always crumbs of comfort falling from the rich man's table, and if *she* is satisfied I can go hungry."

And perhaps he wasn't so talkative the remainder of the evening, but you would never have suspected from his air that he was a disappointed lover.

He didn't make his stay at the Devons, however, but was there from time to time, as business allowed. I doubt if it was always quite a pleasure to him to see Laura and the Captain together constantly; but it was his only chance of seeing her at all, and he strove to persuade himself that he enjoyed her happiness as if it were his own. Perhaps it was the one honeyed drop in a deadly draught.

At breakfast, one morning, while they arranged for the day's pleasure, a servant brought in the letters from the mail.

"Ah, Laurence, you are always in luck!" cried Harry. "Here's a budget for you."

"No congratulations, pray, till we see if it is not a dun." He looked at the address as he spoke, and put it down with a little start.

"Why don't you read it?" asked Geordie. "I always read mine right off."

"Mine" consisted of *one* which the Major had written and Laura read to him.

"It doesn't look promising," answered Laurence; but directly after breakfast he had a horse saddled, and was off at a furious pace, as if ten thousand demons were in pursuit.

"*Doesn't* he go like time!" said Geordie, admiringly. When the Captain was quite clear of hamlet or homestead, with nothing but pasture-land and woodland, bounded by a blue line of water, within view, he reined in his horse, and proceeded to digest his letter. It was not appallingly long, and written in a firm, clear hand, as if the writer had been too sure of her cause to suffer any tremors of doubt to ruffle her nerves. It ran thus:

"DEAR BELL,—I don't believe you deserve any thing half so affectionate from me as that; but then, you know, my heart always runs away with my head, or I shouldn't be writing this to you after all your neglect. It is very gay here, at the Springs; but people are constantly asking about you, and I have to invent all manner of stories, rather than let them suppose I don't know all your hithers and yons. I can't endure this much longer; if I don't see you soon, what shall I think? I shall think, naturally enough, that you wish every thing at an end between us, and I shall act accordingly.—Your devoted MATILDA.

"P.S.—By-the-way, Lytton told me that he met you driving 'a lovely jelly-fish'—his very words—about

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the country. Now I thank my stars that I haven't a jealous temperament, or I should feel inclined to run over and look into the business; but you know Lytton always makes the most of every thing, and I couldn't help being amused at the sympathetic glances I received, and the interesting remarks my appearance interrupted after his arrival. However, I flatter myself that my *sang-froid* has rather turned the tide of opinion.

"Have you heard that Chillington is here?—one of my old flames. He made a large fortune in India a few years ago, and has returned a widower. Lytton, who knew them out there, says that his wife was a fac-simile of myself, though I believe he exaggerates; however, I received a basket of delicious fruit from him yesterday, smothered in flowers.

"When shall I look for you? I want to talk over the investment of Uncle Burton's legacy. What do you think of Government Securities?"

Captain Laurence didn't dally long over this tender love-letter, but tore it into inch pieces, which the breeze floated along, like a swarm of white butterflies. Then he turned about and rode home very slowly, and went, with a heavy tread, straight to his own room without any preliminaries. Somewhat later Harry knocked at his door, but obtained no answer; and when Captain Laurence appeared in the drawing-room, an hour or two after, he said he had been taking a siesta, but looked as if he had been taking poison.

"*Was* it a dun?" asked the indefatigable Geordie.

"One of the worst sort," replied Laurence.

Mrs. Devon had a sick headache next morning, and Laura, going down early for remedies, met the Captain in the hall.

"Up so early?" said she.

"'The early bird,' you know, 'catches the worm,' and in order to catch the train I follow his example."

"Are you going away?" she asked, almost in a whisper, as if the words hurt her, and sitting down upon a stair.

"I must go," he answered, letting his gaze settle any where but upon her. "I was waiting for you; I made my adieus to the family last night. Laura, it is a hateful obligation that drags me away from you; believe that of me whatever befalls."

"But you will come back?" she gasped.

"With the swallows," he quoted, in his evasive manner; "but I don't deserve you should miss me, Laura. Forget me if you can."

"I never can." She smiled back at him, all her confidence in fortune returning. "There is Harry waiting to drive you down; good-by, if I must say it—what a disagreeable word! I shall look for you every day."

He didn't tell her that she might as well look for "red roses blooming in the snow," because he wasn't quite sure that his latest decision would last him to the Springs, but that, half-way there, he should turn from a rogue to a hero; exchange a heavy figure for a light heart; marry Laura, and commit Matilda and her Government Securities to the flames.

It seems to me that the calm trust visible in those sapphire eyes must have haunted him long years after—must have risen before him like a beautiful ghost, and looked out at him from every star of heaven, and flecked the sunshine, and poisoned success, and sharpened misfortune; an avenging glance, hoarding all that was most tender and most bitter in his unhappy life.

So this was a new phase of existence into which Laura passed—a phase as unexpected as the other, only, oh so barren in contrast! It seemed like reversing the order of development—retrograding from her winged estate into the dismal hermitage of a cocoon.

During the weeks when she heard nothing from him, when even the family had left off saying, "It happened when Captain Laurence was here," or "How lonesome it is now that the Captain's gone!" she went about like one in a trance, doing every thing just as it would have been done if her mind had been upon it, conscious of no pangs of the body. If the Devons thought seriously about her affairs at all, it was that *she* had played with *him*—that the demure Laura had turned flirt at the first opportunity; but the Major, looking through the shows of things, perceived the great void in her life, and set himself to repairing it as best he might with gentle words and unobtrusive attentions. He came a little oftener now, especially in stormy weather; never without the last new book, the jolliest caricature, or the latest Paris confection; never without bringing a cheery face into a sad place; never without some stirring reminiscence of his frontier life, some pleasing incident by the way, some impossible day-dream of his boyhood—any thing, in short, to warm Laura into a passing interest, to let the sunshine in upon her till she smiled in spite of herself.

But when he did not come, and she had leisure for introspection, she used to creep up stairs by herself, and look over the precious trifles which recalled her brief summer: a faded flower, still sweet; the picture of an angel bending out of heaven, which Laurence had said was her very self; a ribbon brocaded with gold bees he had brought from a fair; the treasured oak-leaf, bearing her name; the wing of some tropical bird, "to brush the cobwebs out of your sky," he had said; a South American beetle sepulchred in gold; a fantastic shell they had found on the beach, wherein he had scrawled,

"Life is sweet, love is sweet, use to-day while you may:
Love is sweet, and to-morrow may fail;
Love is sweet, use to-day."

Each one a solace and a wound.

It was getting late into October, and the maples under which Major Thorne had met his disaster were each a burning-bush, and the willows beneath which Laura had danced with Captain Laurence were losing, day by day, their fresh youth; all the fields were turning brown and barren, and the naked nests began to show through the scant drapery of the woods, and the early morning air had a tang of frost, an odor of ripe apples and lusty grapes.

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Harry had been out during the day at a neighbor's, where he stumbled upon Ned Breeze —a college chum of his—whom he brought home to dine with him; and a merry time they were having of it, touching up their pranks at the University, discussing the *pros* and *cons* of half-forgotten races, the muscle of Le Breton, and the mathematics of Brooks.

"And what are they doing in the city?" inquired Rose, growing weary of Brooks and company.

"Pretty much as usual. Somebody or other has composed a new Opera, which is to be brought out directly by some other body. I'm not strong on the Opera, you know, but I can give you a list of the latest marriages, if that will make amends."

"Have any of our friends sacrificed themselves?"

"Let me see—there's Laurence—his came off just before I left—"

"Not the Captain?" cried Harry.

"Not the Captain? *Why* not the Captain? I don't mind giving my affidavit that it was no other than Captain Belisarius Laurence, and high time too; why, he's been engaged to his cousin Matilda these five years—rather a lukewarm affection on his part, I hear—an affair of *plus* or *minus;* but a while ago he followed her to the Springs and hurried matters up, just as if he were afraid of doing something rash, as Lytton says. She's a very fine figure, they tell me, financially speaking. Will you have something more, Miss Laura? Sha'n't I help you to the forbidden fruit? *Do* make me useful, if only for the sake of a balance of power."

"Thank you," said Laura, with a little smile—and her voice was never so full nor freer from tell-tale tremolo—"I don't see that I can oblige you in that way; but if you are ambitious of usefulness, I pray you go on with the matrimonial quotations for the sake of Rose and Harry."

"Is it *your* Captain Laurence?" asked mischief-making Geordie, climbing on the back of her chair, and patting her cheek with his chubby fingers.

"No, dear."

And the gentleman stroked his mustache, and stared at Laura, before proceeding with the chronicle.

I think it was very little that Laura heard of the succeeding gossip, her mind returned swiftly to that day when the Empress Matilda first crossed her path merely as a name. Besides, she was going over those dear scenes for the last time, those scenes that had moved across her lovely sky like some lovely mirage, like the image of Sir Launcelot across the magic mirror of the Lady of Shalott. By the time Harry's friend had exhausted his budget and they rose from table she was ready to close that chapter of her life forever and aye; then she stole up stairs again and lighted a flame in her little grate, and made a holocaust of those sacred treasures which had afforded her such sad pleasure, with a feeling as if she were turning to stone and had no longer any tears to shed—only, as the last flame flickered and fled, dropping a handful of white ashes on the hearth, a sense of the irrevocable subdued her and wrung from her one agonized sigh—no more.

So she became the same Laura as of old—with a difference.

She no longer went to Cragstowe with the family, nor rode to Tangle Wood at its coronation, nor slaked her thirst at the Witch's Well; you never saw her lingering in the fields at sunset, nor dancing beneath the willows on Geordie's *fête*-days, nor watching the fishing boats from the Causey; she was never heard of at Christmas festivals nor St. Valentine's ball, at picnic or party.

People knew that she had lived one summer, and they knew little more about her, perhaps cared still less.

Rose married and went her way, and Harry followed her illustrious example, and settled on the old place, and Geordie grew into a handsome lad, and was sent off to rough it at school, while Laura sat at home, and read to her aunt, or took up runaway stitches in her knitting work, did the fine sewing of the household, looked after the housekeeping in lieu of Harry's fashionable wife, kept the children's faces clean, and their clothes and manners in something like order; "a model old maid," as their grateful mother called her, though not quite thirty.

All this time Major Thorne came and went as before; he had purchased the estate of his dead friend, and there had been some talk of his marrying the widow, of which, however, he had never heard. Mrs. Devon was fond of him, and Mrs. Harry was fond of society, while Laura listened to him well pleased, made him happy with her commissions in the city, allowed him sometimes to read in her stead, sometimes sang to him a little. He was always about her, as Laurence had been, but he never pressed himself upon her, never recurred to that great epoch of his; but she knew that he loved her well, saw it shining in his eyes and trembling on his lips, heard it in each tone of his voice, a steadfast love that knew no eclipse,

> "Fain to earn, with long essay,
> What the winner's hand threw by."

Ned Breeze, who had brought the news of Captain Laurence's marriage so many autumns ago, came down to talk over old times again with Harry; and Harry and his wife had agreed to ride over to the Cliffs with him to see the Mores, who were relatives of his. But when the appointed day arrived Mrs. Harry had a headache and a dress-maker, and Laura was unwillingly pressed into the service, and mounted upon Arrow, a horse that had but lately found its way into Harry's stables; but she went over the ground safely enough; indeed, a half hour in the saddle revived her old pleasure in the exercise, fanned a color into her cheeks, and made her almost gay. Then the Mores were so

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cordial, had so much to say, so many improvements on the place to show, so many new songs to trill and last words to chirrup, that it was far into twilight when they turned their horses' heads homeward; and even then Harry must go round by Crane-neck Hill to leave a note at the Gilberts and bring away a recipe for gooseberry wine, with which his wife had commissioned him, with earnest emphasis, not to forget it, and a blue ribbon knotted about his little finger as a reminder.

It was an ugly road, rough and rocky between the Mores and Gilberts, but to Ned Breeze, who had ridden through tortuous cañons of South America and along the rude flanks of Californian mountains, it was like a lawn, and his flow of words faltered no more than his horse's feet.

"Do you think," said he, at last, "I met Laurence last week!"

"Laurence? Ah, how was he looking? I haven't seen him these six or seven years—which is it, Laura?"

"Why, you see," Ned resumed, "he's been very unfortunate, and he looked so seedy and wretched that I almost passed him before I could settle if it was himself."

"Laurence seedy!" cried Harry; "that's a new character for the Captain."

"'Tis indeed; he used to be the best-dressed man in the city. But he ran through with his wife's money before you could say 'Jack Robinson;' and, to be even with him, only last fall she ran away with a sort of sporting fellow, whom he had invited to his house a number of times. It told upon him sadly, though they led a cat-and-dog's life together—she always reproaching him with marrying her for her fortune and squandering it, and he retorting that nothing but her fortune could have reduced him to such an extremity; but—"

There was a noise just behind them like the stumble of a horse, a little moan, and then Arrow shot past them with an empty saddle and galloped into the darkness. He had started at something in the road, when Laura, who had dropped behind a step absorbed in listening, drew the bridle a little sharply, and he reared and threw her.

A young moon hung over the crest of the distant wood and made a sort of glorified twilight in the place, while they improvised an ambulance of fallen boughs and rails from the nearest fence, cushioned and pillowed with their coats, upon which they laid Laura and bore her home, leading their horses with one arm passed through the bridle, hardly conscious whether she were alive or no—a ghastly retinue.

There was a great stir at Devon Place that night—domestics running hither and yon, Mrs. Harry in hysterics, the children waking up in terror at the confusion, neighbors whispering together in hall and chamber, Mrs. Devon wringing her hands, and Ned Breeze and Harry galloping after the doctors; but when the morning sun filtered in through the Venetian blinds Laura opened her eyes wearily, and seemed to look for some one, asking, with difficulty, if the Major had come in; then she dropped into a dull, heavy stupor again, and the doctors shook their heads over her. So the day wore through, bringing the Major, with a face like a mask of ice, and he made his way straight to Laura, and besought her to speak to him once more, not to leave him so utterly desolate; but her lips only moved as if she tried to smile, and her breath labored, while presently she sobbed to herself as though already she had forgotten he was near.

"*Oh, if I had never loved Captain Laurence!*"

Then she sighed deeply, and opened wide her eyes, and a great light filled them with a sudden, glad recognition of some sweet truth, as she fixed them upon him and said:

"*I love you.*"

And so the lids dropped.

Laura had "gone over to the majority."

Laura's grave was green before Geordie saw it—she would have liked *that* best; and from time to time, as he came home on his vacations, he used to sit beside it with the Major, and recall her words and deeds, the tones of her voice, the gleam of her luminous eyes, till, by-and-by, as he grew older, and other interests and pleasures engaged him, she became a dim, pictorial being, whose actual features he found it hard to remember though leaning over her resting-place; so at last it was only the Major who found his way daily through the long, scented grass to one green mound, fragrant with lilies of the valley in their season—only the Major, to whom she was something more than a name—a living, radiant presence.

It was more than twenty years later, when Major Thorne had long reposed beside Laura, and their graves were almost lost beneath a tangled growth, known best to bird and bee, that a man, bowed and withered, his face seamed with many furrows, his hair white before its time, was found kneeling against the stone in death, an amulet of aromatic seeds shut into his cold hand. No one in the neighborhood recognized him, but it could have been no other than Captain Belisarius Laurence.

So they wait—"'till the day break, and the shadows flee away."

HOW WE GET OUR NEWS.

METROPOLITANS, and all readers of the metropolitan newspapers, will remember to have heard a great deal a few months since about a mysterious character who was alluded to as "the American Reuter." Sometimes the title was used as a term of reproach; at others it would seem to signify the highest of praise; but was at all times spoken mysteriously until one was tempted to demand who this dreadful Reuter and his more dreadful American ante-

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type might happen to be. It was evident from all the articles that "the American Reuter" was a dealer in news, for entire pages of some sheets praised his "news enterprise," while whole columns of others were devoted to showing that his news was "bogus," and that he was endeavoring to establish a "great, grasping, and soulless monopoly," like that which we are told "controls and stagnates the European press, and makes London dailies so much inferior to those of New York."

Many of those readers who did not peruse these mysterious warnings understandingly trembled at the prospect of being deprived of their daily intellectual bread, or at least of being served with a staler article in consequence of this new news-vendor and the establishment of another "Associated Press." The American public are a little superstitious about the "Associated Press," and the feeling results from that common and natural cause of all superstition—ignorance. So it was with quite a feeling of satisfaction that they beheld the rivalry suddenly cease; that they saw "the terrible American Reuter" disappear, leaving behind him only an explanatory card; while the newspapers went on the even tenor of their way. The quarrel served one purpose—it excited an interest in the workings of the "Associated Press," and furnished this opportunity for explaining "how we get our news." The story of the creation and existence of the New York Associated Press is the whole history of the newspaper press of the country; but as it covers but a very short period of time and a very brief page of narrative, and is necessary to an explanation of the machinery or system by which we get our daily news, I shall state it here very briefly.

Although numerous papers existed in the United States before the year 1827, there existed no such business as that now known as the "Newspaper Trade," no such profession as "Journalism." Previous to that time a general or common-school education was considered sufficient qualification for an editor; ability to write plain English was the only requisite necessary to begin the profession; judgment of the value or knowledge as to the effective arrangement of news were then unknown qualifications. Journals did not aspire to be "newspapers;" they were mere personal or political organs, and aimed to influence public opinion by arguments—not to enlighten the public mind with facts. Frederick Hudson, for many years the Managing Editor of the New York *Herald*, and who recently retired the acknowledged head of his profession in America, used to allude to the papers which existed before and at the date I have mentioned, as belonging to the "Silurian Period of Journalism," and to add, laughingly, that they formed a substratum of mud. Hundreds of these papers existed all over the country, some of them wielding power and exerting influence. The principal of the class which existed in New York city were the *Gazette*, edited by Lang; the *Advertiser*, edited by Theodore Dwight; the *Mercantile Advertiser*, published by Amos Butler; the *Sun*, edited by Moses Y. Beach; the *Courier*, edited by Major Noah; the *Enquirer*, edited by James Watson Webb, and the *Journal of Commerce*, managed by Arthur Tappan through David Hale, and edited by William Maxwell and Mr. (now the Reverend Doctor) Bushnell. Political interests had started and sustained them all. Arthur Tappan spent thirty thousand dollars in teaching his favorite doctrines of abolitionism through the *Journal of Commerce*. The Jackson political interests and party sustained the *Courier* and the *Enquirer*, while lesser political interests upheld the others. More attention was devoted to political editorials than to the news department of these papers. The only news given with dispatch or in detail were election returns; and special ability in the collection and arrangement of these made the reputation of the two most noteworthy editors of that day—Richard Haughton and Gerard Hallock. Except in this particular no effort was made to obtain news. It sometimes drifted into the offices and was discussed by the proprietors, but very frequently was not published at all. The editorial force of an office of that period consisted of two or three political writers and one news editor, who was at the same time general reporter, "paste and scissors," and money editor.

Arthur Tappan soon grew tired of losing money and gaining few proselytes in managing the *Journal of Commerce*, and in 1828 gave it up to David Hale, his former representative, and Gerard Hallock; and the revolution in journalism began. The first American journalist worthy of the name developed himself at this time. David Hale had endeavored to induce Arthur Tappan to make a *newspaper* of the *Journal of Commerce*; but Tappan had lost money enough, and could not be induced to spend more. When he retired, and Hale came into chief control, with an able writer in Hallock to sustain him, he determined to carry out his own ideas. Mr. Hallock had little idea of news, though he comprehended political events and parties. He wrote well and forcibly, and soon established the character of the *Journal* for honesty and conscientious regard for the truth. David Hale, as its business manager, gave it the reputation which it soon won for enterprise. He first conceived the idea of collecting news. "He was a man of fine powers, firm will, and exalted principle," writes his surviving co-laborer. "As a business manager," once said Frederick Hudson, who knew Hale in his palmiest days, and who knew, too, the requisites of a newspaper manager, "Hale had all the tact, industry, courage, foresight, and independence requisite to success."

The first effort of Mr. Hale was the organization of a plan to obtain European news in advance of his contemporaries. Steamers and magnetic telegraphs were then unknown, though sailing vessels made the voyage across the At-

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lantic in eighteen or twenty days; and there was a semaphoric (signal) telegraph at Sandy Hook which could announce arrivals, but little more. The mode practiced then was to board these vessels after they had come to anchor in the upper bay, using small row-boats, and obtain the latest papers and prepare the copy at the offices. David Hale bought and equipped a small, swift schooner, calling her the *Journal of Commerce*, and cruised for news in the lower bay, and even off Montauk Point. Here incoming vessels from Europe would be boarded, and the newspapers secured. While all sail was then crowded for the Battery the editor on board the schooner culled the news and had his "copy" prepared for the printers by the time the office was reached; and thus the *Journal of Commerce* was often enabled to give the news before the boats of the other papers had reached the vessel that brought it. When the project was first started the rival papers ridiculed it as an extravagance which would ruin the *Journal;* but the result proved otherwise. That paper not only by this means obtained its news ahead, but its enterprise advertised it all over the city and country. The semaphoric telegraph at Sandy Hook would make the announcement that "the *Journal of Commerce* is in the offing, standing in," and later, "the *Journal of Commerce* is passing the Hook," thus notifying the whole metropolis of the approaching news-boat. Crowds of interested citizens would collect in the office to hear the news, as they did during the war to hear the war-telegrams and read the war-bulletins. When the arrivals of the news-boat occurred in the daytime the news would be delivered in the shape of an "extra" or "evening edition;" and this was the origin not only of the *Journal of Commerce, Jun.*, but also of that peculiarity of American journalism, the "Extra."

The success of this effort was so great, and attended with such happy pecuniary results, that Hale and Hallock were compelled to build another boat; and the *Evening Edition*—the first news-boat ever built in America—was equipped. This success also inspired enterprise in others; and the *Gazette*, *Advertiser*, *Courier*, *Enquirer*, and *Mercantile Advertiser* united in "an association for the collection of ship-news," They purchased an old pilot-boat named the *Thomas H. Smith*, with which they cruised in opposition to the *Journal of Commerce* boats. This first American News Association was not very strong, either in finances or energy, and gradually one after another of the papers composing it dropped off and out of existence, until the two with most vitality and political patronage, the *Courier* and the *Enquirer*, joined fortunes, became the *Courier and Enquirer*, and for a long time proved a worthy rival of the energetic *Journal of Commerce*. This rivalry ran high, and was characterized by scenes and incidents often of an exciting and amusing nature. Neither paper hesitated at its means for defeating the other; and even the appropriation of each other's news was considered legitimate, and was frequently practiced. On one occasion the *Journal of Commerce* was badly "sold" by the *Courier and Enquirer* with "bogus" European intelligence in this manner: Whenever one paper had "exclusive news," *i.e.*, ahead of its rival, the other paper would delay going to press until its more successful neighbor had been printed and distributed throughout the city. A copy would then be obtained, surreptitiously of course, the "exclusive news" hastily set up, and the other paper would make its appearance, a few hours late, but still with the news in full. This trick had been played several times by both parties, when the *Courier* set a trap, and the *Journal* fell into it. The ship *Ajax* had arrived, and the *Courier* had its news exclusively. James Watson Webb, then its editor, had a small edition printed containing a long batch of highly important but bogus news, concocted in his office. This small edition he carefully distributed in such a way as to insure that a copy of the paper should fall into the hands of the *Journal* editors. The consequence was that the *Journal* appeared with the "bogus" news. The *Courier* gathered up its false edition, circulated the true one, and exposed the trickery of its rival. Although similar attempts are occasionally made nowadays, they are not as often successful as in the days of the first journalists, the age when even Locke's preposterous Moon Hoax found believers. For a decade or two there have been no successful impositions of this kind, unless it be that of Lincoln's proclamation by Howard. Howard deceived every paper in the city but the *Times*. It was thrown out of that office, and was not circulated in the *Herald*, though received there as genuine. One of the compositors of that office, while *en route* home, heard it discussed by compositors on the *Times*, in which office the hoax had been discovered, and he immediately returned to the *Herald* office and related what he had heard. The presses were at once stopped, after about ten thousand papers had been printed, and other matter being substituted, the paper appeared without the bogus proclamation.

The first "news boat" of David Hale was soon followed by the first "pony express" which ever existed in the newspaper interest, but it was on a small scale, and looked only to the collection of State news. Hale's idea was early adopted and improved upon. As early as 1830 Richard Haughton, who had made his reputation as editor of the political and election news of the *Journal of Commerce*, and who had subsequently started the Boston *Atlas*, made some highly successful efforts with "pony expresses." He established a system by which he was enabled, using horses and the few railroads then in Massachusetts, to publish election returns from every town in the State by nine o'clock of the day after an election. This is nothing remarkable at this day, when the result of a general election in all the States is announced simul-

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taneously in all parts of the Union at the next morning's breakfast; but it was not bad for our forefathers, without telegraph and railroad lines. Hale's original express was very much improved and enlarged upon by James Watson Webb, or at least by the *Courier and Enquirer*, to whom or to which the credit of establishing the "pony express" between New York and Washington belongs. The *Courier* established this line in 1832, but in 1833 Hale and Hallock started a rival line, by which they were enabled to publish Washington news only two days old. Now it is published two hours old. So admirably did this line work that papers in Norfolk, 229 miles southeast of the capital, copied the Washington news from the *Journal of Commerce*, received by sea, in advance of its reception by the direct route down the Potomac River. Finding that the better organized line of the *Journal* continually beat his, the *Courier and Enquirer* sold its line to the Government.

Naturally these improvements suggested others. When the Long Island Railroad was finished the news-boats were regularly stationed off Montauk Point, the eastern extremity of the island, and the news obtained from passing vessels was sent by rail to Brooklyn, and thence by "pony expresses" to Philadelphia and Washington. A not unfrequent figure seen hurrying through Fulton Street, not with "Excelsior" but "Latest news" on his lips, was that of a news expressman of one or other of the rival papers. When news was expected ferry-boats were held in readiness to convey the messengers across East and North rivers and hasten them on their way to the Capital.

The establishment of the *Courier and Enquirer's* Washington Express necessitated the employment of a Washington agent, and thus "Washington correspondents" came into existence; the first of that remarkable and peculiar class of reporters being James Gordon Bennett, who was a correspondent of the *Courier*. Other specialties were also developed, and thus there came to be "departments;" and in course of time men of peculiar talent made reputations in these "special departments." "Money and market reports" was a department originated, like that of the Washington agency, by James Gordon Bennett, and he was the first who ever published a report of Wall Street operations. "Verbatim reporting" became another specialty, and was made a feature of newspapers as early as 1837, in spite of all efforts by the first public speakers of the country to prevent it. A reporter, familiarly known as "Bill Attree," of better memory than habits, made a brilliant reputation as a verbatim reporter, and once elicited from Daniel Webster, though bitterly opposed to reporters, the highest praise for correctness.

The "ship-news" column, as now published, daily giving as it does the movements of the entire American merchant ships all over the world, was originated in 1837. In this department Frederick Hudson made his first reputation. He possessed a remarkable memory and great activity in his youth; and when a "ship-news reporter" he collected his items without making use of a note-book, and wrote out the arrivals, departures, disasters to ships, with names of captains, owners, consignees, and every other fact of interest, from memory. As his daily labors frequently required him to carry in his mind as many as two or three hundred proper names of vessels, captains, owners, etc., this was no ordinary task. He knew by heart the name, description, rate, etc., of every vessel in the New York trade, and the name of every captain in the merchant service; and was thus enabled to keep the changes accurately noted in his mind. This memory failed Mr. Hudson as he grew older, and alluding to it once he told me that he believed it was because he had as he grew older showed a lack of confidence in it, and memory, thus doubted, had deserted him. When he assumed the management of the *Herald*, distrustful of his memory, he kept "a diary of events to occur," noting down every thing that required future attention and after-thought. This habit grew on him to the neglect of the proper exercise of his memory, and, much to his regret, he found it gradually failing him.

I met years ago with one other journalist who possessed a similarly strong memory. He was a German named Joseph Bernd, and at that time, 1858 or '59, was local and commercial editor of the *Louisville Journal*. Bernd employed his afternoons in collecting the commercial items for his paper by passing through the principal business street of Louisville and getting quotations from the more prominent and reliable merchants. He would make no memoranda save in his memory; and after hearing hundreds and hundreds of quotations of sales and prices of dozens of different articles, would return to his office and either write them down in the order in which he received them, or take a proof of the previous day's market report and correct or change the figures to suit his new quotations.

The Telegraph revolutionized Journalism; and the mode of obtaining news became changed as the machinery was improved. "Pony expresses" gave way to railroads and the telegraph; and the news-boats were driven out to that extreme end of telegraphic communication known as "Farther Point." But it was soon found that the telegraph was an inadequate though very rapid machine, and the few wires then existing in the country were unable to convey half the matter offered for the press. All the papers of the country, and particularly of the metropolis, undismayed by the heavy increase of the cost, would have been glad to use the telegraph wires to any extent; but the telegraph company established what was called the "fifteen-minute system," and virtually put a stop to news enterprise. This "fifteen-minute system" required that in the transmission of the telegrams to the press the operator should send to one paper for a quarter of an hour, then to another for the same period, and so on until each was served in turn. This placed all the papers

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on a par; the slow ones having an equal chance with the enterprising ones. Some remedy was demanded, and again David Hale came to the rescue, and going to James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald*, proposed to him a combination of the papers in the collection of news by telegraph. The two agreeing in their ideas, they modeled a News Association, somewhat on the plan of the original "Ship-News Association," and inviting the co-operation of the *Times*, *Tribune*, *Sun*, and *Courier and Enquirer*, framed what has ever since been known as the "New York Associated Press." This corporation grew in strength, and extended, and enlarged, and improved its complicated machinery and its influence until it came to be a magnificent monopoly, controlling, and in a great measure inspiring, the tone of the entire press of the country.

About 1863 the papers on the other side of the Alleghanies, headed by the powerful ones established in the great news centres of the West (Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati), formed an association intended to be subsidiary to that of the New York Association, but really meant to protect the "country press" from real or fancied aggressions on the part of the "Metropolitan News Monopoly." This proved at last the rival of the old association, and in November of 1866 it abandoned it and set up one of its own; so that for a time the news of the country was supplied by two associations instead of one. The old one, the New York Associated Press, was composed of the *Herald*, *Times*, *Sun*, *Tribune*, and *Journal of Commerce*, in New York City, a greater number of the State papers and a few throughout the country; while the new association, called the "United States and European News Association" was composed of the *World*, in New York City, and the principal papers of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, Washington, and, indeed, the greater proportion of the "country journals." This made both concerns very powerful, and the rivalry was promising several results highly beneficial to the public when, owing to the inability of the telegraph companies to transmit the two reports in time, a compromise was effected and the breach healed. Rivalry in the collection of news will always be for the mutual benefit of the public and the larger and more substantial papers, and against the interests of the smaller papers. The results, in which the public are interested, would be that the amount of news given daily would be increased in quantity and improved in quality while the price paid for the paper containing it would be lessened; the journals would be improved in appearance and character while the number of them would be reduced to the really able ones; and the last, but by no means the least, beneficial result would be that only powerful and vital political, commercial, educational, and moral interests would be able to set afloat and sustain a paper of power for good.

The description of the machinery which at the present time collects our news will be found not less interesting than the history which has been sketched of those of our forefathers. The "head-quarters" of all American news must, as a matter of course, be New York City as long as the journals of that city maintain their present supremacy and superiority, just as it must always—and for the same commercial reasons—be the centre of business of every character. The "Rooms" of the New York News Association are at the corner of Broadway and Liberty streets. Like all other news offices of New York City, the Associated Press Rooms appear to have been located and fitted especially with a view to the repulsion of "loungers." It is a singular fact that in this city, noted for the convenient arrangement and elegant style of the offices of professional and business men generally, there has never been a respectable suit of editorial rooms. There is nothing attractive in the interior appearance of any newspaper office in New York. The editorial rooms of the new *Herald* building, not yet finished, are to be handsomely arranged and elegantly furnished. They are to be protected from the impositions of "loungers" by a new process. At the head of the stairs for visitors a "reception-room" will be furnished for the accommodation of visitors. An usher or chamberlain is to be in attendance, to whom all callers will be expected to explain their business or deliver their cards to be sent to the room of the editor whom they wish to see. An editor can at once receive a visitor thus announced or decline as he may think best, and thus frequently get rid of bores—a consummation not yet reached, but one very much to be desired. The rooms of the News Association are in no respect superior to those of the newspapers as at present regulated; and nowhere can such lofty and dingy "sky parlors" be more laboriously approached by steep and high ascents of stairways than those of the New York News Agent. The "Rooms" are really only one large, carpetless room, filled with old and ugly oak desks or tables; one corner devoted to the reception of the dust, and dirt, and broken furniture, and general refuse of ages, with very little to charm or interest any but the curious who desire to know "how we get our news."

The force employed in these rooms consists of an agent, with one or two assistants capable and experienced enough to take charge in the former's absence; half a dozen copyists, and two or three messengers, the latter mere lads of fifteen or sixteen of a somnambulic turn of mind, for though always somnolent, they are also always active. Business begins about eleven o'clock in the morning, and, with an interregnum of a few hours in the afternoon, lasts until two o'clock in the morning—not hard but rather inconvenient hours. The first duty of the day is to serve the afternoon papers—not those of New York merely, but of the whole country—with the news of the morning. The

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first telegraphic copy for New York afternoon papers must be delivered by or before one o'clock, and then as rapidly as possible until the several editions which each paper issues every afternoon have been struck off. Nothing more is then delivered until perhaps ten P.M., when the copy is sent to the offices of the morning papers. The various agents of the Association throughout the country telegraph their "morning reports"—as the first dispatches of the day are called—at such an hour as will secure their delivery at the New York or central office in time for the afternoon papers; and hence the work of copying in the New York office begins about eleven o'clock. The telegrams received are elaborated from the abbreviated form which all agents employ, and copied on "manifold paper"—a process by which as many as ten copies can be easily made at a single writing. The address and signature of the telegrams are of course omitted in copying them, only the date being given, and the dispatch is written out just as the public subsequently see it printed, except that the "caption" or title is varied by each office as suits the taste of its editor. The messengers who deliver these to the various newspaper offices are required to get a receipt from the editor giving the exact moment of delivery. While one set of wires from all parts of the country, one set of operators in the office below, and one set of copyists and messengers are engaged in conveying, receiving, copying, and delivering the news to the New York evening papers, another set of wires, operators, and copyists are as busy furnishing the telegrams to the country papers, as all outside of the metropolis are called by metropolitans. These, as a general thing, embrace the "spirit of the morning press," and profess to give the opinions and exclusive or special news of the several morning journals. In the mean time the news from all points, which is being delivered to the New York evening papers, is also being delivered at the same time to the country evening papers, thus securing its simultaneous publication all over the country. The process is repeated at night for the benefit of the morning papers, the only difference being that the labors of the night are heavier.

The Association has agents—they are not called reporters—at every important point in the country. As a general thing, a Press agent is not selected on account of his superior ability as a reporter, his principal duty in that line only requiring him to forward the news obtained in the local papers of the point at which he is stationed. They are poorly paid—twenty-five to thirty and thirty-five dollars per week being the maximum of salaries paid. Under the old organization of the New York Associated Press the chief Agent's pay was only about three thousand dollars per annum. Many of the agents at minor points—such as Nashville, Tennessee, Columbus, Ohio, and even more important State capitals—receive only about fifty or sixty dollars per month.

The *modus operandi* of sending a dispatch *to* New York (that is, of collecting the news) is very simple; that of distributing it from New York is more complicated. To illustrate the mode of collection we will suppose that the New Orleans agent wishes to send a news telegram. He dates it "New Orleans," and adds the day of the month without naming the month, leaving it to be inferred; and addresses the telegram to "Simonton and Press," Simonton being the name of the New York agent; the word "Press" signifying the papers of the country taking the news of the Association. The New Orleans agent, or, as he is familiarly called, "New Orleans," then gives the substance of his news in as few words as possible, omitting all the prepositions and articles whose absence will not render the telegram unintelligible or dubious of meaning. The full date and omitted or "catch" words are of course supplied by the copyist, who receives it. The address, Simonton and Press, insures the "dropping" of the dispatch as it passes over the wires at every point at which there are Press agents receiving the dispatches of the Association for the press of that city. Thus a telegraphic dispatch from New Orleans—sent by both sea-board and Western lines—will be taken off the wires of the former at Mobile, Montgomery, Milledgeville, Atlanta, Savannah, Charleston, Raleigh, Wilmington, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia; and from the wires of the latter line at Vicksburg, Jackson, Memphis, Cairo, Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, and dozens of other intermediate points too numerous and too insignificant to mention. This secures a very general distribution of the news, and has the further advantage of dividing the "tolls," or charges of the telegraph company, among a great many.

The work of distributing the New York news is more complicated. New York must have the news of all other points in full; but she does not give hers to all the country press alike. The telegrams which are prepared here for the West and South are cut down about one-half at Buffalo before being sent to the West; and at Louisville the curtailed dispatch is reduced fifty per cent. more for Southern distribution; so that New Orleans has but the mere shadow—and yet the substance—of what New York publishes; but the New Orleans publisher has the consoling reflection that, though brief, his news is cheap. The full text of the telegrams which are published daily in New York is sent to the New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland State papers, and to the Washington journals. Buffalo and Pittsburg are the condensing points for the West; Washington and Louisville for the South; and the news of New York makes but a very small display at New Orleans after having passed through these sieves; though these condensed reports contain all the

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national news of interest; and to the great majority of American people who "read as they run" are really preferable to the voluminous reports of the New York papers.

The necessity of condensing dispatches to the smallest number of words, in order to save expense, sometimes produces singular errors; and the sender is often surprised to see what nonsense the receiver has made of his message. A special cable dispatch to the *Herald*, received on the night of August 8, 1866, was couched in the following words: "Colorado lisbon arrived plymouth sailed cherbourg frolic with mace goes fought two thousand mace won twenty-one rounds."

This was variously rendered in the next morning papers. The *Times* and *Tribune* made it read: "The yacht *Frolic* has had a cruise, with the prize-fighters, Mace and Goss, on board. They fought for $2000. Mace won in 21 rounds." It was only after serious consultation that the *Herald* got it right. The "Naval Editor" remembered and explained that the *Colorado* was Admiral Goldsborough's flag-ship, and that the *Frolic* was her tender, and suggested that that part of the dispatch should read: "The *Colorado*, Admiral Goldsborough's flag-ship of the United States squadron, from Lisbon, has arrived at Plymouth and sailed for Cherbourg;" and it was so published in the *Herald*. The "Sporting Editor" being hunted up explained the remainder, and another dispatch in the *Herald* read thus: "The great prize-fight for the championship of England between Jem Mace and Jo Goss took place to-day, August 7. Twenty-one rounds were fought, when Mace was declared the winner."

Very few people know that the greater part of the matter contained in American newspapers is transmitted by telegraph; and less have any idea of its cost. All or very nearly all the news appearing in a New York daily under the head of "Washington," though not designated as "our special dispatch," is sent by telegraph, often, indeed regularly, to the amount of six, eight, and ten columns per day. The voluminous reports of Congress, including the speeches in debate of both Houses, are regularly telegraphed. On days of great interest at Washington these reports often make as many as two pages of a New York paper. The European dispatches are necessarily brief, much of the lengthy details and correspondence published as supplementary to the dispatches being received by steamers. All other than local reports—those designated as "City," "Brooklyn," "Police," and "New Jersey Intelligence," and under the heads of "Courts" and minor items collected by reporters—are sent by telegraph from all parts of the country.

The daily cost of these dispatches will often amount to a very formidable sum. The following table of the "tolls" or charges which papers have to pay for their dispatches will give the reader an idea of the expense which the New York papers incur for telegraphic matter:

TABLE OF TELEGRAPHIC TOLLS.

From Valentia Bay to New York city, per word in gold—(about) $2 90

		First Ten Words.	Per Word for all after Ten.
From New Orleans to New York	..	$3 25	23 cents
" Washington	" ..	50	5 "
" St. Louis	" ..	2 55	17 "
" Chicago	" ..	2 05	14 "
" San Francisco	" ..	7 45	57 "
" Boston	" ..	30	3 "
" Albany	" ..	55	4 "
" Montreal	" ..	1 20	7 "
" Quebec	" ..	1 82	12 "

An idea of the aggregate cost of dispatches may be had by a short calculation. The *Herald* calculates a line of its type at nine words, and there are two hundred and fifty lines of "solid nonpareil" type in a column, thus giving a total per column of 2250 words. A column of Washington dispatches would consequently cost $132 50. The *Herald* seldom has less than a column of Washington "specials," for which it pays at this rate; but it also has from five to six columns daily of a report of Congress sent by the Associated Press agent. This is paid for at the same rate; but as the report is divided between five or six papers in New York city the expense to each one is very insignificant—amounting to less than a cent per word. The charges to the other papers throughout the country still further reduce this expense, making it really insignificant. Almost daily the morning papers contain from a quarter to half a column of European telegrams. A dispatch from Europe which, when published, makes half a column, or 1125 words, did not amount to more than 800 in its original or "condensed" shape, and the charge of the Atlantic Cable Company is therefore only on the 800 words actually transmitted. These 800 words cost $2320 delivered in New York city. When this sum is divided between the *Herald*, *Times*, *Sun*, *Tribune*, *World*, and *Journal of Commerce*, the cost to each—$391—does not look so formidable. The famous "great Cable dispatch," known at the time as the "King of Prussia's Peace Speech," was sent specially to the *Herald*, and came into my hands for enlargement by supplying the omitted words. The dispatch contained 1010 words, and cost, at the old rate of $5 per word, the neat sum of $5083 in gold, or about $7100 in "greenbacks." This sum was divided between six papers, averaging a cost to each of nearly $1200. Under the old organization of the Associated Press two-thirds of this expense was charged to the country Press, so that the New York papers did not really pay such a tremendous sum for that famous telegram as appeared at first glance. Under the old organization of the Associated Press the telegrams furnished by that agency to the New York papers cost about $800 per week to each paper. During the first four weeks after the "split" and the establishment of the "United States and European News

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Agency"—a movement which resulted in withdrawing from the New York Press the support of the greater part of the country Press—the average cost to each New York paper was $2100. The "special telegrams" cost more—very considerably more—than those of the Associated Press; so that it may be safe to calculate the weekly expenses for telegraphic matter of each of the New York dailies at about $2000 to $2500. Often it is less, but oftener much more, the *Tribune* and other papers having occasionally boasted of expending $10,000 in a single week for telegrams. The last boast of this sort which I remember to have noticed in the *Tribune* was coupled with a statement that its circulation amounted to about 56,000 daily. When it is remembered that this circulation is sold at two cents per copy, and the sales of a week will amount to only $6720, it is not easy for the uninitiated to see how the money is made. It is the advertisements that pay the profit; though even the best advertising patronage would not justify the regular expenditure of $10,000 per week in telegrams.

Few or none of the larger and wealthier papers of the country now depend entirely on the Associated Press for their dispatches; but employ "special correspondents," and publish what are called "special dispatches." By an old rule of the New York Associated Press all "special dispatches" from "special correspondents," except those stationed at Albany and Washington, are public property, and must be tendered to the other papers. Thus, if the *Tribune's* correspondent at Boston, or Quebec, or New Orleans, or any other point than Albany or Washington, sends a telegram to that paper, it must be printed on "slips," or "proofs," at the *Tribune* office and sent to the *Herald*, *Times*, and all other city papers belonging to the Association. They may use it or not as they choose. If they publish it, they are expected to pay an equal share of the "tolls," or expenses; if they omit it from the next morning's paper, they are not expected to pay for any part of it, and the *Tribune* foots the bill. This rule does not apply to the country papers, and each one is at liberty to employ its best talent exclusively. There are several papers at the West who publish as much special matter as the New York papers, as, for instance, the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and *Commercial*, and the Chicago *Times*, and *Tribune*. The force of special correspondents employed on each of these is only second to those of the New York papers; and as a general thing they are equal in merit and average ability. The special correspondents of the several New York papers are nearly if not quite as numerous as the regular agents of the Associated Press; and the system of special correspondence is even conducted on a more extensive scale.

Take, for instance, the system of the *Herald*—I quote its workings more frequently here because more familiar with its system than that of any other paper. It has always two and often four correspondents in Washington, and two in Albany—the points from which it may obtain news that it can use "exclusively." All other points in the country are covered by the Associated Press agents; and depending chiefly on them, the *Herald* merely keeps three or four roving correspondents, who go from point to point on the scent of news, and who are expected to "be in at the death" wherever news is to be had. Where the Associated Press agents are not you may be sure to find the "specials;" and, if of no other paper, certainly that of the *Herald*. A Spaniard writes by every steamer from Havana, and another from Vera Cruz. You can always find one "special" and one "occasional" *Herald* correspondent at the city of Mexico; another dances attendance at Juarez's head-quarters; a third at Matamoras; and a fourth roves with Minister Campbell in search of the mysterious capital of the Republic of Mexico. There are stationary correspondents at San Francisco, Panama, Rio Janeiro, and Shanghai, China; and Americans in these ports find the "New York *Herald* Rooms" the most pleasant of lounging places. There are also correspondents, but no "rooms," at Lima, Peru, and Valparaiso, Chili; while every United States Legation at the petty capitals of Central and South America contains an "occasional" correspondent among its attachés. Crossing the ocean, you will find these specials, two or three in number, at London and Paris; one each at Brussels, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Venice, Florence, Rome, Constantinople, Madrid, Lisbon, etc.; and they are ever present with such expeditions as the American squadron in the Mediterranean, the allied army in Paraguay, the armies in Candia and Corea, and the Collins Telegraph Company in Kamtchatka! The special corps of the *Herald* will number at least thirty men, and costs, in salaries and traveling expenses, rent of rooms, etc., not less than eighty thousand dollars per annum. The salaries paid to foreign correspondents will average about $40 in gold per week. Home correspondents are paid less than that amount in currency—thirty and thirty-five dollars and expenses being by some singular reasoning thought good pay. The correspondents enumerated, however, furnish but a portion of the correspondence, and the figures given do not represent the total expense incurred. The "occasional" correspondents of the *Herald* are innumerable. Every person who has news to communicate writes to the *Herald*, and if his letters are published they are paid for at the rate of about ten dollars per column, great care being taken to pay for them promptly in order to encourage further contributions. Compilations on subjects of temporary interest, such as are referred to in the news of the day, find ready sale at the *Herald* office, and if the person is likely ever to have similar information on hand he is never underpaid. A gentleman of some prominence in the late rebellion once waited on the editor of the *Herald* office with an

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article exposing the operations of the rebel Commissary, and showing how supplies for the rebel army were obtained from the North. He was referred to the sub-editor having such matters in charge. The article was appropriate, and was purchased at the author's own modest price of eight dollars per column. Mr. Bennett on reading it, when published in his paper, was much pleased with it, and calling for the editor who had accepted it he asked who the author was. On being told he made a minute of the name. "How much did you promise to pay him for it?" was the next question. "Eight dollars a column," was the answer. "How much did it make?" "Six columns." Running the calculation over in his mind the editor-in-chief remarked, "Forty-eight dollars—that ain't much. Give him a hundred. He may have something else as good." The shrewd surmise was not without foundation, and the author soon after turned up with another interesting *exposé* of the then just defunct Confederacy.

Great events of course increase the number of special correspondents, or concentrates them in great numbers at the points of interest. More correspondents than Fenians appear to have swarmed over the Canadian border during the Canadian invasion, for, judging from the trials which have taken place, only correspondents and priests appear to have been captured. The *Herald* had fifteen or twenty correspondents engaged in that wild-goose chase, and spent in a month at least twenty thousand dollars. The same paper sent eight men, and the other papers one or two each, to witness the war in Europe, but none of them got there in time. During the rebellion they were more successful; the *Herald* maintained a corps of sixty-three of the most enterprising, though by no means the most learned, correspondents. But a fair knowledge of English, united to plenty of energy and some ingenuity, was all that was required by the *Herald*. Promptness in action, not perspicuity in English; a clear head, not a concise style; and common-sense, not a collegiate education, were the qualifications demanded in a *Herald* war correspondent. Not elegance of description, though it was not objected to, was urged on the correspondent; but he was carefully impressed with the idea that to be "ahead" of his rivals was to be successful. The correspondents were told, in a printed circular issued by the editor of the *Herald*, that there was no particular merit in being "up" with his rivals; dismissal was to be expected if he fell behind them, but advancement in position and salary would follow if he came in "ahead." Every thing was done to encourage the energetic, to get rid of the drones. The successful correspondent did as he pleased; his wishes were consulted, his advice asked, his requests granted, his accounts unquestioned, his salary advanced unsolicited. The unsuccessful correspondent handed in his account with fear and trembling; every item was examined and questioned, and paid with apparent reluctance; while the items of the successful correspondent's bill were never questioned, not even examined, and paid with a compliment. The consequence of this was that, before the war had advanced to a battle—before the troops had been got beyond the "awkward squad" drill—the *Herald's* correspondents were veterans. Their *esprit du corps* was superior to that of any similar body I ever saw, and nothing could have been more admirable. This spirit was not confined to the *Herald* correspondents, however, though not so much developed and encouraged in other offices; and some of the Western papers had most admirably energetic as well as able correspondents, such as Reid and Furay, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and Cadwallader, of the Chicago *Times;* while energy and ability were equally united in such of the Eastern correspondents as Coffin ("Carleton"), of the Boston *Journal*, Swinton, of the *Times*, Smalley, of the *Tribune*, and others. The spirit of rivalry engendered by this system of discipline, and the circumstances under which the correspondents always labored, naturally produced some singular incidents. During the war it was customary for a correspondent, after a battle, to start for the office of his paper with what notes he had collected during the engagement, and write up his account as he went. This practice saved time, though it paid dearly for postage. On one occasion I was *en route* for New York, from Nashville, Tennessee, with important news, accompanied by Mr. W. S. Furay, of the Cincinnati *Gazette* (correspondents of non-rival journals frequently collected and used their notes of a battle in connection). We were compelled to take at Nashville a military train, which was being sent through to Bowling Green after reinforcements, and it happened that the engine-driver was a rebel, though he was not suspected as such. He thought it to the interest of the Confederacy to delay the forwarding of reinforcements to Rosecrans, and managed to have his train run into by a second, which was in the rear, and smashed up. I happened to be in the rear car, writing, and when the alarm was given jumped from the car, dropping some of my papers as I did so. Although the danger was imminent, I could not resist the temptation to stop and pick them up. I did so, and again started to get out of the way of the rapidly-approaching train. Other slips of paper fell from my grasp. I gave a look at the coming train, a glance and a grasp at the papers, and then ran for it, laughing in spite of myself at hearing, above the screech of the locomotive, the voice of Furay loudly beseeching me not to "lose the list of killed and wounded!"

After some hours' delay, in which Furay and I wrote at our accounts instead of assisting at the repair of the cars, the two demolished trains were patched up so as to make one whole one, and off we started with the rebel engineer, who had thus far escaped suspicion, again in charge. When within about ten miles of Bowling Green,

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Kentucky, I was looking out of the door of the box-car in which Furay and myself had taken passage, when I noticed that the locomotive of the train was detached from the cars, and was some distance ahead, still standing at the bottom of a heavy grade, down which the train was going with great rapidity. I saw what the consequences of the threatened collision must be, and called Furay's attention to the approaching crash. As the first car struck the locomotive it split in two and fell on either side of the road; the second car did the same, as did the third and fourth; and the train was fast becoming a total wreck when Furay exclaimed to me, "Jump!" I did so at the word. I had not been blind to the danger, but, strange enough, as the train was going to pieces I was thinking not how to escape, but how to get to Bowling Green, where we could get another train, and go on toward our destination without delay. While in the act of jumping the solution of that problem came to my mind; and I had no sooner alighted safely on the ground than I called out to Furay—"Get on the locomotive; that will carry us to Bowling Green!" For the sake of any reader who may be interested in the sequel I will add that my surmise proved true: the locomotive did carry us to Bowling Green, where we stated the facts and our suspicions of the engineer to General Manson; and the rebel was arrested, tried, found guilty, but never executed, for the reason that he escaped from confinement and got into the Confederacy.

The same gentleman who participated with me in this adventure once had a not dissimilar one in Georgia. A rival correspondent with a very full and valuable list of the killed and wounded in one of the Atlanta battles was on a train with Mr. Furay, both *en route* to Cincinnati with full details of the battle. The train was thrown from the track at night, and the car in which the correspondents were seated broken into fragments, and several passengers killed and many wounded. Fortunately both correspondents were unhurt, and managed to extricate themselves from the ruins. The ruling passion was strong amidst death, and ten minutes after the two correspondents met each other groping about in the dark, each looking for the other's dead body and *notes of the battle!* It was a grim joke, but each enjoyed it.

This system of carrying one's own account of a battle to the office of course cost considerable money; but army mails were not to be trusted, and the money thus spent was never begrudged by the publishers. It was these expenses which made the cost of the war correspondents so heavy, for they were not paid large salaries. The expenses of a correspondent were frequently as heavy as his salary; and thus the battle accounts of the *Herald* often cost a pretty handsome sum. Its account of the capture of New Orleans cost that paper $1000, and it paid for its account of the battle of Chickamauga at the rate of about $250 per column; while the siege of Chattanooga cost the same paper over $400 in *starved* horse-flesh alone.

The collection of the news by agents and correspondents is not the last process through which it passes before being given to the printers, and by them to the public; it has yet to be prepared —*i. e.*, "edited;" and this process is not less interesting than that already noticed. A very large force is necessary, or at least is employed, in every New York newspaper office to edit the news, and this force is generally carefully divided into distinct classes or departments. There are in the *Herald* Editorial Department eight separate and distinct departments, giving employment to about 40 persons. There are first of all eight or nine "Writing Editors," who hold about the same rank to the other editors that seniors in college do to their fellow-students, but do not command quite so much consideration. These gentlemen write the original articles which appear upon the fourth page of the paper, and which are known as "Editorials." They meet in the private room of the Editor-in-Chief daily, the Chief or the Managing Editor presiding, discuss for an hour or two the topics of general interest, and suggest subjects for the editorials for the next day's paper. After comparing the various opinions with his own the presiding Editor, either Mr. Bennett or his son, decides how each subject is to be treated, and assigns it to the sub-editor best calculated to "work it up" in the peculiar vein or style of the *Herald*. These meetings are often very interesting, and the editors look forward to them with positive pleasure. I was once present at an "editorial council" when the card of Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, was handed to the senior Mr. Bennett. He read it aloud and ordered the porter to show the gentleman in. When Mr. Wilson entered he was somewhat surprised at the evidences of a literary levée, but recovered his composure as soon as Mr. Bennett introduced the gentlemen as "his editorial staff." The Senator at once sat down and conversation recommenced. For two hours a sharp discussion between the Senator and the Editor ensued, the "staff" joining in whenever occasion offered or warranted, and a very agreeable, entertaining, and rambling debate on political topics in general, and Congressional proceedings in particular, was the result. At last Senator Wilson, rising, apologized for disturbing the "Council," and as he was leaving the room remarked that he would understand better hereafter "how a great paper is edited." "Will he?" remarked the Editor-in-Chief, as the door closed on the Senator, and a peculiar smile on his countenance indicated to those who knew him best that something funny was in the "old gentleman's" mind. "He thinks he'll understand how the *Herald* is edited, does he? I want each of you," he added, "to take some one idea Mr. Wilson has expressed, state it briefly in one paragraph, and answer it in a second. I want them all short." If Mr. Wilson read the *Herald* of the next morning he

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must have been very much astonished and amused at the way the "great *Herald*" was edited, for every editorial article referred to him, and rehearsed his ideas expressed the day before.

One would imagine that with such a number of writers the articles in the same issue would frequently "clash" and be contradictory, yet the editors are "well trained," and have learned by long intercourse the ideas, and caught something of the peculiar style, of the Editor-in-Chief. In all other offices in New York the editorial writers are more independent in the choice of a subject and manner of its treatment than in the *Herald* office—and one may trace individuality in the editorials of the *World*, *Times*, or *Tribune;* but there is only the peculiar style of Mr. Bennett visible in the editorial columns of the *Herald*.

The "City" or "Local Department" of the New York dailies is considered the most important, and each paper employs in that department from ten to twenty men, known as "Reporters," and under the immediate supervision of a "City Editor." The collection and preparation of city items, reporting of speeches, proceedings of the courts, public offices, prisons, and station-houses, etc., depend upon these; and upon the City Editor depends the final arrangement and approval of the city reports. New York reporters are the worst paid men in the profession in any part of the country. Reporters for Chicago or Cincinnati papers command much better salaries than the same class in New York. There are any number of reporters who work on New York dailies for twenty and even fifteen dollars per week; and shorthand reporters are to be had, and are had, at twenty-five and twenty-eight dollars per week. The annual editorial expenses of the various papers vary greatly. The *Tribune* probably pays more money for this service than any other paper in the country. In 1865 it paid $51,884 05, and in 1866 $81,775 40 to editors—sums almost as large as it paid for its news by both telegraph and mail.

Each paper has also what is called a "European Editor"—that is, a person to prepare the cable telegrams and the European correspondence, and to cull the English papers which arrive by every steamer. His duties are explained by the title which he bears. They are very laborious, requiring attention until a late hour at night, and the position is not looked upon as a sinecure, yet men are to be had to do it for the insignificant pay of a thousand a year. The "Exchange Editor" has similar duties to perform with regard to the papers of the country, known in editorial parlance as "domestic papers." In the larger offices, like that of the *Herald*, the duty of editing the "home correspondence" devolves upon another than the "Exchange Editor," no proper or distinctive title applying to him. In the *Herald* office the editor who attends to the "home correspondence" also has charge of the records of public individuals, and writes the obituaries, and is commonly known as the "Obituary Editor."

One would hardly suppose from glancing at the "ship-news" column of a morning paper that the post of "Ship-news Editor" is one of the most interesting and entertaining on a daily paper. It would look like dry work to daily collate a column of such apparently uninteresting stuff from the various papers and correspondence which comes to hand, but such it is not. A smattering of several languages—more particularly French, Spanish, and Portuguese—are necessary qualifications of the "Ship-news Editor," as his column is made up from papers printed and correspondence written in all languages from English to Chinese. He has to read and write of shipwrecks and other disasters at sea. He is the directory for sailors' wives and sweet-hearts, and hardly a day passes that some poor lone woman does not come to him to tell her sad story, and make anxious inquiries about absent ones and the ships on which they sailed. It is not an unfrequent thing to have a jolly-looking sailor burst upon the Ship-news Editor's privacy to report an arrival or shock his nerves by announcing a wreck. These "jolly tar reporters" never fail to display their eagerness to know if they are the first to give the news, for it is well known to every sailor that the first "bringer of [such] unwelcome news hath [not] a losing office." Every wreck is worth to the sailor who first reports it enough currency to keep him in tobacco for a month or two. The *Herald*, as early as 1836, made a rule of paying handsomely for all such reports; and not unfrequently sailors have been known to take the train from points on the Long Island Railroad and rush off to the *Herald* office to report disasters, satisfied of better pay as reporters than as wreckers.

Other departments and other editors receive and prepare "financial news" and "politics" or "election news," the sources for such matter being principally the exchange papers and the telegraph. The larger offices also employ a "translator," who besides translating the correspondence also culls the foreign papers which are printed in other than the English language; a "Librarian," who has charge of the volumes used as reference, and a person who is known as "the Index," and whose duty it is to keep an index of the paper in such a manner that any document published can be at once found if reference to it is demanded. A very handsome Index published by the *Times* has proved an index not only to that but to all other New York papers.

There must, of course, be besides a head to each of these departments, a head for them all, the "Central Organizer" into whose hands all the "copy" thus separately prepared must come to be arranged. The natural arrangement of news, and the one now generally adopted, is in "topics;" and when in type, ready to be placed in the forms, the news thus collected from hundreds of sources by hundreds of hands, and ar-

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ranged by a dozen others, is naturally arranged in topics. A "display head" announces the "topic" in a single line, and a few other lines tell the "features" or "points" of the news embraced under that topic. Thus the head-line "Disasters," generally used by papers all over the country because brief as well as expressive, striking and attractive to the eye, may refer to wrecks at sea or on the lakes, railroad collisions on land or colliery explosions in England; a separate and smaller line, called a "sub-head," distinguishing one report from the other. And thus a paper may come to be composed—as is the one before me and picked up at random—of several topics expressed by the "head-lines" "Canada," "The Fenians," "The Ocean Yacht Race," "Connecticut Politics," "Europe," "Mexico," and the inevitable "Washington," which has come to be considered expressive of all that is interesting about Congress and the President and scandalous in national politics. It is thus arranged in topics that, late at night, the news comes to the hand of the "Central Organizer"—the "Managing Editor," whose duty it is to decide the position in the paper of each article—in other words, to decide on the artistic appearance of the paper. From his hands the matter set in type passes to those of the stereotypers and pressmen. Hoe's presses throw off the printed sheets with lightning rapidity. Thousands of news-boys and expressmen and mail-carriers eagerly gather them up and serve them out to the not less numerous and eager consumers, hungry for their morning meal of news.

ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

IN 1823 a young man, then scarcely twenty years of age, landed in the city of New York. He was of Irish birth and parentage, but more remotely descended from a Scottish ancestry. He had inherited with his blood the spirit and latent power of that Scotch-Irish race which has been dominant in the North of Ireland since the days of Cromwell, and which has given to this country, as well as to England, so many men eminent in all the walks of life. His letters of introduction from members of the Society of Friends in Ireland to prominent merchants of that Society in New York gave him access to the best social circles, and where he was soon distinguished both for his pleasing address as a gentleman, and his attainments as a fine classical scholar. It was the first visit of Alexander T. Stewart to the city which for more than forty years has been his home, and where he has risen to wealth and prominence as a merchant, and the extent of whose business in that pursuit has probably never been excelled, and rarely, if ever, equaled in this or any other country.

He was born not far from the city of Belfast. Before he was eight years of age an elder sister and both his parents died, and he was left an orphan without any near relatives except his maternal grandfather. This good old man, a member of the Methodist Society and of great piety, took the orphan boy to his home, and his heart yearned toward the youth, his only descendant. It was his earnest wish and hope that the grandson should become a minister of the Gospel, and with this purpose in view the boy was at once put upon a course of academical studies to prepare him for the University. At an early day, and while at school, the coming man began to appear. Whether in the sports of boyhood or in the studies of the school he resolved to be first. With a frame not robust but yet lithe and active he was foremost in the race, and with a tenacity of purpose never relaxed, by diligent study, united with good natural abilities, he reached and maintained the position of "*Dux*" or leader of his class during both his academical and collegiate life. He took his degree at Trinity College, Dublin. But, alas! before he completed his course of study the pious old grandfather had followed the parents to the grave. The young, ambitious student was alone in the world. And he might have repeated the lament in the words of Outalissa—

"All perished. I alone am left on earth,
To whom nor relative nor blood remains;
No, not a kindred drop that runs in human veins."

After the death of his grandfather a Quaker friend was chosen and appointed the guardian of Mr. Stewart. He was a friend indeed; and to his advice and the pious instructions of the grandfather connected with the successful prosecution of his studies the great merchant has been heard to attribute much of his success in after-life. It was through and by this guardian the letters of introduction were procured when the young Irish scholar determined to seek fame and fortune in the New World. For a brief time after his arrival in New York he was employed as a teacher, thus turning to good account his excellent scholarship. And there are those now living who recur with great interest and affection to the period when they were introduced by him to the Grecian and Roman classics.

Accident made him a merchant. Where he was to be in connection with an experienced business man and to contribute capital he suddenly found himself principal alone, charged with the rent of a store, and with the whole responsibility devolving on him. With that indomitable will and wonderful energy which has marked his whole life he at once went back to Ireland, converted into money the moderate fortune which he had inherited, invested that fortune in goods—principally the laces which were manufactured at and around his birthplace—and then returned to New York and opened his store.

And in this connection may be mentioned an incident of touching interest—one of many showing, perhaps, somewhat of the Scottish blood in his veins, which, if it rarely forgives an enemy, never forgets a friend. A young

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lady whose acquaintance he had made said to him on the day preceding the opening of his store: "You must not sell any thing on the morrow till I come and make the first purchase; for I will bring luck." True to her promise, she drove up in her carriage early in the day, and purchased goods to nearly two hundred dollars in value, principally of Irish laces. Long years passed; the lady married and removed with her husband to a European city. Mr. Stewart was in that city on business, and there learned that his first customer was still living, but in very reduced circumstances. Her husband was dead, but before his death had squandered her fortune. Procuring good apartments, he caused them to be furnished in a style corresponding with her former position in life. Then calling upon her and renewing his acquaintance, and after conversing on old times and former friends, asked her to take a drive with him around the city in his carriage, which stood at the door. After looking at some objects of interest he took her to the new residence, saying: "This, if it meets your approbation, is your future home." He settled an annuity upon her, and during the residue of her life she lived not only in comfort but in comparative affluence, supported entirely by his bounty. Truly, if she brought luck to the young merchant, that first morning's purchase was a lucky one for her.

But there was another incident connected with the sales of merchandise on that first day of far more importance in its results, though apparently trifling in its character. One of the clerks stated to a purchaser that a piece of calico was of a certain quality, that the colors were "fast" and would not wash out, and if not so, the article would be taken back and the money returned. The remarks were overheard by Mr. Stewart, and he called the clerk to him and spoke with indignation: "What do you mean by thus saying what you know to be untrue?" The clerk, perhaps astonished at thus being called to account, replied that the woman would not return the goods, and if she did she could easily be put off by stating that she must be mistaken, and the purchase must have been made at some other store. But no; that was not the point. A lie had been told to induce a purchase; and no goods must be sold in his store or in his name under any misrepresentation whatever. The clerk could conform to that rule or at once vacate his place. This interview between him and one of his first clerks was narrated to the writer a few years since, when in a familiar conversation the direct question was asked: "To what do you attribute your great success as a merchant?" "That I have conducted my business from the first on the basis of *truth*. *Truth, truth*," he added, with great emphasis, "is the talismanic word; and if I have any one earthly wish or desire greater than another, it is that in this respect my example may be commended and followed by young men entering into business, and especially by young merchants."

There is in his business one price for all. From this fixed price no person employed is permitted to depart; and every purchaser of merchandise, whether of the value of shillings or of tens of thousands of dollars, gets the precise articles sold. No deceit or misrepresentation as to the condition or quality of the goods is tolerated, and hence the unbounded confidence which he has obtained in every State and almost every village in our country. To carry out such a system requires a rigid discipline, and it sometimes occurs that a young man of an easy conscience finds the restraints too severe. The exceptions are rare, and when found out, as they are, sooner or later, never pass without rebuke, and generally the offending party is dismissed. There is a military precision required and exacted, and it is thus that the whole vast machinery works, as it were, by electric touches.

It was often said during the late war, that while there were many officers who could command well a regiment of men the number was small of those who could successfully direct the movements of large armies on the battle-field. Mr. Stewart has the elements of a great general, quick to discern, prompt to act, fearless and energetic in all his movements. To these may be added a quick insight, almost intuitive as it were, into the characters of men. In this, as must always happen to those so extensively engaged, he has been sometimes though rarely deceived. The right man is generally in the right place. It is that perfect system and that thorough discipline that enables one master-mind to control and direct such a vast mercantile business—a business which connects itself not only with every State in the Union, but with almost every state and kingdom of Europe. The business, too, includes those of Retailer, Jobber, Importer, Manufacturer, and even, in some cases, grower and producer of the raw material. If reports through the papers are correct the last year's net income was over four millions of dollars, and an income tax was paid of over four hundred thousand dollars—the latter amount being sixteen times greater than the annual salary of the President of the United States, and larger than the expenses of several of the States for the ordinary support of their State Governments. All this vast business is done not upon credit but upon an actual capital, and the whole machinery is worked and directed by one energetic and controlling mind. It would seem as if the lamp of Aladdin had been found.

Though born on the other side of the Atlantic the Latin maxim

> Cœlum non animum mutant
> Qui trans mare currunt,

can scarcely be said to be applicable to him. The true theory of our Government, and the one embraced and maintained by Mr. Stewart, is, that when a citizen or subject of a foreign Government emigrates voluntarily, and for his own advantage, and abjures all foreign alle-

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giance, and takes the oath of allegiance to the Government of his choice, he should, in all respects, become, as it were, a whole not a half citizen—there should be no divided allegiance. The proudest title should be that of an American citizen, not an Irishman or a British subject. Hence he has avoided all connection with Societies formed exclusively of men of foreign birth. Yet as it is said the heart of the Scotchman warms to the tartan, so his heart warms toward the people of his native island.

A few years ago, when there was a famine there, he adopted a course unique and perfect in itself, and illustrating one of the peculiar characteristics of the man. First, he sought for a ship to charter. A British vessel was offered and refused; he wanted a ship of his own country, an American ship. Such a one was found, new, in fine order, with an American captain and an American crew, and was at once chartered. He then sat down and ascertained the amount of the fortune which he brought from Ireland, and added the interest thereto, and there was a very considerable sum of money which he considered he owed to Ireland, and he resolved to pay the debt. The vessel was loaded entirely by him with both necessary and costly provisions, and with the American flag floating proudly at the fore entered the harbor of Belfast. It was one of America's contributions to Ireland, and was so intended by the giver. The arrival of that vessel and the distribution of the valuable cargo among the suffering poor produced, as may well be imagined, a profound impression. An ovation yet awaits the donor should he ever afford the warm-hearted people of his native land the opportunity to give him an Irish welcome.

But the enterprise was not yet complete. The agent at Belfast was directed to advertise for young men and women who desired to go to America, and a free passage was given to as many as the vessel could carry, the only requirement being that each applicant should be of good moral character and able to read and write. A circular was issued by Mr. Stewart himself, and sent to his numerous friends, stating the fact that he expected a large number of young people, and asking employment for them. When the vessel reached the harbor of New York places had been found for almost every one of the new emigrants. The circle was then complete. It was a thorough and finished work.

To a friend who asked him how he would employ his time should he retire from active business, his prompt answer was, "Go to school." Amidst all his vast and widely-extended business transactions he has found time to pursue the studies of his youth. Now past his threescore years, the classical works which he read in his younger days are not allowed to rest on the shelves, but are frequently in his hands. Few professional men in our land amidst the busy and absorbing pursuits of life preserve their knowledge of the classics. Still rarer is the example of a merchant engaged in extensive business devoting his few hours of leisure to the languages of Greece and Rome, and thus keeping green and fresh the learning of his college days.

With the love of classical learning he cherishes a warm love for all that is rare and beautiful in art. The noble dwelling going up in Fifth Avenue will have its gallery, where will be gathered some of the choicest contributions from the chisels and easels of American sculptors and painters. The public press has recently noticed his intention of making a large gift, in the shape of tenement houses, to be erected in the city, after improved and better plans of construction. How royal this bounty may be will doubtless depend, in part at least, upon the system adopted to preserve it, and its future increase for the purposes to which it is devoted. When that system shall be matured we venture the assertion that it will be found perfect in all its details, and so far as human foresight can go will guard against corruption and swindling and the perversion of the objects of a great charity.

Mr. Stewart goes out to Paris the present year as one of the representatives from the United States to the great world's exhibition. As President of the Honorary Commission appointed by the Government he will be truly an honor to the land of his adoption. Familiar with the language and the customs of France, he will be at home in his new office—the first, we believe, which he has held, and all the more creditable as it came to him unsought. He will be still true to the flag to which he swore allegiance over forty years ago, and to which during the war, as well as during all the years of his citizenship, there has not been one throbbing of his heart which has not been loyal and patriotic. It was an appointment eminently fit to be made. The Commission will be headed by one who may well be said to be now the first merchant in the United States, and probably in the world, and who unites in himself the qualities of a distinguished man of business with the acquirements and polish of a scholar and a gentleman.

We may say, in conclusion, that Mr. Stewart was married soon after his settlement in New York to an accomplished young lady—a member of a prominent and influential family—and that his married life has been one of uninterrupted harmony and happiness. It was around the domestic hearth that the writer, in times past, gathered up in familiar and friendly conversations, and treasured up in his memory the incidents some of which have been related in this imperfect sketch. Imperfect it necessarily is—for it is written far away from the city, without any memoranda, and entirely without the knowledge of him the mere outline of whose life and character it purports to give—if it shall inspire any young merchant to follow his example, walking always in the paths of soberness and truth, there may be good grounds for pardon in thus making public the conversations of friends in the private and social circle.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

WITH the opening year the American bird was in fine feather. The yacht *Henrietta* had crossed the ocean in thirteen days and twenty-two hours; and the Royal Yacht Club, and Lord Wilton, and Sir John Timon, and the QUEEN, and Osborne House, and "grand banquets," and excitements in Paris, and the personal compliments of the Emperor and Empress, and challenge to all known yachts, and the great match with the Duke of Edinburgh, were names and rumors that came thronging in delightful tumult over the ocean cable. The details of the race are familiar, but it is worth while to put them upon record here.

The *Henrietta*, the *Fleetwing*, and the *Vesta* agreed to sail from New York to Cowes in the month of December for a sweepstakes of ninety thousand dollars. The *Henrietta* belongs to James Gordon Bennett, Jun. She is a schooner of two hundred and five tons, and is one hundred and eight feet long; of twenty-five feet beam, and ten feet depth of hold. The *Fleetwing* belongs to George A. Osgood. She is a schooner of two hundred and twelve tons. Her length is one hundred and six feet. She is twenty-four feet beam, and her depth of hold is ten feet. The *Vesta* belongs to Pierre Lorillard. She is a schooner of two hundred and one tons, one hundred and eight feet long, and, unlike the other two, is a centre-board vessel.

The preparations being made, the yachts sailed on the 11th of December at noon from the bay of New York. The day was bright and all the auguries fair; but there was a vague feeling that the adventure was the result of after-dinner banter or bravado, and this was deepened by the fact that the only owner who sailed in his yacht was Mr. Bennett. There was, therefore, some apprehension of the event of the winter cruise, which was not allayed by the reports of vessels which arrived a few days afterward, and reported meeting the yachts in rough weather. One of the vessels indeed stated that she had nearly run down a yacht in a snow-gale, during which the little craft was evidently well managed. Nothing further was heard until Saturday evening, December 29, when news came by the cable, the working of which had been interrupted, that on the evening of Christmas-day the *Henrietta* arrived at Cowes in thirteen days and twenty-two hours from New York, the *Fleetwing* following in about eight hours, and the *Vesta* in about nine and a half hours later.

There was but one incident which clouded this gratifying result, and that was the loss of four of the crew of the *Fleetwing*, washed overboard during a gale. This melancholy event cast a gloom over the whole story; and the Yacht Club will of course see that the families of the men do not suffer.

The *Henrietta* sailed upon one tack from port to port, and on one day made two hundred and eighty miles. The reports of the voyage by telegraph were of the rosiest hue. There had been all the comfort of a steamer upon the yacht; and the impatient vessel was apparently flapping her sails with eagerness for new yachts to conquer. Then came the letters and logs, and the whole story was familiar to the whole country.

The authorities have been very busy discussing the international significance of the race, and we have been refreshed with much maritime learning and grave speculation upon the moral and political influence of the victory. But Yankee yachts have crossed the Atlantic before, although not in December. The fame of the *America* is still tenderly cherished. Mr. Anthony Morse crossed in his yacht three years ago; and last summer Mr. Thomas G. Appleton's yacht *Alice*, of only twenty-seven tons, made the voyage under the superintendence of his nephew, Mr. Charles Longfellow, son of the poet. Moreover four hundred years ago Christopher Columbus sailed from Palos in a vessel of ninety feet keel, accompanied by two small, undecked vessels, and ever since the ocean has been constantly traversed by all kinds and sizes of craft. The passage of a yacht is, therefore, not a new thing; and that of three yachts will hardly revolutionize the nations. The result, however, does show that we can build very small vessels which shall be also very swift, and that Yankee seamanship is fully equal to their management. And taken with the history of our iron-clads and monitors at home, and the visit of the *Miantonomoh* to Europe, the arrival of the yachts may suggest to Britannia to inquire whether she does really continue to rule the waves, except in the pleasing lines of the favorite hymn.

Unquestionably such episodical events emphasize the impression which greater American events make upon the world. But they are not matters of national vanity for ourselves only. Whatever calls general popular attention to this country reveals to it, not chiefly Americans, but man under American conditions. The use of this country is to show what a system of fair-play for all men will do. It teaches that the time has come when the cumbrous old systems are not only unnecessary to achieve the best results of civilization but actually obstruct them. The lines of communication between this country and Europe are now fully established, and America will prove a tremendous battery. Toryism may seize with despair Mr. Parton's article upon the misgovernment of the city of New York as a final argument against a popular system. But Toryism will not see nor say that every great political experiment is to be tested by its general, not by its particular or local, result. Against the misgovernment of the city of New York we put the attitude and conduct of the loyal people of the United States through the war. So will the good sense of mankind: and some sagacious Englishman, looking at the white-winged Yankee yacht, will sail away in imagination to the happy day when human energy, under constantly fairer conditions, shall produce constantly more beneficent results.

LORD HALIFAX believed that "trimming" is the highest political wisdom, and Macaulay tells how pleasantly he maintained his proposition. Mr. Seward, pleading for the Union in his last chief speech in the Senate before the war, when he came to state what he would be willing to do to avoid the menacing catastrophe—knowing how

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distasteful it would be to many of his oldest and warmest friends—said, with pathos: "If in the expression of these views I have not proposed what is desired or expected by many others, they will do me the justice to believe that I am as far from having suggested what, in many respects, would have been in harmony with cherished convictions of my own. I learned early from Jefferson that, in political affairs, we can not always do what seems to us absolutely best. Those with whom we must necessarily act, entertaining different views, have the power and the right of carrying them into practice. We must be content to lead when we can, and to follow when we can not lead; and if we can not, at any time, do for our country all the good that we would wish, we must be satisfied with doing for her all the good that we can."

"I dare say," says a late writer, speaking in a friendly tone of Mr. Emerson, and wishing to point a sneer sharply at politicians—"I dare say if he were in Congress he would be looking at the expediency side." Would the critic have him look at the inexpediency side? Is it the business of a legislator to do what is inexpedient? And may it not often be inexpedient to insist upon putting your individual convictions into law when you know perfectly well that they are not the convictions of the people? Do right, and leave consequences to God. Certainly, but "right" methods are always subjects of consideration. The "right" is the goal. The expedient is the road to it; and the longest way round may often be the shortest way home.

There are two duties which are often confused in our estimate of public men and measures: that of the independent citizen, and that of the public agent. A man may sincerely think that women ought to vote; but can he be fairly considered a time-server, a hypocrite, or a knave, because he swears to execute laws under a Constitution which does not recognize the voting of women? As a citizen he may and will reason with the community to persuade it to change the law; but as an officer he will decline to receive the votes of women. Or there is John Bright. He holds that five millions of Englishmen are unjustly deprived of the right of suffrage. He demands it for them. He agitates the land, and shakes a little perception and common-sense even into the London *Times*. Then Mr. Gladstone says, "Let us enfranchise four hundred thousand of them." Does John Bright retort, "You abominable swindler, the four million six hundred thousand are just as much entitled to vote as the four hundred thousand?" By no means. Mr. Bright says, "I will support your bill with all my heart, for it gives me so much clear gain." Why does he do it? Simply because it is an expedient to secure the purpose at which he aims.

The Right and the Expedient are often treated as if they were essentially opposed. But in politics it is becoming pretty plain that nothing is truly expedient which is not right. Prove that it is expedient to do a thing, and you have proved that it is right to do it. It may not be so easy to prove the expediency as at first appears, for the question may go deeper and further than the easy assertion seems to imply. But the statesman may be very sure that what is really expedient for the state is not wrong. If his own ambition, if his base views of human nature sophisticate him so that he believes injustice to be expedient, he must bear the responsibility. The result will show him his error. Right or Justice being the goal, whatever measure tends toward greater justice is always expedient. If, then, Mr. Seward's words are to be closely followed, to do all that we can for our country is to demand justice, and not to refuse as much as will be granted at any time. Because John Bright accepts the franchise for the four hundred thousand he does not relax his effort for all the rest. That gain is not the price of his silence and inaction. It is merely the pledge of his persistence and success.

Lord Halifax and the trimmers, however, falsify their own philosophy. Instead of urging the highest justice and revealing its advantage, they show that they are faithless, and so betray their cause. Instead of saying, with the eloquence of profound conviction, "This is what ought to be done. How much will you do?" their shivering insincerity invites both defeat and contempt, as they smile that poor human nature requires great allowance.

The duty of a citizen is plain: it is to sub-soil public opinion, to make it deep and porous, then to sow it with the soundest seed. The duty of a legislator is not less plain: it is to put the highest public opinion into the form of law; and the test of his excellence as a statesman is his capacity to know what is truly public as distinguished from private or individual opinion. To estimate this justly he must not mistake a whim or a passion for a tendency or a conviction, and he must confide in the good rather than the ill instincts of human nature.

THE charade in our January Number has been variously answered. One correspondent, J. M. K., says, "The Atlantic Telegraph." Another, in Missouri, sends the following ingenious reply:

In castle Lisle a lady dwells,
Her eyes are dim with tears,
She's promised soon to be the bride
Of one beloved for years.
What though the castle moat is deep,
The castle walls so high?
Her woman's *wit* has found the way
To 'scape the warder's eye.

The youngest cornet of the set,
Who sings a nasal psalm,
His breakfast makes ere morning breaks
Off slice of ruddy *ham*.
He scanneth dome and barbacan,
Gray wall and donjon keep,
And fears full soon the sunrise gun
Will call his troop from sleep.

Down the long vale the Witham glides
Through meadows far away,
Like snowy ribbon for a bride
Upon a morn in May,
His Mildred comes, she's drugged the bowl,
How bright her dark eyes gleam!
Now Heaven speed the bonny bark
Afloat upon the stream.

The three following come from various parts of the country:

When far and near the cavalier
Succumbed to Roundhead valor,
And Cromwell bold with troops enrolled
Spread broadcast fear and pallor,
Town after town fell swiftly down
And many a one did burn,
Till he at length did lay his strength
By Lisle herself in TURN.

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At early day a cornet gay
Whose head-top unto heel
Was covered o'er—behind, before—
With armor wove in steel,
With PIKE in hand did watchful stand
And eyed Lisle castle o'er,
When soon to view a maiden true
Came from the castle door.

Love oft has laughed at locksmith's craft—
The warder slumbered deep—
And Mildred dear could have no fear
To pass him in his sleep.
Oh swiftly speed the flying steed
As if on wings of wind!
The TURNPIKE'S won—swift press they on—
Lisle castle's far behind.

"Grim warder of our Castle Lisle,
Look well unto thy charge;
Thy head shall pay the forfeit, man,
Should she be set at large."
Thus fiercely spake Sir Launcelot,
And turned upon his heel,
But what was done, at rising sun,
The charade does reveal.

Dame Fortune long may favor those,
Who reckless plans pursue;
But there's a *turn* in men's affairs,
And gentle maidens' too.
Those castle walls were high and strong,
Its lord both brave and bold,
His men of might all armed with *pike*,
Most fearful to behold.

"Up, up!" he cries, "our prisoner flies,
Ho! vassals all awake;
A purse of gold each man shall hold
If ye the jade retake.
Away, away, brook no delay,
Fling wide the castle gate!"
The die was cast, the *Turnpike* passed,
Pursuit was all too late.

Oh! turn the wheel and turn the mill,
And turn the hoe-cake round;
And take your turn and play your turn,
And so my first is found.

Then throw a pike and catch a pike,
And "keep a pike" perchance,
And surely in that solitude
My next will on you glance.

My whole's the most prosaic thing
By which our ways are sped,
"As stupid as a turnpike road"
The worst that need be said.

LAST month, in speaking of Mr. Bancroft's Ninth Volume, we said that he had not spared some of the most cherished reputations of the Revolution, and had somewhat depreciated the one leader whom we have all been accustomed to regard as the peculiar friend of Washington, General Greene. Yet we said that there was no personal malevolence, however disagreeable to the descendants of the General the statements might be.

The volume has been attacked in many quarters. The historian is represented as squaring off against all comers, and cracking a crown wherever he sees it. It is alleged that no reputation is sacred to him, and that the ruthless iconoclast knocks together the heads of our most cherished idols and scatters them in dust. And the object of all this breakage and pulverization is declared to be a consuming desire to aggrandize Washington, and a conviction that his superiority will suffer if all his contemporaries and friends are not depreciated. We suspect the historian of nothing so extremely foolish, and we ought manfully to remember that we have all been educated in an extraordinary hero-worship. Our earliest impressions are that our Revolutionary Generals were demi-gods, and the people a church of patriotic saints. As school-boys we feel that Putnam could have given Hannibal odds, and that Starke could have captured Napoleon Bonaparte in bed at the Tuileries. Why, under such circumstances, three millions of enthusiasts, led by inspired heroes, were seven years in overcoming a hireling foreign force which was never as much as thirty thousand strong in any battle, we do not undertake to say, because we never reflect upon it. The Revolution has been our heroic traditional period. Achilles was more than mortal to the Greeks. So with us it has been a kind of sacrilege to scrutinize Revolutionary characters.

But our late war has broken the spell. We have seen that men even in great moments are of very mixed clay. Our own fresh and palpitating experience explains the phenomena which we have hardly cared to observe. The plain, historical fact is that, if the hireling foreign force was not thirty thousand strong, the domestic array was still less. If we were horror-struck when Patterson's Pennsylvania troops, because their time was up, demanded to go home from Charlestown, in Virginia, in July, 1861, just as the first battle of the war was to be fought at Bull Run, we now see that Washington was deserted again and again in the same way until he was almost ready to swear that such people deserved nothing better than British rule. So if we seem never to have understood what envy was until we watched the conduct of certain officers in the Potomac army at the very cruel crisis of the war, it is because we have not pondered the story of Gates, Charles Lee, and Conway. If the timid, hesitating fidelity of many of our late chiefs exasperates us, we may comfort ourselves that we have not degenerated when we contemplate Joseph Reed.

Now in his late volume Mr. Bancroft has unsparingly scattered the glamour of tradition. Greene, Putnam, Wayne, Sullivan, Schuyler, the choicest and best he describes as unskillful and sometimes incompetent; while Horatio Gates, Charles Lee, Conway, Reed, and all the malcontents, he lashes with refreshing rigor. Against his judgment of the first their friends, as we said, are protesting. We look for a fortunate and instructive revival of interest in our Revolutionary history from the discussion.

First in the field with a pamphlet of ability and excellent temper, not without some natural indignation which yet does not affect his rhetoric, is George Washington Greene, a grandson of the General, an accomplished, historical, and belles-lettres scholar, and author of an "Historical view of the American Revolution," which is full of very valuable information. Mr. Greene is in possession of his grandfather's papers, and his special study of them with the intention of writing a full biography, signally qualifies him for the labor of love which he has accomplished. In the judgment of Mr. Greene the questions at issue between himself, as the champion of his ancestor's fame, and Mr. Bancroft who assails it, are to be decided only by an appeal to the original documents. First, the letters of Washington in Sparks's collection; and second, those of Greene, some of which are published in Force's "American Archives," but the most of which

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are still in manuscript. After these come the contemporary historians of the war, and among them Gordon, as the fullest and most trustworthy! Relying upon these authorities, and mainly upon General Greene's own letters, his grandson invokes judgment, proudly saying: "Every stroke of his pen, if I do not greatly err, is a triumphant, although an unconscious, vindication from the aspersions which Mr. Bancroft has cast upon his name."

Mr. Bancroft charges General Greene with despondency, upon the ground of his own letters to John Adams. The pamphlet quotes the letters in full to show by the context that when Greene says "desperate" he does not mean hopeless but very difficult, and the proof seems to be conclusive.

In answering the question whether Greene "reflected" upon Washington, the pamphlet seems to us unnecessarily to impugn Mr. Bancroft's intention; and there is needless sensitiveness in the remarks upon the Staten Island expedition.

Upon the point of the evacuation of Fort Washington the pamphlet establishes that Mr. Bancroft's headings in the table of contents are unjust to Greene, for Washington, although differing in opinion, had clearly left the movement, as was natural, very much to the discretion of Greene. The pamphlet also successfully rebuts the charge of "an easy, sanguine disposition" in Greene, if by that phrase he meant negligence or want of devotion. The letters of Greene and the undoubted confidence of Washington are conclusive upon this point, as upon the other charge of "reposing" in the sense of inaction. So the delay in arriving upon the field at Germantown is explained by the character and condition of the roads.

Indeed it seems to us that upon the essential points General Greene is conclusively defended against some of the judgments of Mr. Bancroft; although we do not think the spirit of the historian is fairly appreciated. He has plainly nothing but the truth in view. He can gain nothing by aspersing Greene, and certainly Washington needs no aspersion of his friends for the security of his own eminence and glory. Moreover, a descendant will naturally look upon every word and act in the most favorable light, while the historian passionlessly considers them in the light of the ordinary motives of human nature. How differently, yet with how honest a difference, men will read the words and judge the acts of others, we all know. Let us then read and write with exceeding charity.

A SERMON by the Rev. Washington Gladden, of North Adams, in Massachusetts, upon the use and abuse of amusements, is curiously suggestive, by its mild and earnest protest against a false view of the subject, that what is technically called "the Christian world," or a very large part of it, actually regards amusement as sinful. It is difficult to conceive fairly the state of mind which begets such a theory, and yet it is perhaps not more extraordinary than many of the views of human life and society held by those who with questionable modesty complacently assume to be distinctively "Christian."

In a retired and delightful village which we know, full of noble trees and green spaces and a most friendly people, the pleasant game of croquet is very popular, and on every bright summer day picturesque groups are gathered to play the game. It is hard to imagine any occupation more simple and innocent. The composition of sermons which condemn to a very hot future those who do not agree with our religious opinions is scarcely more harmless, and it is not surprising that sensible clergymen feel that they can play croquet for an hour without running the risk of committing the unpardonable sin. Therefore among the players in the shade, urging the innocent ball with the artless mallet, the contemplative spectator is glad to see more than one of the pastors of the village. Yet when a severer divine descended one day into the rural street from the remoter hills he was appalled to behold one of his brethren carnally clicking the wicket and triumphantly driving his antagonist's ball far from the goal. Painfully concerned for the cause of good morals and true religion he rushed hastily into a neighboring parsonage, and there recovering breath, he said solemnly to his excellent friend the pastor,

"Dear brother, I was shocked beyond expression as I came into town to see Brother James gambling."

"Gambling! Good Heavens! And in the public street? What was he doing?"

"He was playing croquet."

"Oh! croquet! Why, Brother Shadrach, half an hour ago you would have found me gambling with him."

What must religion be, and Christianity, its most humane form, to a man who thinks croquet a sin! The graceful, genial impulses of childhood, the cheerful diversions, the manly games, the fireside play, are all to such a man wickednesses and spiritual crimes. Does the severe divine among the remoter hills throw up his window on the summer mornings and denounce the robins and the thrushes? Does he walk gloomy and awful through the June meadows and condemn the bobolinks to the everlasting pit—a rustic John Knox anathematizing the pretty Court of Mary? Does he accuse the rose of wanton perfume, the carnation of carnal color, the lily of alluring charm? The pictures of the sunset sky, the evanescent arabesques of Jack Frost, the spotless sculpture of the snow, the passion of music, the poetry of the dance, the blithe hilarity of skating, the elegance of billiards, the glow of bowling—all these, because men are often foolish and wicked and abusive, and misuse food and drink and dress, are they only snares and abominations and delusions of the devil? Ah! good Shadrach of the hills, your brain is cobwebbed, your heart is chilly, your blood is stagnant. Morbid and perverted, your mind has gone astray. You are no Christian teacher for living men. Your parish should be the Catacombs, your congregation mummies. In your dry homilies runs no sap of the Teacher's sweetness. Your jaundiced eyes can not consider the lilies of the field. Whoever long regards men as devils will inevitably come to consider the world as ——.

Against this folly—which indeed seems incredible until its depth and extent and corrupting influence are revealed by the deferential tone and guarded statement of such a sermon as Mr. Gladden's—we are glad that a voice should be

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raised so plain and sensible as this. It is ludicrous that a minister should have to say to grown men and women that they may dance a quadrille or play checkers without imperiling their souls. But it is true that it must be said, and the truth reveals the condition of what is technically called the Christian mind. Mr. Gladden's discourse is of much more than its apparent and immediate intention. It aims to show those to whom it was preached that amusement is not in itself sinful, and that the ecclesiastical prohibition of it fails to save young men and women from the downward path. But its broader and deeper lesson is, that the spirit which affects superior piety is but a modification of that which sent Stylites to the top of his pillar.

Is that the true spirit of Christianity? It is that from which springs the technical mortification of the flesh, the flagellations, the macerations, the hair shirt, the spiked collar, the starvations, the exposures, the celibacy, monasticism, inquisitions, burnings, and horrible spiritual despotisms and slavery, and unimaginable tortures and tragedies, which disfigure the religious history of the world. Is this the fair, natural fruit of Christianity, or its foul graft? Mother Shadrach in the hills, you gnash your teeth at the murders wrought by Pole and Gardiner and Bonner and bloody Mary, but your heart warms sympathetic with the later Puritan crusade against the Maypoles; but it was the same old mole working its way in human nature. In both these aspects it was the same mistaken view of God and man and their relation. It was the same pride and indwelling devil, the same want of respect for the individual conscience, the same mental perversion which confounds our own miserable obstinacy and dogmatism with the divine will.

The Easy Chair is betrayed into a sermon, good Master Shadrach. But it is reaching the "lastly." You have yourself preached from the text that God is a spirit, and must be worshiped in spirit. It is the spirit, then, which is the vital thing. It is not what we do, but how we do it, which avails. Some sermons of yours may have been much less truly religious works in the writing and the preaching than the croquet played by your neighboring pastor under the village trees. Yea, and the spiritual pride with which you denounced him at the parsonage—was there not a strain of the Pharisee in it going to the temple? And if not spiritual pride—if it were an honest prompting of sincere conviction and conscientious duty, ought you not to revise that theory of duty which could confound recreation with sin? Do you never take sugar in your tea, Brother Shadrach? Do you forbid sweet marjorum in the stuffing for your Thanksgiving turkey? Do you never guess a conundrum, or, in the days of your young fatherhood, did you never ride the lesser Shadrach to Banbury Cross? Yet these were recreations all and solace to the sense. Indeed, do you hold that the senses were given us only to be snubbed, as the elder schoolmasters held that boys were gifted as cherubs are not—for one great purpose? Let us at least respect sense enough to be sensible, O Shadrach the severe! and if the Easy Chair seem to you but a mere latitudinarian scoffer, he gladly remits you to the humane and sincere ministration of his friend and brother Gladden.

After much and various suffering N. P. Willis is dead. He was one of the oldest of our authors, older than his years would seem to justify, for he was famous and flattered while a mere boy. His active literary career continued from that time, although it must be frankly confessed that he never fulfilled the promise of his beginning. Or was it that the fault was with the public, which gladly hailed any literary promise at a time when our authors were few, and was more mindful of quantity than of quality?

That this was not wholly so in the case of Mr. Willis is shown by his "Pencilings by the Way," which is still a delightful *vade mecum* of the usual European tour. It is not its descriptions merely, nor indeed any particular excellences which make its charm, but a kind of freshness and bloom of youth without extravagance of expression. Indeed the extravagances of his style came later, when he thought that the taste of the public was palled, and must be stimulated by strong spices. His impulses were generous and kind, but his experience was not fortunate. With great facility of address and anxiety to please, he is said by those who knew him in youth to have been personally fascinating. But it was his misfortune that his boat was launched before it was well ballasted, and it could never gain an even keel. In the sudden and dazzling glare of his early success his ideal was lost before he had fairly beheld it, and he seems to have had no further glimpse of that superior and reproving muse which has been the guardian of so many natures not richer than his own.

So kindly was the feeling for him of his brother authors even when they were much younger, and so generous the habit of silence which they have cherished toward him; so persuasive also is the appeal of his whole life to those who knew him, that it will be very hard for any competent hand to write the truth about him. Indeed there is little necessity of saying more than farewell. His name had ceased to be very conspicuous. His influence is probably past. We shall all recall his pleasant, generous qualities; the school readers will still retain his Scripture verses; some who will long survive him will remember with tender regret the melody which they once found in his poetry; many a younger author will repeat with gratitude the words of sympathy with which Willis greeted him. Of no man shall we say more willingly or with more sadness, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS reassembled, after the holiday recess, on the 3d of January. Our Record, which closes on the 31st of January, is devoted mainly to a resumé of the action of the Government upon the important measures now under consideration.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA SUFFRAGE BILL.

On the 7th the President returned, without his approval, the bill regulating Suffrage in the District. His objections to the bill were essentially these: Congress having the power of legislating for the District ought "to have a like respect for the will and interests of its inhabitants as is entertained by a State Legislature for the wishes and interests of the people for whom they legislate." The people of the District, at a special election held in December, 1865, by a vote almost unanimous (7369 to 35) voted against the extension to negroes of the right of Suffrage. In 1860 the population of the District was 60,000 whites and 14,000 people of color; now there are 100,000 whites and 30,000 colored; the augmentation of the colored population is owing mainly to the influx of escaped fugitives from Maryland and Virginia. Having heretofore been held in slavery "and denied all opportunities for mental culture, we should inquire whether, after so brief a probation, they are, as a class, capable of an intelligent exercise of the right of Suffrage, and qualified to discharge the duties of official position." The President is clearly of opinion that they are not. And, moreover, "clothed with the right of Suffrage, their numbers largely in excess of the demand for labor, would soon be increased by an efflux from the surrounding States; and hardly yet capable of forming correct judgments upon the important questions that often make the issues of a political contest, they could readily be made subservient to the purposes of designing persons; and it would be within their power in one year to come into the District in such numbers as to have the supreme control of the white race, and to govern them by their own officers, and by the exercise of all the municipal authority—among the rest, of the right of taxation over property in which they have no interest." The President says that this law, "imposed upon an unwilling people, placed by the Constitution under the exclusive legislation of Congress, would be viewed as an arbitrary exercise of power, and as an indication by the country of the purpose of Congress to compel the acceptance of negro suffrage by the States. It would engender a feeling of opposition and hatred between the two races which would prevent them from living together in a state of mutual friendliness." He proceeds to argue that the extension to them of the power of suffrage is not necessary to enable persons of color to protect themselves in their rights and interests; and urges that there is great danger in the extension of this right to any new class of the population. He refers to the checks which are interposed in the way of the naturalization of emigrants, who are required, in addition to a residence of five years, to prove good moral character. It can not, he says, be supposed that the negroes, "from their previous condition of servitude are, as a class, as well informed as to the nature of our government as the intelligent foreigner who makes our land the home of his choice."——The bill was passed notwithstanding the veto of the President (in the Senate, by 29 to 10—13 Senators not voting; and in the House by 113 to 38—41 members not voting). More than two-thirds of each House voting in its favor; the bill becomes a law.

IMPEACHMENT OF THE PRESIDENT.

Measures looking to the impeachment of the President by the House of Representatives before the Senate have been introduced.——On the 7th of January, Mr. Ashley, member of the House from Ohio, rose and said that he had to perform a painful but imperative duty, the execution of which should not be postponed; and confident that the loyal people demanded some such proposition as he was about to submit, he was determined that no effort on his part should be wanting to see that their expectations should not be disappointed. Upon his responsibility as a Representative he charged Andrew Johnson, "Vice-President and acting President of the United States, with the commission of acts which, in the estimation of the Constitution, are high crimes and misdemeanors," for which he ought to be impeached. He thereupon presented the following:

"I do impeach Andrew Johnson, Vice-President and acting President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

"I charge him with a usurpation of power and violation of law:

"In that he has corruptly used the appointing power;

"In that he has corruptly used the pardoning power;

"In that he has corruptly used the veto power;

"In that he has corruptly disposed of public property of the United States;

"In that he has corruptly interfered in elections, and committed acts which, in contemplation of the Constitution, are high crimes and misdemeanors. Therefore,

"*Be it resolved*, That the Committee on the Judiciary be, and they are hereby authorized to inquire into the official conduct of Andrew Johnson, Vice-President of the United States, discharging the powers and duties of the office of President of the United States, and to report to this House whether, in their opinion, the said Andrew Johnson, while in said office, has been guilty of acts which are designed or calculated to overthrow or subvert or corrupt the Government of the United States or any Department or office thereof; and whether the said Andrew Johnson has been guilty of any act, or has conspired with others to do acts, which in contemplation of the Constitution are high crimes and misdemeanors, requiring the interposition of the Constitutional power of this House; and that said Committee have power to send for persons and papers, and to administer the customary oath to witnesses."

This resolution was agreed to by a vote of 107 to 38—45 members not voting.

On the same day Mr. Kelso, of Missouri, introduced into the House a resolution declaring that it was the duty of the present Congress to take such action as will accomplish the following objects:

"To impeach the officer now exercising the functions of the office of the President of the United States of America, and his removal from office, upon the conviction in due form, of the crimes and high misdemeanors of which he is manifestly and notoriously

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guilty, and which render it unsafe any longer to permit him to exercise the powers he has unlawfully assumed; and to provide for the efficient administration of the Executive Department according to law."

This resolution gave rise to animated and protracted debates, continued from day to day. In the course of a speech delivered on the 14th Mr. Loan, of Missouri, made remarks which were considered as charging the President with complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. He said that the leaders of the rebellion comprehended the advantages of having such a man as Mr. Johnson in the Presidential chair, and knew that but one frail life stood between him and the Chief Magistracy, and, he continued,

"Hence the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. The crime was committed. The way was made clear for the succession; an assassin's hand, wielded and directed by rebel hand, and paid for by rebel gold, made Andrew Johnson President of the United States of America. The price that he was to pay for his promotion was treachery to the Republic and fidelity to the party of treason and rebellion."

Mr. Loan was called to order; but the chair decided that he was not out of order, because the resolution under debate charged the President with high crimes and misdemeanors, and Mr. Loan had the right, under his own responsibility, to make this specific charge. An appeal was taken from this decision, but the decision of the chair was affirmed by a vote of 101 to 8.

NEBRASKA AND COLORADO.

During the last session of Congress bills were passed for the admission of these Territories as States of the Union. The latter bill was vetoed by the President; and he took no action upon the former, which was presented to him at the close of the session, as heretofore noted in this Record. These bills were brought up practically as new measures, and after protracted and elaborate discussion bills were finally passed admitting both Territories as States (the Nebraska Bill, in the House, by 103 to 55—33 members not voting; in the Senate, by 28 to 14—10 Senators not voting: the Colorado Bill, by a vote very nearly equivalent in the Senate; the vote in the House being 90 Ayes to 60 Nays—41 members not voting). These bills are essentially the same in form. They recite, in substance, that Congress had passed Acts enabling the people of these Territories to form Constitutions and State Governments; and that upon compliance with certain specified conditions the States thus formed would be admitted into the Union; that these conditions had been complied with; and that therefore each of these States is "declared to be one of the United States of America, and is hereby admitted into the Union upon an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatsoever." But to each of these bills was appended the following additional section:

"*And be it further enacted*, That this Act shall not take effect except upon the fundamental condition that within [the States of Colorado and Nebraska] there shall be no denial of the elective franchise or of any other rights to any person by reason of race or color, excepting Indians not taxed; and upon further fundamental condition that the Legislature elected under such State Constitution, by a solemn public Act, shall declare the assent of said State to the said fundamental condition, and shall transmit to the President of the United States an authentic copy of said Act, upon the receipt whereof the President, by proclamation, shall forthwith announce the fact, whereupon the said fundamental condition shall be held as a part of the organic law of the State; and thereupon, without any further proceeding on the part of Congress, the admission of said State into the Union shall be considered as complete. Said State Legislature to be convened by the Governor-elect of said State within sixty days after the passage of this Act to act upon the condition submitted herein."

On the 28th the President returned the Colorado Bill without his approval. In addition to the reasons given for the veto of the previous bill, as noted in this Record for July, the principal one being the small population—only 28,000—the President urges that the concluding proviso of the bill contravenes and sets aside (as indeed it was intended to do) a provision of the Constitution as adopted by the people of Colorado. By that Constitution all the laws of the Territory in force at the time of its adoption are continued in force. Among these laws is one excluding negroes and mulattoes from the right of sitting as jurors; the bill provides that these people are citizens, and entitled to all the rights of citizens. This the President considers to be making a State for the purpose of admitting it into the Union—a power not conferred by the Constitution. Moreover, the House of Representatives of this Territory have protested against the admission without the question being submitted to the people. The protest was based mainly upon two grounds: "First, that we have a right to a voice in the selection of the character of our Government; and second, that we have not a sufficient population to support a State Government." The President also objects to that clause which directs the Governor-elect to convene the State Legislature for the purpose of acting upon the proviso; for as by its own terms the Constitution does not take effect until after the ratification of the proviso, there is and may never be any such person as the Governor of the State; and, moreover, it is not laid down who constitute that Legislature. The terms of all the members of the House, and of half of the Senators expired on the first Monday in January; so that it is doubtful whether there is now any valid Legislature, and no provision is made for the election of a new one. But even if the powers of the former Legislature continue, many of the members have ceased to be residents of the Territory, and in the sixty days within which the Legislature must be convened to take action upon this bill there would not be time to fill the vacancies by a new election, there being many counties with which from November to May there is no communication except by persons traveling on foot.

"The admission of a new State," says the President, in conclusion, "has generally been regarded as an epoch in our history; but after the most careful and anxious inquiry on the subject, I can not perceive that the proposed proceeding is in conformity with the policy which, from the origin of the Government, has uniformly prevailed on the admission of new States. I therefore return the bill without my signature."

On the 29th the President sent in his veto of the Nebraska Bill. The essential point is the same as in the Colorado veto; that the proviso attached to the bill being "neither more nor less than the assertion of the right of Congress to regulate the elective franchise of any State hereafter to be admitted, is in clear violation of the Federal Constitution.....Congress may, under the Constitution, admit new States or reject them; but the people of the State can alone

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make or change their organic law, and prescribe the qualifications requisite for electors." The President, moreover, says that, out of 7776 votes cast in the Territory upon the question of forming a State Constitution, "the majority in favor of the Constitution did not exceed 100; and it is alleged that, in consequence of frauds, even this result can not be received as a fair representation of the wishes of the people, and as upon them must fall the burdens of a State organization it is but just that they should be permitted to determine for themselves a question which so materially affects their interests."

TENURE OF OFFICE BILL.

In the Senate the most protracted and exhaustive debates have occurred upon the bill regulating the tenure of office. The general purport of this bill is to limit the authority of the President in making official appointments. Its general provisions are, that any person (members of the Cabinet excepted) holding any office to which he has been appointed, with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall continue in the office until his successor has been in like manner duly appointed, except in cases otherwise provided for in this bill. The principal exceptions are, that when any officer—members of the Cabinet and Judges of the United States Courts excepted—shall, during a recess of the Senate, be shown, by evidence satisfactory to the President, to have been guilty of misconduct, or in any other way rendered incapable of performing the duties of his office, in such case, and no other, the President may appoint a person to fulfill temporarily the duties of the office until the Senate shall have acted upon the case. But the President must, within twenty days after the opening of the session of the Senate, report his action and the reasons therefor to the Senate, and if this body concurs in the removal the President may absolutely remove the officer, and with the consent of the Senate appoint another person in his place; but if the Senate refuse to concur the suspended officer shall resume his functions, and the authority of his substitute shall cease. The President may fill all vacancies happening during a recess of the Senate by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of the next session; and if no appointments are made by the consent of the Senate these temporary appointments shall cease, and the functions of the office shall be exercised by such other person as would by law discharge them in case of a vacancy. This act thus prevents the President from making any permanent removals from or appointments to office, members of his Cabinet only excepted, excepting by the advice and consent of the Senate.

The debates upon this bill took a wide range, covering a discussion of the entire course, policy, and conduct of the President, as well as the constitutional questions involved. Many severe charges were brought against the President by Senators who supported the bill. Senator Johnson, of Maryland, was the foremost opponent of the bill. While he admitted that the President had said many unwise things, yet he maintained that the framers of the Constitution had wisely vested the appointing power in the President, and the Senator did not think that the Government had been ill-administered in consequence. This power, he said, was proposed to be taken from the present President on the ground that he was unfit to exercise it; but the Senator believed that however grave had been the failings of the President, he had never erred consciously, had never usurped power knowingly, and had never entertained a thought inimical to his country. What he had done was just this: He had "first sought to reorganize the States that seceded precisely in the same manner and upon the same terms as his predecessor had done; he had secondly, consistent himself with the principles upon which he was elected by the people to office, desired to have brought into the Union the States that were once in rebellion as his predecessor did." The bill passed in the Senate, January 18, by a vote of 29 to 9—14 Senators not voting.

RECONSTRUCTION.

In the House, the most prominent topic of discussion has been the Bill presented by Mr. Stevens, the substance of which was given in our Record for July, this being a substitute for that presented by the Committee on Reconstruction. For this Mr. Ashley presented a long substitute in the form of an amendment, declaring in substance that the State Governments now existing in the lately seceding States are invalid, and all their acts null and void except so far as they shall be ratified by State Governments hereafter legally organized. That all male citizens, without regard to race or former condition of servitude, who have the requisite qualifications of residence, and take a prescribed oath, are invited to take part in the formation of new State Governments. Voters are required to swear that on the 4th of March, 1864, and since, they would willingly have accepted the terms of the President's proclamation of December 8, 1863; and since that time they have not given any voluntary aid to the rebellion, and that they will henceforth bear true allegiance to the Government of the United States, and to the State Government to be organized. Conventions to be called, the delegates to which must swear that they have not voluntarily borne arms against the United States, nor held office under or given voluntary allegiance to any government hostile thereto; that they will endeavor to maintain the perpetuity of the Union of these States, and will uphold within their own States "a Government completely republican, in which all men shall enjoy equal protection and equal rights." Delegates taking this oath are to organize the Convention and determine whether they are willing to adopt the terms proposed by the Congress of the United States, and recommend their adoption by the people of the State. These terms are in substance as follows, and are to be made by ordinance forever irrevocable without the consent of Congress:

1. All persons in the State are free and equal before the law, so that no man can hold another as a slave.
2. The State shall never assume or pay any debt contracted in aid of insurrection.
3. The State will establish free schools for all children between six and fourteen years of age, from which no child shall be excluded because of race or color.
4. No person who has held office under the recent revolutionary Governments, State or Confederate, shall hold any office until the Legislature by special Act, and by a two-third vote, shall have granted a full and unconditional pardon.

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5. Whenever the constituted authorities of the State, aided by a sufficient number of the people thereof, shall attempt to dissolve the relations of the State with the Government of the United States, or enter into alliance with a foreign power, or levy war against the United States, then the State shall be deprived of its representation in Congress, and Congress shall have the right to do any act not inconsistent with the rules of civilized warfare to bring back the State upon such conditions as it may prescribe.

The proposed amendment contains full and elaborate provisions for carrying into effect the formation of these State Governments. If the Convention votes affirmatively upon these propositions, it shall proceed to choose "five citizens distinguished for their loyalty and fidelity to the Union of these States, and the persons thus selected shall act as a Provisional Committee of Safety for the State until a Constitutional State Convention shall assemble and elect a Provisional Governor, as hereinafter provided." This Committee is to take charge of the election of delegates to a State Convention, which, after declaring its assent to the foregoing fundamental conditions, shall appoint a Provisional Governor and other State officers, and frame a State Constitution, which, "when formed, shall be republican, and not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States and the principles of the Declaration of Independence;" they are to present this Constitution to the people of the State for their approval or rejection; if approved by a majority of the legal voters, the fact shall be certified by the Provisional Governor to the President and to Congress; and Congress shall determine whether or not the foregoing conditions have been complied with; "and if Congress shall approve of the Constitution and ordinance submitted to them, said State shall be declared entitled to all the rights, privileges, and immunities, and be subject to all the obligations and liabilities of a State in the American Union." If, however, in any of the States the Conventions decline to accept these terms, they are invited to present to the Congress of the United States, for approval, modification, or rejection, a plan of their own. But this plan must embody the following points: (1.) The Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land. (2.) The Constitution shall guarantee freedom and equality of all persons before the law. (3.) Voting shall be by ballot, and suffrage impartial without distinction of race or color. (4.) No debt incurred by the State in aid of the war, nor claim for loss of property during the war, nor for compensation for the loss or emancipation of any slave, shall be made upon the United States, or be assumed or paid by the State.—This proposed amendment also provides that the Convention of Texas may divide that State into two parts, the boundaries of which are laid down. Beyond these leading subjects the amendment embodies a multitude of directions for carrying these provisions into practical effect.

We have given at length the important features of this proposed amendment, but the debates have referred mainly to the proposition introduced by Mr. Stevens One of the most significant speeches was made on the 24th of January by Mr. Raymond of New York. He had at first concurred in the President's plan for the reconstruction of the Union, and still thought that if this had been early adopted it would have conduced to heal the troubles of the body politic. But it did not follow that because it was the best policy then, it was the best policy now, any more than that the wise prescription of a physician in the earlier stages of a disease should be continued when it had become serious. He thought the people had decided that "they would rather trust to Congress to adjust the subject and restore the States to the Union than to trust the Executive of the United States." They had, moreover, decided that "the Constitutional Amendment of the last session was the wisest and best basis of adjustment of which the question, in its present aspect, was susceptible." He thought that this Amendment should be pressed upon all the States, with a further Amendment that should any State hereafter attempt to secede, it should lose its representation in Congress. He opposed the bill of Mr. Stevens, and the Amendment of Mr. Ashley. Mr. Stevens thereupon gave notice that he found so much diversity of opinion upon the subject that he should probably, next day, move that his bill should be laid upon the table. The matter, however, rested until the 26th, when Mr. Ashley, at the suggestion of Mr. Stevens, withdrew his substitute. On the 28th the matter was for the present disposed of by referring the whole subject back to the Reconstruction Committee.

FINANCIAL MEASURES.

Various topics bearing directly upon the financial condition of the country have been subjects of protracted and elaborate discussion. The main points are whether there should be a regular diminution of the paper currency with a view to bring it as speedily as possible to a specie basis; and whether taxation should be continued with a view to the payment of the National Debt within the present generation, or whether it should be reduced to an amount adequate to produce a revenue sufficient to pay the current expenses of the Government and the interest upon the debt, leaving the principal to be disposed of hereafter.——A new tariff bill has been elaborated by the proper committee, and its provisions are one by one going through a minute examination in the House. The general principle of the bill is an increase in the rate of duties; but until it is perfected and proposed as a whole we do not think it necessary to note its progress through the various preliminary stages.

BILLS AND RESOLUTIONS PASSED.

Bill to enforce the Amendment prohibiting Slavery.—This recites that whereas in certain parts of the Union persons adjudged to be free citizens of the United States, convicted of offenses, have been sold for life, or for a shorter period, thus re-establishing chattel slavery, that it is now declared that the true intent of the Amendment is, that slavery and involuntary servitude in all forms is abolished, "except in direct execution of a sentence imposing a definite penalty according to law, which penalty can not, without a violation of the Constitution, impose any other servitude than that of imprisonment or other restraint of freedom under the immediate control of officers of the law and according to the usual course thereof, to the exclusion of unofficial control of the person so held in servitude." The Bill declares all such sales void, and prescribes a penalty of imprisonment for not more than ten years,

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or a fine of not more than $10,000, or both, upon any person who shall sell, or attempt to sell, or issue an order for such sale, or shall participate in any such sale.

Franchise in the Territories.—This bill provides that there shall "be no denial of the elective franchise in any of the Territories of the Union to any citizen thereof on account of race, color, or previous servitude;" and all laws inconsistent with this Act are declared null and void.

Meeting of Congress.—Provides that Congress shall meet on the 4th of March, the day on which the term begins for which it was chosen, on the first Monday in January next thereafter, and on the second Monday in November next preceding the end of the term for which it was chosen.

Payment for Enlisted Slaves.—Joint Resolution directing that the section of the Act of March 3, 1863, providing for the payment of $300 to the loyal owner of any slave who should enlist, should be suspended until otherwise provided by law.

The Coolie Trade.—Joint Resolution declaring "that it is the duty of this Government to give effect to the moral sentiment of the nation, through all its agencies, for the purpose of preventing the further introduction of Coolies into this hemisphere or the adjacent islands."

Amnesty and Pardon.—Bill repealing a section of the Act of July 17, 1862, empowering the President to grant amnesty and pardon to those engaged in rebellion.

MOTLEY AND SEWARD.

Mr. Motley, the historian, our Minister at Vienna, has offered his resignation. The immediate occasion was a dispatch from Mr. Seward, stating that he had been informed by an American citizen that most of our diplomatic representatives abroad were "bitterly opposed to the Administration, and expressed that hostility in so open a manner as to astonish Americans and leave a very bad impression on Europeans. He adds that you do not pretend to conceal 'your disgust,' as he says you style it, at the President's whole conduct. That you despise American Democracy, and loudly proclaim that an English gentleman is the model of human perfection. That the President has deserted his pledges and principles, in common with Mr. Seward, who, you say, is hopelessly degraded."

Mr. Motley replied that, while he had endeavored faithfully to discharge his duties in conformity with his instructions, he had no wish that there should be any doubts as to his political sentiments as a representative of the foreign politics of the Government. As to home questions, especially that of reconstruction, his views had never been asked by the United States Government, and he should have thought it unbecoming to volunteer a public expression of them, but would have thought it his duty to express them frankly whenever they were officially demanded. After the letter of Mr. Seward he thought it his duty to say a few words. He had always believed that strong guarantees should be taken against a recurrence of the rebellion and the establishment of slavery before the seceded States should be readmitted to representation in Congress; and latterly he was inclined to think the safest course would be an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting any distinction of race or color in regard to the elective franchise, accompanied by a general amnesty to be proclaimed by the President. He had not concealed these views in the privacy of his own household or to an occasional American visitor. The other charges he pronounces to be "pitiful fabrications." "Any one personally acquainted with me," he writes, "or who has taken the trouble to read my writings, whether political or historical, knows that a more fervent believer in American democracy than I am does not exist in the world.....That I have called Mr. Seward 'hopelessly degraded' is a vile calumny, and it wounds me deeply that you could listen for a moment to such a falsehood. In conclusion, I have only to add that I beg herewith respectfully to resign my post as United States Minister to Vienna."

EUROPE.

The main subject of interest in Europe since the date of our last Record has been the war in Candia, or Crete, and the complications resulting from its prosecution. Of late the struggle has been pushed by both parties with great vigor, has extended to the neighboring islands, and even threatens to involve all Eastern Europe in a war against the Ottoman Empire. The insurrection of the Cretans against the dominion of the Turks began in 1866. The Turks had exercised their authority with great cruelty, and after the war had begun exhibited bitter hatred against the Christians, slaughtering men, women, and children indiscriminately. A feeling of sympathy early aroused the people of Greece to action in behalf of the Cretans, and numerous volunteers and large supplies of military stores were conveyed through the Turkish blockade to the Island. The Grecian authorities, however, took no open action, though their sympathy for the Cretans was confessed. A tragic event which occurred in November, 1866, served, however, to awaken not only Greece but all the Christian nations of Europe to action. This event was the destruction of the monastery of Arcadi, and the massacre of the entire Christian garrison which held it. The Christians, who had shut themselves up in the monastery, had to resist from the 20th to the 22d November the attack of four Turkish battalions and several cannon. The Turks cannonaded the convent for a whole day, and succeeded in effecting a breach in the defenses. An assault then took place, and the troops having effected an entrance, a desperate round of fighting took place in the convent yard. Driven from this, the Christians took refuge in the cellars of the building, the women and children barricading themselves in the refectory. The cellars, however, were soon rendered untenable, and all defense of them made impossible, by the shells thrown in by the Turks; the insurgents, after a short council, resolved on blowing up the room which served as a powder magazine. This resolution was carried into effect by a priest named Manisi. A terrific explosion followed the ignition of the powder, and the greater part of the vast building was reduced to a mass of ruins. It is said that there were 200 men and 316 women and children in the convent. Of these about 50

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women and children and some 20 men who had been sheltered by a wall which withstood the shock, were saved; all the others perished. The loss of the Turks is said to have amounted to about 3000 killed and wounded. This and subsequent events—among others a great victory gained by the Cretans about the middle of January, 1867, and the publication of an address of the Cretan authorities to the European Powers—created great feeling throughout all Europe, and the principal nations have proposed to interfere and put an end to the quarrel. The French, Russian, Austrian, and Prussian Governments resolved jointly to negotiate with the Porte. The announcement of this intention led to the offer of terms of peace by the Sultan to the Cretans. These terms were, however, scornfully rejected, and hostilities were hastily resumed, and the war had spread, as we have stated, to the neighboring islands.

The announcement of the resumption of hostilities by the Turks and Cretans naturally led to further complications of the Eastern question; and war appears at the date at which we write to be inevitable. Russia and Turkey are positively announced to be preparing for the conflict. The former had ordered that all military furloughs should end by March 31, 1867; and the latter power had called out 150,000 of its reserve forces. The Grecian army had been increased to thirty thousand men. The general impression prevailed at Constantinople that these complications and preparations must result in war; but whether the destruction and obliteration of the Turkish Empire or its maintenance as a balance of power in Europe will be the result yet remains in doubt. French and Austrian scruples with regard to aiding the Turks against a Christian power may be conveniently forgotten in the desire to prevent Russia from reaching the Mediterranean; and though first aroused to action by sympathy for the Cretan Christians, France and Austria may finally be seen in league with the Mohammedan to put down the Cretan insurgents and oppose the progress southward of the Russians. How far the United States may become involved in such a contest has been made a matter of much discussion. Already our fleet in the Mediterranean has played an active though amicable part in the Cretan struggle, and our vessels have become the refuge of the women and children of Candia. General Constantine Canaris has been deputed a special embassador to this country to ask for aid; and in other ways America has prominently figured in the Cretan insurrection. The relations between this country and Russia are well known to be of the most amicable character; and friendship for the one and sympathy for the other nation may, it is thought by some, lead the people and authorities of this country into an expression of opinion and feeling which will materially affect the issues in Europe.

The concessions of Victor Emanuel to Pius IX., by which the possession of Rome has been conceded to the Papacy during the lifetime of the present Pope, have proved very unpopular to the Italians, who desire to hasten the unification of the kingdom. The difficulties between the King and Pope were settled on the basis of propositions to the effect that Florence, not Rome, should be made the capital; that the Cardinals of Rome should be made Princes of the Kingdom of Italy, their salaries doubled and amply secured; that Rome should be declared a free city under the absolute control of the Pope; and that the Pope should acknowledge and crown Victor Emanuel as King of Italy. These conditions were finally agreed upon, and the Pope now holds Rome under the protection of Italy, his temporal power being confined within the walls of the city. His troubles do not appear to have made the Pope conservative in policy or charitable in disposition; as among his first acts on being assured of the temporal control of the city of Rome was to expel the Scotch Protestant worshipers beyond the walls. He also threatened the discontinuance of Protestant worship at the American Legation; but his action in this regard appears to have been confined to mere threats. The complications of the temporal affairs produced by the expulsion of the Austrian and French troops had induced the Pope to call a council of all the prominent prelates of the Church to meet at Rome in June, 1867.

The revolutionists of Germany still continue their agitations. The Croatian and Hungarian Diets voted for separate governments from that of Austria; and the Emperor had been forced to concede them constitutional governments of their own, with representation in the Austrian Diet. Prussia had also made concessions to Poland, restoring to the people their ancient rights of representation. But the principal efforts of Prussia had been toward consolidation. Prince Augustenburg of Schleswig-Holstein has been forced to concede his rights to Prussia; and the province, which is of great importance as possessing a maritime frontier, has been annexed to Prussia and is now absorbed in the kingdom.

The revolutionists in Spain have forced the Narvaez ministry to high-handed measures in order to maintain its supremacy. Marshal O'Donnell was invited to form a new government, but declined. The Queen, Isabella, then determined to sustain Narvaez at all hazards, and the revolutionists were put under strict surveillance. Finally, the Cortes was violently dissolved, the leaders arrested and banished, and military law prevailed at our latest dates throughout the kingdom.

Europe otherwise has remained comparatively quiet. The French Ministry was quietly dissolved in January, the question upon which it disagreed being the reorganization of the army. The Reform movement still agitated England; Lord Derby declined to adopt it as a cabinet measure. Bread riots had occurred in various parts of the kingdom, and the poor were suffering greatly from the unusually severe winter.

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Editor's Drawer.

A CLERICAL friend writes:

As you receive contributions for your excellent Drawer from the clergy, and considering myself its debtor, I send you the following:

The poverty of ministers is proverbial, and probably, as the Queen of Sheba said of the wisdom of Solomon, "the half has not been told." But an old lady in Schuyler County has finally given the finishing touch to the picture, and it is now ready for the Academy of Fine Arts. It happened on this wise: The old lady was conversing with a young friend who had called to see her, and counseling her never to marry a minister, giving this as a good and sufficient reason: "Don't marry a minister," said she, "for if you do you'll never have any *soap-grease*. I have often lived near by them, and I never knew one to have any." The young lady was then "keeping company" with a Methodist minister—though her aged friend was ignorant of the fact—and in a few weeks married him, not having the fear of even *such* poverty before her eyes.

IN a certain town in Michigan lives B——, a very good sort of man, who once in a while unintentionally gets off something pretty good. He attended a political meeting during a recent campaign, where the gentleman appointed to the chair made a long, rambling speech, which very much disgusted B——. After the meeting was over he gave vent to his feelings in the following manner:

"What business had C——" (the chairman) "to get up and talk so long? In these meetings they always appoint the poorest material they have to the chair—the man that they don't want to hear speak. Why, in Wisconsin, where I came from, I was chairman more than fifty times."

A RURAL New Yorker writes to the Drawer:

During the war, and shortly after the surrender of Slidell and Mason, and when the matter was still much talked of in our rural village, Mr. B——, a member of the Masonic brotherhood, died here, and was buried by the fraternity according to the form in such case made and provided, much to the wonder of the juvenile portion of the community, one of whom, on being told by her mother that the reason the deceased was buried in that manner was that he was a mason, replied, "Mother, was Mr. B—— one of these Slidell Masons?"

A LITTLE fellow, some four or five years old, and who had never seen a negro, was greatly perplexed one day when one came by where he and his father were. The youngster eyed the stranger suspiciously till he had passed, and then asked his father:

"Pa, who painted that man all black so?"

"God did, my son," replied the father.

"Well," said the little one, still looking after the negro, "I shouldn't 'a thought he'd 'a held still."

A LAUGHABLE incident occurred at the dépôt in Savannah, Georgia. The train from Mobile brought up several barrels of shell oysters. A number of country negroes stood by, and never having seen oysters before, were somewhat surprised at the appearance of the bivalves. "Where he mouf?" exclaimed one of the most inquisitive. "How um eat? Golly! I think am nothing 'cept gum. Yah! yah!" he continued, laughing at his wit. "I spec sum white man tink nigger a fool when he call that ister." Just then he discovered an open oyster, and seizing it, he eyed it closely. Not satisfied with the examination he placed it to his nose, but no sooner was that organ inserted between the shells than they closed. Nigger howled with pain, and called out, "Pull um off! pull um off!" but the more the oyster was pulled the more he would not let go; and as poor Cuffee danced and yelled his frantic efforts to rid himself of his uncomfortable nasal ornament were both ludicrous and painful. "Hit um wid a stick," suggested a buxom wench, and in a moment the oyster was knocked right and left with a hearty will; but Cuffee's head went with it. "Pinch his tail," cried a little nig, "and he sure to let go!" But there was no tail to pinch, and poor Cuffee seemed doomed to wear the oyster forever. At this moment an "intelligent contraband" whipped out a knife and with it soon severed the oyster. Cuffee looked at the shells with amazement, and finding the oyster toothless, threw it away with the remark, "Um got no teeth, but he gum is powerful!"

A DELAWARE reader says:

Your "revenue-stamp" man reminds me of a good thing of Wilmington origin. Among a number of young fellows in Dr. J——'s office one evening was Nicholas M——, a bit of a wag when he takes a notion. The universal book-canvasser got in somehow, and finding no subscribers, Nick offered him ten cents to look at the pictures in his sample-book—some twenty odd in number. The offer was accepted in true Yankee style, and after half an hour's admiration of the first engraving, and many far-fetched critical remarks, the canvasser interrupted him with, "See here, stranger, I'll be gol darn'd if you ain't meaner than the nineteen dollar an' ninety-nine cent man! If you go on that way you'll git five dollars' worth out o' that book and keep me here all night!" And he would.

THE two following come from an intelligent friend of the Drawer beyond the seas:

A great *savant*, whom we may here call Brown, was at a meeting of the British Association held some twenty years ago in Oxford, England. He, with his son, a school-boy of thirteen, occupied by invitation a suit of rooms in Christ Church College. Hospitality was the order of the day and night, and the Browns, senior and junior, wended their way to dinner at the common hall of another college. They entered, and the great *savant*, according to custom, entered his name in the visitors'-book, affixing thereto a portion of his many scientific titles, and then passed on through the hall to the feast. Meanwhile Brown, Jun., was on thorns of impatience. He sniffed up savory odors, and in-

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stinct told him that something better than school "duff" and pea-soup was in prospect. He burned to write, and, taking the pen, wrote rapidly his own name under his father's, adding, in his haste, under the titles of his father, "Do., Do." Over his shoulders peeped an Oxford Don, Dr. Z——, of a punning college, and determined to take a "rise" out of his illustrious father. The interest of the meeting had turned mainly on the Dodo—the extinct Dinonnis of New Zealand. Learned Dons held lofty converse on the by-gone lengths of its toes, and old maids sipped their tea while musing on this struthious bird. Knowing this, Doctor Z——, across the table, drew Professor Brown into general conversation, cunningly sliding toward the Dinnonis, and asking: "Professor, don't you think that ornithologists in those days would have had great advantages over us?" "Yes, indeed," said Professor Brown; "and I think it a great pity that these gigantic birds should have been lost." To which Z——, now sure of his prey, replied, with a formal bow: "Well, I'm glad to see that the father of the Dodo, at least, is not extinct." B. looked mystified, and those who were in the secret made the glasses ring with hilarious peals, and Brown, Jun., was held to have gifted the college with a precious though involuntary pun, and till the meeting closed rejoiced in the sobriquet of the Dodo.

A SINGULAR old man shows the lions of the Cathedral of Chester, England—the Pearson's tomb, with its jeweled saints; the mosaic pictures, and the tapestry—to strangers. All these he goes through, and entraps the ladies to sit in the "misery" chairs, ingeniously contrived so as to upset any of the old monks who might fall asleep under a sermon of purgatorial length. As showman he must undertake to explain every thing; and, carrying this habit into his secular hours, undertakes to give a "because" for every "why?" A stranger made a heavy bet that he would give John a poser. They both spoke in an English provincial dialect, hard to be jotted down verbatim, and with a sort of burr, hybrid between the incipient growl of a dog and the pleased purring of a cat. "John," said the stranger, "how is it that your hair is gray and your brother's red?" John paused, and the stranger instantly clutched the stakes; but in a moment he picked himself up, and sung out in the nasal chant he had got into from long cathedral attendance: "Whoy, Zir, ũ zees Bull and ee wus a zleeping out and in the rain, and Bull's airr turrned kind of rusty, and mine turrned kind of mouldy!" John departed victor.

AN old lady, the wife of a Deacon in a town in New Hampshire, recently visited an Eastern city, with her husband, for the purpose of doing some shopping. After the business was done the Deacon went for the horse, leaving his wife at one of the hotels, but before he got round to the door the wagon was overturned and the Deacon seriously hurt. He was taken into a house near by, and his wife and the doctor sent for. The physician soon arrived, and found his patient nearly insensible. He suggested that a little brandy be administered for the purpose of reviving him; and it was here the old lady's temperance scruples showed themselves, for, turning with a grave face to the doctor, she said: "I am so sorry; but, if he must die, do, dear doctor, let him die *sober!*"

OUT at Columbus, in Ohio, lives a little, weazen, dried-up, shabby-looking politician, named Joe G——. He is the most insignificant-looking specimen of humanity one would meet in a month, but smart as a steel-trap, and any one who takes him for a fool will find himself sadly deceived. He is notorious for furnishing the finest specimens of cool impudence of any man in Ohio. The following anecdote, illustrative of this trait of his character, is told of him:

Some years ago, being in Philadelphia, he received an introduction to a prominent divine of that city. The reverend gentleman invited Joe to attend his church on a certain Sunday, which invitation was accepted. They entered the sacred edifice together. It was one of the first churches in the city, and its members were fashionable and aristocratic in the extreme. The minister put Joe into an elaborately-furnished pew well to the front. Joe nestled comfortably down into one corner of the same, and looked about as interesting and contented as a toad under a cabbage-leaf.

After a while the owner of the pew arrived, and at once gave signs of intense disgust and indignation at the presence of the interloper. He looked at Joe, looked at the pew, scowled magnificently, and finally, after fumbling through his pockets some time, drew forth a card and wrote on it with a pencil: "*This is my seat, Sir!*" and, with an air of the loftiest contempt, tossed it over to Joe.

The latter took it up; read it with lamb-like meekness peculiar to himself, and then, with the most delightful coolness, wrote in reply: "*It's a devilish good seat! What rent do you pay?*" and tossed the card back to its owner. The latter took it, looked at it with the most profound astonishment a minute or two, and then a broad grin overspread his countenance. He evidently enjoyed the sublime brass and coolness of his new acquaintance, and when service was over he approached Joe, apologized for his rudeness, invited him to his house, gave him the best he had, and treated him with the utmost respect and consideration during his sojourn in the city.

WE think our three-year-old Charlie as "cute" as any of the many little boys whose names are immortalized in the Drawer. Here are two of his sayings:

He came in the other day saying that he had fallen and hurt his lip. "Which one?" asked his sister, without looking up from her play. "The lip that my *nose grows on!*" responded Charlie.

One evening last October we had a glorious sunset. The whole western sky appeared as it were "a sea of fire." Little Charlie left his play and gazed with rapt astonishment. At length he turned to his mother, his earnest little face all aglow with wonder and delight, and exclaimed: "Oh, mother! just see where the Lord is coming out!"

DEAR DRAWER,—In the town of Kennebunk it was the custom, many years ago, for each family to take turns in killing their hogs, so that, by distribution, all could have fresh pork

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the season round. One individual, who had enjoyed his fresh roast pork, and pork and beans, having had many of the like favors showered thick upon him, thought it no more than right that he should return the compliment to his neighbors. Meeting a neighbor, Mr. Gill by name, he told him that he thought he should reciprocate; but the great trouble was, his pork was only a "little pig," and would not go half round the village. "Well," said Gill, "I'll tell you what to do: you jest kill the pesky critter and hang him outside your barn, so that the people will see it, and at twelve o'clock to-night you jest come out and take him in, and swear somebody stole him—do you see?" "Jess so!" says the other; and straightway slaughtered his pig, and hung him in view of all passers-by. At about midnight he went to take his defunct squeeler in, when behold it was missing! He went to bed, troubled in mind and body, but on rising the next morning went straightway to find Gill, and the following conversation took place:

Mr. J——. "Gill, my friend, by the powers, my pig, that I killed yesterday, was stolen last night!"

Mr. G. "You don't say so?—goodness me!"

Mr. J——. "Yes; I hung it out on the barn, and when I went to take it in I found it gone."

Mr. G. "That's the way! keep it up—keep it up! If I did not know you were lying I'd swear you told the truth!"

Mr. J——. "But I tell you, confound ye! I'm telling the truth. My pig *was* stole!"

Mr. G. "That's it! How wonderful! You beat the best actor I ever seen! It's a big joke, by Cain!"

Mr. J——. "But, d— it, it's no joke to me! The pig *was* stolen last night, and that's Gospel truth!"

Mr. G. "Well, if you tell all the village with such an earnest manner, every man, woman, and child will surely believe ye."

Mr. J——. "But I tell you— Well, no matter."

And Mr. J—— left his friend Gill with curses loud and deep. It transpired that Gill was the cruel one who stole the little pig away.

A good thing occurred at Leavenworth, Kansas: Judge P——, a most genial and companionable gentleman, and in full practice, though not fully posted in the Latin language, had a lively student, C——, who was pursuing the study of the law most diligently. On one occasion the student came across, in his reading, the Latin expression *respondeat ouster*, and not being able to comprehend it, asked Judge P—— what it meant. Judge P—— did not want to seem ignorant to his student, and after clearing his throat he said: "Well, it means—it means *let the respondent be ousted.*"

The following is one of the most laughable instances we ever knew of the complete absorption of the mind in one thing to the exclusion of every thing else:

We had occasion lately to call on the celebrated geologist and chemist, Dr. J——. We found him engaged in the chemical analysis of a dirty-looking substance on a table before him, and were obliged to wait some time to get his attention. In the course of the business with us he had occasion to give the names of his family. He commenced to write them. Several were put down readily enough, and then he stopped, thought a moment, commenced again, and again stopped. Finally said he: "I'll give it up. I am *very sure*—I *know* I've got four children. There's John, and Mary, and William, but what's the other one's name for my life I can't tell. I'll ask my wife; I guess she will know." And, sure enough, he had to give it up and ask her.

From Buffalo we have the three following:

Who shall say that the parrot is not a wise bird? I heard the other day of one which, having been brought up in a well-ordered household, would always say the customary "grace before meat" whenever the family in which she was kept seated themselves at table; and not content with that, invariably repeated the service as often as a fresh course or any new dish was brought in. Sometimes Poll's memory seemed to fail her, causing a moment's hesitation. On such occasions, clapping her claw to her bill, she would cough two or three times in a deprecatory way, and then finish the grace.

I have a better story than this, for the literal truth of which I am ready to pledge my word, having received it direct from a "reliable gentleman." The Rev. Dr. Blank, of this city, has in his possession a very fine parrot, whose *loquial*, if not *colloquial*, powers are certainly extraordinary. Recently, at his morning family worship, the Doctor took occasion, as I suppose he is in the habit of doing, being a loyal citizen, to pray very earnestly for the country, and, among other things, to implore a special blessing on the President. At this point Poll sung out: "Oh, pshaw, Dr. Blank!" I hope she did not mean to question the Doctor's sincerity, or to express a doubt of the utility of prayer for that subject.

Now for another true story—not of a parrot:

Visiting, some time since, at a friend's house who had an exceedingly bright and interesting little daughter, some four or five years of age, I bantered the child about coming home with me and being my little girl.

"No," said she, "I can't."

"But I have no little girl, and I want one very much."

"Well, you must just have a little girl of your own, and not try to get other folks' little girls."

"But all the little girls that I know belong to somebody, just like you. What am I to do?"

"Why, you must go right to God. He's got lots, and I guess He'll give you one—*if oo be dood.*"

This, I say, is not a story of a parrot, as I suspect many child stories are.

In the western part of the State of New York Mr. L——, a farmer who had been member of the Assembly from his county, was serving on the jury at the County Court. Late in the afternoon, one day, the judge and some of the attorneys engaged in the case then on were discussing the propriety of adjourning or going on with the case that evening. Mr. L——, who was one of the jurors drawn in the case, said he

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hoped the court would adjourn, as he was out with a jury all the night before, and did not feel able to sit during the evening. The judge at last decided to go on, when Mr. L—— rose and said: "I move we now adjourn. According to parliamentary rules a motion to adjourn is always in order." The judge decided that as he did not run his court by Jefferson's Manual he would not put the motion.

Some years ago Henry H—— was employed in the custom-house on the frontier. When the change of officers occurred in 1861 H—— received notice, with others, that his services were no longer required. H—— was drafted in 1863. He took the notice which was served on him and went to the provost marshal, and said:

"It appears by this that I have been drafted."

"Yes."

"There is some mistake about it, I am sure," said H——, "for two years ago I received a note from the collector at —— saying 'that the Government had no farther use for my services,' *and I do not think I ought to accept this.*"

Mr. Dawson, of Baltimore, expended a very large amount of money in building the navy of the Republic of Texas, and after the passage of the compromise measures of 1850, giving to Texas ten millions of dollars, he was a regular attendant at the sessions of our Legislature, endeavoring to get his claim allowed. He was a most genial gentleman, and laughed louder and longer at his own or any body else's jokes than any other man in Austin. We have, or had, living near here an old land locator and surveyor, named Bart Sims, whose loud and hearty laugh was a by-word. Some wags on one occasion got the two together, and made bets on the result of their laughing powers, all of which was kept secret from the parties. Of course there was plenty of wine (or something stronger) and good stories, and Dawson and old Bart roared. Finally, when the night-cap was drunk, the two were informed of the bet, and the crowd decided that Dawson had won, as he had laughed the loudest, the longest, and the heartiest. Old Bart was at first a little crest-fallen, but recovered his good-humor by remarking: "It is all right, gentlemen, but there is this difference between us: Dawson is laughing for a million, and I am only laughing for fun." That brought down the house.

A correspondent in Austin, Texas, writes:

I send you some scraps to make up for the many hearty laughs and certain unaccredited pilferings from your department of which I have been guilty these many years:

I was once traveling by stage from La Grange to Austin, having in charge two young ladies. Among the other passengers was a school-teacher from Bastrop, who had been North for his wife, and they were just returning to his Southern home. We had *not* eaten the miserable supper of the landlord at La Grange, and after we got fairly started the ladies began abusing the hotel at a round rate. One of my charges declared that she would die rather than eat such stuff as was prepared for supper. I remonstrated against such an extreme as that, and told her the story of one of Strain's party, in the survey of the Isthmus of Darien, who picked up and ate the head of a frog that one of his companions had rejected. The school-marm turned to her husband and remarked: "My dear, don't you recollect that we read it in *Harper?*" My charge still insisted that she would die rather than eat any part of a frog, and this led me to remark on the obstinacy of women, and to relate the "scissors" story. "My dear," again exclaimed my *vis-a-vis*, "don't you recollect the story? We read it in *Harper*." This nettled me, and turning upon her I said: "Yes, Madam, but Harper did not publish it as I sent it to him. I live on the Rio Grande, and our Mexican neighbors are noted for being very uncleanly, and the woman of the story had called her husband a "*piojóso*" or verminous fellow, and that had enraged him so much that he had resolved to drown her; and at the third dip, instead of working her fingers like a pair of scissors, she had worked her thumb-nails as if destroying vermin. That is the story as I sent it to Harper." During the day I stole several other good things from the Drawer, but was not again exposed. I had spiked that gun.

General Houston was as great a whittler as any Yankee, as every one knows who ever saw him in the Senate Chamber, where a quantity of soft pine and a waste-basket were always furnished him by the attendants. I was once present when a countryman from Guadalupe County called upon him while he was Governor of this State. Country wanted to know if he could bring his wife into the office to see the Governor. "Certainly, certainly!" exclaimed old Sam, with that pleasing grace of which he was master; "by all means invite the good lady in." The pair soon returned, and had a very pleasant chat with the old hero. Just as they started, old Sam presented her with a lot of silk-winders and other little mementos of his whittling. The old lady laughed very heartily, and said, "Well, Governor, Mrs. Henry M'Culloch told me that you would be certain to give me some silk-winders, and she told me to ask you to make her a butter-paddle!" At this the General and all of us roared. The next day I called upon him and found him "spreading himself" on the butter-paddle.

I was on a coroner's jury once in Starr County, in this State (Texas), and the evidence showed that the deceased came to his death from a blow inflicted by H. Clay Davis, which dislocated his neck, causing instant death. It was proven that the deceased had greatly outraged Davis's family, but that Davis had laid down a billiard-cue and struck him with his fist. I sat down to write out the verdict in accordance with the facts, but the jury insisted that the word "accidentally" should be inserted, and after an angry discussion on my part of its absurdity, the following verdict was rendered: "We, the jury, find that the deceased came to his death *accidentally*, by a blow inflicted by H. Clay Davis!"

Phil Claiborne is a lawyer of Bastrop, and sometimes, in the absence of the regular minister, fills the pulpit of his church. On one occasion of this sort he announced his text, and remarked: "Breethren, you will find that ar text

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somewhere between the lids of this here old Bible; and let me tell you, fellow-sinners, it is a Book that you should all read, for you will find it *a good egg!*"

About twelve years ago the Rev. Mr. W—— had charge of the Baptist church in the town of Somerset, in the western part of the State of New York. He was very much addicted to smoking, and some of the members of his church had spoken to him about it, that it was wrong, and was setting a bad example, etc., etc. One Sunday morning, for some reason, the church was filled with smoke. When the minister rose to commence the service he very gravely remarked: "If it is wrong for a minister to smoke, is it not a great deal worse for a meeting-house to smoke?"

Chicken-stealing has almost become epidemic about Greenville, Mississippi, and the prosecutions for that offense are very numerous. The attorneys of the place, for the fun of the thing, enter with zest into these cases. In a recent case the plaintiff was an aged colored man, who had long been known about the town, and had pretty fairly proved the defendant "guilty." The counsel for defendant, who is not too nice to have the marks of sunshine about him, desirous to catch the old man on some point, asked the question: "Can you tell me what kind of legs this chicken you say was stolen from you had?" The old man, eying the counsel, replied: "Yes, Sah! dey was purty dark; about de color ob your hands!" and perceiving his answer had caused considerable sport, he added: "I 'spects dey were white once!"

In a New Hampshire town there lived an ignorant, irreligious, worthless family, Ransom by name, no member of which had been seen inside a church within the "memory of the oldest inhabitant." The village pastor, after years of failure, had at length "almost persuaded" two of the younger scions to promise attendance for one Sabbath; but the fear that they would be made the subjects of some personal remarks still deterred them. They were in great terror lest they should be publicly upbraided with their misdoings, and called to account for their wickedness. After much exertion their fears were quieted, and on the following Sunday the eyes of the good pastor's congregation were astonished at the unwonted presence of the aforesaid Ransoms. All went pleasantly enough until the reading of the second hymn, which was the familiar

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow!" etc.

Imagine the effect when, at the end of the line

"Return ye *ransom'd* sinners home,"

the older of our heroes seized his hat, and, with long strides toward the door, shouted: "Come along home, Bill! I knowed they'd be flinging at us if we came here!"

During the late war there was established a military hospital at J——, and the citizens of the place were very generous and active in sending delicacies to the soldiers under treatment there. In order to send those things most needed, and in the proper proportion, meetings were held from time to time, and it was there decided what each would do. Among the assembly at such a gathering was an old lady, rather deaf; and as one and another were asked to send this or that to the hospital during the coming week, a young man of the "committee" asked the old lady, in a voice suited to her circumstances, if she could not "give a little milk to the sick soldiers?" "Oh! la me, no! I hain't gi'n milk for over thirty years!" Certainly the old lady thought that more was expected of her than the "committee" had any idea of asking.

After the battle of Gettysburg I was, as steward, to remain with the wounded at Seminary Hospital, in that place. A colored servant of one of the officers wishing something one day from the kitchen, asked a Sister of Charity for it, addressing her as "Missus;" and received the usual reply of her Order: "Call me Sister." "Oh yes, I would; but *I'm a black man!*" was the reply. The solemn, sad face of the Sister relaxed into a smile as she gave him what he desired.

Dear Drawer,—The *Christian Reporter*, a publication issued at Concord, New Hampshire, contains in one of its last numbers the following editorial notice:

"An Omission.—By forgetfulness the usual collection to aid the Ministers' and Widows' Charitable Fund, immediately after the opening sermon of the General Association, was not taken up at the recent meeting of the body at Dover. Unless the deficiency in the funds occasioned by this omission shall be made up by other means, *one widow less, at least, will be deprived of aid!*"

The italics, which are ours, will mark the gem of this Hibernian style.

"Deacon H——" is welcome to the Drawer whenever he brings such a good contribution as this:

Near the town of C——, in Indiana, lives one Hi Arbuckle, who is noted for the prodigious feats that he relates of himself. One day a crowd of jovial fellows were sitting on the steps of the court-house, telling old tales. Hi was in his glory: he had just won $10, so he said. Of course all were anxious to know how he won it. Well, he said he was passing neighbor P——'s, when the neighbor told him he would give any man $10 that would lift that beam, which was of enormous weight. Hi said that he took hold and lifted it with ease. P—— then remarked that he would give any other man the like sum who would do the same thing. Hi called up his brother John, who won the same sum. The crowd passed no comments on the account, knowing that it was beyond all reason to believe it true. Finally Captain R——, late of the Confederate army, commenced a story by saying that he once had an excellent black man, whom he had never punished. One day he asked Pompey if he had ever been whipped. "Yes, mas'r, once—only once: my ole mas'r whip me once for *carrying rail cuts into de shade to split 'em.*" "And you know," said the Captain, "*green oak is very heavy.*"

Near C—— there lived one Simpson, who formerly held the office of justice of peace. John M——, an influential citizen, was brought

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before S. on a charge of assault and battery brought by a shiftless fellow named Jack V——. As soon as they were in the room Simpson exclaimed: "Well, John, tell us how this thing happened." John replied that the fellow had insulted him, and then he (John) went into him. "Well," says Simpson, "I'll fine you a dollar, though *you ought to have killed him.*" He then adjourned court.

At another time there were two men before him on a charge of assault and battery. After hearing the testimony he declared that "one was justifiable, and the other wasn't."

ALICK C—— doubted a long time whether he ought to marry a widow or a maid. He finally married a widow. One day he was conversing with one of his friends on the absurdity of ladies using cant phrases. "Why," said he, "even Mrs. C—— used a slang word the other day. She knows that I am very fond of buttermilk, and the other day she had some on the table, and after taking a glass I asked her: 'Mrs. C——, is this good buttermilk?' Says she: 'It is *bully*.' I remarked to her: 'Mrs. C——, perhaps it is more *cowey* than bully.'"

IT is exceedingly amusing for Northern housekeepers to notice the novel and very simple views of our friends at the South in regard to the employment of hired servants. Their ideas of wages, duties, privileges, and forfeitures being as fresh as the system of labor among them. A very rich illustration, which will make many a lady reader laugh when she thinks of the Biddy down stairs, who does more damage every day than poor Melissa could be charged with in a year, is told by an officer of the Freedman's Bureau, whose post is in the capital of one of the Southern States. He writes:

I send you inclosed a copy of a bill just brought into my office. The Rev. Mr. S——, of this place, one of the most violent of the rebel chivalry, hired a freedwoman named Melissa to do his housework, promising her eight dollars per month. At the expiration of the first month he refused to pay her more than five dollars and a half. Melissa complained to me, and the gentleman accounted for the settlement he had made by sending in this bill by the hands of his son, a very airy young gentleman, who expatiated volubly upon the magnanimous manner in which they treated their servants, instancing, as an example, that Melissa was not charged in the bill with a pot she had cracked:

Freedwoman Melissa in ac't with Rev. Mr. S——.

	Dr.
Melting spout out of boiler	25 cts.
Failing to keep cook *vessles* clean from time to time	25 cts.
General filthiness and uniform disobedience	50 cts.
Waist of suit (waste of suet)	25 cts.
Bringing raw meat to table several times	25 cts.
Persistently refusing to cook such character of victuals as directed	50 cts.
Destruction of cup towels	50 cts.
Total	$2 50

A WRITER from the "piney woods of Georgia," who tells as well as appreciates a good story, sends the four following:

Farmer H——, a thrifty, hard-working, close-fisted son of the soil, not long ago lost his wife by death. The funeral took place in the afternoon, and was over by four o'clock. After remaining in town a short time the clergyman who officiated started on his return home, by a road which led by the farm of H——. What was his surprise to find that worthy in his working dress, with coat off and hammer in hand, busily engaged in repairing his garden fence. To his statement of the impropriety exhibited in such apparently unfeeling conduct he received as excuse: "Wa'al, I didn't mean any such thing; but you see, it being a kind of a broken day, I just thought I would use it up in mending the gates."

WHEN the division of General —— was lying at Yorktown a great deal of trouble was occasioned by frequent cases of intoxication among the troops, and a strict order was issued to prevent liquor being brought them. As a result, the men would slip off to Fortress Monroe, and then return, fully supplied internally, and with a surplus for others. Early one morning Captain R——, the Provost Marshal, started for the fort on horseback, having some important business to transact. On the road he overtook a man in civilian's dress, whom he thought he recognized as having been repeatedly brought before him for excessive vinous hilarity. Instantly wheeling his horse he accosted the man, when the following conversation took place:

"Where are you going, my man?"

"Home."

"What do you mean by home? What are you doing away from your regiment?"

"I don't belong to any regiment, your Honor."

"Why, you infamous liar! haven't you been brought up before me half a dozen times for drunkenness?"

"Never, never, your Honor! I'm a poor man, and work hard for me living on me own land."

"Why, you infernal rascal, I know your face well! Do you mean to say you don't know who I am?"

"No, your Honor; I kape to me own home, and know nothing of any man round here."

"Do you mean to tell me that your name ain't Malone, and that you don't belong to the ——th Vermont?"

"Ah no, your Honor; I'm Pat Maloy, and I live at Bethel."

At his wit's end for proof, and a little in doubt if he was not in error, Captain R—— hesitated, when all at once a thought struck him. "Say whisky," said he. Not a sound was uttered by the man. "Say whisky," he again ordered. But the man's lips never moved. At the third repetition of the order the man drew himself straight up and brought his hand to a salute, bursting out with, "Ah, Captain, thure a Yankee is threwder than a fox." In his alphabet *th* had to stand for *s*.

IF not smart enough for a Yankee, Pat proved himself too much for a Teuton. The cook (a German) of Surgeon J—— had one day prepared some apple-sauce for the supper of the medical staff, made from the Brigade Commissary's dried apples. After thorough boiling he left the sauce in a pan in the kitchen-tent to cool, while he went to set the supper-table. On returning he found half his apple-sauce gone, and running out saw a soldier, a notorious joker and regi-

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mental scamp, making hurried tracks for the company quarters. An appeal to the Colonel by the cook sent a guard down to arrest the man and bring him to regimental head-quarters. He was found in his tent, apparently asleep, but with several circumstantial evidences of the theft about him, such as a tin plate moist with some sweet substance, a spoon with a little apple-sauce adhering to it, etc. The circumstantial proofs being so strong the Colonel decided upon his punishment, and was about ordering him to the guard-house, when the man asked leave to put a few questions to the cook himself, which he thought would clear him. On permission being given he began:

"Was the sauce made out of dried apples?"

An affirmative reply was given.

"Were they not put into cold water first?"

Again came an affirmative reply.

"Didn't they then swell up large?"

Still an affirmative.

"Well, then, you nimmahaun lager beer," he thundered out, "when they got cold again wouldn't they *shrink?*"

I don't think the Dutchman has got it into his head to this day why this should not be the fact; but he still holds a lurking suspicion of the man.

At the beginning of the war I acted as Regimental Postmaster, being authorized to frank "soldiers' letters." Among the letters received one day was one from some town in Lower Canada, directed to "Francis D——, Private, —— Co., —— Regiment, New York Volunteers, Alexandria, Virginia," the last word being written small. At the side was indorsed, "Not Alexandria in Egypt." The Bluenose postmaster had given it a journey of five months.

My room-mate at ——, Captain S——, who had been suffering for a week with severe toothache, woke me up one night, vowing that his tormentor was to come out there and then, but insisting that he would take chloroform. On looking for the bottle of that article I found it gone, and then remembered that I had left it at the lodging of an officer and friend a short distance off, who had been using it as an application in neuralgia. I at once dispatched my colored servant for it, who in a short time returned without it. On asking the reason I was told that the Major said he hadn't got such a thing. I then inquired what he had asked for, when I was told, "Doctor P—— wants his clothes-press." I again dispatched the "intelligent contraband," after repeating over to him the word several times, and again he returned without it. This time he informed me he had asked for a "clothes-horse." Making up my mind that it was useless to send the boy again, I decided to go myself. After giving a thundering rap at the door a window was thrown up overhead, and I was greeted with the following outburst: "Now you infernal nigger, if you don't keep away from this house I'll put a ball through you! I suppose you have come after a mangle this time. Now you tell Doctor P—— to go to the devil, or I'll come up there and mangle him!"

A small town in the Western part of the country contains more than its share of widows. At a Christmas festival eight of these "sorrowful sisters" *just happened* to be standing around the chair of a promising young widower, transporting him with their bewitching smiles.

A married lady present, who has a keen sense of the ridiculous, appreciated the situation at once, and determined to have some sport. With a cry of alarm she rushed across the room, and, pushing the widows right and left, shouted at the top of her voice: "For Heaven's sake, ladies, give the man air!" at the same time plying a large palm-leaf fan she happened to find with the utmost vigor.

The thing was done so naturally, and the revulsion of feeling was so great after they saw there was no *immediate* occasion for alarm, that the crowd cheered wildly, and continued to repeat their cheers as often as it was mentioned during the evening, much to the annoyance of the widows.

Lutie is a three-year-old, and astonished her mother the other morning in bed by—"Mamma, there's a marble in bed by my feet. Put your hand down and feel." Mamma's hand, guided by Lutie's, felt the protuberant bone of Lutie's ankle. Humoring the idea, she said: "Why, how did it get there?" when the little elf replied: "Guess I must have swallowed it!" Satisfactory, wasn't it?

Dear Drawer,—One of your correspondents having furnished an item about an exceedingly mean man, and having asked the question, "Who ever knew a meaner one?" calls to mind an incident that illustrates the meanness of a man in this Western section:

Mr. D——, who is a man of considerable wealth, had an acre of buckwheat which, while in blossom, was often visited by the bees of a neighbor. Thinking that he was imposed on by this state of affairs, he called and presented a claim for damages to his neighbor, who could not get rid of the troublesome Mr. D—— without first agreeing to pay him two cents per month pasturage for each hive of bees!

That came from Indiana; here's another from a town in Massachusetts:

A young lady, member of a family which, although not wealthy, was comfortably off in this world's goods, was to be married. Handsomely-engraved cards were sent out to the relatives and friends, but about two weeks before the wedding it was found that there were not cards enough to "go round." Instead of having more struck off, the mother of the young lady called on some of her neighbors and asked them to return the cards that had been sent them, as *she wished to send them to others!* Cap that.

This comes from Ohio: Passing through the public park the other day I observed two gentlemen approaching each other—one with a limping gait, as if he had just returned from the war with a wound in one of his pedal extremities. Said the other to the lame man:

"Why, Ned, what's the matter?—sprained your ankle?—cut your foot?"

"No, not quite so bad as that—got the *cornucopia.*"

"Cornu what?"

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"Cornucopia."

"And, pray, what kind of a disease is that?"

"Why, man, you a Latin scholar and don't know what cornucopia means! I was down to my doctor just now, and he told me it was Latin for *tender corns!*"

A BOSTONIAN writes: Little folks sometimes say things that are too good to lose. Here is one:

A little girl came into our office a few days since and inquired for a man who, she said, was employed here. We told her that no man of that name was here. She insisted there was, and told where he lived, etc. We suggested that perhaps she had mistaken the name, to which she replied: "I am quite sure that is right; at any rate, that *was* his name *before he was married!*" Imagine the smile that crept over the faces of those who heard it.

A CERTAIN Government claim agent in Boston is noted for his quick dispatch of business. The other day a friend of mine called and requested me to go and certify to his identity, as he was about putting in his claim for bounty. The papers being filled out and signed, we were, as usual in such cases, required to make oath to the truth of our statements. Just before holding up our hands my friend inquired how long it would be before his claim would be cashed. The answer and the oath came in a breath, as follows: "You severally solemnly swear that the statements subscribed by you are true, so help you God, you will receive your bounty in a short time, Mr. Young!"

AT the close of college term in a New England school, a number of students determined to wind up with a *soirée*, as 'twas called.

The party assembled, each with one or more of the fair ones of the place, borrowed or imported for the occasion. One of the students taking a little too much of the "overflowing bowl," in attempting to get out happened to get into the ladies' dressing-room, where he was discovered by a class-mate, who took compassion upon him and snugly stowed him away in a secluded corner to sleep off his "over-indulgence." After remaining there some three hours or more, a couple of the young ladies came from the hall to dress up a little for the last dance, when the following conversation ensued:

"Julia, did you hear any one say any thing about me?"

"Yes, Mary. John B—— said you were the prettiest girl in the hall. Did you hear any one say any thing about me?" said Julia.

"Yes," said Mary; "Mr. S—— said—"

At this point John, who had begun to revive a little, raised up his head, much to the astonishment of the girls, and drawled out:

"Did you hear any one say any thing about me?"

DEAR DRAWER,—Professor H——, the noted phrenologist, lectured in Akron, Ohio, one night last month. After his lecture he examined the "bumps" of an individual named F——, whom the audience selected, and proceeded to give him a "bad name," calling him mule, infidel, etc., and raising a laugh at Mr. F——'s expense. Next evening, toward ten o'clock, the Professor growing tedious and the audience sleepy, Mr. F—— gravely arose from his seat, paced on tip-toe, deacon-fashion, to the Professor, who ceased speaking, and leaned forward to hear what he had to say. He said nothing, but quietly pulling out an old bull-eye watch showed the astonished Professor the time o' night. The laugh was turned; in vain the Professor said "a story;" he could not go on; he lost his temper, and finally concluded in as few words as possible.

THIS comes from Western New York:

DEAR DRAWER,—The anecdote in the December Number about the old lady who responded in *meeting*, puts me in remembrance of an old lady who lives in these parts. She enjoys attending camp-meetings very much, and sometimes becomes rather noisy. One time she was more than usually so, and it was determined to remove her in such a manner as to prevent her returning. She lived at a distance of nine or ten miles from the ground, and a man was procured who, for the consideration of twenty-five cents (specie), promised to convey her to her home. She submitted quietly, and when they had arrived at the end of their trip she gave the man another quarter to take her back! Imagine the surprise of the brethren to see the man drive on to the ground with the old lady by his side!

AN "Old Subscriber" is welcome to the Drawer with his story:

Some five-and-twenty years ago, when this part of the Empire State was but sparsely settled, it was a work of no small difficulty to get a jury together, especially as the inhabitants were notoriously disinclined to the pleasures of litigation. The court had been forced to adjourn many times, from day to day, because the Sheriff as often came in and reported an incomplete panel. Finally, things came to a crisis. The Judge fixed a day beyond which no further forbearance could be exercised. When that day arrived the enthusiastic Sheriff rushed into the court-room, and exclaimed: "It's all right, your Honor! we'll have the jury by 12 o'clock. I've got eleven of them locked up in a barn, and *we are running the twelfth with dogs!*"

A NAVAL OFFICER in California writes:

DEAR DRAWER,—It is a long time since you heard from me, but I can not keep out of the Drawer, and I think the following genuine child's story is worthy of a place in it: I have a cousin out here, a bright little girl of five, who said, one dark night a few weeks ago, "Mamma, I don't think God is at home to-night, he hasn't hung the moon out!"

HERE is one from Buckskin, Colorado:

Squire H——, of F——, an inveterate joker, had business there a few days ago, and stopped at the Pacific Hotel. S——, the county surveyor, and civil engineer to all who need his services, boards at said hotel. On the second day of the Squire's stay said he to S——, "Have you said any thing to them here about my being your guest?" "Yes," said S——. "They asked me if you had any money, and I said I *guessed* [guest] you had!"

"MA WHALLEY" is a character in our village.

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She is now an old woman, and lives in a small cottage off the main street. A few days ago she was going to the store with a basket, to make some purchases, when she met a lad driving a fine load of hay to market. She stopped him, inquired the quality and price of the article, and, after much deliberation, ordered the boy to drive his horses into her yard. The place was rather strait for the wagon to enter, but he finally managed to drive in, and prepared to unload. Looking up to the lad—who, pitchfork in hand, was about to toss off the hay—she said, with great simplicity: "You may give me about enough for a hen's-nest; I've been wanting it for some time!"

CHATTING with one of her neighbors not long since, she related her experience when converted, many years ago, as follows:

"I used to be very gay, and fond of the world and all its fashions, till the Lord showed me my folly. I liked silks and ribbons and laces and feathers, but I found they were dragging me down to hell—*so I gave them all to my sister!*"

ABOUT twenty years ago, when Franklin Pierce and the present Senator Clark stood at the head of the Hillsborough bar, in New Hampshire, there was upon the docket a celebrated suit called the "Horse Case," which, from its long continuance before the courts, became familiar, by name at least, to nearly every one in the county. The action was one brought by Smith and Jones, livery-stable keepers, of Manchester, against one White, to recover the value of a pair of horses alleged to have been killed by the defendant while conveying an insane man from Manchester to the asylum at Concord. There was plenty of proof that the horses died soon after their arrival there; but the defendant took the ground that they died of disease, and not from being overheated, and that a sufficient time had been allowed them to travel that distance with ease. Then it became necessary to show the jury the time of starting and the time of arrival at Concord. Plaintiffs brought to the witness-stand many citizens from Manchester and Concord; and, among the latter, a tall, bony, slab-sided, lanky, sleepy-looking fellow, who officiated as hostler at the stable. I think it was Mr. Clark who conducted the cross-examination of this witness, and I give you the substance of the concluding portion:

"What time, Sir, did I understand you to say it was when the horses were driven up to the stable?"

"Just as I was goin' to dinner."

"What time was it when you went to dinner that day—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What time was it when you went to dinner the day before—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What time did you go to dinner the day before *that*—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, Sir."

"Yes, Sir."

"And what time did you go to dinner a week previous—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Now, Sir, will you be good enough to tell the jury what time you went to dinner three months before the last date—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"That is all, Sir," said the counsel, with a gleam of satisfaction on his face and a glance at the jury, as much as to say, "That man has settled his testimony, gentlemen." And so we all thought till, just as he was leaving the stand, he turned to his questioner with a curious comical expression on his face, and drawled out, "*That 'ere clock was out o' kilter, and hadn't been goin' for six months.*" There was a general roar in the gallery where I sat. Mr. Clark sat down, and I noticed that the judge had to use his handkerchief just then.

ELIZA H—— ran away from her home with a sad scape-grace, and married him against the wishes of her parents. As is usual in such cases, she found that the roses of her imagination were rather thorny when she came to pluck them; and ere long a letter came to the father from his repentant child. The letter was of some length, and closed with these touching sentiments:

"Dear Father, I can't be happy while you are displeased with me. Do, please, send my blue circular and your forgiveness. Your dutiful daughter,

"ELIZA."

The paternal breast was moved.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

One of the brethren in our church, though a very good, is rather an illiterate man, and sometimes amuses those who are present at the meetings, where he exhorts occasionally. Shortly after the death of President Lincoln he was moved to make a few remarks upon that melancholy event, which he prefaced with the following rather unfortunate sentence: "My friends, I see in this bloody act the wise design of an *unscrupulous* Providence." He was not conscious of doing injustice to Providence by substituting *unscrupulous* for *inscrutable*, and no one hurt his feelings by a correction.

IN the year 1824, writes a Pennsylvanian, I took boarding in F——'s Hollow, near Germantown. The lady of the house was no admirer of fancy cooking. She would put a big kettle on filled with potatoes, turnips, cabbage, and beef, all cooked together, and brought on the table meal after meal until all was used up. A basin of milk placed on the centre of the table, with a saucer floating therein, for one and all to use in turn. I concluded to look for another boarding-house, and found one. At the first breakfast the first cup of coffee was good. The flow ceased at pouring the second cup. The lady applied her mouth to the spout, blowing the impediment away, and tried again. A little coffee came, but not enough to fill the cup; a spoon was introduced, and nothing but a baby's shoe prevented the flow. I thought it was about time to look out for another boarding-house.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCIII.—APRIL, 1867.—Vol. XXXIV.

THE DODGE CLUB; OR, ITALY IN MDCCCLIX.



YANKEE DOODLE.

VII.

DOLORES.—AN ITALIAN MAID LEARNS ENGLISH.—A ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.—A MASQUERADE, AND WHAT BEFELL THE SENATOR.—A CHARMING DOMINO.—A MOONLIGHT WALK, AND AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY.

THE lodgings of Buttons and Dick were in a remarkably central part of Naples. The landlord was a true Neapolitan; a handsome, gay, witty, noisy, lively, rascally, covetous, ungrateful, deceitful, cunning, good-hearted old scoundrel, who took advantage of his guests in a thousand ways, and never spoke to them without trying to humbug them. He was the father of a pretty daughter who had all her parent's nature somewhat toned down, and expanded in a feminine mould.

Buttons had a chivalrous soul, and so had Dick; the vivacity of this very friendly young lady was like an oasis in the wilderness of travel. In the evening they loved to sit in the sunshine of her smile. She was singularly unconventional, this landlord's daughter, and made many informal calls on her two lodgers in their apartment.

An innocent, sprightly little maid—name Dolores—age seventeen—complexion olive—hair jet black—eyes like stars, large, luminous, and at the same time twinkling—was anxious to learn English, especially to sing English songs; and so used to bring her guitar and sing for the Americans. Would they teach her their national song? "Oh yes! happy beyond expression to do so." The result, after ten lessons, was something like this:

"Anty Dooda tumma towna
By his sef a po-ne
Stacca fadda inna sat
Kalla Maccaroni."

She used to sing this in the most charming manner, especially the last word in the last line. Not the least charm in her manner was her evident conviction that she had mastered the English language.

"Was it not an astonishing thing for so young a Signorina to know English?"

"Oh, it was indeed!" said Buttons, who knew Italian very well, and had the lion's share of the conversation always.

"And they said her accent was fine?"

"Oh, most beautiful!"

"Bellissima! Bellissima!" repeated little Dolores, and she would laugh until her eyes overflowed with delighted vanity.

"Could any Signorina Americana learn Italian in so short a time?"

"No, not one. They had not the spirit. They could never equal her most beautiful accent."

"Ah! you say all the time that my accent is most beautiful."

One day she picked up a likeness of a young lady which was lying on the table.

"Who is this?" she asked, abruptly, of Buttons.

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"A Signorina."

"Oh yes! I know; but is she a relative?"

"No."

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Is this your affianced?"

"Yes."

"Ah, how strange! What will you be?—a soldier or an advocate?"

"Neither. I will be a priest."

"A priest! Signor, what is it that you tell me? How can this be your affianced lady?"

"Oh! in our country the priests all marry, and live in beautiful little cottages, with a garden in front."

This Dolores treated with the most contemptuous incredulity. Who ever heard of such a thing? Impossible! Moreover, it was so absurd. Buttons told her that he was affianced five years ago.

"An eternity!" exclaimed Dolores. "How can you wait? But you must have been very young."

"Young? Yes, only sixteen."

"Blessed and most venerable Virgin! Only sixteen! And is she the most beautiful girl you know?"

"No."

"Where have you seen one more so?"

"In Naples."

"Who is she?"

"An Italian."

"What is her name?"

"Dolores."

"That's me."

"I mean you."

This was pretty direct; but Dolores was frank, and required frankness from others. Some young ladies would have considered this too coarse and open to be acceptable. But Dolores had so high an opinion of herself that she took it for sincere homage. So she half closed her eyes, leaned back in her chair, looked languishingly at Buttons, and then burst into a merry peal of musical laughter.

"I think I am the most beautiful girl you ever saw."

It was Buttons's turn to laugh. He told Dolores that she was quite right, and repeated her favorite word, "Bellissima!"

One evening when Dick was alone in the room a knock came to the door.

"Was he disengaged?"

"Oh, quite."

"The Signora in the room next—"

"Yes."

"Would be happy to see him."

"Now?"

"Yes, as soon as he liked."

The Signora did not have to wait long. In less time than it takes to tell this Dick stood with his best bow before her. How he congratulated himself on having studied Italian! The lady reclined on a sofa. She was about thirty, and undeniably pretty. A guitar lay at her feet. Books were scattered around—French novels, and manuals of devotion. Intelligence beamed from her large, expressive eyes. How delightful! Here was an adventure, perhaps a fair conquest.

"Good-evening, Signor!"

"I kiss the hands to your ladyship," said Dick, mustering a sentence from Ollendorff.

"Pardon me for this liberty."

"I assure you it gives me the greatest happiness, and I am wholly at your service."

"I have understood that you are an American."

"I am, Signora."

"And this is your first visit to Naples?"

"My first, Signora."

"How does Naples please you?"

"Exceedingly. The beautiful city, the crowded streets, the delightful views—above all, the most charming ladies."

A bow—a slight flush passed over the lady's face, and Dick whispered to himself,

"Well put, Dick, my boy—deuced well put for a beginner."

"To come to the point," said the lady, with a sigh.—("Ah, here we have it!" thought Dick —the point—blessed moment!)—"I would not have ventured to trouble you for any slight cause, Signor, but this nearly concerns myself."—(Keep down—our heart, murmured Dick—cool, you



I KISS HANDS.

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dog—cool!)—"My happiness and my tenderest feelings—" (Dick's suffused eyes expressed deep sympathy.)—"I thought of you—"

"Ah, Signora!"

"And not being acquainted with you—" (What a shame!—*aside*)—"I concluded to waive all formality"—(Social forms are generally a nuisance to ardent souls—*aside*)—"and to communicate at once with you."

"Signora, let me assure you that this is the happiest moment in my life."

The Signora looked surprised, but went on in a sort of preoccupied way: "I want to know if you can tell me any thing about my brother."

"Brother!"

"Who is now in America."

Dick opened his eyes.

"I thought that perhaps you could tell me how he is. I have not heard from him for two years, and feel very anxious."

Dick sat for a moment surprised at this unexpected turn. The lady's anxiety about her brother he could see was not feigned. So he concealed his disappointment, and in his most engaging manner informed her that he had not seen her brother; but if she could tell him his name, and the place where he was living, he might be able to tell something about him.

"His name," sighed the lady, "is Giulio Fanti."

"And the place?"

"Rio Janeiro."

"Rio Janeiro?"

"Yes," said the lady, slowly.

Dick was in despair. Not to know any thing of her brother would make her think him stupid. So he attempted to explain:

"America," he began, "is a very large country—larger, in fact, than the whole Kingdom of Naples. It is principally inhabited by savages, who are very hostile to the whites. The whites have a few cities, however. In the North the whites all speak English. In the South they all speak Spanish. The South Americans are good Catholics, and respect the Holy Father; but the English in the North are all heretics. Consequently there is scarcely any communication between the two districts."

The lady had heard somewhere that in the American wars they employed the savages to assist them. Dick acknowledged the truth of this with candor, but with pain. She would see by this why he was unable to tell her any thing about her brother. His not knowing that brother was now the chief sorrow of his life. The lady earnestly hoped that Rio Janeiro was well protected from the savages.

"Oh, perfectly so. The fortifications of that city are impregnable."

Dick thus endeavored to give the lady an idea of America. The conversation gradually tapered down until the entrance of a gentleman brought it to a close. Dick bowed himself out.

"At any rate," he murmured, "if the lady wanted to inspect me she had a chance, and if she wanted to pump me she ought to be satisfied."

One evening Buttons and Dick came in and found a stranger chatting familiarly with the landlord and a young hussar. The stranger was dressed like a cavalry officer, and was the most astounding fop that the two Americans had ever seen. He paced up and down, head erect, chest thrown out, sabre clanking, spurs jingling, eyes sparkling, ineffable smile. He strode up to the two youths, spun round on one heel, bowed to the ground, waved his hand patronizingly, and welcomed them in.



THE YOUNG HUSSAR.

"A charming night, gallant gentlemen. A bewitching night. All Naples is alive. All the world is going. Are you?"

The young men stared, and coldly asked where?

"Ha, ha, ha!" A merry peal of laughter rang out. "Absolutely—if the young Americans are not stupid.—They don't know me!"

"Dolores!" exclaimed Buttons.

"Yes," exclaimed the other. "How do you like me? Am I natural?—eh? military? Do I look terrible?"

And Dolores skipped up and down with a strut beyond description, breathing hard and frowning.

"If you look so fierce you

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will frighten us away," said Buttons.

"How do I look now?" she said, standing full before him with folded arms, *à la* Napoleon at St. Helena.

"Bellissima! Bellissima!" said Buttons, in unfeigned admiration.

"Ah!" ejaculated Dolores, smacking her lips, and puffing out her little dimpled cheeks. "Oh!" and her eyes sparkled more brightly with perfect joy and self-contentment.

"And what is all this for?"

"Is it possible that you do not know?"

"I have no idea."

"Then listen. It is at the Royal Opera-house. It will be the greatest masquerade ball ever given."

"Oh—a masquerade ball!—and you?"

"I? I go as a handsome young officer to break the hearts of the ladies, and have such rare sport. My brave cousin, yonder gallant soldier, goes with me."

The brave cousin, who was a big, heavy-headed fellow, grinned in acknowledgment but said nothing.



A PERPLEXED SENATOR.

The Royal Opera-house at Naples is the largest, the grandest, and the most capacious in the world. An immense stage, an enormous pit all thrown into one vast room, surrounded by innumerable boxes, all rising, tier above tier—myriads of dancers, myriads of masks, myriads of spectators—so the scene appeared. Moreover, the Neapolitan is a born buffoon. Nowhere is he so natural as at a masquerade. The music, the crowd, the brilliant lights, the incessant motion are all intoxication to this impressible being.

The Senator lent the countenance of his presence—not from curiosity, but from a benevolent desire to keep his young friends out of trouble. He narrowly escaped being prohibited from entering by making an outrageous fuss at the door about some paltry change. He actually imagined that it was possible to get the right change for a large coin in Naples.

The multitudes of moving forms made the new-comers dizzy. There were all kinds of fantastic figures. Lions polked with sylphs, crocodiles chased serpents, giants walked arm in arm with dwarfs, elephants on two legs ran nimbly about, beating every body with huge probosces of inflated India rubber. Pretty girls in dominos abounded, every body whose face was visible was on the broad grin. All classes were represented. The wealthiest nobles entered into the spirit of the scene with as great gusto as the humblest artisan who treated his obscure sweet-heart with an entrance ticket.

Our friends all wore black dominos, "just for the fun of the thing." Every body knew that they were English or American, which is just the same; for Englishmen and Americans are universally recognizable by the rigidity of their muscles.

A bevy of masked beauties were attracted by the colossal form of the Senator. To say that he was bewildered would express his sensations but faintly. He was distracted. He looked for Buttons. Buttons was chatting with a little domino. He turned to Dick. Dick was walking off with a rhinoceros. To Figgs and the Doctor. Figgs and the Doctor were exchanging glances with a couple of lady codfishes and trying to look amiable. The Senator gave a sickly smile.

"What'n thunder'll I do?" he muttered.

Two dominos took either arm. A third stood smilingly before him. A fourth tried to appropriate his left hand.

"Will your Excellency dance with one of us at a time," said No. 4, with a Tuscan accent, "or will you dance with all of us at once?"

The Senator looked helplessly at her.

"He does not know how," said No. 1. "He has passed his life among the stars."

"Begone, irreverent ones!" said No. 3. "This is an American prince. He said I should be his partner."

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EXIT SENATOR.

"Boh! malidetta!" cried No. 2. "He told me the same; but he said he was a Milor Inglese."

No. 4 thereupon gave a smart pull at the Senator's hand to draw him off. Whereupon No. 2 did the same. No. 3 began singing, "Come e bello!" and No. 1 stood coaxing him to "Fly with her." A crowd of idlers gathered grinningly around.

"My goodness!" groaned the Senator. "Me! the—the representative of a respectable constituency; the elder of a Presbyterian church; the president of a temperance society; the deliverer of that famous Fourth of July oration; the father of a family—me! to be treated thus! Who air these females? Air they countesses? Is this the way the foreign nobility treat an American citizen?"

But the ladies pulled and the crowd grinned. The Senator endeavored to remonstrate. Then he tried to pull his arms away; but finding that impossible he looked in a piteous manner, first at one, and then at the other.

"He wants, I tell you, to be my partner," said No. 1.

"Bah!" cried No. 2, derisively; "he intends to be mine. I understand the national dance of his country—the famous jeeg Irlandese."

"MRS.!!!"

The Senator shouted this one word in a stentorian voice. The ladies dropped his arms and started.

"I say, Mrs.!" cried the Senator. "Look here. Me no speeky *I*-talian—me American. Me come here just see zee fun, you know—zee spoart—you und-stand? Ha? Hum!"

The ladies clapped their hands, and cried "Bravo!"

Quite a crowd gathered around them. The Senator, impressed with the idea that, to make foreigners understand, it was only necessary to yell loud enough, bawled so loudly that ever so many dancers stopped. Among these Buttons came near with the little Domino. Little Domino stopped, laughed, clapped her hands, and pointed to the Senator.

The Senator was yelling vehemently in broken English to a large crowd of masks. He told them that he had a large family; that he owned a factory; that he was a man of weight, character, influence, popularity, wealth; that he came here merely to study their manners and customs. He disclaimed any intention to participate in their amusements just then, or to make acquaintances. He would be proud to visit them all at their houses, or see them at his apartments, or—or—in short, would be happy to do any thing if they would only let him go in peace.

The crowd laughed, chattered, and shouted "Bravo!" at every pause. The Senator was covered with shame and perspiration. What would have become of him finally it is impossible to guess; but, fortunately, at this extremity he caught sight of Buttons! To dash away from the charming ladies, to burst through the

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crowd, and to seize the arm of Buttons was but the work of a moment.

"Buttons! Buttons! Buttons! Help me! These confounded *I*-talian wimmin! Take them away. Tell them to leave me be. Tell them I don't know them—don't want to have them hanging round me. Tell them *I'm your father!*" cried the Senator, his voice rising to a shout in his distraction and alarm.

About 970 people were around him by this time.

"Goodness!" said Buttons; "you are in a fix. Why did you make yourself so agreeable? and to so many? Why, it's too bad. One at a time!"

"Buttons," said the Senator, solemnly, "is this a time for joking? For Heaven's sake get me away!"

"Come, then; you must run for it."

He seized the Senator's right arm. The little Domino clung to his other. Away they started. It was a full run. A shout arose. So arises the shout in Rome along the bellowing Corso when the horses are starting for the Carnival races. It was a long, loud shout, gathering and growing and deepening as it rose, till it burst on high in one grand thunder-clap of sound.

Away went the Senator like the wind. The dense crowd parted on either side with a rush. The Opera-house is several hundred feet in length. Down this entire distance the Senator ran, accompanied by Buttons and the little Domino. Crowds cheered him as he passed. Behind him the passage-way closed up, and a long trail of screaming maskers pressed after him. The louder they shouted the faster the Senator ran. At length they reached the other end.

"Do you see that box?" asked Buttons, pointing to one on the topmost tier.

"Yes, yes."

"Fly! Run for your life! It's your only hope. Get in there and hide till we go!"

The Senator vanished. Scarcely had his coat-tails disappeared through the door when the pursuing crowd arrived there. Six thousand two hundred and twenty-seven human beings, dressed in every variety of costume, on finding that the runner had vanished, gave vent to their excited feelings by a loud cheer for the interesting American who had contributed so greatly to the evening's enjoyment.

Unlucky Senator! Will it be believed that even in the topmost box his pursuers followed him? It was even so. About an hour afterward Buttons, on coming near the entrance, encountered him. His face was pale but resolute, his dress disordered. He muttered a few words about "durned *I*-talian countesses," and hurried out.

Buttons kept company with the little Domino. Never in his life had he passed so agreeable an evening. He took good care to let his companion know this. At length the crowd began to separate. The Domino would go. Buttons would go with her. Had she a carriage? No, she walked. Then he would walk with her.

Buttons tried hard to get a carriage, but all were engaged. But a walk would not be unpleasant in such company. The Domino did not complain. She was vivacious, brilliant, delightful, bewitching. Buttons had been trying all the evening to find out who she was. In vain.

"Who in the world is she? I must find out, so that I may see her again." This was his one thought.

They approached the Strada Nuova.

"She is not one of the nobility, at any rate," he thought, "or she would not live here."

They turned up a familiar street.

"How exceedingly jolly! She can't live far away from my lodgings."

They entered the Strada di San Bartolomeo.

"Hanged if she don't live in the same street!"

A strange thought occurred. It was soon confirmed. They stopped in front of Buttons's own lodgings. A light gleamed over the door. Another flashed into the soul of Buttons. The Domino took off her mask and turned her face up to Buttons. That face, dimpled, smiling, bewitching; flashing, sparkling eyes; little mouth with its rosy lips!

"*Dolores!*"

"Blessed saints, and Holy Virgin! Is it possible that you never suspected?"

"Never. How could I when I thought you were dressed like a dragoon?"

"And you never passed so happy an evening; and you never had so fascinating and charming a partner; and you never heard such a voice of music as mine; and you can never forget me through all life; and you never can hope to find any one equal to me!" said Dolores, in her usual laughing volubility.

"Never!" cried Buttons.

"Oh dear! I think you must love me very much."

And a merry peal of laughter rang up the stairs as Dolores, evading Buttons's arm, which that young man had tried to pass about her waist, dashed away into the darkness and out of sight.

VIII.

ADVENTURES AND MISADVENTURES.—A WET GROTTO AND A BOILING LAKE.—THE TWO FAIR SPANIARDS, AND THE DONKEY RIDE.

THE Grotto of Posilippo is a most remarkable place, and, in the opinion of every intelligent traveler, is more astonishing than even the Hoosac Tunnel, which nobody will deny except the benighted Bostonian.

The city of Pozzuoli is celebrated for two things; first, because St. Paul once landed there, and no doubt hurried away as fast as he could; and, secondly, on account of the immense number of beggars that throng around the unhappy one who enters its streets.

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The Dodge Club contributed liberally. The Doctor gave a cork-screw; the Senator, a bladeless knife; Dick, an old lottery ticket; Buttons, a candle-stump; Mr. Figgs, a wild-cat bank-note. After which they all hurried away on donkeys as fast as possible.

The donkey is in his glory here. Nowhere else does he develop such a variety of forms—nowhere attain such an infinity of sizes—nowhere emit so impressive a bray. It is the Bray of Naples. "It is like the thunder of the night when the cloud bursts o'er Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once in the hollow wind."

There is a locality in this region which the ancients named after a certain warm region which no refined person ever permits himself to mention in our day. Whatever it may have been when some Roman Tityrus walked pipe in mouth along its shore, its present condition renders its name singularly appropriate and felicitous. Here the party amused themselves with a lunch of figs and oranges, which they gathered indiscriminately from orchards and gardens on the road-side.

There was the Lake Lucrine. Averno and the Elysian Fields were there. The ruins of Caligula's Bridge dotted the surface of the sea. Yet the charms of all these classic scenes were eclipsed in the tourists' eyes by those of a number of pretty peasant girls who stood washing clothes in the limpid waters of the lake.

It was in this neighborhood that they found the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl. They followed the intelligent cicerone, armed with torches, into a gloomy tunnel. The intelligent cicerone walked before them with the air of one who had something to show. Seven stout peasants followed after. The cavern was as dark as possible, and extended apparently for an endless distance.

After walking a distance of about two miles, according to the Senator's calculation, they came to the centre of interest. It was a hole in the wall of the tunnel. The Americans were given to understand that they must enter here.

"But how?"

"How? Why, on the broad backs of the stout peasants, who all stood politely offering their humble services." The guide went first. Buttons, without more ado, got on the back of the nearest Italian and followed. Dick came next; then the Doctor. Mr. Figgs and the Senator followed in the same dignified manner.

They descended for some distance, and finally came to water about three feet deep. As the roof was low, and only rose three feet above the water, the party had some difficulty, not only in keeping their feet out of the water, but also in breathing. At length they came to a chamber about twelve feet square. From this they passed on to another of the same size. Thence to another. And so on.

Arriving at the last, Bearer No. 1 quietly deposited Buttons on a raised stone platform, which fortunately arose about half an inch above the water. Three other bearers did the same. Mr. Figgs looked forlornly about him, and, being a fat man, seemed to grow somewhat apoplectic. Dick beguiled the time by lighting his pipe.

"So this is the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, is it?" said Buttons. Then all I can say is that—"

What he was going to say was lost by a loud cry which interrupted him and startled all. It came from the other chamber.

"The Senator!" said Dick.

It was indeed his well-known voice. There was a plash and a groan. Immediately afterward a man staggered into the room. He was deathly pale, and tottered feebly under the tremendous weight of the Senator. The latter looked as anxious as his trembling bearer.

"Darn it! I say," he cried. "Darn it! Don't! Don't!"

"Diavo-lo!" muttered the Italian.

And in the next instant plump went the Senator into the water. A scene then followed that baffles description. The Senator, rising from his unexpected bath, foaming and sputtering, the Italian praying for forgiveness, the loud voices of all the others shouting, calling, and laughing.

The end of it was that they all left as soon as possible, and the Senator indignantly waded back through the water himself. A furious row with the unfortunate bearer, whom the Senator refused to pay, formed a beautifully appropriate



DARN IT!—DON'T.

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THUMP!

termination to their visit to this classic spot. The Senator was so disturbed by this misadventure that his wrath did not subside until his trowsers were thoroughly dried. This, however, was accomplished at last, under the warm sun, and then he looked around him with his usual complacency.

The next spot of interest which attracted them was the Hall of the Subterranean Lake. In this place there is a cavern in the centre of a hill, which is approached by a passage of some considerable length, and in the subterranean cavern a pool of water boils and bubbles. The usual crowd of obliging peasantry surrounded them as they entered the vestibule of this interesting place. It was a dingy-looking chamber, out of which two narrow subterranean passages ran. A grimy, sooty, blackened figure stood before them with torches.

"Follow!"

This was all that he condescended to say, after lighting his torches and distributing them to his visitors. He stalked off, and stooping down, darted into the low passage-way. The cicerone followed, then Buttons, then Dick, then the Senator, then the Doctor, then Mr. Figgs. The air was intensely hot, and the passage-way grew lower. Moreover, the smoke from the torches filled the air, blinding and choking them.

Mr. Figgs faltered. Fat, and not by any means nimble, he came to a pause about twenty feet from the entrance, and, making a sudden turn, darted out.

The Doctor was tall and unaccustomed to bend his perpendicular form. Half choked and panting heavily he too gave up, and turning about rushed out after Mr. Figgs.

The other three went on bravely. Buttons and Dick, because they had long since made up their minds to see every thing that presented itself, and the Senator, because when he started on an enterprise he was incapable of turning back.

After a time the passage went sloping steeply down. At the bottom of the declivity was a pond of water bubbling and steaming. Down this they ran. Now the slope was extremely slippery, and the subterranean chamber was but faintly illuminated by the torches. And so it came to pass that, as the Senator ran down after the others, they had barely reached the bottom when

Thump!

At once all turned round with a start. Not too quickly; for there lay the Senator, on his back, sliding, in an oblique direction, straight toward the pool. His booted feet were already in the seething waves; his nails were dug into the slippery soil; he was shouting for help.

To grasp his hand, his collar, his leg —to jerk him away and place him upright, was the work of a shorter time than is taken to tell it.

The guide now wanted them to wait till he boiled an egg. The Senator remonstrated, stating that he had already nearly boiled a leg. The Senator's opposition overpowered the wishes of the others, and the party proceeded to return.

Pale, grimy with soot, panting, covered with huge drops of perspiration, they burst into the chamber where the others were waiting—first Buttons, then Dick, then the Senator covered with mud and slime.

The latter gentleman did not answer much to the eager inquiries of his friends, but maintained a solemn silence. The two former loudly and volubly descanted on the accumulated horrors of the subterranean way, the narrow passage, the sulphurous air, the lake of boiling floods.

In this outer chamber their attention was directed to a number of ancient relics. These are offered for sale in such abundance that they may be considered staple articles of commerce in this country.

So skillful are the manufacturers that they can produce unlimited supplies of the following articles, and many others too numerous to mention:

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Cumæan and Oscan coins;
Ditto and ditto statuettes;
Ditto and ditto rings;
Ditto and ditto bracelets;
Ditto and ditto images;
Ditto and ditto toilet articles;
Ditto and ditto vases;
Ditto and ditto flasks;
Relics of Parthenope;
Ditto of Baiæ;
Ditto of Misenum;
Ditto of Pæstum;
Ditto of Herculaneum;
Ditto of Pompeii;
Ditto of Capræa;
Ditto of Capua;
Ditto of Cumæ—

And other places too numerous to mention; all supplied to order; all of which are eaten by rust, and warranted to be covered by the canker and the mould of antiquity.

The good guide earnestly pressed some interesting relics upon their attention, but without marked success. And now, as the hour of dinner approached, they made the best of their way to a neighboring inn, which commanded a fine view of the bay. Emerging from the chamber the guide followed them, offering his wares.

"Tell me," he cried, in a sonorous voice, "oh most noble Americans! how much will you give for this most ancient vase?"

"Un' mezzo carlino," said Dick.

"Un' mezzo carlino!!!"

The man's hand, which had been uplifted to display the vase, fell downward as he said this. His tall figure grew less and less distinct as they went further away; but long after he was out of sight the phantom of his reproachful face haunted their minds.

After dinner they went out on the piazza in front of the hotel. Two Spanish ladies were there, whose dark eyes produced an instantaneous effect upon the impressible heart of Buttons.

They sat side by side, leaning against the stone balustrade. They were smoking cigarettes, and the effect produced by waving their pretty hands as they took the cigarettes from their mouths was, to say the least, bewildering.

Buttons awaited his opportunity, and did not have to wait long. Whether it was that they were willing to give the young American a chance, or whether it was really unavoidable, can not be said, but certainly one of the fair Spaniards found that her cigarette had gone out. A pretty look of despair, and an equally pretty gesture of vexation, showed at once the state of things. Upon which Buttons stepped up, and with a bow that would have done honor to Chesterfield, produced a box of scented allumettes, and lighting one, gravely held it forward. The fair Spaniard smiled bewitchingly, and bending forward without hesitation to light her cigarette, brought her rosy lips into bewildering proximity to Buttons's hand.

It was a trying moment.

The amiable expression of the ladies' faces, combined with the softly spoken thanks of the lady whom Buttons first addressed, encouraged him. The consequence was, that in about five minutes more he was occupying a seat opposite them, chatting as familiarly as though he were an old playmate. Dick looked on with admiration; the others with envy.

"How in the world does it happen," asked the Senator, "that Buttons knows the lingo of every body he meets?"

"He can't help it," said Dick. "These Continental languages are all alike; know one, and you've got the key to the others—that is with French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese."

"And look at him now!" cried the Senator, his eye beaming with cordial admiration.

"You may well look at him!" sighed Dick. "Two such pretty girls as these won't turn up again in a hurry. Spaniards too; I always admired them." And he walked down to the shore humming to himself something about "the girls of Cadiz."

The ladies informed Buttons that they were traveling with their brother, and had been through Russia, Germany, England, France, and were now traversing Italy; did not like the three first-mentioned countries, but were charmed with Italy.

Their *naïveté* was delightful. Buttons found out that the name of one was Lucia, and the other Ida. For the life of him he did not know



A TRYING MOMENT.

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SENATOR AND DONKEY.

which he admired most; but, on the whole, rather inclined to the one to whom he had offered the light—Ida.

He was equally frank, and let them know his name, his country, his creed. They were shocked at his creed, pleased with his country, and amused at his name, which they pronounced, "Señor Bo-to-nes."

After about an hour their brother came. He was a small man, very active, and full of vivacity. Instead of looking fiercely at the stranger, he shook hands with him very cordially. Before doing this, however, he took one short, quick survey of his entire person, from his felt hat down to his Congress boots. The consequence was that Buttons deserted his companions, and went off with the ladies.

Dick took the lead of the party on the return home. They viewed the conduct of Buttons with displeasure. The Senator did not show his usual serenity.

The party were all riding on donkeys. To do this on the minute animals which the Neapolitans furnish it is necessary to seat one's self on the stern of the animal, and draw the legs well up, so that they may not trail on the ground. The appearance of the rider from behind is that of a Satyr dressed in the fashion of the nineteenth century. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the sight of a figure dressed in a frock-coat and beaver hat, and terminated by the legs and tail of a donkey.

As it was getting late the party hurried. The donkeys were put on the full gallop. First rode the guide, then the others, last of whom was the Senator, whose great weight was a sore trial to the little donkey.

They neared Pozzuoli, when suddenly the Senator gave his little beast a smart whack to hasten his steps. The donkey lost all patience. With a jump he leaped forward. Away he went, far ahead of the others. The saddle, whose girth was rather old, slipped off. The Senator held on tightly. In vain! Just as he rounded a corner formed by a projecting sand-bank the donkey slipped. Down went the rider; down went the donkey also—rider and beast floundering in the dusty road.

A merry peal of ill-suppressed laughter came from the road-side as he rolled into view. It came from a carriage. In the carriage were the Spaniards—there, too, was Buttons.

IX.

A DRIVE INTO THE COUNTRY.—A FIGHT WITH A VETTURINO.—THE EFFECT OF EATING "HARD BOILED EGGS."—WHAT THEY SAW AT PÆSTUM.—FIVE TEMPLES AND ONE "MILL."

To hire a carriage in Naples for any length of time is by no means an easy thing. It is necessary to hold long commune with the proprietor, to exert all the wiles of masterly diplomacy, to circumvent cunning by cunning, to exert patience, skill, and eloquence. After a decision has been reached, there is but one way in which you can hold your vetturino to his bargain, and that is to bind him to it by securing his name to a contract. Every vetturino has a printed form all ready. If he can't write his name, he does something equally binding and far simpler. He dips his thumb in the ink-bottle and stamps it on the paper. If that is not his signature, what else is it?

"Thus," said one, "Signor Adam signed the marriage-contract with Signora Eva."

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After incredible difficulties a contract had been drawn up and signed by the horny thumb of a certain big vetturino, who went by the name of "Il Piccolo." It was to the effect that, for a certain specified sum, Il Piccolo should take the party to Pæstum and back, with a detour to Sorrento.

It was a most delightful morning. All were in the best of spirits. So they started. On for miles through interminable streets of houses that bordered the circular shore, through crowds of sheep, droves of cattle, dense masses of human beings, through which innumerable caleches darted like meteors amidst the stars of heaven. Here came the oxen of Southern Italy, stately, solemn, long-horned, cream-colored; there marched great droves of Sorrento hogs—the hog of hogs—a strange but not ill-favored animal, thick in hide, leaden in color, hairless as a hippopotamus. The flesh of the Sorrento hog bears the same relation to common pork that "Lubin's Extrait" bears to the coarse scent of a country grocery. A pork-chop from the Sorrento animal comes to the palate with the force of a new revelation; it is the highest possibility of pork—the apotheosis of the pig! Long lines of macaroni-cooks doing an enormous business; armies of dealers in anisette; crowds of water-carriers; throngs of fishermen, carrying nets and singing merry songs—"Ecco mi!" "Ecco la!"—possible Massaniellos every man of them, I assure you, Sir. And—enveloping all, mingling with all, jostling all, busy with the busiest, idle with the idlest, noisy with the noisiest, jolly with the jolliest, the fat, oily, swarthy, rosy—(etc., for further epithets see preceding pages)—*Lazaroni!*

Every moment produces new effects in the ever-shifting scenes of Naples. Here is the reverse of monotony; if any thing becomes wearisome, it is the variety. Here is the monotony of incessant change. The whole city, with all its vast suburbs, lives on the streets.

The Senator wiped his fevered brow. He thought that for crowds, noise, tumult, dash, hurry-skurry, gayety, life, laughter, joyance, and all that incites to mirth, and all that stirs the soul, even New York couldn't hold a candle to Naples.

Rabelais ought to have been a Neapolitan.

Then, as the city gradually faded into the country, the winding road opened up before them with avenues of majestic trees—overhanging, arching midway—forming long aisles of shade. Myrtles, that grew up into trees, scented the air. Interminable groves of figs and oranges spread away up the hill, intermingled with the darker foliage of the olive or cypress.

The mountains come lovingly down to bathe their feet in the sea. The road winds among them. There is a deep valley around which rise lofty hills topped with white villages or ancient towers, or dotted with villas which peep forth from amidst dense groves. As far as the eye can reach the vineyards spread away. Not as in France or Germany, miserable sandy fields with naked poles or stunted bushes; but vast extents of trees, among which the vines leap in wild luxuriance, hanging in long festoons from branch to branch, or intertwining with the foliage.

"I don't know how it is," said the Senator, "but I'm cussed if I feel as if this here country was ground into the dust. If it is, it is no bad thing to go through the mill. I don't much wonder that these Italians don't emigrate. If I owned a farm in this neighborhood I'd stand a good deal of squeezin' before I'd sell out and go any wheres else."

At evening they reached Salerno, a watering-place on the sea-coast, and Naples in miniature.

There is no town in Italy without its opera-house or theatre, and among the most vivid and most precious of scenic delights the pantomime commends itself to the Italian bosom. Of course there was a pantomime at Salerno. It was a mite of a house; on a rough calculation thirty feet by twenty; a double tier of boxes; a parquette about twelve feet square; and a stage of about two-thirds that size.

Yet behold what the ingenuity of man can accomplish! On that stage there were performed all the usual exhibitions of human passion, and they even went into the production of great scenic displays, among which a great storm in the forest was most prominent.

Polichinello was in his glory! On this occasion the joke of the evening was an English traveler. The ideal Englishman on the Continent is a never-failing source of merriment. The presence of five Americans gave additional piquancy to the show. The corpulent, double-chinned, red-nosed Englishman, with knee-breeches, shoe-buckles, and absurd coat, stamped, swore, frowned, doubled up his fists, knocked down waiters, scattered gold right and left, was arrested, was tried, was fined; but came forth unterrified from every persecution, to rave, to storm, to fight, to lavish money as before.

How vivid were the flashes of lightning produced by touching off some cotton-wool soaked in alcohol! How terrific the peals of thunder produced by the vibrations of a piece of sheet-iron! Whatever was deficient in mechanical apparatus was readily supplied by the powerful imagination of the Italians, who, though they had often seen all this before, were not at all weary of looking at it, but enjoyed the thousandth repetition as much as the first.

Those merry Italians!

There is an old, old game played by every vetturino.

When our travelers had returned to the hotel, and were enjoying themselves in general conversation, the vetturino bowed himself in. He was a good deal exercised in his mind. With a great preamble he came to the point: As they intended to start early in the morning, he supposed they would not object to settle their little bill now.

"*What!*" shouted Buttons, jumping up.

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"What bill? Settle a bill? *We* settle a bill? Are you mad?"

"Your excellencies intend to settle the bill, of course," said the vetturino, with much phlegm.

"Our excellencies never dreamed of any such thing."

"Not pay? Ha! ha! You jest, Signor."

"Do you see this?" said Buttons, solemnly producing the contract.

"Well?" responded Il Piccolo.

"What is this?"

"Our contract."

"Do you know what it is that you have engaged to do?"

"To take you to Pæstum."

"Yes; to Pæstum and back, with a detour to Sorrento. Moreover, you engage to supply us with three meals a day and lodgings, for all of which we engage to pay a certain sum. What, then," cried Buttons, elevating his voice, "in the name of all the blessed saints and apostles, do you mean by coming to us about hotel bills?"

"Signor," said the vetturino, meekly, "when I made that contract I fear I was too sanguine."

"Too sanguine!"

"And I have changed my mind since."

"Indeed?"

"I find that I am a poor man."

"Did you just find that out?"

"And that if I carry out this it will ruin me."

"Well?"

"So you'll have to pay for the hotel expenses yourselves," said Il Piccolo, with desperation.

"I will forgive this insufferable insolence," said Buttons, majestically, "on condition that it never occurs again. Do you see that?" he cried, in louder tones.



"DO YOU SEE THAT?"

And he unfolded the contract, which he had been holding in his hand, and sternly pointed to the big blotch of ink that was supposed to be Il Piccolo's signature.

"*Do you see that?*" he cried, in a voice of thunder.

The Italian did not speak.

"And *that?*" he cried, pointing to the signature of the witness.

The Italian opened his mouth to speak, but was evidently nonplused.

"You are in my power!" said Buttons, in a fine melodramatic tone, and with a vivacity of gesture that was not without its effect on the Italian. He folded the contract, replaced it in his breast-pocket, and slapped it with fearful emphasis. Every slap seemed to go to the heart of Il Piccolo.

"If you dare to try to back out of this agreement I'll have you up before the police. I'll enforce the awful penalty that punishes the non-performance of a solemn engagement. I'll have you arrested by the Royal Guards in the name of His Majesty the King, and cause you to be incarcerated in the lowest dungeons of St. Elmo. Besides, I won't pay you for the ride thus far."

With this last remark Buttons walked to the door, and without another word opened it, and motioned to Il Piccolo to leave. The vetturino departed in silence.

On the following morning he made his appearance as pleasant as though nothing had happened.

The carriage rolled away from Salerno. Broad fields stretched away on every side. Troops of villagers marched forth to their labor. As they went on they saw women working in the fields, and men lolling on the fences.

"Do you call that the stuff for a free country?" cried the Senator, whose whole soul rose up in arms against such a sight. "Air these things men? or can such slaves as these women seem to be give birth to any thing but slaves?"

"Bravo!" cried Buttons.

The Senator was too indignant to say more, and so fell into a fit of musing.

"Dick," said Buttons, after a long pause, "you are as pale as a ghost. I believe you must be beginning to feel the miasma from these plains."

"Oh no," said Dick, dolefully; "something worse."

"What's the matter?"

"Do you remember the eggs we had for dinner last evening?"

"Yes."

"That's what's the matter," said Dick, with a groan. "I can't explain; but this, perhaps, will tell thee all I feel."

He took from his pocket a paper and handed it to Buttons. Around the margin were drawn

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etchings of countless fantastic figures, illustrating the following lines:

A NIGHTMARE.

"*Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.*"

BY A VICTIM.

Eggs! Eggs!! Eggs!!!
Hard boiled eggs for tea!
And oh! the horrible nightmare dream
They brought to luckless me!

The hippopotamus came;
He sat upon my chest:
The hippopotamus roared "I'll spot him!" as
He trampled upon my breast.

The big iguanodon hunched
And rooted in under me:
The big iguanodon raised by that pan o' done
Overdone eggs for tea.

The ichthyosaurus tried
To roll me up in a ball;
While all the three were grinning at me,
And pounding me, bed and all.

Hip! hip! hurrah!
It was a little black pig,
And a big bull-frog, and a bobtailed dog—
All of them dancing a jig.

And oh, the snakes! the snakes!
And the boa constrictor too!
And the cobra capello—a terrible fellow—
Came to my horrified view.

Snakes and horrible beasts,
Frog, pig, and dog
Hustled me, pushed me, tickled me, crushed me,
Rolled me about like a log.

The little blue devils came on;
They rode on a needle's point;
And the big giraffe, with asthmatic laugh,
And legs all out of joint.

Bats crawled into my ears,
Hopping about in my brain;
And grizzly bears rode up on mares,
And then rode down again.

An antediluvian roared,
In the form of a Brahmin bull;
And a Patagonian squeezed an onion,
Filling my aching eyes full.

The three blue bottles that sat
Upon the historical stones
Sang, "Hey diddle diddle"—two on a fiddle,
The other one on the bones.

"Whoo! whoo! whoo!
Get up, get up, you beauty!
Here come the shaved monkeys, a-riding on donkeys,
Fresh from Bobberty Shooty."

They raised me up in the air,
Bed, body, and all,
And carried me soon to the man in the moon,
At the siege of Sebastopol.

Down, down, down,
Round, round, round,
A whirlpool hurled me out of the world,
And oh, no bottom I found.

Down, down, down,
Whirl, whirl, whirl,
And the Florentine boar was pacing the shore,
His tail all out of curl.

He smoked my favorite pipe,
He blew a cloud of smoke,
He pulled me out with his porcine snout,
And hugging him, I awoke.

"Why, Dick," cried the Senator, "what precious nonsense!"

"It was intended to be so," said Dick.

"Well, but you might as well put on an *idee*. It must have some meaning."

"Not a bit of it. It has no meaning; that is, no more than a dream or a nightmare."

The Senator now began to discuss the nature of poetry, but was suddenly interrupted by a shout—

"The Temples!"

The country about Pæstum is one of the most beautiful in the world. Between the mountains and the sea lies a luxuriant plain, and in the middle of it is the ruined city. The outlines of walls and remnants of gates are there. Above all rise five ancient edifices. They strolled carelessly around. The marble floors of a good many private houses are yet visible, but the stupendous temples are the chief attraction here; above all, the majestic shrine of Neptune.

It was while standing with head thrown back, eyes and mouth opened wide, and thoughts all taken up with a deep calculation, that the Senator was startled by a sudden noise.

Turning hastily he saw something that made him run with the speed of the wind toward the place where the noise arose. Buttons and Dick were surrounded by a crowd of fierce-looking men, who were making very threatening demonstrations. There were at least fifteen. As the Senator ran up from one direction, so came up Mr. Figgs and the Doctor from another.

"What is this?" cried the Senator, bursting in upon the crowd.

A huge Italian was shaking his fist in Buttons's face, and stamping, and gesticulating violently.

"These men say we must pay five piastres each to them for strolling about their ground, and Buttons has told this big fellow that he will give them five kicks each. There'll be some kind of a fight. They belong to the Camorra." Dick said all this in a hurried undertone.

"Camorry, what's that—brigands?"

"All the same."

"They're not armed, any how."

Just at this moment Buttons said something which seemed to sting the Italians to the soul, for with a wild shout they rushed forward. The Doctor drew out his revolver. Instantly Dick snatched it from him, and rushing forward, drove back the foremost. None of them were armed.

"Stand off!" he cried, in Italian. "The fight is between this big fellow and my friend. If any one of you interferes I'll put a bullet through him."

The Italians fell back cursing. Buttons instantly divested himself of his coat, vest, and collar. The Italian waited with a grim smile.

At one end were the Senator, the Doctor, Mr. Figgs; at the other the Italian ruffians. In the middle Buttons and his big antagonist. Near them Dick with his pistol.

The scene that followed had better be de-

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THE MILL AT PÆSTUM.

scribed in Dick's own words, as he penciled them in his memorandum-book, from time to time, keeping a sharp look-out with his pistol also. Afterward the description was retouched:

Great mill at Pæstum, between E. BUTTONS, *Esq., Gentleman, and Italian party called* BEPPO.

1*st Round.*—Beppo defiant, no attitude at all. Buttons assumed an elegant *pose*. Beppo made a succession of wild strokes without any aim, which were parried without effort. After which Buttons landed four blows, one on each peeper, one on the smeller, and one on the mug.

First blood for Buttons. Beppo considerably surprised. Rushed furiously at Buttons, arms flying every where, struck over Buttons's head. Buttons lightly made obeisance, and then fired a hundred-pounder on Beppo's left auricular, which had the effect of bringing him to grass. *First knock down for Buttons.*

2*d Round.*—Foreign population quite dumbfounded. Americans amused but not excited. One hundred to one on Buttons eagerly offered, but no takers. Beppo jumped to his feet like a wild cat. Eyes encircled with ebon aurioles, olfactory quite demolished. Made a rush at Buttons, who, being a member of the Dodge Club, dodged him, and landed a rattler on the jugular, which again sent foreign party to grass.

3*d Round.*—Nimble to the scratch. Beppo badly mashed and raving. Buttons unscathed and laughing. Beppo more cautious made a faint attempt to get into Buttons. No go. Tried a little sparring, which was summarily ended by a cannonade from Buttons directly in his countenance.

4*th Round.*—Foreigners wild. Yelling to their man to go in. (Don't understand a single one of the rules of the P. R. Very benighted. Need missionaries.) Evinced strong determination to go in themselves, but were checked by attitude of referee, who threatened to blow out brains of first man that interfered. Beppo's face magnified considerably. Appearance not at all prepossessing. Much distressed but furious. Made a bound at Buttons, who calmly, and without any apparent effort, met him with a terrific upper cut, which made the Italian's gigantic frame tremble like a ship under the stroke of a big wave. He tottered, and swung his arms, trying to regain his balance, when another annihilator most cleanly administered by Buttons laid him low. A great tumult rose among the foreigners. Beppo lay panting with no determination to come to the scratch. At the expiration of usual time, opponent not appearing, Buttons was proclaimed victor. Beppo very much mashed. Foreigners very greatly cowed. After waiting a short time Buttons resumed his garments and walked off with his friends.

After the victory the travelers left Pæstum on their return.

The road that turns off to Sorrento is the most beautiful in the world. It winds along the shore with innumerable turnings, climbing hills, descending into valleys, twining around precipices. There are scores of the prettiest villages under the sun, ivy covered ruins, frowning fortresses, lofty towers, and elegant villas.

At last Sorrento smiles out from a valley which is proverbial for beauty, where, within its shelter of hills, neither the hot blast of midsummer nor the cold winds of winter can ever disturb its repose. This is the valley of perpetual spring, where fruits forever grow, and the seasons all blend together, so that the same orchard shows trees in blossom and bearing fruit.

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HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.



BENJAMIN H. PORTER.

XVII.—TRUE CHIVALRY. BENJAMIN H. PORTER.

Birth.—Enters Naval School.—The Trip.—Commencement of the Rebellion.—Roanoke Expedition.—Blockading.—Admiral Foote.—Anecdote.—Exploring Charleston Harbor.—Torpedoes.—The Rescue.—Attack on Sumter.—The Capture.—Marched to Columbia.—Imprisonment.—In Irons.—Disappointment and Endurance.—The Release.—Attack upon Sumter.—Death.

ONE may search the records of ancient chivalry in vain for a career more brilliant in heroism than that of the young patriot sailor Benjamin H. Porter. He was the son of James G. Porter and Sarah Grosvener his wife, and was born at Skeneateles, Onondaga County, New York, on the 10th of July, 1844, the youngest of six sons. When he was four years of age his father moved to Lockport, and there he was educated until his fifteenth year. He was then only remarkable for his cheerful, amiable, and affectionate spirit, which rendered him a universal favorite.

Like all adventurous boys he yearned for a life at sea. A vacancy occurring, in the Congressional district in which he resided, for the United States Naval School at Annapolis, his friends applied to obtain the appointment for him. The Hon. Silas M. Burroughs, sitting member of Congress for that district, took the very proper course of inviting a competitive examination of the young men who were applicants for the position. After an exhaustive and thorough examination of a large class young Porter won the prize. Reaching Annapolis in November, 1859, he was there exposed to another examination; and though half the class, who were examined with him, were rejected, he was admitted as a cadet, and was immediately placed upon the school-ship Plymouth, which was anchored in the bay.

There were one hundred and twelve cadets in the class which he joined. He remained there until the following June, when his class sailed on their annual cruise to initiate them into the practical duties of seamanship.

On the 1st of July the ship put out to sea. On the 3d they encountered a tremendous gale. The ship sprang a-leak, and all hands were called to the pumps. They, however, reached Fayal, in the Azores, in safety, when the cadets were relieved from their toil and spent a day luxuriously on shore, climbing the mountains and clattering through the vine-clad valleys upon ponies and donkeys. Each of these lilliputian animals had an attendant who clung to his tail and urged him onward by blows and the most unintelligible jargon. Thence they sailed for Cadiz, in Spain. But the cruel quarantine cut them off from every joy. Their chagrin was aggravated by seeing the beautiful pleasure-grounds across the bay crowded with groups of Spanish maidens, graceful as fairies, beneath whose gossamer veils the boys longed to peep.

Making the best of their disappointment again they weighed anchor, and passing by the Rock of Gibraltar and the renowned Pillars of Hercules, they soon ran along the vine-clad hills of Madeira, and steering for the Peak of Teneriffe, enjoyed a few rapturous hours in the Canaries. Again they weighed anchor and reached Chesapeake Bay in September, where they resumed their theoretical studies for the winter on shore.

The storm of the great rebellion was now beginning to rise. Eastern Maryland was terribly agitated. Many of the people embraced the secession cause, and bitter dissensions arose among the officers and cadets of the school, many of whom were from the seceding States. It was feared that the traitors in the school combining with those on the shore might seize the ship, the guns, and the other property of the United States belonging to the Naval School. The officers and cadets who remained loyal gave up all their ordinary pursuits, and stood guard night and day at their battery and on the ship. At length troops arrived to their relief. Then by orders from Washington the pupils, with the effects of the institution, were taken on board

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the Constitution, and she sailed for New York. Upon her arrival there they were ordered to Newport, Rhode Island, where the school was re-established in a region safe from the assaults of treason. The great civil war was now fairly inaugurated, and the rebels were making their attacks upon the fortresses, arsenals, and important strategic points of the United States with such ferocity that the Government needed the services of every able and patriotic man.

It became necessary for the lads of the naval school to abandon their studies and gird on the sword. The two first classes, and a part of the third, to which young Porter belonged, were ordered to active service as midshipmen. Benjamin, then a boy of sixteen, was assigned to the Roanoke, under Captain Nicholson, and proceeded on blockade duty on the Atlantic coast. It soon became necessary to take the Lieutenants to command new vessels, and this boy performed a Lieutenant's task. He was so faithful, skillful, and successful in these duties as to win the highest approval of his superior officers. The captain, on leaving the ship, voluntarily gave him the following testimonial:

"I can not leave the ship without expressing to you the great satisfaction you have given while on board ship. Your duties have always been performed with alacrity and skill, and I have no hesitancy in recommending you to any one as a very efficient young officer."

Commodore Marston succeeded to the command of the Roanoke. Young Porter immediately won his accustomed place in the new officer's affection and esteem. The steamer unfortunately broke a shaft, and was for some weeks at Hampton Roads engaged in repairs. The Burnside expedition was then fitting out for the waters of the North Carolina Sounds, though no one but the commanding officers knew its destination. Young Porter, chafing under inaction, petitioned for the privilege of accompanying the expedition. The high recommendations he presented from Commodores Marston and Rowan secured his prompt acceptance. And young as he was he was directed to prepare and take command of six ships' launches, each with howitzers, and all carrying a crew of one hundred and fifty men, to accompany the expedition for service in shallow water.

The magnificent squadron entered Hatteras Inlet January 13, 1862. On the 7th of February they commenced their attack upon Roanoke Island. Young Porter gallantly landed his battery and the sailors to man his guns at Ashby's Cove. His pieces were dragged through a morass to a position where he could protect the other troops which had landed, and there he stood guard all of a cold, dark, freezing night, drenched by a northeast storm. At daylight the next morning he advanced with his battery on a line with the skirmishers. Manning the drag ropes, they pressed forward at the double quick until they came in sight of the rebel batteries, when they opened a brisk fire of round shot, grape, and shell, receiving a deadly fire in return.

Here was a lad of but seventeen years of age in the midst of one of the fiercest battles of the war, in charge of a battery of six 12-pound boat howitzers. He had led his men in advance of the lines. His zeal was so intense that he utterly disregarded all peril. When at one gun every man was killed or disabled by the fire from the rebel fort, he stood alone for an hour at that gun loading and firing. For two hours this conflict lasted; and he remained undaunted at his post until the foe surrendered. His imperial spirit gave him perfect command of his men; his youthful appearance and almost feminine beauty won their love; his utter fearlessness commanded their admiration and roused their enthusiasm. He possessed that rare electric power, so singularly developed by Napoleon, which bound his men to him with almost a supernatural affection. It was said that there was not one of his men who would not readily have died for him. The exaltation of his nature may be inferred from the following extract from one of his letters, showing the spirit with which he entered into the battle. It was not the love of fighting; it was not the love of adventure; it was not the desire to obtain renown for bravery. It was the highest and holiest impulse which can move a human heart, which thus ennobled him. This youth of seventeen years wrote:

"If I fall remember it is for my country and the noble cause of liberty. For that I came into the country's service; to fight, and, if necessary, to lay down my life. And I assure you that I am not only glad of the opportunity, but if any thing is to be gained for my country, I will gladly welcome any fate that awaits me."

Admiral Goldsborough, as he took the brave boy's hand after the battle, greeted him with the words: "Young man, you have fairly won your epaulets, and, as sure as there is a God in heaven, you shall have them."

General Burnside, in his report, said: "The skill with which the Dahlgren howitzers were handled by Midshipman Porter is deserving of the highest praise, and I take great pleasure in recommending him to the favorable notice of the Navy Department."

General Foster gave also his tribute of commendation, saying: "I would notice here the gallant conduct of Midshipman Benjamin H. Porter, who commanded the light guns from the ships' launches, and was constantly under fire. He deserves a commission for his admirable conduct on that occasion."

In Admiral Goldsborough's official report he again takes occasion to speak, as follows, of the heroism of this young patriot:

"I deem it but justice to this interesting youth to say, that both Generals Burnside and Foster assured me in conversation, immediately after the battle, that his gallantry was very conspicuous on the occasion. The battery under his command, of six naval howitzers, was placed in the advance, and it was there handled with a degree of skill and daring which not only con-

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PORTER AT ROANOKE.

tributed largely to the success of the day but won the admiration of all who witnessed the display. No other field-pieces were employed by our army in the engagement. Mr. Porter was but seventeen years of age, and, in my belief, no father in the land can, with truth, boast of a nobler youth as a son. I sincerely trust that he may be regarded by the Department as highly worthy of its lasting consideration, and that he may have bestowed on him all that his merits deserve."

The affection which this young man unconsciously drew to himself by his eminently loving and lovable nature may be inferred from the following letter, which was written to him by Commodore Marston of the Roanoke, and signed by every officer of the ship:

"You have no idea how delighted we all are to hear of your gallant and meritorious conduct in the late action in North Carolina. We all agree that you have justly won your epaulets; and hope that they, the emblem of devotion, trust, patriotism, and fidelity, may be immediately awarded to you for that unflinching daring, reckless courage, and pure devotion to our noble cause which have distinguished you in the late action."

After the battle of Roanoke he made a short visit to New York. His fame had gone before him. Entirely unconscious that he had attained celebrity, the modest youth took a room at the Metropolitan Hotel. The lamented Admiral Foote, veteran hero of the Mississippi, chanced to be there with his family. When young Porter entered the dining-hall he was recognized by the Admiral, who sent a servant with his card to invite him to take a seat with himself and family at his table. He of course accepted the invitation. The marked atten-

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tion of the Admiral drew all eyes upon him. The general inquiry throughout the crowded hotel was, "Who can he be?" It soon became known that he was the young hero of Roanoke, and he thus became the observed of all observers. This celebrity so much annoyed his modest nature that he quietly removed to the St. Nicholas.

Admiral Paulding, learning that he was in the city, expressed regret that the young man had not called upon him. When this was mentioned to young Porter he replied, "I have no claims upon Admiral Paulding's notice, and certainly did not feel at liberty to intrude myself upon his attention." The Admiral, however, sent a special message for him to call, which he of course obeyed. After an extremely pleasant interview he returned to his mother's apartment. "Why is it," said he, "that every one is so kind to me? I have done nothing to merit it." She playfully replied, "I do not know, unless it is because you are a good boy and try to do your duty."

His friends in Lockport sent him an elegant sword as a testimonial of their affection and their pride in his achievements. That sword, so nobly won, was his companion in his brief future career, and was placed upon his coffin when he was borne to his burial.

Returning to the navy after this brief respite, he was promoted to Acting Master, and was placed in command of the gun-boat Ellis. It would be difficult to find another instance of one so young intrusted with responsibilities so great—responsibilities which would task the energies of the most mature mind and the most manly frame. With vigilance which never slept he explored the numerous rivers, bays, and inlets of those vast inland seas which wash the coast of North Carolina. In the capture of Fort Macon he took an active part, commanding a floating battery. While engaged in blockade duty in the waters of Pamlico and Albemarle sounds, he one day caught sight of a rebel craft, and in the pursuit gained upon her so rapidly that the rebel captain ran his vessel ashore, and the crew endeavored to escape by the boats. They were, however, all cut off and captured. As they were brought on board the Ellis one of the prisoners was found mortally wounded. Young Porter, to his great surprise, recognized in the bleeding, dying young prisoner one of his classmates at the Naval School, who had embraced the cause of the rebellion. Deeply affected by the incident, he took the captive to his own room, and nursed him with the utmost tenderness until he died.

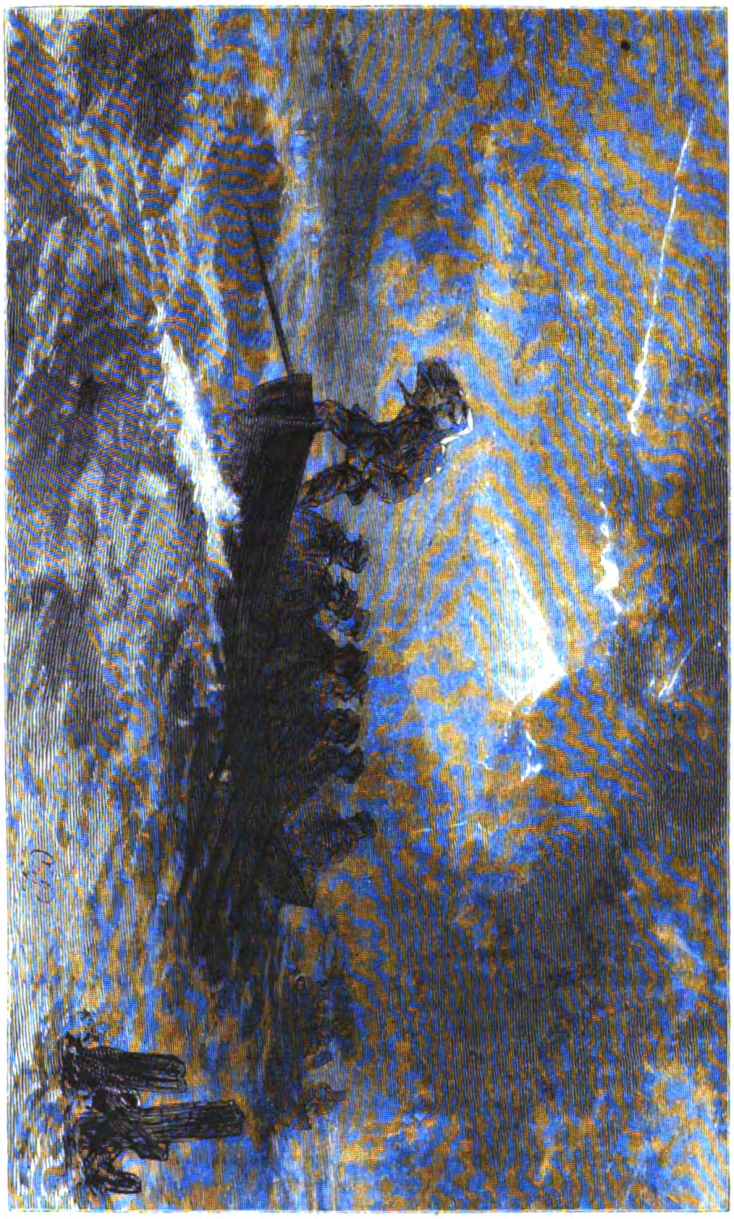
In November, 1862, he was ordered to report to Admiral Du Pont, at Port Royal. Here he was again for a few months employed in the blockade service, on the ship Canandaigua. He acquitted himself so acceptably, and displayed such energy and vigilance, that in July, 1863, he was selected by the Admiral to perform the exceedingly difficult and perilous duty of exploring Charleston harbor, under the guns of all its innumerable batteries and its fleet of patrol steamers, to search out its obstructions. This was a duty which could only be performed in dark and often stormy nights, when the adventurous party, in their open boats, were tossed by the waves and drenched by the rain. That one so young should have been selected for a duty so arduous, so full of peril, and requiring such combined energies both of daring and of prudence, is one of the highest possible compliments which could be paid to the reputation of this young man.

For twenty-four successive nights he was engaged in this enterprise. During every moment of this time he was exposed to the most imminent danger from the torpedoes, picket-boats, gun-boats, forts, and batteries of the enemy. So deeply did he feel his responsibility, and with such entireness of consecration did he devote himself to the work, that while the labor lasted he lost a pound of flesh each day.

Every night he found rebel picket-boats on the watch, and was frequently chased by them. On the occasion of a general night bombardment of Wagner, which attracted the attention of all in that direction, he slipped around in his boat between Sumter and Moultrie, and for three hours was uninterrupted in his explorations. He stood in the bow of the boat, in darkness which was only illumined by the flash of the guns, with his boat-hook feeling for and dodging torpedoes. At length he came across a buoy. Not knowing but that it was attached to a torpedo, he carefully approached and threw a rope over it, and then, backing some distance, he pulled upon it. As it proved to be harmless he again approached, and feeling with his boat-hook found it supported a large chain. Following the chain under water he soon came to other buoys and timbers, stretching across the channel. Following these up he found the opening for blockade-runners. Carefully making observations, to be sure of finding it again, he returned to the fleet and reported to the Admiral, offering to pilot the Monitors through.

One night twelve large yawl-boats were sent out from our fleet, each containing about twenty-five men and a heavy boat-howitzer, to cruise between Sumter and Cumming's Point, to prevent any rebel communications between them. It was a dark night, and the utmost vigilance was necessary, since the rebels had picket-boats, driven very fast by steam, constantly patroling the harbor. Two of our Monitors had approached the rebel forts as near as they could in safety, that they might assist the yawl-boats in case of need. Ensign Porter, in command of one or two small boats, which were less exposed to observation, and which could run in the shoal water near the shore, where the rebel gun-boats could not pursue them, and in the gloom of night could not see them, had crept up beneath the guns of Sumter and almost to the wharves of Charleston. With muffled oars and a strong pull he came rushing back to one of the Monitors with the tidings that a rebel steamer was under way and was coming down the harbor.

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EXPLORING CHARLESTON HARBOR.

A larger boat was at once pushed ahead on a scout. It was so dark that nothing could be seen at a distance of a hundred feet. It was a windy night, and the dashing of the surge and the breaking of the waves prevented any ordinary noise from being heard. Suddenly a rebel steamer emerged from the darkness, rushing down directly upon the scout-boat, which had been sent from the Wabash. The rebel steamer caught sight of the boat, fired a gun into her, and dashing on, struck the boat on the bow, breaking her to pieces. The men leaped into the water, and as the steamer swept by volleys of musketry were fired upon them while struggling in the waves. Ensign Porter, hearing the report of the howitzer, the firing of the musketry, and the cry of the drowning, utterly regardless of his own danger, ordered his men to bend to their oars to rescue the crew. There is something truly sublime in the vision of that fragile boy of eighteen, in that dark and stormy night, with no eye to see him but the eye of his God, with no impulse to urge him but his own noble soul, rushing into the very jaws of destruction and death to save his drowning comrades. In a moment he was in the midst of them. Eight he dragged from the water into his boat. The steamer had actually passed over them. It now turned to complete its work, and yet young Porter, with apparently as much coolness as if in his father's parlor, flashed the light of his dark lantern all around over the waves to ascertain if any more drowning men could be discovered; though he knew full well that those gleams would but guide the on-rushing rebel steamer down upon him.

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The flash of his lantern revealed to him the steamer heading directly for his boat. By this time there was a general alarm in the Union fleet. The light of Porter's lamp had revealed the rebel gun-boat to the Catskill, and she opened upon her with her ponderous guns. The gun-boat could not for a moment cope with such an antagonist, and putting on all steam she fled back into the harbor, while at the same moment young Porter, with the rescued crew, plunged into the gloom of the storm and of the night, and returned to the fleet in safety.

This is but a specimen of the services our hero rendered in these twenty-four nights of unexampled toil. He would sometimes return to the fleet so exhausted that his crew would have to lift him from his boat and lay him like a child in his berth, administering stimulants to restore him.

This was a period of intense activity in the harbor. There were daily bombardments, and earth and ocean seemed to shake beneath the tempest of war.

Ensign Porter, after an hour or two of sleep, would be again found on the gun-deck, commanding his section of guns in action, stripped to shirt and trowsers, black with smoke and powder, sighting every gun. His spirits were always elastic and joyous; never a complaining word or a confession of fatigue or a downcast countenance. The bombardment from our fleet and land batteries had crumbled the walls of Sumter into ruins. Still those ruins afforded impregnable protection to the rebel garrison, who in casemates of rock manned its guns. Admiral Dahlgren deemed it advisable, before attempting to penetrate the harbor with his ships, to get full possession of the fort, which seemed to be only a mass of crumbling ruins. He organized an expedition of boats to storm the fortress in a night attack. It was a very perilous enterprise, for the garrison could open upon the assailants with grape and canister, and all the surrounding rebel forts could concentrate upon them the most deadly fire.

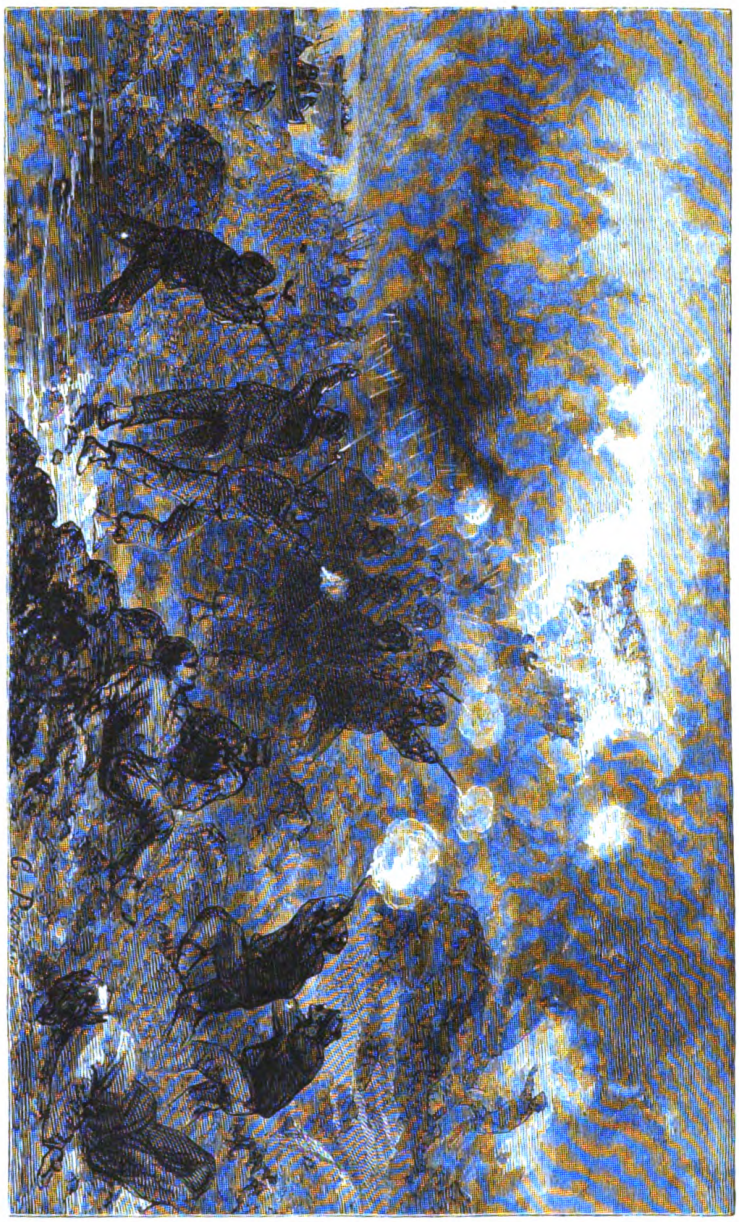
Though the result of the expedition could not but be doubtful, the importance of the enterprise was sufficient to warrant the hazard. Ensign Porter, ever eager to lead where the blows fell thickest and fastest, implored permission to join the undertaking. Commodore Rowan, aware of the priceless value of such a life, very reluctantly gave his consent. Thirty boats, carrying seven hundred men, were collected; and on the night of September 7, 1863, the attempt was made. The rebels, with their glasses, could see the boats collected from the fleet, and made every preparation to meet the assault. They sent down from Charleston a reinforcement of three hundred men, with every needful provision to repel the assault; they also brought some gun-boats into position, and had all the adjoining forts in readiness to overwhelm, by a concentrated fire, the assailing party with swift destruction.

In the darkness of the night stealthily the boats approached Fort Sumter. Suddenly there burst upon them such a storm of iron and of lead from the garrison, the gun-boats, and the batteries as no mortal valor could withstand. This tornado of war swept every boat back but three. One of these three was commanded by Benjamin H. Porter. These three boats reached the débris of the fort. A hundred men sprang from them upon the broken mound of brick and stone, with the deafening thunder of artillery filling the air, and with round shot, grape-shot, and hand-grenades flying in all directions around them. The wounded, the dead, and trails of blood marked their path as they ascended the rugged acclivity a distance of forty feet. Here they unexpectedly encountered a perpendicular wall 16 feet high, with its top crowded with rebel sharp-shooters. They threw down hand-grenades which, bursting in the boats, blew them to pieces. These grenades also fell with fearful destruction into the disordered ranks of the assailants. At the same time fire-balls were thrown down which lighted up the whole scene as bright as day, enabling the garrison to take unerring aim at the little handful of men struggling at such fearful odds. Our brave tars sheltered themselves as well as possible behind the débris of the battered walls, and, refusing to surrender, continued the fight for two hours, hoping the boats would return or the fleet come up to their assistance. But no help could be sent them, and after the loss of many men the remnant were forced to surrender and were marched into the fort as captives.

The commander could not but admire the gallantry they had displayed, and received them with much courtesy. "Gentlemen," said he, to the officers, "you are unexpected guests. But I will entertain you to the best of my ability."

The next day they were allowed to send to the fleet for clothing and money, and were then dispatched by steamer to Charleston. As they landed upon the wharf, and were marched through the streets to the jail, the whole population of the city crowded around them with exultation. They were soon after removed for safe keeping to Columbia, South Carolina, and there this heroic young man and his brave comrades were subjected by their barbarous foe not to the treatment of prisoners of war, but they were shut up in close confinement like felons in a jail. For fourteen months Benjamin Porter endured these woes, with a resolution of spirit which never for one moment flagged. At first he was sanguine in the hope that an exchange would soon be effected; but as the dreary months of imprisonment rolled on and all those hopes died away plans of escape began to be meditated. With long and perilous toil they contrived to dig a tunnel under the hearth to the outside wall, ingeniously concealing their operations from their jailer. They had so far succeeded in this enterprise that the work of one more day would have carried them so far that, in a dark night, they could have broken

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ASSAULT ON SUMTER.

through outside of their prison walls. Though they would then have been in the very heart of rebeldom, they doubted not that their sagacity and energy would enable them to elude their foes and escape to a land of freedom. When one of his companions suggested the apparent hopelessness, even if he escaped from the prison, of ever reaching from such a distance the Union lines, he replied:

"No matter; the enjoyment of a sense of freedom and of Heaven's pure air for one day, or one hour, is sufficient to warrant all the toil and all the exposure to recapture or death!"

Just at this time their plan was discovered—betrayed, as was believed, by a traitor in the building. Bitter indeed, almost heart and hope crushing, was their disappointment. It is said that sorrows go in troops. Porter had now been three months in captivity when a new and very terrible calamity befell him. The rebel Government, as an act of reprisal for the imprisonment as pirates of some rebel privateers, ordered two officers at Columbia—Lieutenant Williams and Ensign Porter—to be put into close confinement in irons, as hostages. By some misunderstanding the rebel privateersmen had been thus treated. The matter, however, was promptly brought to the notice of our Government, and the assumed pirates were released from irons. But it so happened that at this time, for several weeks, there was a rupture of all communication between the two hostile parties. Consequently these two officers (Lieutenant Williams and Ensign Porter) remained in irons,

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in utter solitude and in close confinement, in a cold and gloomy cell, without fire, bed, or chair, from early in December to the 15th of March. The clanking of their chains at every move they made could be heard distinctly by their comrades in the adjoining room. In the following terms this brave-hearted, uncomplaining boy—cold, hungry, and fettered—wrote to his father:

"Lieutenant E. P. Williams and myself are in irons and close confinement, held as hostages for Acting-Masters Braile and M'Guire, of the Southern navy, now, as I am informed, confined at Fort M'Henry to be tried as pirates. I wish you would see what you can do for me; for although we are as comfortable as can be *under the circumstances*, still we are far from being *comfortable*."

He knew well what would be the throbbings of a father's anxious heart and of a mother's tender love did they know the sufferings which their child was enduring. He would therefore conceal his anguish, and only let them know just so much as was necessary to guide to efforts for his relief. It was not, however, until March, 1864, that the chains were stricken from his limbs, and he was cheered by the tidings that he was to be removed to Richmond, there to be exchanged. But a new disappointment fell upon him. The advance of General Butler up the James River, and the opening of Grant's magnificent and final campaign before Richmond, broke off communications. A long and tedious summer of continued imprisonment ensued, wearing much upon the health and fortitude of all the prisoners. But it is their united testimony that through all these lingering months of suffering not a complaining word escaped the lips of Ensign Porter. His generous sympathy, his happy, hopeful spirit so cheered the sinking hearts of his comrades that they regarded him almost as an angel of consolation.

It so happened that there was a young lady resident in Columbia who had known Ensign Porter in his favored home of competence and refinement in the North. Learning accidentally of his incarceration, she applied for permission to see him, but was peremptorily refused. She, however, contrived to open a correspondence with him, occasionally sent him some comforts, and at last, by her generous persistence, induced the friends in Columbia of a rebel officer who was confined on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, to pay Ensign Porter $300, upon his promise that his friends at the North should remit the equivalent to their relative. She was enabled to make such a representation of the ability and honor of the family, that the verbal promise of the young captive was deemed ample security. This money contributed much to the comfort not only of Ensign Porter but to that also of his companions. He was now able to write home; but the only complaint to be found in his letters was "that, at his age, he could not afford to lose so much time while there was so much active service to be done."

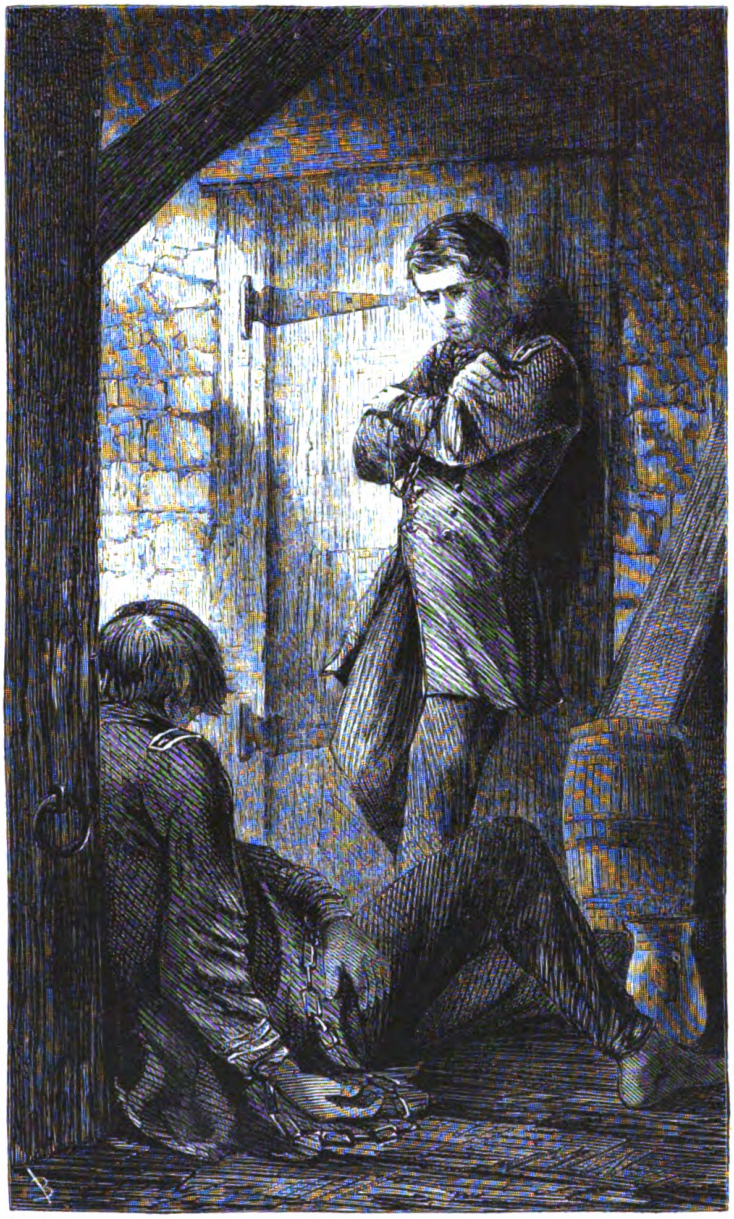
In the winter of 1863 General Burnside arrested a rebel officer found recruiting in our lines in Kentucky. He was tried by court-martial and executed. Soon after, the rebels found a Captain Harris, of East Tennessee, engaged in the same business within lines which they claimed as theirs. Pending reference to Richmond for confirmation of the sentence of death which a court-martial had pronounced upon him, he was confined in irons in a room opening from one in which the naval officers of the Sumter expedition were confined. He had been there several months when these officers arrived. Ensign Porter, on being relieved from irons and returned to his old room, succeeded with his jack-knife in removing or springing the lock of the door of Captain Harris's room. Then, after much effort, he taught him how to slip his irons off and on again. This was to him an immense relief, as he would slip them on only when the jailer was about to enter the room. When Ensign Porter and his associate officers came North they left Captain Harris still in his room, liable any day to be led out to be hung; and there he remained, with a brave and manly heart, this terrible doom ever impending over him, until the approach of General Sherman's army in the spring of 1865.

In the confusion of these tumultuous scenes, when the sweep of Sherman's columns was spreading dismay in all directions, the jail took fire in the night and was entirely consumed. In the morning Captain Harris's shackles were found among the glowing embers, and it was supposed that he had miserably perished in the flames. But the brave Captain, in the confusion of the fire, and aided by the dismay which then agitated all Southern hearts, had quietly dropped his shackles, walked forth into the streets, and made a straight path for his feet to our army lines at Wilmington. Here he met with warmest congratulations some of those friends who had so sadly left him at Columbia a prisoner in chains awaiting the scaffold.

In October, 1864, an arrangement was effected for the exchange of all the naval officers and men captured at Fort Sumter. Mr. Porter emptied his pockets of all his money, and gave all his spare clothes and other effects to his friend Colonel Payne, a distinguished officer of the One Hundredth New York Volunteers, who had shared his imprisonment, but who was not permitted to share his release.*

* I can not refrain here from paying a brief tribute of respect and affection to Colonel L. S. Payne, who had done so much and has suffered so much for his country. While Ensign Porter was reconnoitring the fortifications and positions of the enemy in Charleston harbor Colonel Payne was engaged in the same service in the labyrinth of creeks south of Sumter. These two officers were summoned to meet on board Admiral Dahlgren's ship for concerted action. Unfortunately the night before the appointed meeting Colonel Payne was shot through the neck and captured. They soon met as captives in a rebel prison, and for weary months suffered together, each cheering the other. For some time before Ensign Porter's release they were lodged in the same room, and a very strong affection sprung up between them. "After Mr. Porter's release from irons," writes Colonel Payne, "he managed to get some old naval works on navigation,

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PORTER IN PRISON.

With a buoyant heart young Porter found his steps directed toward his home. On arriving at Richmond he was placed in Libby Prison, and after ten days of vexatious delay was finally sent to our lines. Taking passage for Washington he, with some others, arrived there the next day and reported to the Navy Department. Porter proceeded that night to New York, where he had a happy reunion with those dear friends who loved him so tenderly, who cherished him so proudly, and whose hearts had bled with such anguish in sympathy with his sufferings and his perils. His two years of toilsome service, of gloomy imprisonment, of hard fare, had left their traces on his once beaming and happy face. His frame was emaciate, his cheeks sunken, and his countenance bore a premature expression of care and sadness. A few months had done the work of years. He was no longer the light-hearted, joyous youth who had so buoyantly left his happy home but a few months before, but the mature man, war-worn and pressed down by as weighty responsibilities as can ever rest upon a human heart.

The reaction from the gloom of the prison to the glowing affections and comforts and endearments which now clustered around him

and some mathematical books, and a work on geometry. To these he devoted most of his attention in study, often saying that he intended to be the first in his class, on examination, when exchanged."

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were so great that for many nights he was tortured with restlessness and the most hideous dreams. He was starving; he was escaping from prison; he was recaptured; he was dragged back to dungeons and chains; he toiled in vain to unclasp his irons and they ate into the bone. The suffering of these nights was positive and extreme. Gradually, however, as parental love so tenderly encircled him these impressions wore away, and his countenance resumed its former expression of beauty and of joyousness.

Just before his imprisonment he had been ordered to proceed to Newport to be examined for promotion. It was now necessary that this should be attended to. A special board of examiners was convened at Washington, with his early friend Admiral Goldsborough at its head. He passed an excellent examination, and his rank of Lieutenant was dated back to the preceding February, when he was but nineteen. This is probably the only instance of that rank being attained in our navy at so early an age.

Ensign Porter was not yet *exchanged*, but was liberated on his parole. He, however, reported to the Secretary of the Navy in his new rank as Lieutenant, stating that he was ready and anxious for active service as soon as his exchange could be effected. Since he was fifteen years of age, excepting the time of his imprisonment, and while at the Naval School, he had spent less than sixty days on shore. While waiting for this release from his parole he had leave of absence, and visited his childhood's home in Western New York. In the greetings with which he was received by his neighbors, friends, and old school-mates, he seemed entirely unconscious that he had done any thing worthy of remark, while he was loud in praise of the exploits of his brother officers.

He had been at home but two days when a telegram from the Department announced his exchange, and summoned him to report immediately to Admiral Porter at Hampton Roads. He had hoped to have spent Christmas with his friends, which would have been the first he had enjoyed at home for five years. But ere that day came he was with the fleet thundering at the walls of Fort Fisher. With all possible speed he hastened for Hampton Roads. There he found that the squadron had already sailed for Beaufort, North Carolina. Embarking on board a transport he reached the fleet and reported to the Admiral. He was warmly received, and immediately placed in command of the flag-ship, the Malvern. The following anecdote is related in reference to his arrival at the fleet: One of the most distinguished Captains, having heard that Lieutenant Porter had reached the squadron, ordered his boat, and, proceeding to the flag-ship, asked for an audience with the Admiral.

"I understand," he said, "that Lieutenant Porter has arrived."

"Yes, Sir," was the reply of the Admiral.

"Well, I want him."

"What do *you* want him for?"

"Why, I am short of officers, and I know him, and I have written to the Department for him."

"Do you want him very much?" the Admiral responded.

"Yes, Sir."

"Will it make you sick if you don't have him?"

"I don't know but that it will."

"Well, you can't have him. He commands this ship, Sir."

Lieutenant Porter passed through the first battle of Fort Fisher safely. In planning the second attack, as the fort had been largely reinforced and strengthened, the Admiral deemed it necessary, in addition to the land troops, to send on shore all the force which could be spared from the ships. About eighteen hundred sailors and marines were thus landed. Lieutenant Porter, carrying the Admiral's flag, claimed the right to lead the assaulting column. Just before the conflict he wrote to his mother:

"We are now off New Inlet once more, for the purpose of taking Fort Fisher; and this time, by God's blessing, we mean to do it. We have General Terry in command, and he is young and ambitious. I hope he will make his men fight. It is 4 o'clock in the morning, and we are moving in for the attack. We will strike a telling blow for Columbia to-day. America expects every man to do his duty, and our gallant tars never flinch."

Another letter which he wrote to a young friend and companion in arms reveals the inner man—the ardor of his affections, the nobleness and the purity of his aspirations, and that lofty faith which allies man to the angel. His young friend had recently become a Christian, and the letter from which we quote is in response to one which he had just received from that friend announcing this fact:

"I was made very happy to-day by the receipt of your letter of the 3d instant. And, my dear friend, although I can not say that I am a Christian, I was made happier than I ever was in my life before by knowing that you, the dearest friend on earth to me, had at last 'tacked ship' and become a Christian. Your letter has made me stop and review my past life, and I assure you that my past wickedness really frightens me. It seems as if I had gone too far to hope for forgiveness. It seems as though God would never receive one so wicked as myself. But as Christ died to save us all I shall hope that, by trying to be good the rest of my life, his blood will wash out my many sins, and that at last I may stand at your side, one of our Heavenly Father's chosen. It will be a hard road to travel for a while, but I am determined to give up all my old wicked habits and try to the utmost to be a true Christian.

"As I said before, I can not feel that I am a Christian, although I know that Christ died to save me. But if God will keep me I will *try* and be one; and I know that I can succeed if I try, for our Heavenly Father has promised to listen to all who ask him with their whole hearts. How could you imagine that I could love you the less because you are a Christian? No, no, Adams, I love you more, if such a thing be possible, than I ever did before. And now I beg you to pray for me, and ask God to give me a new heart and teach me to pray. I shall pray for you every night.

"I am going ashore to lead my men to the charge on Fort Fisher; and if God will keep me from harm

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and bring me out of the fight in safety I will try and obtain a ten days' furlough, and then, my friend, I will see you. I have been in command of the flag-ship several weeks, and am very pleasantly situated. I expect that we shall have a very hard fight, and as I am going to assault the fort I run a good chance of *losing the number of my mess*. But if I do, my ever dear friend, you must remember that I love you with my whole heart, and I know that you will think of me sometimes. I shall write you again from New Inlet, and give you an account of the fight. Until then I beg of you to think of me and pray for me, and I will do the same for you."

The following extract from a letter written, after the death of Lieutenant Porter, by the friend to whom the above letter was addressed will be read with interest. It was written to the father of the deceased, under date of April 3, 1865:

"I visited the Malvern a few days since and went into poor Ben's cabin—a cozy, comfortable little place—and I wished I could have been alone for a little time. It was a greater trial than I had anticipated, and every thing seemed to bear a reference to Ben.

"Since I sailed I have been through the places where we were together years ago, or in which he had been since we parted. I have been daily and hourly brought in contact with persons and objects which have brought him to my mind, and every time his memory is dearer and purer than before. It is now a part of my very self. Every thing I undertake I wonder if that would have been his way of doing it; and his example is the model I try to follow.

"I miss him in my duties and in my plans, and every day his absence seems more and more unbearable. And every day I feel a greater and prouder satisfaction in the knowledge that so noble and gallant a hero as Ben called himself my best-beloved friend; and I thank my Heavenly Father daily for it, and for the happy promise of Ben's eternal rest in His arms."

The terrible hour for the assault came. Young Porter, bearing the Admiral's flag, claimed the post of honor in leading the headmost column with the Malvern men. As he left the ship, with the flag in his hand, he said, "Admiral, this shall be the first flag on the fort." Admiral Porter's own son, but seventeen years of age, went by his side. But Lieutenant Porter's hour had come. Accompanied by two of his best friends, and two of the most heroic young men the war has developed—Lieutenants W. B. Cushing and S. W. Preston—he took his place at the head of the column. Under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns, which exposed them to instant death, they advanced, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to within four hundred yards of the immense works of the foe. They then threw themselves upon the sand, and remained there quietly talking while the battle raged with deafening roar, and thousands of shells were hurtled through the air over their heads, as the majestic fleet and equally majestic fort exchanged bombardments. At last the signal was given to charge. They sprang to their feet. The only survivor of the three young men, Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, the hero of the Albemarle capture, whose fame can never die, thus describes the scene which ensued:

"Ben looked grave and determined, and I remember being much impressed by his supremely noble bearing. In a moment we were under a terrific fire, and the men commenced to get confused. It needed all the pluck and daring that man can have to lead and give confidence to the sailors in charging up that bare and level beach. Ben threw himself to the front, flag in hand, and the charge went on. We were all three in uniform, perhaps rashly, but it has ever been the pride of naval officers to wear, amidst the smoke of battle, the same lace that denotes their rank when enjoying the pleasures of society.

"At the palisade, by the ditch that surrounds the fort, Ben fell, shot through the breast. His last words were, 'Carry me down to the beach.' Four of the Malvern's and Monticello's men raised him and tried to comply. Two were killed. He waved the others aside with a last motion, and died, with as sweet a smile as I could paint with words. I doubt not that some world met his dying eyes where spirits so pure, so noble, so brave as his meet with an eternal and great reward. The blood-stained fortress where he fell will stand forever a monument of tender and sorrowful recollections to us all. It would be idle to measure a brother officer's regards by a parent's love; but he carries the respect and affection of all to the grave, and has left a navy of mourners."

His friend and companion Lieutenant S. W. Preston fell almost at the same moment, and together the spirits of these two noble young men took their flight to their celestial home, where, we trust, clustering angels gathered to greet them. Fleet-Captain K. R. Breese, in his Report to the Admiral, pays the following beautiful tribute to the memory of these two young men, who so cheerfully sacrificed their lives for their country:

"Lieutenant S. W. Preston, after accomplishing most splendidly the work assigned to him by you, which was both dangerous and laborious, under constant fire, came to me, as my aid, for orders. Showing no flagging of spirit or of body, and returning from the rear, where he had been sent, he fell, among the foremost at the front, as he had lived, the embodiment of a United States naval officer.

"Lieutenant Porter, conspicuous by his figure and uniform, as well as by his great gallantly, claimed the right to lead the headmost column with the Malvern men he had taken with him, carrying your flag, and he fell at its very head. Two more noble spirits the world never saw; nor had the navy ever two more intrepid men. Young, talented, and handsome, the bravest of the brave, pure in their lives—surely their names deserve something more than a passing mention, and are worthy to be handed down to posterity with the greatest and best of naval heroes."

There is heart-touching pathos in the following letter of condolence from Admiral Porter to the bereaved mother:

"Your gallant son was my *beau-ideal* of an officer. His heart was filled with gallantry and love of country. It must be a dreadful blow to lose such a son. It was a dreadful blow to me to lose such an officer. My associations with my officers are not those of a commander. We are like comrades, and form fond attachments to each other. When they fall I feel as if I had lost one of my own family. Your son was captain of my flag-ship, and a favorite with me and all who knew him.

"He was brave to a fault. I shall never forget the day he left the ship, with my flag in his hand, saying, 'Admiral, this shall be the first flag on the fort.' My own son, a lad of seventeen, went by his side, and was with him when he fell, with my flag in his hand, trying to reach the enemy's ramparts, from whence the murderous wretches were firing thousands of muskets into our brave fellows.

"That was a wretched night for me. Your son was reported killed, and mine, last seen at his side, was missing till late in the night. I could imagine his father's anguish, and I could imagine yours. I have no

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DEATH OF PORTER.

consolation to give you, unless to console you with the certainty of meeting in a better world than this. I have gone through a great deal in this war. For four years I have been but one month with my family. I have seen my official family cut down one after another, and my heart is so sad that I feel as if I could never smile again.

"Among all the young men who have been on my staff no one had my entire confidence more than your lost son—lost only for a time. You will find him again where all is peace and joy. I would like to drink of the waters of Lethe and forget the last four years."

It is a remarkable fact that the best of men feel their sins far more deeply than do the worst. Young Porter felt that he was a "great sinner" in the sight of God. And yet so unblemished were his morals, and there was such maidenly purity in his character, that, to his friends, he appeared without a stain. When we see such a one shedding tears of penitence, breathing prayers for pardon, hungering for a more holy life, pleading for renewal by the Spirit of God, and casting himself upon the merits of the great atonement, and when we remember that he cheerfully sacrificed his life for the most sacred cause in which men ever drew the sword, it is not without reason that we feel assured that angels bore him on their wings to his celestial home.

The morning after the battle Admiral Porter dispatched a steamer for Norfolk with the bodies of Lieutenants Porter and Preston escorted by Lieutenant Saunders, a friend of the deceased. Thence the body of Lieutenant Porter, in a metallic case, was forwarded to his friends in New York by express. Commodore Paulding was anxious to honor the memory of the departed by a public funeral, and General

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Burnside expressed a wish that the land troops might join in the procession. But the grief of his friends was so deep that they had no heart for the public display, and they chose to retire with the remains of their loved one to his birthplace that he might sleep by the side of his brother and sister.

And as the precious body sank into the grave the anguish of both father and mother found solace in gratitude that God had given them the remains to bury; for another son of this patriot family, the peer of Benjamin in all those traits which ennoble man, had previously fallen in the second battle of Bull Run. Two journeys the heart-stricken father made to that field, where treason had so cruelly robbed him of his boy, and twice he returned to his desolated home, having searched the graves in vain to find the body of his son. It would be a comfort to weeping friends could the remains of these noble brothers slumber side by side here below. But it is a greater comfort to feel assured that their spirits have met in heaven; that there they are now, brother angels, hand clasping hand and heart beating responsive to heart in joys which shall never fade away.

Near the banks of one of the most beautiful lakes which gem the Empire State the remains of Benjamin H. Porter now repose, awaiting the resurrection summons. He sleeps with many of his loved kindred around him. And whoever drops a tear over his grave may say: "Benjamin H. Porter merits these tears, for he was a cherished son, a noble brother, a brilliant officer, a warm-hearted friend, and a humble Christian."

THE CHILDREN IN THE MOON.

HEARKEN, child, unto a story!
For the moon is in the sky,
And across her shield of silver,
See! two tiny cloudlets fly.

Watch them closely, mark them sharply,
As across the light they pass—
Seem they not to have the figures
Of a little lad and lass?

See, my child, across their shoulders
Lies a little pole! and, lo!
Yonder speck is just the bucket,
Swinging softly to and fro.

It is said, these little children,
Many and many a summer night,
To a little well far northward
Wandered in the still moonlight.

To the way-side well they trotted,
Filled their little buckets there,
And the Moon-man, looking downward,
Saw how beautiful they were.

Quoth the man, "How vexed and sulky
Looks the little rosy boy!
But the little handsome maiden
Trips behind him full of joy.

"To the well behind the hedgerow
Trot the little lad and maiden;
From the well behind the hedgerow
Now the little pail is laden.

"How they please me! how they tempt me!
Shall I snatch them up to-night?
Snatch them, set them here forever
In the middle of my light?

"Children, ay, and children's children
Should behold my babes on high,
And my babes should smile forever,
Calling others to the sky;"

Thus the philosophic Moon-man
Muttered many years ago,
Set the babes with pole and bucket,
To delight the folks below.

Never is the bucket empty,
Never are the children old;
Ever when the moon is shining
We the children may behold.

Ever young and ever little,
Ever sweet and ever fair!
When thou art a man, my darling,
Still the children will be there!

Ever young and ever little,
They will smile when thou art old;
When thy locks are thin and silver,
Theirs will still be shining gold.

They will haunt you from their heaven,
Softly beckoning down the gloom—
Smiling in eternal sweetness
On thy cradle, on thy tomb!

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THE SHADED STREAM.

I KNOW a stream whose rippling current flows
By shady banks whereon the white-birch grows,
And beechen trees that darkly interlace
Their spreading branches in a close embrace,
Like loving friends who stand on either side
And stretch their arms across the murmuring tide.

There moss-grown rocks, half hid in tall green fern,
Whichever way the gazer's eye may turn,
Along the borders of the stream abound;
There, too, the iris by the brink is found;
And thirsty cattle come at noon to lave
Their heated fetlocks in its brimming wave.

With many a curve it takes its devious way,
While through the leaves the yellow sunbeams play,
And softly round the denser shadows fall
From the laced boughs where thrush and cat-bird call;
And broad-leaved water-weeds, of glossiest green,
In separate clusters by the shores are seen.

In Spring when balmy south winds softly blow,
And quickly fades the last long streak of snow,
On either bank the trembling violet blooms,
Preferring most the unfrequented glooms;
And from his safe and rocky-guarded lair
Comes forth the trout the angler's skill to dare.

When Summer's genial warmth the wide air fills,
And draws a veil about the purple hills,
So thickly gathers then the leafy screen
No ray of sunlight finds its way between,
Save here and there a truant golden beam
That struggles through to light the shaded stream.

But most I love to linger by the side
Of that sweet stream in mellow Autumn's tide,
When overhead the beach leaves gather brown,
And beechen nuts come gently pattering down;
And all the woodland's rich autumnal glow
Is seen reflected in the stream below.

But captive now, with neither stir nor sound,
In iron Winter's icy fetters bound,
No more by shadowy banks where broad ferns grow,
With devious course, its voiceless currents flow;
And leafless now the woodland monarchs grind
Their barren branches in the wintry wind.

Ah! many a time with friends my heart holds dear
I've lingered by that stream while yet the year
Was in its green and glowing Summer prime,
Or in the golden Autumn's fruitful time;
And eager longings, not unmixed with pain,
Stir in my breast to tread its shores again.

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A HOME.

A CHRISTIAN NEIGHBORHOOD.

"*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*"

How do we love ourselves? Not for qualities that please us, but, whether good or evil, handsome or homely, with good manners or without them, we all desire and choose *to make self happy*. This is the meaning of loving self in the above command. It is our duty to love self as much as it is to love our neighbor; and as the care of our own body and soul is committed to us more than to any other person, we are bound to give more time and attention to self than to any other.

But we are commanded by our Creator to regard and value the happiness of our neighbors as we do our own. This is required, not because they have agreeable qualities that please us, but because love is the fulfilling of that great law of virtue and happiness which rules in the kingdom of heaven, and which the Lord of heaven came to establish upon earth.

Of Him it is written: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."—2 *Cor.* viii. 9.

"Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his."—*Rom.* viii. 9.

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven."

"We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may *receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done*, whether it be good or bad. Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."—2 *Cor.* v. 10, 11.

At this time, when wealth is coming like a flood, and thousands even of the professed followers of Christ are hasting to be rich, these words of Holy Writ should be anxiously pondered. The great question, to those who have an abundance, is, *How* are we to follow the example of Him who for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich? If the spirit of Christ is that of *self-sacrificing* benevolence, and if any man have not this spirit he is none of his, who among the rich and prosperous are to enter the kingdom of heaven? Perhaps this article may aid in answering this question.

In a previous Number (November, 1865) the writer gave drawings of a house designed to secure *economy* of time, labor, and expense, and also designed to enable a woman of refined tastes to train her children, in an agreeable manner, to the domestic exercise so indispensable to woman's health and to a perfect *Christian* home. In a succeeding Number (May, 1866) was presented plans for securing a *healthful home*, and, as indispensable to this, *a properly warmed and ventilated house.*

It is the aim of this article to make some suggestions as to the use of wealth and leisure to secure a *Christian Neighborhood.*

In noticing the dwellings of the prosperous class, even when occupied by professed followers

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of Christ, one is led to inquire—not of all, but in many cases—Are these exhibiting that *self-denying* benevolence which is the true spirit of Christ, and without which they are none of his?

Let us sketch such a neighborhood as may be observed in the vicinity of any of our large cities. We find six or eight large mansions and extensive grounds arranged with lavish expenditures. On an average each may contain five or six persons living in parlors, and nearly as many living in kitchens. Those in the parlor have books and pictures, fancy-work, horses, carriages, and leisure to visit, receive company, and travel. Excepting the father, they do nothing to earn their livelihood. They do but little of the work of the family, and have little to do with the servants except to see that they do their work satisfactorily.

The children of the family are educated to enjoy this life themselves, instead of working for the good of others. To have a good time in this world seems to be the chief aim. On Sunday they attend church, perhaps take a class in Sunday-school, give a few dollars, from their abundance, in charity, and perhaps a few hours each week to some charitable association. But the main business of their life is to have a good time in getting various enjoyments for self in this world. They practice little or no self-denial for others, and engage in no earnest, systematic, or laborious efforts to rescue their fellow-creatures from ignorance and sin. It seems to be taken for granted that it is those of small means who are to work and practice self-denial in training the neglected children of our Heavenly Father; but that as soon as riches increase then they are to cease laboring for others, and have a good time in gaining all manner of earthly enjoyments.

Now the great difficulty is this: The *literal* following of Christ in the direction, "Sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me," literally obeyed by all the rich, would throw out of employment and reduce to beggary the thousands who are supported by the manufacture and sale of articles of comfort and luxury to the rich. And as the inventions to lessen labor increase, there is no way to supply remunerative labor to all classes except to increase the elegance and comforts of life—to patronize the fine arts and all the refinements of high civilization. It therefore can not be the duty of all Christians to follow Christ by literally becoming poor.

But the more talents are given, and the higher the culture attained, the greater the obligation to discover the true manner in which Christ's teachings are to be followed and his spirit exhibited. And because this is a difficult problem to solve, multitudes of those professing to follow Christ throw it aside as unintelligible and unpractical, and content themselves with living as all the rest of the world do who make no pretensions to be the disciples of Christ. For this reason it was that our Lord exclaimed, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven!"

It will be the aim in what follows to suggest certain arrangements in a neighborhood of wealthy or prosperous families which would be more conformed to the spirit of Christ than those which usually prevail.

Look at any city where the residences of the wealthy abound. There will be found six or more mansions, each surrounded by several acres of highly cultivated and ornamented grounds, and near by small tenement-houses, abounding with children, each house having about as many square yards of land as the large houses have square acres. The first thing to be noticed is the manner in which *labor is divided.* In the small tenements the boys rise early and go forth with the father to work in the pure air and life-giving sun. They work from eight to ten hours, with little opportunity for amusement or for reading or study. In the large houses the boys sleep till a late breakfast, then study or play till school-time, then spend three hours in a crowded and ill-ventilated school, stimulating brain and nerves. Then home to a hearty dinner, and then again to school three hours.

Thus one class of boys work most of the day, with little exercise of the brain; the other class work the brain, with little exercise of the muscles and little sun and air.

So with the girls: in the tenement-houses the girls go to kitchens and shops to work most of the day, with little chance for mental culture or the refinements of taste. In the large mansions the daughters sleep late, do but little labor for the family, and spend their time in school, or in light reading. Some make and mend their own wardrobe, but hired labor is needed to complete it in most cases.

Thus one class are trained to feel that they are a privileged few for whom others are to work, while they do only a very little to promote the improvement or enjoyment of their poorer neighbors.

Then, again, labor being confined chiefly to the unrefined and uncultivated, is disgraced and rendered unattractive to the young. One class is overworked, and the body deteriorates from excess. The other class overwork the brain and nerves, and the neglected muscles grow thin, flabby, and weak. One class has round shoulders, projecting necks, and hard hands, from excess of toil. The other class have stooping shoulders, projecting necks, and flat chests, from want of muscular exercise. One class is all brain, nerves, refinement, and selfish indolence; the other class is all muscle, is vulgar, unrefined, and envious.

Now of this wealthy class, thus described, many are professed Christians, who really *wish* to obey Christ's teachings and cherish his true self-sacrificing spirit.

They feel that, somehow, this state of things is wrong, and yet they see no practicable way of remedy, and so they go on from year to year.

The next thing to be noticed is the style in

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which the more wealthy classes accumulate the elegances of civilization without even an attempt to elevate their destitute neighbors to this culture and enjoyment. Their expensive pictures multiply on their frescoed walls, their elegant books increase in their closed book-cases, their fine pictures and prints remain shut in port-folios, to be only occasionally opened by a privileged few. Their handsome equipages are for the comfortable and prosperous—not for the feeble and poor who have none of their own. All their social amusements are exclusive, and their expensive entertainments are for those only who can return the same to them.

Our Divine Master thus teaches: "When thou makest a feast call not thy kinsmen or thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast call the poor, for they can not recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Again, our Lord, after performing the most servile office, taught thus: "If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought to wash one another's feet."

Now does the ordinary habits of Christ's professed followers in the prosperous classes correspond in *any* way with the *spirit* inculcated in these divine directions? Is it difficult for such to know when and how to exercise this spirit? Then is there the more need of effort to overcome the difficulty. And is it not for want of such effort that it is written, "How *hardly* shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven?"

Now, without marking out any exact rule, or describing any definite course of action, we will suppose that in such a neighborhood certain changes here suggested should be attempted.

Take the vicinity of some city where there is still the native forest, and no streets laid out. Suppose, instead of straight streets, demanding the destruction of most of the forest trees and much unimproved space, this portion be laid out in broad, winding gravel-drives instead of streets, and so arranged as to preserve the trees. Then building-lots could be marked out and land-marks placed, but no fences erected to visibly divide the lots. Thus the unimproved land of streets would be made available to ornament, and while each person has a separate lot to beautify—all being under the direction of one artist, on a given plan—the labors of all would combine in one beautiful landscape enjoyed equally by all.

Here also might be placed a common laundry, a bake-house, and stables for all desiring economy of time, labor, and money in these directions.

We will suppose ten or twelve houses built, all designed to perform domestic labor in an economical, neat, and tasteful manner, and all supplied with pure air both by day and night. Before indicating what *might* be aimed at by the residents of these dwellings, instead of ideals the writer will describe what has been done, and therefore could be reproduced in such a neighborhood.

In a large country town is a gentleman and his wife, between thirty and forty years of age, who have had no children of their own. A few years ago they took two young girls, whom the lady trained in all the domestic duties of the family state, while in the evening the gentleman gave them lessons preparing them to be teachers in common schools, or good wives and mothers should they marry. The son of an absent soldier shared in the same privileges.

Then these Christian workers adopted two motherless little girls, one of them an invalid and a cripple. To aid in this increase of care and labor they added a respectable and affectionate woman as assistant cook and nurse. The sickly cripple child is now blooming with health, and the foster-mother has gained remarkable development and vigor by her increased domestic labor; and now they are planning to take another orphan child. Meantime their reputation for benevolence has brought many a homeless wanderer to their door to be clothed, fed, and comforted till a place was found for them to earn their own livelihood.

Being persons of taste and culture and some means, they had a moderate collection of books, pictures, and works of art. These were not confined to themselves and their circle of friends. Seeking the co-operation of their neighbors and friends, a suit of rooms were fitted up with carpets, sofas, piano, sewing-machines, and many of the elegances and comforts found in the parlors of the rich. And here this benevolent couple placed most of their library and their choicest works of art. Stimulated by this example others made similar contributions; and the aim of all thus contributing has been to draw to these rooms persons of all ages and conditions to be instructed and amused, and to enjoy social advantages together. Instead of the aristocratic principle, that brings together only persons of similar taste and culture, the Christian principle prevailed, by which the humbler classes in society are to be elevated and encouraged by the friendship and intercourse of those of higher culture.

All this could be accomplished only by a *systematic* and *wise economy*. Had these persons adopted a style of living similar to that of most who have equal means, the money spent to educate the young and elevate the tastes and habits of the neighborhood, would have been spent for the board and wages of servants and the other outlays connected with that style of living, while the health gained by healthful domestic labor would, very probably, have departed from the mistress to dwell only in the kitchen.

In this same neighborhood is a lady of very moderate means, who during the war gave up all her comforts to serve as nurse in a soldier's hospital at the South. On her return she built a small, tasteful cottage near these congenial friends, took a refined young friend as her associate, to aid in domestic labor and also to earn

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a living as dress-maker. Thus these two find health and enjoyment one part of the day in domestic labor, while one earns her livelihood by the needle, and the other will ere long add some homeless or neglected one to her household to train up for the kingdom of heaven.

In the same neighborhood are a physician and his wife, working in the same Christian spirit and self-denying economy. A sick, homeless young girl comes to them for counsel and aid. They take her in, cure her, and give her healthful domestic labor. Then they train her to be an intelligent, agreeable, conscientious nurse for the sick. After practicing in this employment a while, and thus supporting herself, they lend her money to secure time for study and medical lectures, and at last they see her a valued physician to her own sex in a flourishing Health Establishment, with a liberal salary, from which she refunds to her benefactors all they have loaned, that they may again employ it for the destitute.

A second invalid comes to them, is cured, trained for a nurse, provided with funds, sent to a medical school, and in a few years becomes a successful physician, and returns the funds she received.

A third comes for similar aid, and in due time rises to be an accomplished and honored physician in one of the largest and wealthiest female institutions of the country. All this, and much more, has been accomplished by *self-denying industry* and *economy* wisely applied. Had they adopted the style of living of many of their associates, and which was at their command, all which they have thus employed for the destitute would have been spent in self-gratification.

In the same circle is seen a woman with delicate health and a small income. Had she economized and hoarded for herself she could have built a tasteful cottage near her family friends, and laid up bank-stock for support in old age.

Instead of this, while aiming to dress and to live in a style of neatness and good taste that would not offend even the fastidious, it was done with an ingenuity and economy that enabled her to live at one-fourth the personal expenditures of her associates. And by this strict economy she was constantly rescuing one after another from ignorance and sin. Had she laid up for herself she would, at the close of life, count perishable house and bank-stock as the result of life's labor. But, instead of this, she will be able to count many immortal minds by her ministries "turned to righteousness," among whom she will "shine as the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever." When asked, "Who will provide for coming infirmities and old age?" the reply is, "The Lord will provide;" while she well understands that multitudes to whom she has ministered would rejoice in the privilege to minister to her in return.

In the same circle sometimes appears a young person who is an only daughter of parents of moderate means. When her school education was complete, at her earnest entreaties, and with promises of diligence and economy, she was allowed to take a little girl from the hands of parents both of them intemperate and miserably poor. This child was taught to read, to sew neatly, and to perform properly all domestic duties, and chiefly by her young benefactress, by whom also she was trained to a religious life, and brought to confirmation as the sponsor. And now, in married life, she is rewarded by the most devoted service and affection of her protégée in all the varied services of the family state.

In another case a young couple, just beginning married life, instead of an expensive boarding-house life take humble rooms, and a young girl who is trained by both in book knowledge and domestic arts, and thus becomes their life-long cultivated friend and helper.

The above are all examples taken from circles of such moderate resources that such benevolent ministries could be secured only by self-denying industry and strict, systematic economy.

To these examples among those of moderate means may be added some from among the wealthy:

A lady of great wealth, high position, and elegant culture, in one of our large cities, hired and furnished a house adjacent to her own, and securing the aid of another benevolent and cultivated woman, twelve orphan girls, of different ages, were taken and educated under their joint care. Not only time and money were given, but love and labor, just as if these were their own children, and as fast as one was provided for another was taken.

In another city a young lady, with property of her own, hired a house and made it a home for homeless and unprotected young women, who paid board when they could earn it, and found a refuge when out of employment.

In another city the wife of one of its richest merchants, and living in princely style, took two young girls from the certain road to ruin among the vicious poor. She boarded them with a respectable farmer, and sent them to school, and every week went out, not only to supervise but to aid in training them to habits of neatness, industry, and obedience, just as if they were her own children. Next she hired a large house near the most degraded part of the city, furnished it neatly and with all suitable conveniences to work, and then rented to those among the most degraded whom she could bring to conform to a few simple rules of decency, industry, and benevolence—one of these rules being that they should pay her the rent every Saturday night. To this motley gathering she became chief counselor and friend, quieted their brawls, taught them to aid each other in trouble or sickness, and strove to introduce among them that law of patient love and kindness illustrated by her own example. The young girls in this tenement she assembled every Saturday at her own house—taught them to sing, heard them recite their Sunday-school lessons, to be sure they were properly learned; taught them to

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make and mend their own clothing herself, trimmed their bonnets, and took charge of their Sunday dress, that it might always be in order. Of course such benevolence drew a stream of ignorance and misery to her door; and so successful was her labor that she hired a second house, and managed it on the same plan. One hot day in August a friend found her combing the head of a poor, ungainly foreign girl. She had persuaded a friend to take her from compassion, and she was returned because her head was in such a state. Finding no one else to do it, the lady herself bravely met the difficulty, and persevered in this daily ministry till the evil was remedied, and the poor girl thus secured a comfortable home and wages. In this same city a lady invested most of her property in a "*Home for Incurables*," where she daily ministers to these hopeless sufferers.

A young lady of wealth and position, with great musical culture and taste, found among the poor two young girls with fine voices and great musical talent. Gaining her parents' consent she took one of them home, trained her in music herself, saw that her school training was secured, and when expensive masters and instruments were needed she earned the money required as a governess in a family of wealthy friends. Then she aided the sister; and, as the result, one of them is married happily to a man of wealth, and the other is receiving a large income as a popular musical artist.

Another young girl, educated as a fine musician by her wealthy parents, at the age of sixteen was afflicted with weak eyes and a heart complaint. She strove to solace herself by benevolent ministries. By teaching music to the children of wealthy friends she earned the means to relieve and instruct the suffering ignorant and poor.

We will now suppose such a tract of land is purchased by a few benevolent individuals, and laid out on the plan indicated, houses erected for families of different sizes, in which domestic labor can be performed with economy and good taste; garden plots laid out, a common laundry, bakery, cook-shop, and stables provided (which all can use or not at choice), and finally, a superintendent of skill, taste, and energy to manage. Then the aim would be to collect a certain number of families on these grounds, or the immediate vicinity, of congenial habits and tastes, whose great aim would be to raise all within their reach to equal advantages with their own; or, in other words, to carry out the great command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The mode to adopt would be to have each family perfectly independent, and yet a systematic division of labor be *aimed at*, by which each household should strive to carry out some one department of literary, or æsthetic, or domestic culture, which should be extended to all in the neighborhood wishing to secure it. The following indicates persons known to the writer prepared to unite in such an undertaking:

A lady with about $8000 at her command has great taste and experience in gardening and floriculture. She could rent one of the smallest houses, and hire from one of the adjacent tenement-houses a boy to live with her on trial. When a suitable one is thus found she could have him bound to her for a term of years, and then train him for the profession of a gardener, and educate him as if he were her son. When qualified to become her assistant, she could take another boy from the tenement-houses, or elsewhere, and make the family a self-supporting establishment, by supplying the market close at hand. Another lady, with a large family and frequent visitors, might, in one of the largest houses, take as her associate a woman of culture and refinement, with requisite domestic experience, and then receive three or four women of good character to train for the highest class of servants, and, when they are duly qualified, find places for them with wages proportioned to their superior character. When one completes her course another could be received in her place.

Another lady with both literary and domestic tastes and culture, and a small income, could take an associate to aid and receive a certain number of daughters from wealthy families, to be trained in the family till they are fully qualified to instruct others in all domestic duties. With the income from the wealthy thus earned, she might take orphan girls and train them in the same way as if they were her children.

Another lady, with a handsome property of her own and a husband in good business, has no children. Possessing a great love of children and an indulgent husband, she might take a governess as her assistant, and then adopt orphans to the extent of her means and benevolence.

Another lady of moderate means has been led to feel great sympathy for the homeless aged and sick. She could hire one of these dwellings, and take a few who could afford to pay well, and then seek those fitted by tastes and habits to be *nurses* of the sick, and train them for this office. Then, by finding places where they would receive liberal pay for their high qualifications, she might receive a portion as compensation for her labor, and thus her family be self-supporting.

Another lady, who has a taste and talent for this department, might seek a congenial associate and form a family to train as seamstresses and dress-makers, and at the same time instruct them in all domestic duties. Such a family might also be made self-supporting.

Another friend of the writer has three orphan nieces and their fortune left to her care. With a congenial associate she might rent another house, and add to her family some homeless orphans. Several other ladies of wealth, living almost in solitary grandeur, might follow in the same ministry to orphans.

Some fifty families might be thus located, and such a neighborhood might sustain both a

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church and a school. A building might be erected for a school during six hours, and at other hours used by the neighborhood for recreations. Reading-rooms, gymnastics, croquet, music, and all the various out-and-in-door amusements, might draw together old and young at stated hours, under the regulations of the superintendent.

The largest room on Sunday could be used for a church, where laity and clergy might exercise their gifts. Here, too, gatherings for benevolent purposes might be held, to send the blessings of such a neighborhood to the ignorant and destitute in our own and foreign lands.

This neighborhood would be peculiar in these respects: Each family would be entirely independent, and yet would agree to act on the same general plan as far as it meets their own views, and no farther. But all to be so congenial in taste and culture, and so united in the grand object of carrying out practically the self-denying example of Christ, as to secure the main purpose designed—*a truly "Christian neighborhood."*

It is probable that most readers, by the time they reach this point, will have said or thought such an attempt visionary and impracticable, or one that could be realized only in Millennial days.

Of such the writer would inquire, Is there any thing here suggested which is above or beyond what our Lord and Master requires? Have any of the cases of benevolent self-denial narrated exceeded the examples or the requirements of our Lord? Is not something of this description an ideal which at least is to be *aimed at* by the followers of Christ who have wealth and culture and leisure? Are there not multitudes of women who have wealth and culture, professed followers of Christ, who do not even *aim* at any course of life that involves *self-sacrificing labor?* For such it is written: "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin?"

There have been various attempts made to form *communities* on various modifications of the Fourierite plan, which brings individuals of all ages, tastes, and habits into one family, with no parents or superior or bishop to control. Such are, and ever must be, failures.

So the boarding-school system, which takes children from paternal love and close watch of the family state, giving them to strangers amidst new and multiplied temptations, this—with here and there an exception—is, and ever must be, a failure.

The Catholic convents provide their inmates with a comfortable home and opportunities of benevolence toward neglected children, the sick, and the poor. But they are burdened with a round of observances and rules involving the sacrifice of reason and conscience, and of personal independence. For complete submission to the Superior is the first duty. Moreover, this is not the family state designed by God, with its simple and natural duties, where two, united in love, or one alone, has an independent home and a small flock, with none but God and conscience to rule.

The true Protestant system, yet to be developed and tried by women of wealth and benevolence, is the one here suggested; based not on the conventual, nor on the Fourierite, nor on the boarding-school systems, but on the Heaven-devised plan of the *family state.*

The full aim and end of the family state, as yet, has been imperfectly estimated, and the Bible is our only guide to its highest ministries. From this we learn that the end for which all things are made is, in theological terms, "the glory of God." This glory consists in the *highest virtue and happiness of his creatures.* The family, as designed by God in this world, is to be a miniature of his own vast family, and a preparatory training for its extended and eternal ministries, in securing the highest virtue and happiness to all his children.

It consists of a small number of persons, under the authority of one or two, who are to train those under their charge to obey all the laws of God, which are designed to secure the highest virtue and happiness.

The distinctive features of the family state, as designed by God, is not that there should be parents, for Abraham, the friend of God, was eighty-five before he had any child, and a hundred before Isaac was born. Nor is it a necessary feature that there should be husband and wife, for many families exist where there is neither.

The true aim of the family state is to place a small number of persons under the care and authority of one or two, that they may be trained to virtue and happiness chiefly *by the influence of self-sacrificing love.*

The marriage relation is designed to secure that love which is indispensable to the end designed by the family. In its most perfect state it supposes two who so love each other that it is more agreeable to gratify the wishes of the one beloved than to gratify self, and thus a perfect union is secured that makes them two in diverse ministries, and yet one in aim.

Then comes the helpless, useless infant; and here commences the first lesson in carrying out the chief aim of the family state. Under the influence of *self-sacrificing* love the parents toil by day and watch by night to rear and instruct this ignorant, troublesome little one, as gradually they require obedience to the laws of God that preserve its life and secure its health.

Then follows training to more self-denying duties, as, one after another, other children come, and the elder are united with the parents in the care and training of the younger, a process always involving more or less *self-sacrifice* of the strong and wise for the good of the ignorant and weak.

In this process of family training the grand principle of God's great family is the guiding rule—that is, each is to "sacrifice" personal gratification to secure the best good of the whole family.

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When several families form a neighborhood the same rule is binding. In certain respects the neighborhood is to be regarded as one family, in which the strong and the wise are to help train the ignorant and weak, and ever to "sacrifice" the lesser advantages of self for the greater good of the whole. Each family is to seek the comfort and elevation of the whole community as the *first* aim, and self and family as secondary and subordinate. The weaker members are to be cared for by the Divine law—"We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." The strong, the rich, and the wise are to use their strength, wisdom, and riches especially for the ignorant, weak, and poor, and so to practice the same "self-sacrifice" for the larger community as is practiced by the parents in the family state.

The Jewish theocracy is the example of a civil government in which the Creator himself sought to enforce his laws in the family, the neighborhood, and the great commonwealth of the nation, while the rewards and penalties to secure obedience related mainly to this life. Temporal prosperity was promised to obedience, and temporal evil threatened for disobedience.

But "in the fullness of time" Christ came, and "brought life and immortality to light" as it never had appeared before. He came, as "God manifest in the flesh," to teach more clearly *the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man*. By him we learn our obligations to regard all our fellow-creatures as a good parent or brother would regard a child of the same family. And these duties are enforced by the rewards and penalties not only of this life, but of an eternal existence beyond the grave. No religious teacher but Jesus Christ ever taught this doctrine. Neither Pagan nor Mussulman history shows a single line teaching men that the Creator is a loving father to all, and that each is bound to regard and treat all mankind as brothers of one family. No religion but that of Christ teaches *eternal* rewards and penalties as the sanctions of this law of love. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is the law, and our neighbor is any man of *any* nation whose wants are brought to our knowledge. And whoso fails in obedience to this law must be cast out of God's family, and thus lose eternal life.

Christ, the Judge of earth's millions, has himself portrayed that awful day of the final separation of our whole race into *only two* classes. And it is not those alone who are guilty of great crimes who are to "depart" from Christ and his children. It is those who have *not* done for the sorrowful and suffering. It is those who have lived for self and not for others. It is those who have not practiced *self-sacrifice* to help their fellow-creatures.

This leading feature of Christ's religion is to be found in no system of religion, from Adam to this day, except in the Bible.

In this view it is seen that the family state is the basis of the religion and church of Christ. To every woman this offers a view rarely presented. For the family state can be instituted by any woman who has the means of earning a livelihood, as every woman should have. Every woman, as much as every man, should be provided with a *profession* by which she can earn the means to commence the family state, and adopt and train children, or minister to the sick, the aged, the poor, and the ignorant.

And when this is done under the influence of religious principle and the love of Christ, it is a higher model of the true family state than ordinarily exists in married life. For to take the children of others and practice all the self-sacrificing love and care of a parent, is a higher form of Christian benevolence than to follow out the instincts of parental love, which often end in more extended selfishness.

Many a mother becomes as intensely selfish for her children as ever she was before her life was thus spread out into a family. How few parents are really fulfilling the great end of the family state by training children to that *self-sacrificing* benevolence which Christ exhibited and enjoins on all his followers! How many parents are training their little ones to feel that they are to be worked for and waited on by subordinates, without any returns on their part of "self-sacrificing" labors for those of humbler means and advantages! How few children are trained to any system of *economy* which has for its end and aim to increase the advantages of those of lesser means! How few children among the rich are trained *to work*, that others of humbler station may have more time for study and improvement in social advantages! Many mothers are toiling to increase the advantages of their daughters; but how few such daughters, especially among the rich, are trained to reproduce these self-sacrificing labors for the good of others around who have less advantages! Instead of this the indulgent mothers train up daughters intent only on self-gratification as the great end of life.

Within the bounds of a truly Christian home will be found, as first in honor and attention, *the aged*, who have toiled for others till their strength is gone, and they in turn are to be the recipients of self-sacrificing love and care. To these will be added sometimes the sick and homeless members of the neighborhood. Thus, and thus only, can the children of a family be trained to honor and serve the aged and minister to the homeless and sick.

In a perfected Christian state, instead of the common practice of herding all the homeless sick in one great hospital, and all the aged poor in one great establishment, and all the orphan children in one great asylum, every family will take its share in rearing orphans, in nursing the sick, in providing for the homeless, and in due attentions to the aged. When this is done children can be trained to the "*self-sacrificing*" labors of a truly Christian home and life, with a high ideal now almost out of the thoughts and

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plans of many Christians, especially among the rich.

When this is accomplished the young will be trained *to work* themselves, instead of turning it all off on a class of humbler means. And when this is done, and the more refined and cultivated become workers instead of mere drones in the family state, a higher style of elegance and refinement will prevail, which is impossible so long as domestic labor is left to the ignorant and uncultivated.

When women are educated to honor and love their true profession—when the refinements of taste and the improvements of science are found in the work-rooms as much as in the parlor—then, and not till then, will the true ideal of a Christian home and a Christian neighborhood be realized.

Few Christian people are aware how extensively the roots of aristocratic theories and prejudices are entwined with our more democratic and Christian civilization. These antagonistic restraints are to be Christianized, and, to a great extent, by the influence of women who have the enlarged culture and firm principle that will enable them to set an example of truly Christian homes and a truly Christian neighborhood.

Our country has just passed through a terrible ordeal, in which the energies of benevolent women have been called forth in a most remarkable manner. Thousands have learned by experience the elevated pleasure of self-sacrifice and toils for a noble enterprise. It was to *save their country* that such heroic sacrifices and labors were endured. The same inspiring enterprise is still presented to the women of America. The *saving of our country* from the ignorance, vice, and all the ruin that follows unchristianized wealth, and the self-indulgence and sin in its train. For this women of culture and energy and influence are to plan and to labor and to pray.

And the truly Christian woman, if she *consistently* follows Christ, will be regulated in all her plans by faith in the awful realities of the future life—*an eternal heaven, an endless hell!*

None can deny that Jesus Christ teaches that *some* of our fellow-men will become *irreclaimably* selfish, and live forever severed from the good, and thus reap the *natural results* of selfishness in a world by themselves. And he taught that men are to be saved from this doom by his followers, and that the *number* of those saved depends on their *self-sacrificing* labors.

There are those who not only *profess* to believe this fundamental truth, but who daily make it the regulating principle. Such believe that the way to lay up treasures *for children*, as well as for self, is not to invest in stocks and lands, but to *spend all* to serve men, and for self and family only as tends to this chief end. Their *hearts* (that is, their chief interests) are set on thus laying up treasures in heaven, and all questions of practical duty are so regulated. Thus, as to *dress*—Is this the style that will give most influence and means for the best good of my fellow-men? As to *amusements*—Will this add strength and ability to work to serve men? As to business and *style of living*—Is this the one that will afford most time and means to spend for the salvation of men from ignorance and sin?

The difference between such as these and the *worldly* Christian is as great as between men on a party of pleasure at sea and men who, in an awful storm, are struggling to save as many as possible from a sinking ship.

It is such as these who are described in Holy Writ as "*a peculiar people.*" It is such as these who have learned by experience that the highest and noblest happiness is bought by "*sacrifice.*" Such have often reported that the most satisfying hours of purest enjoyment have been in the ministries of war, amidst toil and suffering and cares never known before. And it was not alone the happiness of comforting the sorrowful and relieving the suffering. It was still more the high inspiration of a grand and noble cause. It is thus our minds are created to be made happy in toiling for a noble cause—*in sacrificing self to save others.*

The chief aim of the previous articles referred to has been to direct attention to the true field of labor for American women in *multiplying healthful homes*, where the young shall be *trained to work for others*, and by a well-devised *economy* of time, labor, and expense that shall secure all the real advantages of a high civilization.

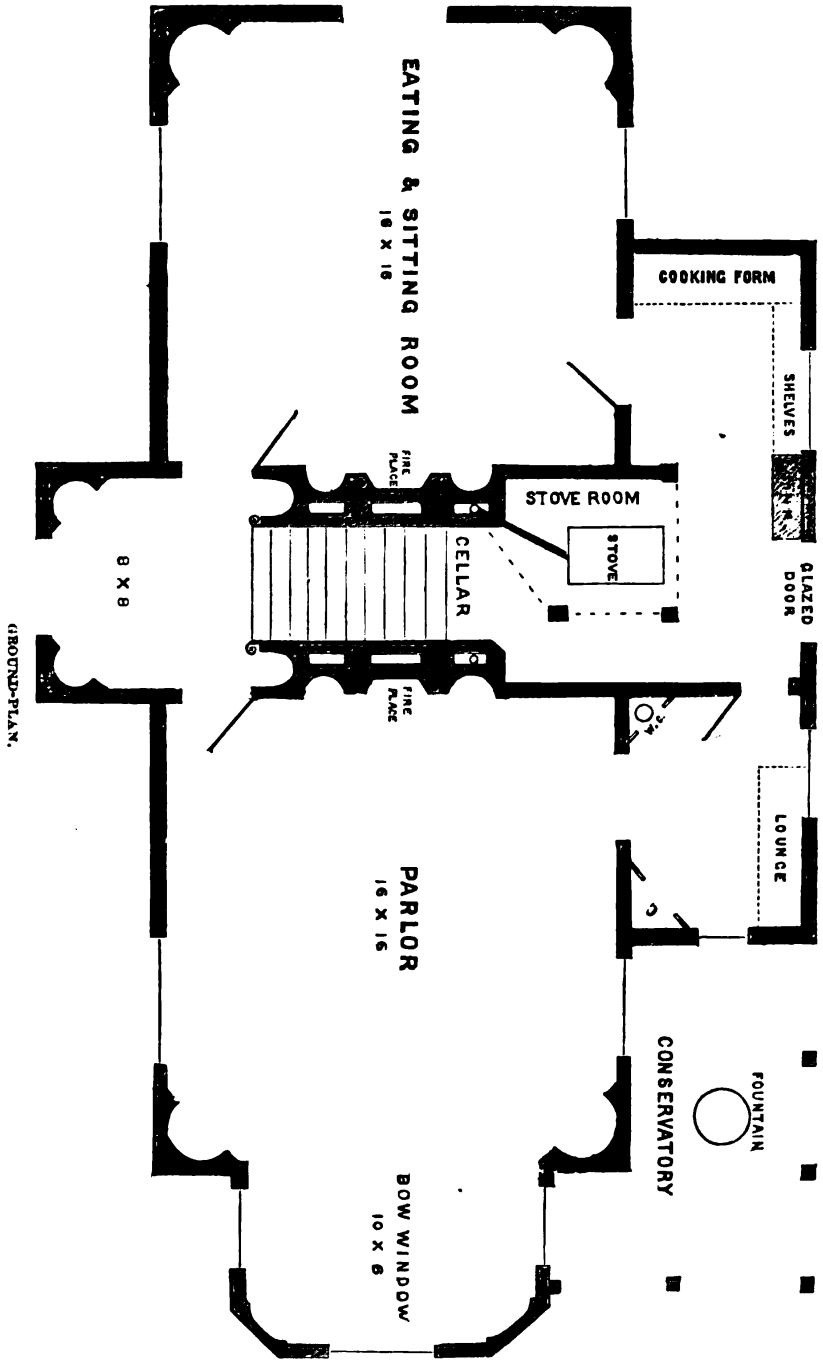
The profusion and waste of American housekeepers, in contrast with the economy and thrift of the French and German, is a topic of frequent remark by sojourners abroad. This serious defect in American housekeeping is owing, in part, to our great abundance; next, to the fact that young women are not *trained* for their special duty as housekeepers; and, lastly, to the neglect of this matter as a sacred and religious duty.

That *economy in expenses* is a *religious duty* has rarely been urged on the conscience from the pulpit or the press. Nor can it be made to appear in this light except to those who assume the high obligations of the religion of Christ, based on the dangers and risks of a future life, and the duty of all to practice the extremest self-sacrifice, if need be to the loss of all things, in order to save their fellow-men.

With this solemn and sacred aim the truly Christian woman saves in small concerns, that she may add, not to self-indulgences, but to her means for aiding to elevate and save her fellow-creatures. It is this view alone that imparts dignity and duty to a wise Christian economy. It is this high ideal which may transform a home into the temple of the Lord, its work-room to the inner sanctuary, and its cooking apparatus to an altar of sacrifice, where the young shall be trained to offer their appetites and selfish indulgences a holy sacrifice to God for the good of their fellow-men.

In previous articles drawings were given for

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persons of abundant means, who aim to train children to domestic labor, and yet retain most of the comforts and elegances found in large houses that require well-trained servants, such as but few hereafter will be able to secure. For as our country advances in wealth the demand for servants will increase, while the number of women who go out to hired service will decrease.

This article presents the plan of a house for persons of more limited means, designed to secure *pure air* and economy of *time*, *labor*, and *expense*. The chief features to be noticed are:

1. The close packing of conveniences, to save time, steps, and labor.

2. A system of ventilation securing pure air to every room by night and day, without care or attention.

3. A method of avoiding the smells and heat of cooking.

4. A tasteful and agreeable work-room, banishing many disagreeable associations of ordinary kitchens.

5. Most of the comforts and conveniences of expensive establishments demanding several

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servants, and yet at a moderate expense, and so arranged that parents and children can easily accomplish all the domestic labor, except, perhaps, the work of the laundry.

The *elevation* for this plan is seen at the head of this article. The ornamental windows and doors add but little to the expense, if built of brick. Where close economy is required plain doors and windows can be substituted, and the bow window and conservatory omitted or deferred. The Gothic elevation given in the article in this Magazine for May, 1866, can, with slight changes, be used for this plan.

The plan for the cellar is drawn and described sufficiently in that article. The plan on page 581 gives the ground-floor and the chambers in the second story, which is under a French roof. If more rooms are wanted another story can be added.

In this ground-plan will first be noticed the *close packing of conveniences.*

In the entrance-hall the corners behind the front-doors are fitted with arched recesses, supplied with hooks for outer garments, an umbrella-stand, and boxes or low shelves for over-shoes. On each side of the staircase are niches for busts or flowers or lamps. Niches also are placed at each side of the fire-places in the parlor and sitting-room, where books, work, and ornamental articles can be arranged. Arched recesses also are found in the corners of these rooms for similar uses.

Appended to the parlor is a small room, to be ventilated by a wood or tin conductor (12 by 9 inches) under the floor, leading to the ventilating flue. This room has a water-closet and small wardrobe or closet in two corners. It can be used for a retiring-room, for rest and quiet while at work; or for cases of sickness, to save steps and labor; or for a sewing-room close by the parlor; or for a servant's room, when one is needed.

The *Work-Room* should have the floors, shelves, and drawers all made of oiled pine or white wood, which can be kept clean with very little labor.

The Ventilating *Stove-Closet*, with its roof and sliding or rising doors, is described in page 769 of May Number for 1866. The cast-iron stove-pipe fastened into the brick flue is heated by the stove. Thus a current of warm air is created, and every room that has an opening into this flue is constantly having its impure air carried off. In this plan of a house every room and water-closet can have a ventilating conductor under the floor or at the top of the room, connecting either with this warm-air flue or with a flue uniting with it.

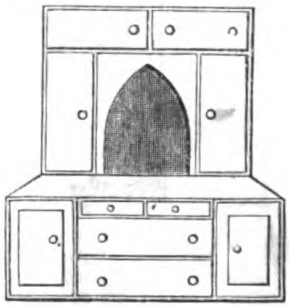
All the sides of the Work-Room should have shelves reaching to the wall, with sliding-doors running on *shieves*, so as to pass each other. So, also, the Stove-Closet should have similar shelves to the wall, with sliding doors, where the stove-furniture and most of the common articles used in cooking are to be placed. The upper shelves are to receive the articles least frequently used. The Cooking-Form described and drawn in the previous article, page 767, is to be placed in this Work-Room.

There is no one thing so important to a housekeeper, as it respects success, comfort, and economy, as to know how to *select* and to *manage* the *best cooking apparatus* and the *best furnace.* If all American housekeepers were *trained* to do this, and then would train their children and servants to use them properly, many millions now given to ignorant or careless waste would be saved. And there is no direction in which the *scientific* training of women to economy can be more wisely directed. The laws that regulate the creation, preservation, and diffusion of *heat* as yet are a sealed mystery to thousands of young women who are spending so many hours over French, music, Latin, and the "higher branches," in a course of study from which most that is to be practical in woman's after-life is wholly excluded.

If the Work-Room, the Stove-Closet, the passage to the cellar, and two forms each side of the cellar-stairs, are provided with shelves, as they may be, every article ever used for work in eating-room and kitchen can be stored in and around the work-room, and also all the stores for cooking. Thus every thing needed can be reached with the fewest possible steps, and much labor saved in the care of rooms and closets.

The use of *corners* in rooms and of *sliding-doors* in small rooms is an important item in the economy of space, expense, and labor. This will be seen in the plan of the chambers.

Instead of bureaus, wardrobes, and wash-stands which project into a room, will be seen dressing-tables and closets in the corners, thus giving space to the useful portions of a room.

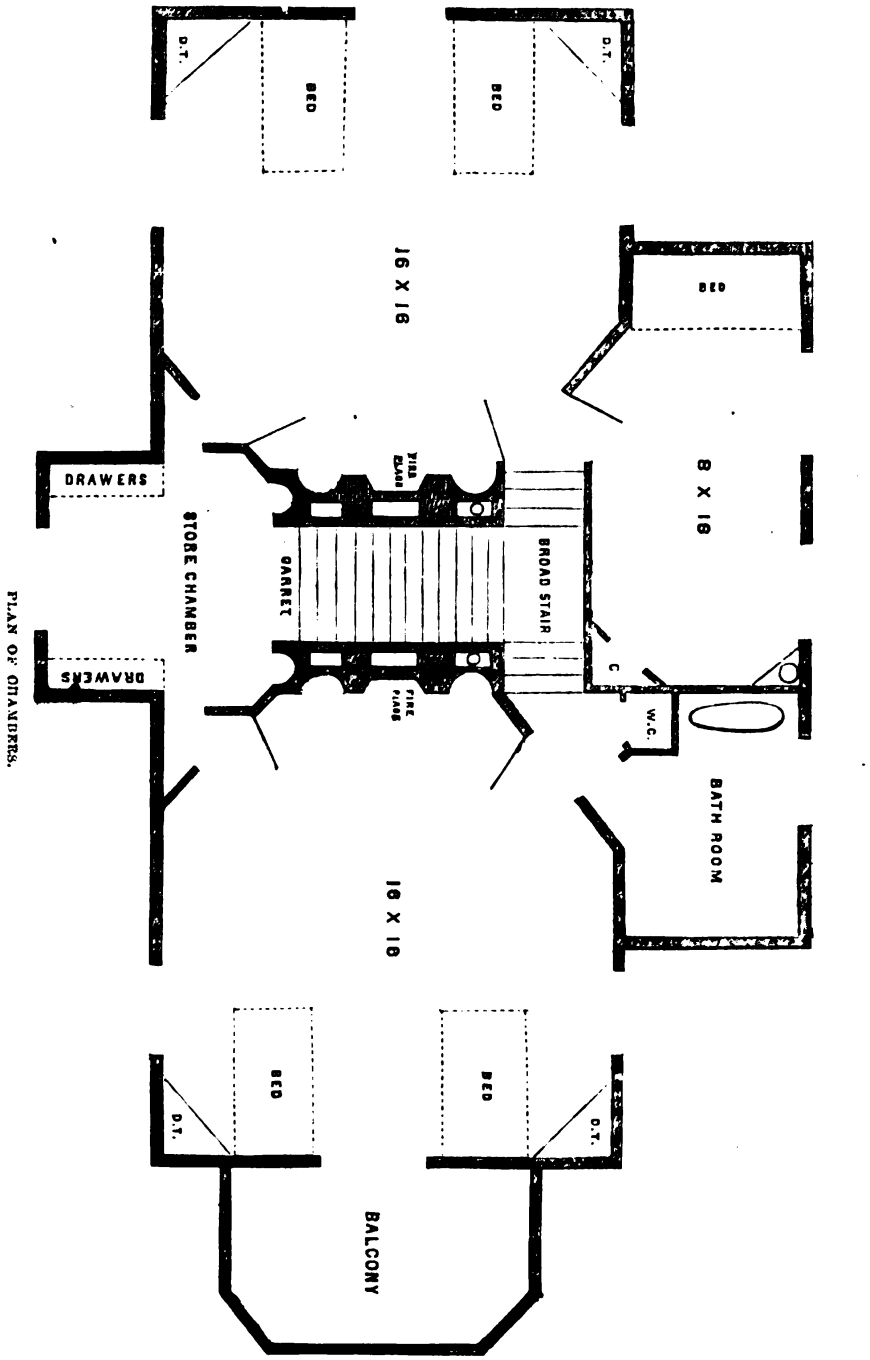


DRESSING-TABLE.

This drawing gives a view of a corner dressing-table and bureau. The lower portion has drawers, and each side small closets, with shoe-cases fastened to the inside of the doors, and small shelves to hold stockings. The upper portion recedes a foot or more, and the arched recess is for a looking-glass on a standard. Each side are small closets for articles used in dressing. Over the arched recess are two deep closets to hold bandboxes, etc.

The two large chambers open to a store-room bountifully supplied with hooks for hanging dresses, and drawers to the wall for storing linen and other family articles. The passage to

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the garret is divided so as to make a small closet in which to lock family stores.

One item of health and comfort is specially commended to notice, and that is the size and position of the beds in the larger chambers. In Germany and France double beds are seldom seen. Instead of this, single beds, exactly fitting to each other, are made to stand apart or close together, as may be desired. Thus the danger and evils of having the aged sleep with young children, the sick sleep with the well, the nervous and sleepless disturbing a nervous and weak companion, the infant disturbing both parents in one bed—these and many other evils are thus avoided. The advance of civilization in this country will hasten reform in this important particular.

The hanging of doors as marked in the drawing is important, so as to protect those by the fire from draughts.

Low window-sills add to the beauty of a room, as high ones give an imprisoned air.

Every room should have at least one window admitting light from the sky, or it will be

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gloomy. For this reason piazzas and porticoes make lower rooms gloomy, unless one window admits light from the sky.

The Water-Closets should be ventilated by tin or wood conductors to the ventilating flue. Cautions as to their construction on p. 771 of the May article are important.

The staircase runs to a broad stair and then divides, so as to give more room to the adjacent chamber.

The Water-Closets can be supplied by a tank in the garret, with a forcing pump to a well or cistern in the cellar. Care must be taken to have this tank well supported by timbers or partitions underneath, and also to have the plumbing and waste-pipe properly done. The expense of water-closets but little exceeds that of outdoor accommodations, while they greatly add to health and comfort.

A FORCED MARCH.

IT was the last of May, 186–, when we were nearing the end of the time we had allotted for our short tour in Italy. We had not seen Venice, Bologna, nor Milan, but were yet lingering and dreaming on the banks of the Arno, possessed by the *dolce far niente* which that delicious climate induces; lounging whole days in palaces of art or in the historic villas which embellish the hills around Florence, or feasting our eyes from every commanding point with views of this fair city and its environs; while at night our dreams were fed by the gay sounds of music and of martial footsteps with which the graceful Florentines filled their moonlighted streets almost till morning. We could have yielded to the influence of these enchanting scenes forever, could have eaten the lotus leaf, and so forgot all the world beyond, our transatlantic home, the past, the imperious future, all in those luxurious hours. It was our first visit to Italy—to us, as to all the world, the abode of Poetry and Romance—and from the Alps to the orange groves of Sorrento we had enjoyed an unbroken festival among her luxuries of art and nature. But there were cares which tugged at the wings of our enjoyment.

My husband was dependent on the contingencies of a large business left at home, and it was but one of the untoward circumstances incident to all business connections that shocked us one lovely morning as we were preparing for our journey across the Apennines. A telegraphic item in one of the American journals announced that a terrific explosion of gunpowder had occurred at home by which severe losses had fallen on my husband, an immense amount of neighboring property had been destroyed, for which he would be responsible; and, what was most terrible, the chary telegram only hinted at the probable loss of life. The intelligence became more aggravating every moment as we recalled the large number of men, women, and children employed in the manufactory which had been destroyed, and pictured to ourselves all the possible horrors of the event. Of course the first thing to be done was to hasten to Paris to possess ourselves of letters which might await us there, containing full accounts of the disaster.

The almost immediate rebound from this depressing news was a hope, almost a belief, that the telegraph had told the worst, or it would have told more; and it was under the influence of this hope that we decided that I should remain behind, and in company with a small party should follow my husband more leisurely to Paris, resting a few days at some of the most interesting points of the journey, unless letters should demand his immediate return to America, in which case it was agreed that I should receive the intelligence by telegraph at Milan before proceeding farther than that city.

Much as I longed to improve this possibly last opportunity of securing a glimpse of Venice, it was not without pain and a tinge of self-reproach that I saw my husband start on his journey across the Alps. At Milan, whither I had accompanied him, I joined my traveling acquaintances; and during those days of waiting and uncertainty I endeavored by sight-seeing to distract my mind from the anxiety which weighed upon it. But the charm of picture-galleries and palaces seemed to have fled. Even the miraculous Duomo itself grew to be commonplace; only during the wonderful illumination on the evening of the national fête, when that architectural glory was baptized in the brilliant hues of the rainbow, did I forget every thing in the magnetic enthusiasm of the people. Italy was just awakening from her long sleep to a new national life, and when her "red, green, and white" alternately glorified that forest of sculptured statues, flowers, and spires—the almost worshiped cathedral—I found myself joining the excited shout—*Viva la Duomo! Viva l'Italia!* The marvelous beauty of this spectacle and the sublimity of the occasion might make one forget a more serious care than mine.

The telegram, which came duly, gave me small consolation in regard to the disaster; it said, "Go to Venice for a few days; our passage to America is secured for the 13th of June." It was now the third, only ten days before we must sail from Liverpool. Still in doubt in regard to the state of affairs at home, I felt that a hurried visit to Venice would scarcely leave me a pleasant recollection, so I determined to start immediately for Paris.

During my short stay in Milan I had experienced great discomfort in being without a male protector, a discomfort which I have never known in America; and it was an anticipation of the possible annoyances attending a journey to Paris entirely alone which led me to accept the companionship of the only two persons of the party who were prepared to hasten the journey as I desired, spite of certain recollections of them in Southern Italy not of the most agreeable character.

These were two ladies traveling together

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alone, except as convenience or propriety sometimes led them to join company with others visiting the same points. One, an English woman of about forty-five years, was apparently a victim to some disorder of the affections, for her exceptional character was ludicrous in its unique perversity. She was angular, peevish, and contrary. What pleased her companions inevitably disgusted her; what they criticised she admired with emphasis; and whatever plans they submitted met her immediate disapproval. I recall, as I write, her sharp features; the hair of doubtful yellow; the toss of the head backward which inevitably followed another's suggestions; the faded blue eyes, speculative and defiant, peering from underneath the spectacles in a deliberate gaze, as though she were calculating the process by which she would demolish either plans or theories. Her companion, a native of Peru, and a sister by marriage, seemed to yield in all things an abject submission to the overbearing Madam B——, her identity asserting itself only in an imposing degree of *embonpoint*, and a voluble use of English and French badly pronounced, with heterogeneous embellishments from her native Spanish which rendered her utterances almost unintelligible, at least to me. With these unpromising companions I left Milan. We decided to cross the Alps by the Simplon, and by a short detour to take in our way lakes Como, Lugano, and Maggiore, meeting the diligence at Arona.

There is a dreamy delight in recalling at this distance the panorama of those lovely lakes. Range after range of abrupt mountains rose on either shore, peaked, rounded, or cleft, revealing through frequent vistas every variation of distance far as the faint blue line that scarcely separates sky and land; their snow-tipped summits glistening above the brilliant green of the lower hills and valleys, which were every where dressed in the luxuriant vine; all so perfectly repeated in the still waters of the lake over which we glided that we seemed almost suspended between two worlds of wondrous beauty.

Nestling in the nooks or clinging to the sides of the mountains were the picturesque Italian villages, irregular, brown, and old, each with its grand cathedral, its pictures and statuary, its castle perched upon some overlooking height, and its tranquil population apparently dreaming away life in a delicious idleness. Seen in the intervals of summer showers, now glancing in sunlight, now veiled in transparent mists or crowned with rainbows, the entire scenery lies in my memory like some enchanted vision.

After two hours of delightful sailing down Lake Maggiore, the largest and the last of the group in our course, we debarked at Arona to await the arrival of the diligence.

We had made but short stay at Como and Lugano, had contented ourselves with sailing past the Boromean islands, catching only a glimpse of Isola Bella, whose orangeries and garden terraces lay in tempting proximity to Baveno, where we touched, but had hurried on to reach that day's diligence for the Alps; so that I was wholly unprepared for the change of programme which awaited me. I had just learned from the inn-keeper the hour when the diligence would leave, when I discovered Madam B—— regarding me in her fashion from under the spectacles, with falling lower jaw and fixed attitude. I saw that for some reason she had assumed the offensive, and waited the announcement, which soon came in this shape:

"I for one am not going over the mountains by diligence. I shall go by vettura or not at all."

I was not willing to abide by this decree, so I ventured to suggest the disadvantages of depending upon vetturini. "It would be triple the expense of the diligence," I added, remembering that I could receive no farther remittance from my husband if I pushed my journey as I intended, and since no use could be made of the draft on Venice I might not have sufficient funds to take me to Paris. It was in vain to urge either choice or necessity; neither the exclusive coupé which we might secure at this point, nor the superior security and swiftness of the public vehicle, nor the material difference in the expense, could move her from the whim apparently conceived at the moment. So I yielded with as much grace as I could command, and joined in the search for a vetturino. The task proved difficult enough, and when at last we succeeded, the lateness of the hour and the scarcity of coaches, had raised the price of a conveyance far as Sion to three hundred francs! This exorbitant sum did not even start an objection in the minds of my companions, though I had heard Madam B—— on another occasion haggle and scold a landlord with terrible earnestness about the price of a couple of candles. Though fully aware of the annoyances and detentions to which one might be subjected in making the passage of the mountains by coach, the extreme repugnance which I felt on this occasion seemed afterward to have been prophetic. There was, however, but one alternative, and the fear of incurring greater evils compelled me to abide by my companions with a degree of patience.

The picturesque scenery along the drive of seven hours before we reached our first stopping-place, growing as it did in grandeur every moment, should have given a greater pleasure than I remember. It was impossible not to hear the impertinent and ceaseless chatter of my inharmonious companions, with whom, I believe, neither the sublimest scenery nor the most startling situations could ever develop a point of sympathy. Either disgust from disappointments, or a satiety of luxury, had unfitted Madam B—— for the enjoyment of any of her surroundings; to her "all things showed their dark sides," so there was neither beauty nor poetry in the scenes through which we passed; the musical chiming of vesper bells, the peasants and priests in procession winding through the defiles toward the chapel at sunset, the children

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kneeling at way-side shrines under the shadow of the solemn mountains, only drew from her an offensive tirade against their religion; women sitting in the doorways or among the pomegranate blossoms, plying the venerable distaff, only compelled her sneers at their slow customs; no associated charm of antiquity could veil from her for a moment the barren fact which she despised. It was, however, pleasant to find that she believed in spinning-machines. I should have thought her altogether conservative. As we crossed a bridge over a terrific gorge, through which a stream from the distant mountain plunged at a fearful rate, "Look!" I exclaimed, "what a way this stream has made for itself!" "Pshaw!" cried she, "I am glad I'm not silly enough to believe in those infidel geologists who are trying to refute the Bible. Such nonsense! Of course, the gorge was made in the beginning for the stream."

As I was not allowed a quiet enjoyment of the mountain scenery, and as all attempt at conversation on my part was only an irritant, the despotic confines of the small coach which held me in contact with this negative creature grew intolerable. I believed a seat by the vetturino would be preferable; there at least I could have the silence of my own thoughts, so I climbed up to the box and rode there until the cold of the night drove me back inside.

At Domo d'Ossola, where I partly watched and partly slept, I heard during the night the noisy diligence go rolling away with smacking of whips and shouts of postillions; but I did not hear the marshaling of the clouds which were gathering their forces from every quarter of the Alps. All night the windy messengers flew from peak to peak, and at four o'clock on the following morning, when we started on our way, their work was consummated; the first warning drops were beginning to fall, and we drove out from the hotel in rain and darkness. Where were the rosy mists with which my imagination had draped the snowy peaks at the morning hour? Where the glowing east, whose yellow shafts I had seen in my dreams piercing the mountain ranges? An Alpine storm, after all, though attended with discomfort, must surely be sublime to witness; so I resolved to resume my seat by the vetturino, determined not to miss whatever views the breaking of the mists might occasionally reveal.

It was not the most comfortable seat imaginable, for it was too high for my feet to find a resting-place, and it was too narrow, and it was there that the cold wind and rain had full sweep; still, with warm shawls and water-proof, I kept the place, and saw, above and below, what solemn festival Nature sometimes holds in her high places.

No description has ever rendered the sublimity of Alpine scenery, either in shine or storm, and it is not for my impotent pen to essay that in which so many have failed; besides, it is but a personal incident that I began to narrate, and visions of the untoward circumstances under which I saw those sights can but stay somewhat of the enthusiasm of my recollection. Albeit I saw the elements at their carnival. The giant mountains now shrouded in mists, now suddenly cleaving the dusky veil, revealing their sublime forms, with the eternal smile upon their foreheads, seemed to me Nature's high-priests; their unattained fastnesses the resting-place of her Shekinah; the torrents pouring to the depths beneath their ceaseless libations to her mysteries.

As we approached the summit of our route we seemed to near the region of perpetual sunshine; for though the air was full of flying snow-flakes, and light drifts lay here and there over the fields, the blue sky broke cheerily through the clouds, giving promise of a bright afternoon for our descent. Earth in this sterile region gives back her smiles for the cold sunshine bestowed on her; brilliant ruby-colored blossoms lift themselves through the snow, and various hardy shrubs flaunt their gay flowers in the face of the storm with all the confidence of roses under the warm sky of the south.

After two hours of rest at the miserable village of Simplon we started on our now descending course; the mists had rolled away, breaking clouds and patches of serene sky were above us, and on every side "Alps on Alps" stood out to view in undraped grandeur. The sunshine, the bracing air, and the brisk rate at which we drove, put me in a more tranquil mood than I had known since leaving Florence. Before us lay apparently the easiest and swiftest part of our journey, and how soon I should be on a quick passage by rail to Paris; to reach which was the ever-haunting and oppressive desire.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we could see beneath us the village of Brieg, with its chateau and churches, lying in the green valley, through which coursed the "arrowy Rhone." From our high point this little nook of the Valais, in its frame-work of mountains and glaciers, formed a picture of exceeding beauty.

"Shall we reach Sion to-night?" I asked of the vetturino, as we neared the quaint little town. "Pas du tout, il faut rester à Brieg jusque à demain." I received this announcement with regret, and began to urge my desire to go on, assuring him that I must take the train from Sion on the following morning. He was inflexible in spite of my earnestness, saying it was impossible, his horses must have rest—a necessity which I had entirely overlooked. After a little silence I ventured to suggest that perhaps the horses would be able to continue the journey after a few hours' halt, which would still bring us to Sion in time for a night's rest; he hesitated, and, in a kinder tone, said, "C'est possible," when Madam B——, overhearing us, screamed from the inside, "We must stay here to-night!" "Would you not go on after a few hours here?" I asked, humbled by the conviction that the suggestion would be fruit-

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less, since she knew my desire, whatever might have been her previous wish; and the answer came as I suspected: "I am not demented—neither am I made of iron" (I half doubted both declarations). "No! I shall not leave Brieg until to-morrow noon." Which decree was carried out, and by the aid of a more potent fiat than even hers.

The small hotel at which we stopped was cold and dreary enough, the floors were bare and sprinkled with white sand, and the fireplaces filled with green boughs. The fare was coarse; but the appetite, induced by the long ride, made acceptable even the sour bread and miserable tea. Much fatigued I retired at an early hour and found a comfortable bed, in which I slept undisturbed by sounds or dreams until eight o'clock the next morning, when I was awakened by a great noise of shuffling feet in the bare halls, a mingling of excited voices with the roar of pouring rain upon the roofs and windows.

I hastened through my toilet and went down stairs, where I learned that at midnight the storm had recommenced with terrible fury, and had increased until the swollen river and mountain streams had destroyed miles of the road; had swept away all the bridges for a long distance; had, in fact, cut off the possibility of moving in either direction. Back up the mountains were impassable gorges, while on toward Sion were rushing torrents, or smooth lakes in place of the road over which we could have passed so glibly the evening before. The Rhone, which we might have crossed on foot and dry-shod on our way to Italy, was now a very cataract in its headlong fury, sweeping every thing in its course.

Within the hotel all was tumult, excitement, and vexation. "Hark!" said one, "do you hear the streams?" Until that moment I had not observed that the air was filled with a deep, monotonous sound, undefined and awful, upon the surface of which, as upon the pedal note of a vast organ, all other sounds seemed to play as to an accompaniment, full of majesty and terror.

The house was filled with guests; the parlor, which was at once reception-room, drawing-room, and *salle à manger*, was crowded with families who were making the tour in private carriages or by vettura, the fortunate travelers, by diligence, having passed on the evening before.

Anxious to proceed on their journey, and impatient under the veto of the storm, they paced the floor or huddled about the windows to watch the inexorable sky. The cheerless halls presented a scene of discomfort and confusion worse confounded, vetturini smoking and shouting to each other in Italian or French patois, gentlemen rehearsing the story of the night's disasters, and discussing the dismal probabilities, servants rushing back and forth with their burdens for the table, and in the midst the rosy landlord beset on all sides with a volley of questions, all of which he answered with incredible coolness and courtesy.

At breakfast I encountered Madam B——. Surely she was annoyed by this *contre-temps;* her face showed it. Perhaps she wished that we had gone on the day before. "What shall we do?" I asked, or rather exclaimed. "I see nothing to be done," she replied, with provoking nonchalance; and then, with dignified emphasis, "I am content to wait." Admirable resignation! Of one of the less resigned, an elderly gentleman sitting near, I inquired, "What, Sir, do you think is the real state of the road?"

"It is impossible to learn," he replied; "but the villagers say it will be impassable for a week to come." "But is there no way of escape?" I asked, remembering that in a week and one day from that time my husband expected me to sail with him from Liverpool. As the stranger replied I heard a titter in the direction of Madam B——. She was, indeed, rejoicing in my perplexity.

The day passed wearily away, the only occupation left us being to watch the clouds; and when night came down there was still no promise of fair weather. The next morning, the rain still pouring, a tattoo was beat in the streets, and the villagers came together to hold consultation in reference to the road, which resulted in an examination being made so far as possible; and at noon the tidings came that, even should the rain cease at once, it would require two or three weeks to make it passable for any vehicle.

There was no longer for me the poor satisfaction of looking for a break in the clouds—we were doomed to a three-weeks' imprisonment even should the sun burst forth that moment.

For others there might be sufficient entertainment in the scenery of the neighborhood; but not all the peaks and glaciers of the Valais could assuage my impatience. The mail communication was kept up by peasants, who carried the bags over the side of the mountains. So I wrote in a half-desperate state to my husband, telling him of the dismal prospect, begging him if possible to defer going to America; if not, I would follow him so soon as it was in my power. My letter had scarcely left the hotel when a thought struck me, which I speedily communicated to the old gentleman and lady with whom I had held previous conversations. "Why could I not cross the mountain side on foot with those who carry the mails?" The lady threw up her hands, and the gentleman first smiling, as if at the absurdity of the idea, and then looking serious, said: "Such an adventure might be accompanied by danger, and for a woman to attempt it in this storm would look like madness."

His reply did not, however, settle my mind; he was old and fearful, I young and hopeful, perhaps rash. At all events as I revolved the question in my mind I became more and more convinced that I was equal to the adventure.

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I was strong, accustomed to walking, not afraid of a little exposure. I would make the effort; I would return if the way was impossible, if not I would accomplish it.

Thus determined I walked out to the office of the diligence, where I inquired if there was any way of transporting baggage across the mountain toward Sion.

"No, Madame," replied the man.

"Would you not undertake to send one trunk for an extra compensation?"

He hesitated a moment, and replied in the affirmative. So I bought my ticket for Sion. The distance from the village to the impassable part of the road was two miles and a half, and a diligence made this short passage each day with the mails; the hour for leaving Brieg was four o'clock, it was now three, and I returned to the hotel to prepare for the journey. I had not suggested my plan to my companions; but as I had overheard them talking of a purpose to go to Baden from Geneva instead of fulfilling the arrangement of going with me immediately to Paris, I felt no compunction in acting independently of them. My preparations completed, I announced to Madam B—— my determination, bidding her good-by at the same time.

Of course she declared me "demented," saying she "would not attempt such a thing for *forty husbands!*" She had never been married, and despised the relation.

With many kind wishes from the old people whose counsels I had disregarded, promising to write to them from Sion if I arrived there in safety, I left the hotel. At four o'clock I was seated in the coupé of the diligence, sole occupant of the enormous vehicle; beside me a warm shawl and my satchel, containing an extra pair of shoes and stockings, my trunk, the only baggage besides the mails.

I confess to strange emotions when my back was fairly turned upon the little village, not a human being within reach except the driver and conductor of the diligence—these my only protectors, the day beginning to wane, the rain still falling, an unknown and dangerous way before me. As we rolled out into the country the general devastation became more and more apparent; the river rushed furiously by, bearing with it the débris of bridges which it had destroyed in its course; the mountain torrents hastening to meet it intercepted our way, huge rocks and uprooted trees turning us aside, until at last the road became so piled up with masses of loose stones that the wheels of the diligence often became wedged in between them, and the group of men employed in removing some of the obstacles before us were compelled to extricate them by main force.

Sometimes it seemed impossible to escape an overturn, when these stout mountaineers uniting their strength upon the leaning side prevented it. The danger of such a catastrophe kept me in constant jeopardy, and I would gladly have tried the way on foot; but this was clearly impossible, the men themselves frequently walking through streams that reached to their armpits. The fear of disaster, the loneliness of my situation, the noise of the waters roaring around me, and the excited shouts of the men in their efforts to assist the progress of the heavy coach, filled me for a few moments with terror, and I would have returned to Brieg; but the thought of my dear H—— oppressed with anxiety awaiting me in Paris, and the penalty of the three weeks' dismal imprisonment, gave me nerve to continue.

I soon saw that these men of the mountains were no strangers to the situation, and I resolved to trust to their experience so long as they seemed equal to the emergency. Carefully feeling for foothold with long poles carried in one hand they steadied the vehicle with the opposite shoulder, plunging through the streams with apparent indifference, their sturdy strength sufficient for every crisis. The horses, evidently knowing the importance of a careful step, planted their feet among the loose stones with a caution and patience almost human, and for this gentle sagacity I felt a new thankfulness; the least refractoriness on their part would many times have resulted in sure catastrophe. Thus by the combined strength of man and beast a mile of this rough traveling was accomplished, occupying two hours and a half, when we rolled softly out into a smooth lake, the waters spread out on either side, and so deep that I could not determine whether the horses were walking or swimming. Fearing that we should be submerged, I threw open the window of the coupé and called to the driver. He quickly discovered my fears, and shouting in a gay voice "Tout est perdu, Madame," cracked his whip, and fell to singing, which, of course, assured me that I need have no fear.

A few moments after this I descried on the opposite shore a cabin, and some people watching our approach, when the comfortable thought was suggested that all the obstacles of the way were past, the villagers have been deceived in regard to the extent of the damage, and this is probably the first time the diligence has made the passage, so I shall reach Sion without further difficulty. While thus congratulating myself we emerged from the water, when, to my surprise and disappointment, the driver jumped from the box, threw open the door of the coupé, and cried: "Descendez, s'il vous plait; il faut marcher."

There was no alternative; it was impossible to return to Brieg from this point until the following morning, and to remain here would be horrible. Whatever the distance one fact was plain, "*il faut marcher.*" The rain was drizzling, the light fast fading, and the group of rough-looking peasants standing about chattering in the strange patois of the canton only added to the sense of loneliness which crept over me. With a show of indifference I joined the procession, intrusting my satchel to one, the heavy shawl to another, while four of the party took my trunk on a litter, and four others, prob-

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ably a corps of relief, sauntered on after. A "fille," as the men called the unkempt, weather-blackened specimen (can it be?) of womanhood, bore upon her bent shoulders the heavy mail bags. A strange spectacle she was — her bare feet the color of the soil, her head covered only with its mass of tangled, sunburnt hair, and her unshapely figure half-draped in nondescript garments.

After a short ascent I looked about, and could see that the point where I left the diligence was but a point—a small peninsula, and beyond, far as one could see, the road, with a strip of the adjacent land, lay under the terrible Rhone.

Picking my way carefully behind the creature with the bags, I asked how far we must walk before reaching the road. It was two miles; and already the fires were kindled on the mountains to call home the cattle, warning us that there was not much daylight before us in which to accomplish the task. The way now became extremely difficult, and at times perilous; the path lying over an uncertain route, such only as the descending streams would allow, and much of the way no path or footprint was discernible. The excitement of the hour—the fear blended with determination—imparted an almost superhuman strength, so that the rough obstacles were one by one overcome without measuring them until they were long passed. Sometimes we crossed torrents plunging through deep ravines, our only foothold the insecure rocks which were the next moment swept away! Sometimes our course lay along the very edge of a precipice, at the foot of which the headlong river sent up its threatening monotone—a dreadful note of warning, which, mingling with the voices of my guides shouting through the darkness, "*Prenez garde! prenez garde!*" filled me with terror. Sometimes the tangled shrubs concealed pools of water into which I unwittingly plunged, soaking my garments half-way to my waist; until at last, in the rain and darkness, we landed on the solid road. How thankfully I dropped down on a rock to await the arrival of the diligence, which was to meet us at this point! It was not, however, in sight, so I busied myself a while with wringing the water from my clothes, and putting on the dry shoes and stockings which I had so providently brought in my satchel. My watch by the light of our lanterns showed me that it was a quarter before nine o'clock, and I asked at what hour the diligence ought to arrive. "At eight o'clock," was the answer. "Might it fail to come?" I asked, shuddering at such a possibility, when I was told that, since there were no passengers expected, the mails might be left over until the next day. There was neither hut nor fire within reach, and the heat from my fatiguing walk having passed off, I was already shivering with cold. "How far is it to the next village?" I asked. "Five miles," was the answer. I strained my eyes and listened.

An hour passed on waiting thus in the cold and darkness, and yet no diligence. The group of peasants sitting about on the rocks alternately listened and talked in their wretched patois, until suddenly one of the men started up impatiently, muttering, "*Elle n'arrivera pas ce soir*," and all the party moved as if determined to wait no longer. To return by the way we came, and in this darkness, and to stay alone with these strange people at the hut on the point! My heart sank within me at the prospect. I had not, however, time for repining. A shout from one of the men turned all eyes toward the road; a faint light glimmered in the distance, then grew nearer and nearer—yes, it was the longed-for diligence. I have never heard a more cheerful sound than the shouts of those postillions and the rumbling of those heavy wheels.

Once more the solitary occupant of the great coach, I drew myself up on the cushions of the coupé, as much as possible avoiding contact with my wet skirts, and with a sense of relief prepared my mind for the four hours' ride. The laws of a diligence are as rigorous as those of a railroad train, and there was no stopping-place until we should reach Sion. How I dragged through the almost endless hours, more and more benumbed with cold, half sleeping with weariness, I scarcely know. It was nearly two hours past midnight when I heard with joy the summons to descend at the hotel at Sion. The sleepy porter assisted me into the house (for I was scarcely able to help myself), and at my prompting led me to the cuisine, and kindled for me a fire in the great range, there being no other arrangements for fire in the house. How I luxuriated in the grateful warmth! And when, after a bowl of hot drink, I retired to sleep between two down beds, I felt a thankfulness and a sense of luxury which I had never before experienced, and which soon made me forget all the cold and perils of the previous hours. At seven o'clock on the following morning, after a refreshing sleep, I was awakened, as I had given orders, by a maid bringing my clothes, dried and cleansed from mud, and shortly after appeared the welcome rolls and coffee. The exhilarating sunshine was pouring in at my windows as I ate my breakfast, and I could almost have believed that the adventure of the night before had been but a dream. I, however, wrote a short note to the old people at Brieg, as I had promised, and at nine o'clock was seated in an elegant railway carriage, whirling along my way to Paris.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

IN England, from which country we derive so many of our social habits and customs, Easter is considered a very important occasion, and the holiday season which is attached to it is held to be only second in interest to that of Christmas. At Easter all the universities and schools in the realm close, and every boy who has a home turns his look thitherward with a

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bright face and a glad heart. At Easter all work that can stop pauses: the Courts adjourn, the Circumlocution Office reposes, and Parliament rises. Indeed Parliament never really goes to work until after Easter. At Easter there is a universal determination on the part of all England to have a second edition of the Christmas holidays.

As long as Anglo-Saxon has been spoken, or rather since that language began to be spoken, for the two streams of Norman and Anglo-Saxon after the Conquest combined to form the *Engleis* or English, the anniversary of the resurrection of our Saviour has been known as Easter. The appellation probably came from the Saxon *oster*—"to rise." Some archæologists, however, derive the name from the Saxon goddess *Eastre*, who was specially invoked by her worshipers in the spring, and who was thought to exercise a happy influence upon the forthcoming vegetation. The point is of but little consequence. Both Easter and Sunday are good Saxon, and, like many other words of the same sturdy tongue, have gained a lasting home at the hearths and in the hearts of a Christian people.

In early days Easter was counted the "Queen of Festivals," and was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity. Primitive Christians upon this day always, when they met first in the morning, instead of the usual form of salutation, exclaimed, "Christ is risen!" The person saluted invariably responded, "Christ is risen indeed," or, "And has appeared unto Peter." It was poetical and Oriental. The Russian and Greek Churches have both preserved this old custom; at every recurring Easter the salutation can be heard. Bishop Coxe mentions, in his "Travels," having met with an instance of this greeting in a rural parish in England.

In the first century a controversy arose in the Church with respect to the true time and mode of keeping Easter. The Christian world was then divided into two parts: the Eastern and the Western, or the Greek and the Latin Christians. The Eastern Christians, with naturally Judaizing tendencies, observed a Passover on the night following the fourteenth day of Nisan—the day upon which the Passover was instituted—without reference to the day of the week upon which the fourteenth might occur. They also at the same time celebrated the passion and resurrection of Christ. The Western Christians ignored the Passover; but they kept the Friday which followed the fourteenth of Nisan as a solemn fast in memory of the Crucifixion, and celebrated the Resurrection upon the succeeding Lord's day.

Variations also arose in regard to time. Errors had crept gradually into the calendar, and every day was awry from true time. This evil went on increasing until A.D. 1582, when the calendar was reformed and corrected by Pope Gregory XIII.

"The diversity of practice in regard to the time and manner of keeping Easter seems," says Dr. Robinson, "to have been first brought into friendly discussion when Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, the disciple of St. John, paid a visit to Anicetus, Bishop of Rome, in A.D. 162. Polycarp testified that he had once celebrated the regular Jewish Passover with the Apostle John; while Aniccetus appealed to the fact that his predecessors had introduced nothing of the kind. Later, about A.D. 170, the subject again came up in Asia Minor. Yet no interruption of fellowship took place between the churches of the East and the West. Under the Roman Bishop Victor, however, the controversy broke out afresh. The result at this time was that Victor attempted to break off communion with the Asiatic Churches. For this step he was strongly censured by Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons. Other bishops likewise raised their voices against this rash measure. Through their efforts peace was at length restored; and both parties remained undisturbed in their own modes of observance until the great Council of Nice in A.D. 325, when the question was finally decided in favor of the West."

It was ruled that Easter should be deemed a movable feast, and that the full moon next to the vernal equinox should be taken for the full moon in the month of *Nisan*, and the 21st of March be accounted the vernal equinox. Easter Sunday, therefore, is always the Sunday following the full moon which falls on, or next after, the 21st of March. The *earliest* possible day whereon Easter can happen in any year is the 22d of March; the *latest* the 25th of April. Friday preceding Easter is observed as a special fast in commemoration of the Crucifixion, and Easter as a special feast in honor of the Resurrection of the Lord. The latter day is indeed His re-birthday—"the day the Lord hath made."

Easter being a distinguished festival was preceded in primitive times by a *vigil*, which was peculiarly solemn, as it was associated with the lying of the body of Christ in the tomb. The usage coincided with the manners of those days, but finds no place among Protestant churches.

Many curious customs attach to the observance of Easter in different parts of the world. In Ireland, formerly, people rose at four A.M. *to see the sun dance.* Not only the ignorant but the wealthy and well-informed scrupulously observed this custom. In England they were wont to call the reflection of the sun in running water "lamb-playing." An old ballad quoted by Brand says:

> "But, Dick, she *dances* such a way!
> No sun upon an Easter-day
> Is half so fine a sight."

But sun-dancing and lamb-playing were but old wives' fables. They show, however, how easily a simple people are pleased.

In Paris it was an old custom to stone Jews upon Easter-day through the streets, and finally to catch some unfortunate son of Abraham and take him to church and there punish him for the deeds of his ancestors. There is an in-

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stance on record of one miserable wretch having been actually beaten to death by the pious Parisians in their zeal.

In some places where the Mohammedan religion prevails they slay rams and sheep upon Easter, and let the blood run through the streets. Men and women imbrue themselves in it, and there is a general orgie. A writer mentions having witnessed such a scene in Tangier.

At Rome the Easter season is celebrated with great magnificence. On this day the Pope is placed in a lofty seat and borne to St. Peter's amidst a great concourse of the faithful, who receive his liberal benedictions, which are dispensed with a flourish of three fingers, as the representative of St. Peter is carried along. At Easter the Pope wears the tiara or triple-crown —the emblem of pontifical, imperial, and royal authority united. The *jubilate*, too, is chanted at this season, and there is a universal exultation, which is the more striking as it is contrasted with the gloomy period of Lent just drawn to a close, especially with the sad solemnities of Holy Week. At Easter, too, takes place the illumination of St. Peter's. There are two. "The first," says Headley, "is called the silver one, and commences about eight o'clock in the evening. Four thousand four hundred lanterns or lamps are so arranged as to reveal the entire architecture of the building. Every column, cornice, frieze, and window—all the details of the building, and the entire structure, are revealed in a soft, clear light, producing an effect indescribably pleasing, yet utterly bewildering. It seems an immense alabaster building, lit from within. The long lines of light made by the columns, with the shadows between—the beautiful cornice glittering over the darkness under it—the magnificent semicircular colonnades all inherent with light, and every one of the hundred and ninety-two statues along its top surmounted with a lamp, and the immense dome rising over all like a mountain of molten silver in the deep darkness around, so completely delude the senses that one can think of nothing but a fairy fabric suddenly lighted and hung in mid-heavens. This effect, however, is given only when one stands at a distance. The Pincian Hill is the spot from whence to view it. All around is buried in deep darkness except that steadily shining glory. Not a sound is heard to break the stillness, and you gaze and gaze, expecting every moment to see the beautiful vision fade. But it shines calmly on. This illumination lasts from eight to nine, and just as the bell of the cathedral strikes nine, sending its loud and solemn peal over the city, a thousand four hundred and seventy-five torches are suddenly kindled beside the lanterns. The change is instantaneous and almost terrific. The air seems to waver to and fro in the sudden light—shape and form are lost for a moment, and the vision which charmed your senses is melting and flowing together. The next moment old St. Peter's again draws its burning outline against the black sky, and stands like a mountain of torches in the deep night with a fiery cross burning at the top. How the glorious structure burns, yet unconsumed! The flames wrap it in their fierce embrace, and yet not a single detail is lost in the conflagration. There is the noble façade in all its harmony, and yet on fire. There are the immense colonnades wavering in the light, changed only in that they are now each a *red* marble shaft. The statues stand unharmed, and all fiery figures. The dome is a vast fire-ball in the darkness, yet its distinct outline remains as clear as at the first. The whole mighty edifice is there, built all of flame—columns, frieze, cornice, windows, towers, dome, cross—a temple of fire, perfect in every part, flashing, swaying, burning in mid-heavens. The senses grow bewildered in gazing on its intense brilliancy, and the judgment pronounces it an optical illusion, unreal, fantastical. Yet the next moment it stands corrected—that is St. Peter's flaming unwasted in the murky heavens. Hour after hour it blazes on, and the last torch is yet unextinguished when the gray twilight of morning opens in the east."

In early days the Roman Church introduced theatrical representations to amuse the votaries. The scene of the Passion and Resurrection of Christ was exhibited in the cathedral at Durham with great detail, including the arising from the sepulchre, and the conversations related in the New Testament. Curious records have been preserved at the expenses incident to these shows, where churches were theatres and priests and monks were actors.

In England many old and curious customs were long connected with the annual return of the Easter festival. "Lifting" or "heaving" was so much in vogue that Mr. Lysons says that Edward I. was lifted upon Easter. Hone gives us an account of the ceremony as described by Mr. Loggan thus: "I was sitting at breakfast in the Talbot, in Shrewsbury, when I was surprised by the entrance of all the female servants of the house handing in an arm-chair, lined with white and decorated with ribbons and favors of different colors. I asked them what they wanted. Their answer was they came to *heave* me; it was the custom of the place on that morning, and they hoped I would take a seat in their chair. It was impossible not to comply with a request very modestly made, and to a set of nymphs in their best apparel, and several of them under twenty. I wished to see all the ceremony, and seated myself accordingly. The group then lifted me up from the ground, turned the chair about, and I had the felicity of a salute from each. I told them I supposed there was a fee due upon the occasion, and was answered in the affirmative; and having satisfied the damsels in this respect they withdrew to heave others. At this time I had never heard of such a custom; but on inquiry I found that on Easter Monday, between 9 and 12, the men heave the women, and on Tuesday, at the same hours, the women heave the men."

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Pasch eggs are a feature upon Easter quite as much as hot cross-buns are upon Good-Friday. It is usual to boil the eggs very hard and dye the exterior in various styles. Many of our readers are familiar with the Paus, or Pasch eggs, for the children of New York have dyed and broken thousands of them, and they can be seen now at Easter in all parts of the State. Though not quite as general as New-Year's calls the custom of dying and cracking eggs upon Easter has been carried by New Yorkers wherever they have gone. Not a few can recall, when Gotham was below Canal Street, how the chimney-sweeps used to rollick and chatter away upon the stoops and sidewalks upon Easter cracking eggs. It was a pretty custom for children, and gave rise to much innocent amusement.

The observance of Easter, which has ever been so universal in Europe, from a small beginning has grown to be a pretty general custom in this country. Many of the colleges have Easter vacations, and legislative and judicial bodies often adjourn temporarily to enable those who are so disposed to keep Easter. The religious services are always of a marked character upon Easter. Especially worthy of notice is the music upon that day; the Easter carols will compare with the Christmas carols in beauty. These holiday observances and amusements should all be cultivated. Our people are a working people, and give too little time to recreation and relaxation. All recreation and amusement of a healthy kind serves to maintain the tone and vigor of mind and body. People of every degree are better for laying aside their cares and trials and troubles and labors, and, giving a loose rein to their feelings, enjoy themselves to the full as their circumstances and opportunities admit. What better period can there be for this than the season of Easter, when every thing betokens the new birth of vegetation — the re-birthday of Christ, the great Sunday of which every other is but the weekly continuance, the day which the Psalmist says "the Lord hath made?"

"In Roman Catholic countries," says Hone, "it is a very ancient custom for the preacher to divert his congregation in due season with what is called a *Fabula Paschalis*—an *Eastern Tale*—which was becomingly received by the auditors with peals of *Easter laughter*. A little fun from the pulpit was considered proper to give the first impulse toward the revival of mirth. This practice lasted in places even to the eighteenth century." We believe that it never has been in vogue in our country. Hone publishes one of these curious tales, which he says he took out of a "truly curious volume." It runs thus:

One day Christ came to a place where there was no inn, and entered the house of a blacksmith. This man had a wife who paid the utmost respect to strangers, and treated them with the best that her house would afford. When they were about to depart our Lord and St. Peter wished her all that was good, and heaven into the bargain. Said the woman: "Ah! if I do but go to heaven, I care for nothing else!" "Doubt not," said St. Peter, "for it would be contrary to Scripture if thou shouldst not go to heaven. Let what will happen thou must go thither. Open thy mouth. Did I not say so? Why, thou canst not be sent to hell where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth, for thou hast not a tooth left in thy head. Thou art safe enough; be of good cheer." Who was so overjoyed as the good woman? Without doubt she took another cup on the strength of this assurance. But our Lord was desirous to testify his thanks to the man also, and promised to grant him four wishes. "Well," said the smith, "I am heartily obliged to you, and wish that if any one climbs up the pear-tree behind my house he may not be able to get down again without my leave." This grieved St. Peter not a little, for he thought the smith ought rather to have wished for the kingdom of heaven. But our Lord with his wonted kindness granted the petition. The smith's next wish was, that if any one sat down upon his anvil he might not be able to rise without his permission; and the third, that if any one crept into his old flue, he might not have power to get out without his consent. St. Peter said, "Friend smith, beware what thou dost. These are all wishes that can bring thee no advantage; be wise and let the remaining one be for everlasting life with the blessed in heaven." The smith was not to be put out of his way, and thus proceeded: "My fourth wish is that my green cap may belong to me forever, and that whenever I sit down upon it no power or force may be able to drive me away." This also received the *fiat*. Thereupon our Lord went his way with Peter, and the smith lived some years longer with his old woman. At the end of this time grim Death appeared and summoned him to the other world. "Stop a moment," said the smith, "let me just put on a clean shirt, meanwhile you may pick some of the pears on yonder tree." Death climbed up the tree, but he could not get down again; he was forced to submit to the smith's terms, and promised him a respite of twenty years before he returned. When the twenty years were expired he again appeared, and in the name of the Lord and St. Peter commanded him to go along with him. "Sit down," said the smith, "upon my anvil, for thou must be tired; I will just drink a cup to cheer me, and take leave of my old woman, and be with thee presently." But Death could not rise again from his seat, and was obliged to promise the smith a delay of another twenty years. When these had elapsed the devil came and would fain have dragged away the smith by force. "Halloa, fellow!" said the latter, "that won't do! I have other letters, and whiter than thou, with thy black *carta bianca*. But if thou art such a conjuror as to imagine that thou hast any power over me, let us see if thou canst get into this rusty old flue." No

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sooner said than the devil slipped into the flue. The smith and his men put the flue into the fire, then carried it unto the anvil, and then hammered away at the Old One most unmercifully. He howled and begged and prayed; and at last promised that he would have nothing to do with the smith to all eternity if he would but let him go. At length the smith's guardian angel made his appearance. The business was now serious. He was obliged to go; the angel conducted him to hell. The devil whom he had so terribly belabored was just then attending the gate; he looked out at the little window, but quickly shut it again, and would have nothing to do with the smith. The angel then conducted him to the gate of heaven. St. Peter refused to admit him. "Let me just peep in," said the smith, "that I may see how it looks there." No sooner was the wicket opened than the smith threw in his cap and said, "Thou knowest it is my property, I must go and fetch it." Then slipping past, he clapped himself down upon it, and said, "Now I am sitting on my own property; I should like to see who dares drive me away from it." And so the smith got into heaven at last.

IN THE SMOKE.

I sat on the shore beyond the city
And watched the smoke clouds rise
From a thousand fires, and blend and spread,
In a slumbrous bank low overhead,
Between the roofs and skies.

Dark jets with a writhing, serpent motion,
And ragged sheets of brown,
And threads of silver like mountain rills,
And crested billows like cloudland hills,
And scattered flakes of down.

And every separate sheet and column,
Thread-flake and billow, told
The history of its birth below,
By forge or furnace or hearth-fire's glow,
In hue and fringe and fold.

And more; to my thought they took the likeness
Of else unpictured things;
One held the shadows of grimy men,
Another a spectral hand and pen,
A third a spirit's wings.

There drifted in glittering convolutions
A sun-hued India shawl;
The rags of a beggar fluttered here;
A cradled infant rocked softly near
The shadow of a brawl.

A line of silver bore slowly upward
A wreath of orange blooms,
A hearse in a sable column slow
Rolled off and entered the cloud bank low
In deepening funeral glooms.

Life with its features ever changing,
And death with changeless face,
Joy, toil, and luxury, want and pain,
Pictured in motion, form, or stain,
Found in the smoke a place.

And the low bank drew them in and mingled
All in its shadowy pall,
Darkness by labor, thought, strife, trade,
Darkness by luxury, joy, love, made
With sunlight over all.

STRAYED AND STOLEN.

HOW hot it was—close, sultry, and oppressive! Five o'clock in the afternoon of a blazing August day, and not the shadow of a passing cloud to soften the fierce, white heat of the sun's slowly descending beams—not a breath of air to revive the dusty herbage or cool the face of the earth, upon which those scorching beams came slanting down, like sharp arrows of light, smiting where they fell!

Hotter, and still hotter, even as the day waned to its close, as if the burning Day-King actually drew nearer to the shrinking earth as he descended from his proud place in the heavens. Yet along the distant highway, treeless and bare, which led to the nearest town, and upon the unsheltered and elevated line of which the sun's rays fell with unmitigated fierceness, till dry and whitening in the heat, it looked like the trail left by the caravan through the bleached and sterile sands of the desert, three figures were slowly but steadily moving; half seen, half enveloped in the stifling clouds of dust which their own weary feet were upraising.

Of these three persons the first, who was some rods in advance of the other two, was a woman, if that term must of necessity be given to any thing so unfeminine and repulsive in person and manner. She was of middle age—tall, gaunt, and muscular, with "vagrancy" written all over her as plainly as if it had been branded upon her brow or printed in large letters upon her back. That she was of foreign origin was equally patent to every eye, for, through the mercy of Heaven, such as she are not indigenous to our American soil; still, though it was easy to say at a glance that she was *not* an American, it would have puzzled an expert to say to what soil she *did* belong. Possibly had she been asked the question, she would have said she was Scotch-Irish, which is a common answer among persons of her class; but this would have told but little of the story, for her antecedents had been so mixed and intermingled in a long line of poverty, sin, and shame that it was impossible to guess if Scotch or Irish, Dutch or German, Portuguese, Jew, Gipsy, Indian, or Negro predominated in the mongrel thing who seemed to have united in one all the least pleasing attributes of all her races.

Her dress, which was dirty, ragged, and scanty, consisted of a short, rusty, black skirt, which barely reached to the top of the man's boots which she wore, and this was surmounted by a thick but tattered plaid woolen shawl, which was wrapped about the upper part of her person as if the day had been a wintry storm instead of a burning dog-day. A dirty cap, with wide flaunting cotton border, was crowned by a man's straw-hat, less conspicuous now, to be sure, than it would have been a few years ago, when woman was less covetous of masculine apparel than at present. Her face was pitted, swarthy, and sunburnt, to which habits of gross intemperance had added an almost purplish hue; the

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features coarse, sensual, and revolting, with crisp, wiry, black hair, above the low-hung brows, which had a trick of shutting down over the narrow, red eyes, whose expression varied only from stupid imbecility to low cunning or ungoverned rage. She bore a huge pack upon her back, strapped across her breast and shoulders, as a man might have carried it; and the brawny arms which were folded behind her to help to support her burden were tanned, hairy, and muscular, as the arms of a laboring man. She held a short clay pipe between her discolored and broken teeth, and was smoking as she walked—which occupation did not, however, interfere with the occasional utterance of a choice oath in some one of the deep guttural languages which were all her mother tongues; while she plodded on with steady, dogged determination, throwing up the dust right and left, and only turning from time to time to encourage by oath or menace the lagging steps of her two followers.

Of these the nearest to her in the line of march was a stolid-looking boy, of about a dozen years or more; freckled, red-haired, and wide-mouthed; heated, weary, and travel-worn; with ungainly limbs and awkward gait; yet a Yankee, and with an expression so honest, kind, and truthful, it seemed as if time, circumstance, and education might yet strip him of his coarse exterior, and polish the rough gem which was now incrusted with dirt. He was limping painfully along, barefooted, over the burning dirt of the turnpike road; and he, too, bore a large pack, which was suspended over his shoulder upon a stout stick, and carried another and smaller one in his arms.

The third and last person in the procession was a little girl, a delicate child of possibly six years old, wholly and entirely unlike either of her companions, although her dress denoted her as belonging to them. She carried no bundle, and was enveloped from head to foot in an old, tattered, waterproof cloak, which, being originally intended for a much taller person, reached to the ground about her, and had to be held up as she walked. She wore upon her head a huge coal-scuttle thing of a bonnet, of the kind known as a "shaker," which had at least the merit of protecting her from the sun, for it was so deep and extended so far beyond her little face that she looked as if she stood under the roof of a porch. She was fair and delicate, with pure, finely-grained complexion, finely-cut features, and short, curling hair; with large, sweet, violet eyes, and long, thick-fringed lashes; but she was flushed and over-wearied, and there was a strange look about her eyes, as if their expression had been suddenly struck out of them. She rarely raised them, plodding on with her head bent down, and staggering along with weak, uncertain steps, like one who walks in sleep; but when she *did* lift them, their dreamy, lost, bewildered look was pitiful to see—it was almost like looking into the open eyes of the dead. Yet she made no complaint, nor uttered any sound save a low moaning, which she seemed alike unconscious of and unable to suppress.

They were toiling up a long sandy hill now, and as their weary feet slackened in speed, their leader stopped half-way up and shook her clenched hand at the loiterers: "Hurry up! hurry up! do ye hear me? both of ye! Do ye think I'll be waiting for sich brats as ye? Not I! Walk up, you Jim! Walk up, you little mischief! Hurry yourself, you bag of lazy bones! or I'll know the reason why." The boy quickened his pace, and came within speaking distance of the virago:

"Marm," he said, deprecatingly and humbly, "please! I don't think that Jess *can* hurry up; her little legs is all wore out, and it is awful hot! She can't but jest stand now; and I guess she can't go no faster, no how!"

"Don't tell me!" said the woman, savagely, administering a sharp blow upon his face as she spoke; "don't go to tell *me* she can't! I say she *can!* and I say she *shall!* Don't yer try to come it over me that way. I ain't that soft yer take me to be, I tell you! If she can't walk, let her go on her fours. Go back, you, and tell her I'll teach her to walk, and dance too; and mind you and make her hurry up, or I'll teach yer both to walk Spanish 'fore I'm done wid yer. Do ye hear?"

With a sad look of helpless and hopeless indignation upon his coarse but honest features the boy turned away from the termagant. "You be—*jamed!* you darned old chicken-hawk!" he said; which was the nearest approach to a deadly oath with which his Puritanical childhood had invested him, and he retraced his weary steps to rejoin his little companion.

"Jess!" he said, speaking with a forced cheerfulness he was far from feeling—"come, little Jess! you must hurry up, marm says; see now if yer can't kind 'er chipper up, and go a bit faster; *do*, now, that's a good gal!"

"I can't!" said the poor, weary child, lifting her strange eyes to his face. "I can't, Jim; I am all tired out."

"Poor little Jess! Yes, dear, I know yer be," said the boy, with a look and tone of compassionate tenderness scarcely in keeping with his rough exterior. "Poor little Jess!" he repeated, looking sadly down upon her; "and I'm loth to tell yer, I be; but—yer see, marm's as mad as fire, and as savage as a she-bear. I dun'no what's come over her, but I don't like her looks to-day. When she has that are red light in her eyes she means mischief, as sure as you're alive! Do try to hurry up a little bit, or I'm feared she'll kill yer; she's wicked enough!"

"Let her," said the child, speaking in a languid, monotone voice; "let her, Jim, if she wants to. I sometimes wish she would; wouldn't it be good to be dead and cool, and sleep in the fresh, cold earth? Oh! Jim, my feet are blistered, and my head aches, and I'm so tired, oh! so tired and hot; I *can't* go any faster; I can hardly go at all!"

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"You poor little thing!" said Jim, kindly. "She is too hard on yer; an old skeer-crow! so she is. I'd kerry yer on my back if I could, Jess; yer know I would jest as soon as not if I could; but, yer see, I can't; and marm wouldn't let me if I could—least ways I don't guess she would."

"No!" said little Jess, "you can't carry me, Jim; thank you all the same, though. You've got my pack, and your own too, already, and you can't hardly carry both of them now; and you've lent me your shoes too. You can't help me any more, Jim."

"Yes, I can, too!" said the boy, cheerfully, a new idea dawning in his fertile Yankee mind. "You jest see, now; wait a bit; there now, I'll jest turn this old lether strap round behind, and you ketch a holt of it with both yer hands; keep a holt on it by both ends, and I'll tug yer along; that'll help yer some, see if it don't; you keep right behind me, and marm won't see. There, now, that's right; and here we go. I'm a tug-steamer, and you're the good ship Jess; and I'll get you safe into port. Cheerily now, cheerily now! and here we go; cheerily *here*, and cheerily *there*, and cheerily *now*, and here we go;" and poor Jim, tired and weary with his own burden, began to whistle a merry tune to enliven his little, helpless companion as he braced himself to toil up the hill.

They were nearly up now; and the woman who had preceded them, having reached the summit, had stopped to rest; and, lowering her pack to the ground, was sitting upon it, still smoking, and impatiently waiting for them to come up to her, with a sullen scowl upon her dark, sinister face.

"You keep right behind me, Jess," said the boy, speaking over his shoulder without turning round; "and when we get 'most up to her you jest quit holt of the strap, and cast off, will yer?" and he resumed his tune.

As the young pedestrians drew near the old woman a carriage, which had been toiling up the long, steep ascent behind them, reached the summit at the same time, and the driver stopped to breathe his panting horses, who, smoking and snorting, tossed up their heads, and shook themselves in their harness, as if in relief after the heavy strain in the intense heat; and one of the gentlemen who occupied the carriage leaning out addressed some trifling question to the children. Little Jess, who stood nearest to the carriage, stepped forward to answer him; and as she did so she instinctively pushed back the huge bonnet which concealed and almost blinded her.

As the sweet little innocent face, with its pretty baby features, and great mournful dreamy eyes, was thus revealed to him, the gentleman started as in surprise, and turned a quick, suspicious glance from the child to her two companions. "Does this little girl belong to *you*?" he said to the woman, with a look of cool displeasure. "And why do you let her walk in such a day as this—a day to try the strength of horses? She is too young and delicate for such a tramp as this; she has not the strength for it."

In a moment the woman had caught little Jess and drawn her down upon her lap, and folding her arms about her and clasping her to her bosom in such a way as effectually to hide the child's face, she commenced to rock her to and fro with assumed tenderness as she answered in her whining, beggar tones:

"True for ye, yer Honor! Sure, and yer Honor's right, she's not that fit for it, the poor babby! but what is poor folks to do? She's me grandchild, and I'm taking her to town to get advice for her; for she's sickening, yer Honor, the same way as her poor mother sickened, and *she's* not long dead. A few pennies, yer Honor, jest to help the lone woman to get food and medicine for the poor babby, and she the last one that's left to me; and good luck to you and yours; a few pennies, your Honor." And she held out the child's little hand, grasping it by the wrist, to receive the expected alms.

The gentleman looked at the repulsive object before him with disgust and suspicion; but the child's look of mournful endurance had touched him to the heart. He had no time for investigation; and as the driver gathered up his reins he dropped a liberal bounty into the little hand thus unwillingly extended to receive it, and the carriage moved on.

For a few moments the woman retained her seat and her attitude, still rocking the child slowly backward and forward, until the carriage, descending the hill, had turned round a corner which hid her from view; then, suddenly rising, she grasped the little girl by the shoulder and shook her with a ferocity which threatened to shake the breath of life entirely out of the little gasping blue lips.

"You try that trick agin, me beauty," she said, "and see what yer will get by it, yer young fox, you! Try it *agin*, I tell yer, when next any quality stops to speak to yer, and I'll strip yer pretty red and white skin from yer face wid me nails. You jest try it *agin*, do you hear, you young trollop, and you'll see what comes of it—that's all!" And with another violent shake she flung the child angrily from her, and lifting up her pack descended the hill.

"Oh, Jim, Jim! what *did* I do?" sobbed the panting and terrified child, when she was able to speak, to Jim, whose arm had caught and sustained her little breathless form as the old woman flung her aside. "Oh, Jim, Jim! tell me what *did* I do?"

"Nothin'—yer didn't do nothin' as I knows of," said Jim, soothingly. "But don't yer mind, Jess dear—it's over now, I guess; she's spit her spite for this time, I reckon. I seen it a-coming all day. She's been jest as cross as two sticks. I knew somebody had got to take it. I'm sorry it fell to you instead of me—that's all. But I'm glad she didn't kill you; I 'most wonder she did not. But come along

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now, Jess; it's all down hill now, and growing cooler. It's all down hill to the bridge, and then I know the way marm 'll take; I've been here afore; she'll turn to the right and make for the tavern in the street jest over the bridge. Lor! it ain't no ways at all; and then we'll have supper, and you can rest nicely. Come, Jess dear; it's ony a little way furder, and all down hill—come now."

And the children renewed their walk, Jess crying silently and perhaps unconsciously, the big tears dropping unheeded and unchecked upon the dusty pathway, for she was too much exhausted for passionate weeping. As they entered the town, or rather city, the boy's predictions were verified. Mrs. O'Leary, after crossing the bridge, turned aside into a narrow street or lane, and entered a public house of the lowest pretensions. Here, having deposited her pack upon the floor, she went out to order her supper, while little Jess dragged herself into a corner of the room and sunk down, breathing heavily, panting and exhausted, like some overdriven animal, or some wild thing hunted to the death; and Jim, depositing his load also, crept out into the inn-yard.

In about half an hour the supper which the woman had called for was brought in and placed upon the table. It was incongruous in kind and coarse in quality, but abundant in quantity, consisting of cold meat and potatoes, fried bacon and eggs, cabbage, cheese, bread-and-butter, pickles, preserves, tea, beer, and something nameless in a black bottle; and Mrs. O'Leary, seating herself alone at the table, commenced her evening meal. After she had got fairly engaged in this enjoyment Jim peeped into the room, and, finding her attention thus fully occupied, he came silently into the apartment and approached little Jess. The child was lying just where she had thrown herself down upon her entrance, but the flush had passed from her fair and regular features, and she lay there apparently insensible and deathly pale, only an occasional gasping sob giving evidence that she was still living. Tenderly and noiselessly the boy lifted her slight little form in his arms, and bore her out into the yard. Here, having divested her of the heavy water-proof cloak, and propped her up against an angle of the little pump shed, he tore off a strip from his old neckhandkerchief, and proceeded to bathe her little pallid face and nerveless hands with cool fresh water from the pump; and gradually extending his lavations he put back the thick, clustering curls from her brow, and bathed her whole head, neck, and arms.

Presently the faint returning color in her lips encouraged him in his loving care, and at last she opened her dreamy eyes, and recognizing her friend she smiled and murmured, faintly, "That's good—oh, how good!"

"Yer feel better now, don't yer, Jess?" said the boy, kindly. "I'll bet yer do;" and, taking off her wide shoes, he tenderly washed the tired and way-worn little feet, and gathering some cool plantain leaves from the corner of the yard, he bound them up; and shaking the gravel from the coarse shoes which were his own, he replaced them upon her feet.

"Oh, thank you, Jim!" said the child, gratefully. "Aren't you kind to me?"

"Yes, I be," was Jim's simple answer. Possibly had he possessed more powers of language he would have said, modestly, "I wish to be," or "I try to be;" but poor Jim was no orator—he only knew that he felt kindly to the poor lonely child thus thrown upon his compassion; and feeling so, he did not hesitate to own it. The remark was not courtly, perhaps, but it was undoubtedly sincere, which is better.

"And now," he said, as, after washing her hair, he pulled a forlorn-looking bit of broken comb from his pocket and hastily smoothed the glossy, disordered curls which twined around his fingers—"now I'll kerry yer back, Jess; and don't yer make the leastest mite of noise, and maybe she hain't missed us."

This conjecture proved correct, for the woman, having satisfied the fiercest impulses of hunger and thirst, had reached the contemplative stage of her conviviality, and was sitting with both arms extended on the table, a knife and fork in either hand, grasped by the handle, and held upright in the red fists which rested on the board before her.

"I guess she's ena'most done now," whispered Jim, encouragingly, as he replaced little Jess in her corner; and sure enough, after two or three more consultations of the black bottle, the woman rose, reeling from the table. Lighting her pipe again, she turned and addressed the children:

"Yer may come now, yer brats, and get yer supper; and then off to bed wid ye. I'm going out—you Jim, do yer hear? Maybe I'll be late, ye need not wait for me; if I don't see you in the morning yer knows yer work—meet me here at noon, look yer, and mind yer have arnt yer living, both on yer; if *not*—" A shake of the fist and a threatening scowl filled up the meaning pause.

"Now then, Jess, for our supper," said Jim, as the termagant departed—"I'm most awful hungry, and so I guess be you: seemed to me I couldn't hardly wait till the old catamount cleared out. This cold meat looks mighty good, I tell yer, and here's cheese too: I'm powerful fond of cheese, ain't you? Come, Jess, we'll have a real good supper, won't we? Why! I declare to goodness I'm as hungry as a bear!"

Yet, in spite of his avowal of hunger, which was not assumed, Jim attended to the wants of his little companion before he began his own meal. He spread her a thick slice of bread and butter, helped her to cold meat, cheese, and tea, and then he gave his attention to his own wants.

"Jess!" said the boy, presently, "here is some beer, do you love it? I dun'no if it is good for little gals or not, I'm sure I don't.

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"Do you want some, Jess? if you do, you shall have some whether or no!"

"I don't know," said little Jess, "let me taste, will you?"

Jim poured out a glassful and handed it to her; she touched it with her sweet lips and passed it back to him with a shudder of repulsion.

"I don't like it, Jim—it tastes bitter, I do not want it."

"Well, so much the better," said the boy; "I guess milk and tea is better for little gals, any way; but I love it, and I guess it won't hurt *me*, so here goes;" and he drank off the glassful which she had rejected.

"What is in the bottle, Jim? is it molasses?" asked the child, innocently.

"Molasses! *no*," said the boy, solemnly; "I guess it ain't! it's *pizon*, Jess! pizon for sich as you and I—sich pizon as killed my poor father. Don't ever you go to touch it for your life, Jess—never as long as yer live!"

"No!" said little Jess, "I won't—I don't want to."

Little more was said by the children until their supper was over, and then Jim said, "This has been a hard day's work, Jess; but," he added, reverently, "that's a good supper—may the Lord make us thankful!"

"What do you say that for?" asked the little girl, slipping down from her chair and coming round to him, "did the Lord give it to us, Jim?"

"Well, yes, I s'pose so," said Jim, reflecting a moment; "He gives us our daily bread, yer know, and takes care on us, don't he?"

"I don't know," said the child. "Yes, maybe he does; but I think *you* take care of me more than he or any body else does, don't you?"

"Yes, I try to," said her companion; "I hev took some care on yer ever since you was borned."

"Have you?" said the child, wonderingly, "so long as that? Why, Jim! can you remember when I was born?"

"To be sure I can," said Jim, confidently; "'tain't so very long ago nuther as to be very hard to remember, Jess."

"And have I lived with you and marm ever since I was born?" asked little Jess, a shade of wistful inquiry stealing into her vague but strangely beautiful eyes.

"Oh yes," said Jim, "ever since—why not?"

"Ever since I was a little baby," repeated the child, sadly and musingly.

"No," said Jim, laughing; "I didn't say *baby*—I don' no nothing 'bout yer when yer was a baby. I said when yer was borned."

"Well," said Jess, "and wasn't I a baby then?"

"No; not by no means," said Jim; "yer warn't no baby at all; but jest a real, nice, putty little gal. Baby? no, not a bit of it."

"But, Jim," persisted little Jess, "if you remember when I was born, you must remember when I was a baby—people are always babies when they are born, Jim."

"They be?" said Jim, doubtfully. "Do tell? I didn't know that, I'm sure. Well, *you* warn't one, any way. Why, I remember jest as well when marm brought yer home under her cloak, and I know yer warn't no baby then, but a real putty little gal—not so very much littler than yer be now, but jest as putty as yer could be; and yer was drest to kill—with an el'gant white gownd, and red and gold things round yer neck and arms, and curls as long as my arm. I s'posed that was the way yer was drest up in Heaven before you come down here to be borned. But marm, she cut off all yer curls, close to yer head, and took off all yer putty things, and I guess she sold them; and she put old cloes on yer, and told me yer name was Jess, and yer was to be my little sister, and I never mistrusted but what yer was *borned* then. Yer was fast asleep when yer come, and every time yer waked up and cried marm she put a handkerchief to yer mouth to stop yer crying, and you'd go to sleep agin jest as quick as quick could be; and when at last yer did wake up without crying yer was real stupid, and didn't know hardly nothin'."

"Jim," said the little girl, "are you sure this is real true, or is it a make-up story?"

"True?" said Jim; "yes, to be sure it is. I ain't a making of it up, not a word of it. I remember it all jest as well as can be—why, 'twas ony about a year ago."

The poor little girl looked at him in her sadly puzzled way, putting up her hand to her head, as she often did.

"Jim," she said at last, "sometimes I have thought I remembered something, or as if I was just going to remember something"—she faltered, paused a moment, and then went on: "But whenever I try to think it all goes away from me, and I have thought it might be only a dream I'd had, and not a remember at all; but if you remember, too, it *must be true*. Oh!" she said, as the short-lived look of intelligence faded from her misty but sadly-beautiful eyes—"Oh, if I only *could* remember! but I *can't*, Jim! I can't—I can't; it has all gone again."

"Well, never you mind about it now, Jess," said Jim, as the little girl paused, her mind apparently drifting off again into the fogs of forgetfulness. "I dare say it will all come back to yer when yer ain't thinking of trying to remember. But don't yer let marm ketch sound or sense of all this; if yer do, I guess she'll give us both on us sumthin' to remember to our dying days. And now, Jess, I guess we'd better go to bed: I'm sure I'm as tired as a mill-horse, and I guess you be too; so come along—let's go and sleep."

Guided by Jim, who had occupied the same quarters before, the children made their way to a large attic with a number of pallet beds on the floor.

"Oh, botheration!" said Jim, "ain't it awful hot here—hot as Tanteribogus! But never

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mind, there's a good wind outside, and I'll open the winders, and then I guess we'll sleep without rocking."

This was done, and then Jim drew one of the little beds near the open window, and Jess, kneeling reverently down, clasped her little hands, and bending her fair head, repeated her "Now I lay me," in low, sweet, musical tones; then, suiting the action to the word, she calmly "laid her down to sleep."

Presently from the other side of the room came the less musical murmur of Jim's simple orisons—

> "Four corners to my bed!
> Four angels overhead!
> Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
> Hold the horse that I ride on."

"Bless the bed that I sleep on," sleepily corrected the voice of little Jess.

"No, it ain't nuther," said Jim—"I said it right; that's the way my grandmarm taught me, 'way up to Connecticut; and, by George, I guess she knew. Didn't you know that was the right way to say it, Jess?"

"No," said Jess, "I always thought it was the other way."

"Well it ain't," said the boy—"my way is the right way."

"Maybe so," said little Jess, pleasantly; "I dare say you know best. Good-night."

But Jim was not quite satisfied that he was right after all. "Jess," he called out a few moments later, "I guess I know how it is—they teach the gals to say it one way, and the boys say it t'other way—don't yer think so?"

"Yes, Jim," said little Jess, who was already half-way to the Land of Dreams; but presently she half rose in her low bed, and peering across the dim attic in search of her friend and companion.

"Jim," she whispered, with trembling tones—"Jim—Jim—have you gone to bed yet?"

"Yes," said Jim, "just turned in, 'snug as a bug in a biscuit;' do you want any thing?"

"You are not asleep, are you, Jim?" was the next question.

"Did I ever? No, Jess, I should think not," laughed Jim, rather sleepily.

"Do you think there are any rats and mice here, Jim?" This was asked in such trembling tones. "Oh! Jim, I am almost sure I felt one!"

"Oh no! I guess not. Rats and mice? Oh no! I am sure and sartin there ain't."

"But, Jim, I am so afraid of them."

"Oh nonsense! they won't hurt yer. You go to sleep like a good gal, and I'll engage they won't hurt yer. Rats and mice don't hurt *good* little gals, you know."

"I know," sobbed the child; "but maybe I ain't good enough, Jim?"

"Oh yes, you be; bully for *you*, Jess! Why you're good enough for any thing."

"But stop awake a moment, Jim," said Jess, for whom the fear of rats had murdered sleep; "if you please, I want to ask you something."

"Well, ask away! What do you want—a drink of water?"

"No, oh no! I want to know is marm your mother?"

"My mother? what, marm!" cried Jim, springing up into a sitting posture in the zeal of his filial indignation. "No, not a bit of it! no, not by two chalks. My mother was a woman, a decent and respectable woman, not like this old squaw. My mother! I remember her well enough, though she died when I was a little feller; she was sick a good while, and father he got discouraged, he sot every thing by her; and when she died he went to the bad; and then he took marm, or she took him, and then he went to the bad double-quick. I held on 'till he died, I allers meant to, 'cause he was allers good to mother and me; and when he died I cal'clated to quit marm, cut and run. I know where my folks live, way up to Connecticut; and I know what their names is; and they're decent sort of folks too. I am sartin they would do for me if I could get to them; and I've got money enough saved up and hid to take me there; but—" He paused.

"Oh, but Jim! Jim! if you do go, what will become of me?" sobbed Jess.

"That's so—that's jest it," said the boy; "that's why I don't go. Yer'd better believe I won't leave yer with that old she-dragon, that's a fact; I staid by for father, and I'll hang on for you. I'll stay till I can lay up enough to take you too, or I'll *never* go—that yer may be sure on; and when I get as much as will kerry us there, won't we cut and run? Oh, Jess! where my folks live yer can have roast apples any time, and as much pumpkin and milk as yer can eat, and the woods is chock-full of nuts and berries. And now you be a good gal and go to sleep and dream about it."

"Oh, thank you! thank you, Jim! how good you are; but wait one moment: I want to ask you, how can you get the money? is it what we beg?"

"No indeed!" said Jim, scornfully, "I guess it isn't; not by no means; marm makes us beg, and we can't help it, and what I gets I gives to her. I don't want no charity; my folks ain't beggars, I guess. But sometimes, yer know, I gets a little job of work, to hold a horse, or run an errand, or kerry things home from the market, and then they pays me, *that's* honest money, and I keeps it. And one of these days, when I gets a little more, you and I will quit, and make tracks for my folkses place; and now good-night, you go to sleep, and let me, for I'm tired ena'most to death's door!"

There was a short silence, and then poor little Jess broke forth again with,

"Oh, Jim! Jim! you are not asleep yet, are you?"

"No," said Jim, good-naturedly. "And I ain't likely to be, as I see. How can a feller hope to go to sleep if you keep a hailing of him so? What is it *now?*"

"Jim, there *are* rats here; I felt one run over my feet."

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"Pooh! nonsense, Jess! I don't believe it."

"Look! look! Jim! there, just on the window, in the moonlight—see!"

"By the living gingerbread, so there is!" said Jim. "Well, I did not believe it. Hold on a bit; keep still. I saw a nice old mouser down stairs—a regular old muff of a cat—I'll go down and bring her up."

In a few moments the boy came back. "There," he said, laughing, as he shut the door and put down his prize—"I've rubbed her sides and all her old paws with all the butter we left on the table, and I guess it will take her all night to lick herself clean; so she'll have to keep awake any how she can fix it; and being awake she'll look after the rats and mice for us. And now *do* go to sleep, and let me, for I'm powerful sleepy—that's a fact."

Trusting to the care of this singular watcher the two neglected children dropped off into quiet and dreamless slumbers; and if the holy angels watched over them too they did not know it; and when morning roused them, their feline companion, who had, as Jim predicted, spent the whole night in restoring her glossy fur to its proper condition, was sitting on the window ledge, winking and blinking in the sun's early rays. The children's toilets were more quickly made; they had, like her, but one suit apiece for day and night, and no power like hers to clean and restore them; but going down to the pump they washed their faces and hands, and again Jim combed little Jess's shining curls, and gathering two full-blown roses from the inn door he twisted them in among the little girl's glossy hair.

"There, Jess!" he said, holding her off at arm's-length, and surveying her with much satisfaction—"I declare if you don't look jest like a picter, with them red roses in yer hair! Yer do *so!*—that's a fact, and no two ways about it!" And certainly no artist's hand, however skillful, could have improved the effect of the simple and hasty arrangement which the boy's clumsy fingers had produced.

As Mrs. O'Leary had not returned, or if so, was still invisible, possibly still sleeping off the effects of the last night's orgies, Jim did not dare to call for any breakfast, and the children went out upon their day's quest, upon the strength of the last night's supper; but that was little to them, they were used to such privations, and the mere fact that they were to be out of their tormentor's presence for a while made for them a sufficient holiday. They went through the lower and poorer parts of the city first, wandering on through many streets, round wharves, and market-places, and stores, where early clerks were busy opening doors and taking down shutters; sometimes successful, sometimes otherwise; oftenest receiving charity from persons whose poverty was only a little less grinding than their own than from the more favored classes; until Jim declared it was late enough to try a better quarter of the city, and thither they bent their steps.

"'Tain't no use in life, you see," he remarked sagely, to the acquiescent little Jess, "for to go to gentlefolk's houses so very airly; the gentlefolks they ain't up, and the help is apt to be disgruntled and fretty in the morning; but come toward noon, why they comes to and feels better, and I guess we might as well begin among them now." And followed by his meek little companion, who never thought of questioning the wisdom of any of his arrangements, he led the way to a more fashionable quarter; and, taking the houses in turn, they went in alternately to solicit charity.

At length they came to an elegant and costly mansion, with stone front and lofty steps, in the small court-yard of which, inclosed in a costly stone balustrade, a man was busily arranging some choice dahlias. Little Jess, with whom the love of flowers seemed to be almost a passion, stopped to admire them. As she stood thus, peering through the closed gate, her little face pressed against the quaintly wrought iron, the door before her opened and a little girl about her own age, but dressed in all the fullness of wealth and fashion, came airily out upon the piazza, and the quick eye of Jess took in her whole figure at a glance.

"Oh, Jim, Jim, look at her!" whispered the child. "Look—look at her little boots, and her sunshade! Oh, Jim!" she continued, a sudden flush passing over her face. "I had a sunshade once, and just such boots, Jim;" and she turned full upon him in wondering inquiry, "*Where are they?*"

Before Jim had time to reply to the eager whisper, however, the little lady had advanced to the head of the steps and addressed the servant:

"John, nurse says you may go for the carriage now; I am all dressed, and mamma will be ready in five minutes, she says."

As the man thus bidden dropped his tools and left the yard, little Jess, wild-eyed and breathless, sprung through the unfolding gate, and, bounding up the steps, caught the little girl by the hand:

"Is mamma here, and nurse?" she said, in a flush of eagerness which almost deprived her of the power of utterance—"Mamma and nurse? Oh, take me to them, take me to them! Oh, I do so want to see mamma!"

"Go away, you little dirty beggar!" said the young lady, rudely withdrawing her hand, and giving the intruder a sudden push which nearly sent her headlong down the stone steps; but Jess was agile as a young fawn, and springing up, she caught the girl's embroidered robes in her little soiled hands.

"Oh, take me to mamma!" she pleaded with passionate earnestness—"Oh, *do* take me to mamma; I know she wants to see me!"

"She don't!" said the other, scornfully; "you dirty little beggar! Let go my dress!" And extricating her flounces with difficulty from Jess's eager grasp, she sprang over the threshold and endeavored to close the door;

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but she was not quick enough to exclude Jess, who pressed closely after her; and when the heavy door swung to upon its polished hinges it shut, inclosing both the children within the narrow vestibule.

The little lady of the house, finding herself in such close proximity to the little tatterdemalion, was really frightened at the pertinacity of her tormentor; she screamed aloud, and rushed headlong up stairs, but a step as fleet as her own was behind her; and now ensued a perfect race between the two little girls. On they fled pell-mell, pursuer and pursued; one frantic with nervous terror, the other flushed, wild, and eager with a newly-awakened hope—"Mamma and nurse"—those talismanic words had struck through her long-clouded brain—those familiar words had been the key-note which had power to unlock the long dormant memory!

On they fled, up the richly carpeted stairs, where their flying feet awoke no echoes, through hall and corridor gleaming with stained glass, and rich with carving and statuary; on through gayly furnished apartments, with costly paintings and gorgeous draperies, fled the affrighted little hostess, breathless and panting with alarm, conscious only of the swift feet behind her, the eager hands clutching at her dress; and, quite as heedless of all the treasures of magnificence scattered around her, followed little Jess, a new intelligence in her eager face, a new meaning in her deep, violet eyes; alive only to the one thought, that before her were mamma and nurse! On and on, until the bursting open of a door revealed a splendid dressing-room, and with a wild cry from the lips of each of "Mamma, oh, mamma!" the two children dashed headlong into the room together.

The lady of the house, a handsomely-dressed but stern-looking woman, was standing before a mirror. She turned and received her terrified child, who, flinging herself upon her, hid her face in her mother's dress; while poor little Jess stopped abruptly at the door, and stood, pale as marble, with lifted hand and upraised foot, like some masterly statue of a woodland nymph suddenly arrested in full speed, but with wild eyes and beating heart, her new and beautiful hope crushed, and her very spirit faint with her terrible disappointment.

"Isabella," said the lady, raising the child's tearful face from its hiding-place, "what does all this mean? What is all this noise? Who is this little girl, and why did you bring her up here?"

"I did not, mamma, I did not!" sobbed Isabella. "I told her not to come, but she *would*. I did not want her; she frightened me. She is a dirty little beggar. Send her away, mamma; she wouldn't mind *me!*"

"And what did you want, you bold little thing?" inquired the lady.

But poor Jess, struggling with her grief, had no power to speak.

"Answer me at once," said the lady. "Why did you come up into my room?"

"Because—because—" sobbed the child, the quick tears now falling in showers—"because I did so want to see mamma; and she," pointing to Isabella—"she said mamma was here; and she is not—she is not."

"She is too," said Isabella; "*this* is mamma."

"No, she is *not* mamma," said Jess; "not *my* mamma. She is not half so pretty as mamma is."

At this moment a servant announced the carriage was in waiting.

"Put this little beggar out of the house, James," said the lady, not much conciliated by Jess's frank comparison. "I think she is a bold, bad child. Take care she does not get in again. She frightened Miss Isabella very much, and I shouldn't wonder if she had stolen something. Look at your plate-closet before she goes."

"Oh no, mamma; I know she has not stolen any thing," said Isabella, who was really a kind-hearted child; "and she did not hurt me any; she only frightened me a good deal because she would come in."

"Very well, my dear. But, James, you must be more careful of the hall door; and do you see this girl safe out of the house. Come, Isabella."

The man grasped the shoulder of little Jess and led her to a back staircase, as Isabella and her mother descended to their carriage. But as she was thus rudely and ignominiously conducted down stairs a new idea dawned upon her still confused mind, awakening a new hope. Isabella had spoken of nurse too. Might *she* not be there, if mamma was not?

"Is nurse at home?" she inquired, meekly, of the man, who still held her.

"Yes, I dare say she is," said the man, upon whom the unusual beauty of the child had not passed unnoticed. "Do you know any thing of her? Do you want to see her—hey, little one?"

"If you please—yes," said Jess, hesitatingly.

The man knocked at a side-door, and a pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman opened it.

"Here, Mrs. Nurse," he said, laughing—"here is a young lady asking for you. Are you acquainted with her? Not a very reputable acquaintance, I should say."

"What do you want of me, little one?" said the woman, kindly, but evidently surprised.

But the poor child had now sunk down upon the stairs, and was sobbing too violently to speak; for here was a new disappointment and another mystery. Here was nurse, and she too was changed into a perfect stranger. And the bewildered mind of the poor little girl was entirely upset. But in the mean time the practical eye of the experienced woman had taken in all the details of little Jess's appearance. She lifted the soft glossy curls, and saw the small shell-like ear. She marked the pure translucent skin, smooth as satin; the delicate moulding of the features, and the small dim-

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pled hands and feet. And she made a shrewd guess at the truth; at least she had reared too many children not to see at a glance that Jess was no beggar-born child.

"What is the matter, little dear?" she said, kindly, adding, as she laid her hand on the bright and burnished curls, and looked into the beautiful but tearful eyes, "I shouldn't wonder if you had got lost. Have you?"

"Yes, yes," sobbed the poor little thing—"I believe so; I have lost my dear, dear mamma and nurse. The little girl said they were here, and so I came in; for oh! I do *so* want to see mamma. Oh! can't you tell me where to find my dear mamma and nurse?" she said, clasping her hands together, and looking piteously in the face of the kind-hearted woman.

"I wish I could, you poor little thing!" said the woman. "Can't you tell me your name, my little dear?"

The child hesitated. "My name is Jess *now*; but when I lived with dear mamma they called me Juliet—little Juliet."

"And what else, my dear—Juliet *what?*"

"I don't remember."

"And what was your mamma's name. Can you tell me that?"

"I always called her mamma!"

"Poor child!" said the woman, "I do believe you're a lady's child any how. Come down into the kitchen with me, dear, and I'll give you something to eat, and maybe we'll find out something."

In the kitchen they found Jim inquiring for his little companion, and Jess was conscious of her own ingratitude, for she had entirely forgotten poor Jim, her best and only friend, since the moment she left him at the gate.

"Oh, Jim!" she said, going up to him as soon as she entered the kitchen, and putting her hand confidingly into his, while nurse rapidly told her story to the other servants, "since I came in this house I have remembered—oh, ever and ever so much! I used to live in a nice house like this; and I had mamma and nurse, and I had a great beauty of a doll, all my own; and I used to have bread and marmalade for my lunch, and my name was little Juliet."

"My gracious goodness!" said Jim, "why didn't yer ever tell me on't afore, Jess?"

"I did not remember it myself, Jim, 'till I came in here. Seeing the little girl made me think of it, I guess. Yes, yes," she continued, speaking with great rapidity and lifting up her sweet eyes, from whose violet depths the mournful clouds seemed breaking away, "I remember more yet—I remember I was out with mamma, and she went into a shop to buy something, and I stood at the door, and an old woman came by, and looked at me; that was marm (you know, Jim), and she asked me to go round the corner and see her white lamb, and I went; and we couldn't find the little lamb; and then I wanted to go to mamma, but she would not let me, and when I cried she held a handkerchief over my mouth to stop me—and then—I forget then—but after that I was Jess the little beggar girl, and not little Juliet any more; and I lived with marm and Jim, and I never, never saw dear mamma or nurse again; and oh dear, dear! I don't know where to find them."

"As sure as you live the child has been stolen," said the nurse to the cook, the chambermaid, and man-servant, who all stood gazing at the little girl in helpless pity and wonder. "I'd give the world if the Doctor was at home; he'd know what to do quick as thought."

"Why didn't *you* never do nothing about it?" said the cook, turning upon Jim. Then the boy made a hasty explanation of all he knew upon the subject, and of their bondage to marm, and her power over them, adding, mysteriously:

"She'd kill Jess jest as soon as not if she knowed what she has let out here. I don't doubt but she would; but Jess never told even me of it afore; did yer, Jess?"

"No," said the child, "I couldn't; I did not remember it myself—it all came to me when I saw the little girl and her mother."

"I'll bet they gave her chloroform or ether, or some of them dreadful stuffs," said the cook, solemnly; "and it kind of obfusificated her senses."

To this learnedly-expressed medical opinion, which was in point of fact very near the actual truth, all the other servants yielded admiring assent; and then it was proposed by the little committee of investigation that Jim should go somewhere, and see somebody, and do something. But the where, the who, and the what were not clearly defined; and as opinions seemed to vary between the President, the Governor, and the Mayor of the city, the suggestion, not being a practical one, fell to the ground.

"I wish to mercy the Doctor was at home!" said Nurse, for the second time; "but I suppose he won't be till three o'clock at least."

"I should think," said the pretty chambermaid, blushing and smiling, "that Mr. James would not object to show them the way to the Doctor's rooms. Should you, Mr. James? in a case of charity, you know—not to oblige any body."

"I'd do a great deal to oblige somebody, Bridget," said James, very tenderly; "though I don't say as 'twould be very pleasant company for me to keep. But the Doctor has gone out of town; he has an operation, and won't be home till five."

But now Jim reminded his new friends it was time for him and Jess to go, as it was getting late, and they had not yet taken money enough to satisfy the expectations of Mrs. O'Leary.

"Well," said the kindly nurse, "you can at least tell me where you are all putting up, and I'll see the Doctor as soon as he comes home; and it's my evening out, and my brother and me will do jest what he tells us is best, and see if we can't help you;" and with many good wishes, and a little collection taken up for Jim's own

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private purse, which, however, he resolutely declined, the little wanderers were suffered to depart.

"Come, Jess!" said the boy, when they were in the street again, "we've spent a heap of time there; s'pose now we go try the great hotels and boarding-houses. I guess it's the day for the steamer; maybe some of the big boys will give us a lift, who knows? We can but try."

They turned their steps in that direction, but with little success.

"Botheration, Jess; how you do bump up against folks!" said Jim. "Do try to keep yer eyes open, and see where yer going, can't yer?"

But poor little Jess was worn out, faint, and bewildered: the heat and fatigue of the day before, her long fast — for she had been too much excited to partake of the food offered her —the rush of awakened memories, the sudden revulsion of feeling, the sweet hope, the terrible disappointment, the intense longing for her mother which had lain dormant so long only to rise with more vivid intensity—all were telling upon a naturally delicate organization. She was lost and bewildered and faint, and two or three times in the busy crossings Jim and a policeman had to drag her out almost from under the very feet of the horses; and even when he had got her, as he thought, in a place of safety on the sidewalk, she walked with such unseeing eyes as to run full against a porter laden with heavy trunks with such violence as to be knocked down, and striking the curb-stone with some force, she was taken up insensible.

In a moment the tongues that had railed against her, the hands that had just thrust her aside, were put in motion in her behalf. Tenderly she was lifted up, pale and apparently lifeless, and an old woman, who sat knitting and selling small-wares upon the sidewalk, held out her arms to receive her. The little girl, who was slightly wounded, had fainted more from exhaustion and terror than from the blow. But the first impression was that she was killed; and as she lay extended across the old woman's knees, with closed eyes, and rigid, upturned features, the soft curls all brushed back from the little pale face, whose natural fairness looked yet more pallid in contrast with the deep red roses which poor Jim had twined in her hair, it might well be supposed she was indeed dead.

Poor Jim, frantic with grief and terror, had rushed wildly into a store for water, and as he came back, an open carriage, containing a lady and gentleman, was stopped by the little crowd which a street accident so soon collects.

"What has happened?" inquired the lady, leaning out of the carriage.

"Child run over, mum," answered a man from the outside of the crowd. "A little gal, they say, knocked down and run over."

"Killed?" asked the lady, a white horror passing over her face as she spoke.

"Can't say, mum," replied the man. "Rather guess she is."

"No, not she," answered a tall, gruff policeman. "More skeered than hurt, I'll bet; such young ones aren't easy to kill, I guess; 'naught's never in danger:' them street-children are allers in the way."

The lady did not reply, but bending forward opened the door of the carriage, and stepped out.

"Julia!" cried her companion, starting, "where are you going?"

"Did you not hear, Charles?" said the lady, turning her pale, set face toward him, "a child —a *little girl*—has been run over, and—"

"But, my dear sister, you have no time; the steamer sails in two hours; we shall miss her, you will be too late."

The lady did not stay to reply; Jim had returned with the water, and the by-standers recognizing him opened a way for him to pass; the lady slowly followed him.

As he reached the child, who was already reviving, Jim suddenly dashed a handful of water full in her pale face. She opened her eyes, saw Jim, knew him, and smiled; but beyond and above Jim she saw and recognized another face. A look of ecstatic joy passed over her pale face—she flung up her waxen arms with a wild cry, "Oh, mamma! mamma! take me! take me!" and relapsed into insensibility, but not before the cry had found a joyful response, "Juliet! Juliet! my child, my darling!" And the motley crowd saw with surprise that richly-dressed and beautiful woman fling herself down upon her knees before the poor costermonger, and clasp the little ragged beggar-girl fondly to her bosom.

A few rapid and excited words from the brother of the lady, who had followed her from the carriage, informed the wondering little crowd that the lady had found her long-lost child in the little beggar-girl; and as the child was borne to the carriage, followed closely by the delighted Jim, hearty cheers told the warm sympathy of those who had witnessed the whole occurrence.

The mother of little Juliet, a wealthy widow, had sought for her lost darling with eager, passionate zeal and bitter lamentation; every means of inquiry had been resorted to which ingenuity could devise or her wealth enable her to execute; but all in vain. A year and a half had gone by, and hope deferred was lost in despair. Her health, and even her reason seemed yielding under the terrible and protracted suffering, and her physician had peremptorily ordered change of scene. Accompanied by her brother she had come from her home, in a distant city, to take passage in the steamer that very day, when this most unexpected encounter, in a most unexpected moment, gave back her lost child to her arms again.

It may gratify the curiosity of some of our readers to learn that, when in consequence of the advice of the Doctor and the exertions of Isabella's kindly nurse, the police were put upon the trail of Mrs. O'Leary, and visited the inn near the bridge, that discreet woman had al-

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ready taken the alarm and had decamped at once.

The delighted Jim, being thus suddenly converted into a freedman by his release from his hated step-mother, was fed, and clothed, and restored to his family "up to Connecticut" by the mother of little Jess; and as the same lady has declared her intention of charging herself with his education and his advancement in life, there is a fair chance that he may one day be heard of as President, Fourth of July orator, or even school-committee man; or filling any other lucrative and responsible office to which the virtuous hopes of a free-born American citizen may consistently aspire.

A CALIFORNIAN CARAVANSARY.

A STATE of homelessness is the normal condition of a large proportion of California's population. The early pioneers did not pack their hearth-stones with them when they sought the great gold fields—indeed it is questionable whether many of them had hearth-stones to pack, for the married seldom go forth as adventurers. The man with a cradle at home has enough to do without rocking any in foreign placers. A wife is a sort of sheet-anchor, so to speak, and it is not easy to slip a cable double-stranded with children and spliced around the knight-heads of the heart. The pioneers were Bedouins, and took their beds with them wherever they went. They took their board too—though, for the matter of that, their bed and board were often one, inasmuch as it was not infrequently necessary in the economy of those meagre households to dine and sleep on the same plank. There were few houses in San Francisco in 1849, and the natural result was a scarcity of homes. Fortunate was he who had a tent on the sand hills, or, failing that, a log under the lee of which to sleep o' nights. Hotels early asserted themselves as a necessity, but in those first days there were none to keep them. The mountains, rolling down their golden sands, and the valleys, into which the golden sands were rolled, attracted all men of strong hands and sanguine spirits—and what others can keep a hotel? Gold, gold, gold; the popular idea was that it was to be had like whortleberries, simply for the gathering; and so men went out, and scrambled over one another, and fought one another, and killed one another, for claims which very often proved in the end to be not worth the working. A comparatively slow process of taking in money when, according to report, it was to be scooped up by shovelfuls near Sacramento, was not to be thought of. So on pushed landlords, cooks, waiters, and scullions; swelling the great tide of peddlers, preachers, lawyers, and other professional gentlemen that flowed up the valley. In this day hotel profits are such that very many sturdy sons of the soil, both east and west, forsake potato and gold digging, and "open a tavern."

However, hotels came at last. Primitive affairs the first ones were. Shanties, sided and shingled with canvas; office, bar-room, dining-hall, bedrooms, parlor, and kitchen, all in one; furnished with tables improvised from empty packing-boxes, and chairs hastily fashioned by sawing flour-barrels in two; mattresses democratically spread upon the floor, and equably stuffed with corn-cobs and broken crockery—there you had the first hotels of San Francisco. The bill of fare was not very varied. Salt pork, salt beef, and "hard-tack," with an occasional bean or two by way of vegetables, were the staples. Eggs brought a dollar apiece; and to have sacrificed the producers to the morbid epicurean appetite would have literally been "killing the goose," etc. Hens that laid a dollar a day paid better in the long-run than cows or camels. Lucullus killed nightingales that he and his friends might feast upon their tongues, but the more frugal San Franciscan consented to forego chickens.

The processes of civilization are certain, and in due time brewed hotels. I do not purpose to follow out the slow workings of an inchoateness which at last fermented into the present completeness; for I am simply making a little magazine article—not history. But I may say that the first hotels were boarding-houses. These were mainly kept by Yankees. That "hash" was unknown upon the tables I will not assert; for so far as my investigations go boarding-houses are the same all the world over. But for the comfort of those early boarders—border ruffians though many of them were—let us hope that the foul smell of fried fish did not prevail in the halls, and that cabbages were cooked in close pots.

Visiting San Francisco now the traveler finds hotels second to none in these United States, of which California stands an isolated sister. The "Occidental," the "Cosmopolitan," and the "Lick House," in elegance of exterior, completeness of internal appointments, furniture, and food—all, in short, that goes to constitute first-class houses—have few rivals, and still fewer superiors, if the word of travelers may be relied on. But it is not of these, nor of any one of them, that I intend to write. They all have their counterparts in other cities. It is an idiosyncratic institution, a hotel which stands like Horace Greeley among men, full of peculiarities and excellences, but so totally different in all characteristics that it can not be compared with its fellows—it is such a hotel that claims the attention of my pen.

The "What Cheer House" is known throughout the whole length and breadth of the Pacific coast. It is as much an institution of San Francisco as are the summer winds, the sand hills, and the Steam Navigation Company. Never a traveler has visited San Francisco without mentioning it in his book; and here let me remark, parenthetically, that I do not know of any traveler who has visited San Francisco without writing a book. Even Bowles, who bowled across the Continent like a cricket-ba"

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launched by the hand of one of the famous Eleven, seeing more and writing more in less time than any other writer that I know of, gave it a place in his book. Colfax ate a chop in its *salle à manger;* and Richardson took a rib-steak in its refectory. The boys who attend in the coat-room are familiar with the white outer garment and decidedly queer hat of a philosopher whom I will not name; but some years ago the *Tribune*, in its editorial correspondence, pronounced the "What Cheer" "the best hotel west of the Rocky Mountains." (In justice to others, however, let me state that the Occidental, Cosmopolitan, Lick, and Russ were not then opened.) Ludlow, too, wrote about it; and Bierstadt sketched it. Under all these circumstances some account of the caravansary may not be uninteresting to the general reader.

The "What Cheer" is the great resort of miners and mechanics; of all who, coming to the city, consult economy as well as comfort. Its peculiarities are as follows: Conducted upon the European plan, there is a restaurant connected with the house where meals are served of great excellence and at prices which, contrasted with those of other establishments, may almost be termed nominal. For instance, from the bill of fare lying before me, I condense a sort of schedule: Beef-steaks, chops, cutlets, sausages, fishes, and all that list commonly headed as "cooked to order," 10 cents. Soups, boiled and roast joints, entrées, 10 cents. Of course chicken, turkey, porter-house steaks, and other things which the pampered palate of some bloated aristocrat from the up-country diggings may crave and call for, are higher—25 cents is the damage in such cases. But, again, we have baked pork and beans and brown bread, only 10 cents. Eggs are the extravagant dish, for old traditions are held to regarding the sedentary labors of the hen; and 25 cents is the charge for three, whether boiled, fried, scrambled, poached, omeletted, or combined with ham or bacon. (In place of hearing eggs called for you will very often remark that, by a polite periphrasis of the delicate miner, "hen-fruit" is bespoken.) Bread or hot cakes, cold meats, stewed meats, and Irish stews, are only 5 cents. And so with extra vegetables, puddings, pies, cakes, peaches and cream, etc., 5 cents is the charge. The bill of fare, however, distinctly states, that "All 5-cent dishes, unless accompanied with other dishes, will be charged 10 cents." This is simply an application of the "don't-give-bread-with-one-fishball" idea. But, in furtherance of the great law of compensation, it is stated at the very head and front of the *carte*, "Boston, brown, or white bread and potatoes, with meat or fish, FREE OF CHARGE." Also, "San Francisco sirup, with cakes, FREE OF CHARGE." In fact, no point involved is left in uncertainty for subsequent arbitration. For it is also stated, that "For using extra sugar, sirup, butter, etc., charges will be made accordingly." And a "caution!" is plainly printed on the outside, that he who eats may read, "$5 will be charged any person who intentionally attempts to pay less than the within prices." So we have a Court of Equity within this remarkable house. How the penalty would be collected after being charged I do not know, for it seems to me that the ways of the law, though wonderful indeed and past finding out, could scarcely be made to reach a case like this. However, it might be some satisfaction to simply "charge it." But, again, this could not very well be done, as no charges are made—at least no accounts are kept about the establishment. Dinners are paid for as soon as swallowed, and lodgings in advance. Though the Tycoon of Japan came hither with a note of introduction from the Mikado, bringing with him enough trunks and fans, toiski and hari-kari implements to fill the cellar, the key of a room would not be given him until he paid over his little 50 cents at the office. No man ever got a bed in this house without paying for it. How it may be in the matter of meals I do not know; and I wonder that the proprietor did not print upon his bills of fare the further "caution" that any one eating a dinner and not paying for it would be "charged $10 extra." It may be that a stomach-pump is kept *perdu* in an adjoining room, and that a couple of stout *garçons* from near Tipperary are stationed within quick summoning distance, ready to make application of it.

To return to our mutton for a moment: Surprise that good dishes—every thing is the best of its kind, including butter—can be furnished at such infinitesimal prices is lessened when the quantity consumed is taken into consideration. The Commissary Department is conducted on a gigantic scale; all provisions being bought at wholesale, cash paid for them, and nothing wasted. 4000 meals are furnished daily. The average price of each is about 15 cents. In times of financial crises the average is brought down to 13 cents. Some idea of the business done and the things eaten may be gathered from the following roll of daily consumption: Eggs, 100 dozen; sugar, 1 barrel; butter, 100 pounds; flour, 3 barrels; potatoes, 500 pounds; beef, pork, mutton, lamb, and fish, 700 pounds; raisins, 2 boxes; pies, 150; turkeys and chickens, 400 pounds; milk, 400 quarts. For a verity those miners and mechanics have excellent appetites.

About the hotel proper the first thing which attracts the stranger's attention is the lodging arrangements. This is natural enough, for on registering name for a room it is first necessary to pay down the price—50 cents. This preliminary accomplished he is shown to an apartment about ten feet square, furnished nicely, mahogany bedsteads, curled hair mattresses, a box of matches, a pin-cushion filled with pins, table, chairs—and a brush and comb. (Occasionally travelers forget to bring their private toilet apparatus with them, and again it is sometimes the first introduction of the miner to these little modern conveniences.) Tooth-brushes

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are not yet provided, I believe, but probably they will be on this suggestion being made to the proprietor. There are no bells in the house —and no chamber-maids. Not a woman is allowed about the premises. If the Emperor Napoleon happened along with Eugénie, *she* would be obliged to put up at some other house—*i. e.*, provided that Napoleon was bent upon stopping at the "What Cheer." The discordance which woman is apt to breed in the best-regulated households has been seriously considered by the sagacious proprietor, and hence the promulgation of an edict which passes and eclipses any Salic law in its fundamental severity. Bells are dispensed with by having every thing in the room that the necessities of man can be imagined to require. If one chooses to have the cholera, or trichina, or delirium tremens, the fault is his own—such eccentricities are not provided for.

And *apropos* of delirium tremens—there is no bar in the house, nor has there ever been one about any establishment with which the proprietor has ever been connected. I am not aware that he himself is a member of any teetotal society; but one thing is certain—if ever he desires a drink of that which inebriates he has to go away from his own hotel for it.

Another peculiarity is the Laundry Department. Most all hotels have laundries, which serve the purpose of ordinary washer-women—viz., washing off all the buttons, but never, by any chance, sewing them on again. In the What Cheer a great improvement has been inaugurated in this respect. Connected with the laundry is a mending department, and all clothes are carefully examined and repaired before being returned to the owner. Nay, more; if the honest miner has a hole about his knee-pans, caused by overmuch genuflection; if the chisel of the mechanic has slipped and taken a piece out from his waistcoat instead of the wood; if a pot of paint has been overturned upon his best trowsers—here is the friendly haven into which he can haul for repairs and cleansing. And again, that all who go out from the establishment may be presentable, there is a boot-blacking room, where every man may be his own boot-black if he do not choose to be his own Boswell. About fifty boxes of blacking, and as many brushes, with convenient stands, are ranged round the room for the edification of those who desire to shine in society.

Another peculiarity is the Museum—the most extensive, and, in most respects, the best museum in California. This was established in the summer of 1860. The apartment devoted to it is forty-five feet long by fourteen wide. It contains large cases of stuffed birds, preserved animals, pickled snakes, etc., affording an excellent idea of what the Pacific coast is capable of producing in that way. Moreover, there are specimens of most things from nearly all parts of the world. The toucan and the pelican rub bills with eagles, and woodpeckers, and crows, and birds of paradise, and guinea-hens; cormorants, bitterns, hawks, vultures, owls, magpies, albatrosses, bluejays, orioles, starlings, sparrows, turkey-buzzards, coots, snipes, plovers, petrels, pheasants, puffins: but space fails to enumerate all the birds that stretch out their necks from well simulated foliage. Then there are rats of all species; squirrels, weasels, gophers, hedgehogs, armadillos, wolves, and lame ducks. The collection of eggs comprises 1200 specimens, from the largest ostrich's to the smallest hummingbird's. There are Indian curiosities from the north of the continent and from the South Seas —spears, bows, arrows, fig-leaves, pipes, fishhooks, war-clubs, and red paint. The collection of old coins weds the past and the present; Roman coins jingling by the side of cowry shells, beads, and Indian wampum. Shells of ocean, and shells collected on the highest peaks of mountains, slumber side by side upon peaceful shelves. The cabinet of minerals includes the finest specimens from those great mines, at stories of whose wealth the Eastern eye glitters and the unaccustomed ear expands.

The Library, however, is the great feature—the unique one of the institution. Let me, however, retrograde a little, and tell how the Library came, and, to tell that, it is necessary to tell how the house grew. It was started by its present proprietor, R. B. Woodward, in 1852, as a boarding-house, with about seventy-five lodgers; of that seventy-five, as of the present five hundred, pay was always required in advance. In 1861 the boarding-house element was discontinued, and the restaurant feature introduced. The name, like the proprietor, came from Rhode Island. When Roger Williams landed on the shores of Little Rhody the Indians who met him upon the beach hailed with something which sounded like "What cheer?" and to this day the phrase is incorporated with the arms of the State. And the largest and most valuable block in Providence is known as the "What Cheer Buildings." In 1856 the "What Cheer" of San Francisco had become an institution, and a novel idea entered its proprietor's head. All hotels fed the body, but there were none which supplied pabulum for the mind. He determined to found a library. In furtherance of this object he came East, and consulted the Harper Brothers. As a natural result they encouraged him in the project, and the result was the purchase of fifteen hundred books. This was the nucleus of a library which now numbers between three thousand and four thousand volumes, selected with a view to suit the various tastes of travelers—all the books, be it remarked, being of "a good moral tendency." There are works on gardening, bee-raising, vine-growing, stock-raising, ranching, etc.; biographical and historical tomes; works of fiction, among which those of Dickens, Irving, Scott, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Cooper, Miss Bremer, and others of the same noble roll-call, are represented. Nor are the classics forgotten; but as few min-

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ers read them in the original tongues only translations are given. In addition, the room is supplied with most of the current journals of the coast and many published abroad, the newspaper bill amounting yearly to about $1200 in gold. From early morning until shutting-off time comes at night this reading-room is filled with guests, and it is really interesting to see their absorption. The seats are ranged closely, side by side, and there sit the book-worm miners delving into these rich diggings, still and quiet as the regulations demand, bound up in a biography which fills them with emulation, or reading of adventures which recall their own wild experiences. Were it not for this escape-pipe for their spare time a bar-room would have to be introduced; and though there may be a question about which might be the best filled, there can be none as to which would contribute most to the best interests of society.

The hotel from the first has proven immensely profitable, yielding the proprietor between $30,000 and $40,000 in gold a year. From the income thus afforded he has built one of the finest places in the environs of San Francisco, connecting with it a gallery of art, consisting mainly of pictures imported from Rome at a cost of about $20,000. It has been his custom to transfer many of the pictures from his gallery to the walls of the hotel, that his guests might have an opportunity of seeing what wonders pencil, brush, and chisel can work. It may be worthy of mention that a bust of California, executed by Powers, for a long time graced the hotel library. I have been told that this work was originally executed at full length as a nude female figure; but Mr. Woodward, ever alive to the interests of morality, and opposed to the growing encroachments of a licentious age, caused it to be cut down at the waist to its present proportions. While in Rome Mr. Woodward engaged the services of Virgil Williams, an artist of rising reputation, to superintend purchases, and after returning to California employed him for nearly two years in the arrangement and adornment of his gallery. On determining to go again abroad this present year Mr. Woodward threw open his gallery and grounds to the public, pledging himself to spend two dollars in adding to the attractions of the place for every one received from admission fees for the next ten years. The receipts for a single month were $2000, which shows that art has attractions even in a new civilization. The grounds alone have cost over $100,000, their natural picturesqueness having been added to by the resources of the best landscape gardeners whose services could be secured. Hot-houses filled with fragrant exotics woo the visitor to their artificial atmospheres, while serpentine walks, artificial lakes, Turkish mosques, and zoological places and parks filled with camels, deer, monkeys, etc., beguile him into an insensibility to the flight of time.

A sad flight, by-the-way, to an appreciation of which I am just waking; though the reader perhaps has several times with a yawn consulted his watch. To a certain extent I have wandered away from the "What Cheer;" but the private grounds of the proprietor are in no small degree a part and parcel of it, since had it not been for the one it is not probable that the other would be. Mr. Woodward, with his family, is now in Paris; and it is not improbable that a "What Cheer" there will greet visitors to the Great Exposition. The inflexible rule of pay in advance being insisted on to the discomfiture of many who take no thought of a morrow. And here in New York, with the great influx of a rural population, there is need for such a house as the one whose salient features I have attempted to present—combining comfort and cheapness with respectability and first-class accommodations. And the idea of a library should be seized upon by all large hotels. At present it is a lamentable fact that there are few hotels which have even a decent reading-room.

DAVY CROCKETT'S ELECTIONEERING TOUR.

THERE was a time when there were few names more familiarly known to the people of this country than that of Davy Crockett. Many stories were told characteristic of his courage, his wit, his humor, his honesty, and his benevolence. I am about to relate one of somewhat different character, but not less honorable to him than any that have appeared.

While he was in Congress I had business which required me to spend several weeks in Washington City. Waiting upon one of the Departments, or rather one of the chief clerks, for my turn, I had much leisure upon my hands; for though my business might have been dispatched as well in two hours as in two months, yet I had to wait. I had made up my mind that I would not leave until my business was settled. My only regular employment was to go every day to the office to learn that it could not be attended to that day.

Crockett was then the lion of Washington. I was a great admirer of his character, and having several friends who were intimate with him, I found no difficulty in making his acquaintance. I was fascinated with him, and he seemed to take a fancy to me.

I was one day in the lobby of the House of Representatives, when a bill was taken up appropriating money for the benefit of the widow of a distinguished naval officer. Several beautiful speeches had been made in its support, rather, as I thought, because it afforded the speakers a fine opportunity for display than from the necessity of convincing any body; for it seemed to me that every body favored it. The Speaker was just about to put the question, when Crockett arose. Every body expected, of course, that he was going to make one of his characteristic speeches in support of the bill. He commenced:

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"MR. SPEAKER,—I have as much respect for the memory of the deceased, and as much sympathy for the sufferings of the living, if suffering there be, as any man in this House; but we must not permit our respect for the dead or our sympathy for a part of the living to lead us into an act of injustice to the balance of the living. I will not go into an argument to prove that Congress has no power to appropriate this money as an act of charity. Every Member upon this floor knows it. We have the right, as individuals, to give away as much of our own money as we please in charity; but as Members of Congress we have no right so to appropriate a dollar of the public money. Some eloquent appeals have been made to us upon the ground that it is a debt due the deceased. Mr. Speaker, the deceased lived long after the close of the war; he was in office to the day of his death; and I have never heard that the Government was in arrears to him. This Government can owe no debts but for services rendered, and at a stipulated price. If it is a debt, how much is it? Has it been audited, and the amount due ascertained? If it has, the Treasurer will pay it without legislation. If it is a debt, this is not the place to present it for payment, or to have its merits examined. If it is a debt, we owe more than we can ever hope to pay; for we owe the widow of every soldier who fought in the War of 1812 precisely the same amount. There is a woman in my neighborhood, the widow of as gallant a man as ever shouldered a musket. He fell in battle. She is as good in every respect as this lady, and is as poor. She is earning her daily bread by her daily labor; and if I were to introduce a bill to appropriate five or ten thousand dollars for her benefit I should be laughed at, and my bill would not get five votes in this House. There are thousands of widows in the country just such as the one I have spoken of, but we never hear of any of these large debts to them. Sir, this is no debt. The Government did not owe it to the deceased when he was alive; it could not contract it after he died. I do not wish to be rude, but I must be plain. Every man in this House knows it is not a debt. We can not, without the grossest corruption, appropriate this money as the payment of a debt. We have not the semblance of authority to appropriate it as a charity. Mr. Speaker, I have said we have the right to give as much money of our own as we please. I am the poorest man on this floor. I can not vote for this bill. But I will give one week's pay to the object; and if every Member of Congress will do the same it will amount to more than the bill asks."

He took his seat. Nobody replied. The bill was put upon its passage, and instead of passing unanimously, as was generally supposed, and as no doubt it would but for that speech, it received but few votes, and, of course, was lost.

Like many other young men, and old ones too for that matter, who had not thought upon the subject, I desired the passage of the bill, and felt outraged at its defeat. I determined that I would persuade my friend Crockett to move a reconsideration the next day.

Previous engagements preventing me from seeing Crockett that night, I went early to his room the next morning, and found him engaged in addressing and franking letters, a large pile of which lay upon his table.

I broke in upon him rather abruptly by asking him what devil had possessed him to make that speech and defeat that bill yesterday. Without turning his head, or looking up from his work, he replied: "You see that I am very busy now; take a seat and cool yourself. I will be through in a few minutes, and then I will tell you all about it."

He continued his employment for about ten minutes, and when he had finished it, turned to me and said: "Now, Sir, I will answer your question. But thereby hangs a tale, and one of considerable length, to which you will have to listen."

I listened, and this is the tale which I heard:

Several years ago I was one evening standing on the steps of the Capitol with some other members of Congress, when our attention was attracted by a great light over in Georgetown. It was evidently a large fire. We jumped into a hack and drove over as fast as we could. When we got there I went to work, and I never worked as hard in my life as I did there for several hours. But in spite of all that could be done many houses were burned and many families made houseless; and, besides, some of them had lost all but the clothes they had on. The weather was very cold, and when I saw so many women and children suffering I felt that something ought to be done for them; and every body else seemed to feel the same way.

The next morning a bill was introduced appropriating twenty thousand dollars for their relief. We put aside all other business and rushed it through as soon as it could be done. I said every body felt as I did. That was not quite so; for though they perhaps sympathized as deeply with the sufferers as I did, there were a few of the members who did not think we had the right to indulge our sympathy, or exercise our charity, at the expense of any body but ourselves. They opposed the bill, and, upon its passage, demanded the yeas and nays. There were not enough of them to sustain the call; but many of us wanted our names to appear in favor of what we considered a praiseworthy measure, and we voted with them to sustain it. So the yeas and nays were recorded, and my name appeared on the journals in favor of the bill.

The next summer, when it began to be time to think about the election, I concluded I would take a scout around among the boys of my district. I had no opposition there; but as the election was some time off I did not know what might turn up, and I thought it was best to let the boys know that I had not forgot them, and that going to Congress had not made me too proud to go to see them.

So I put a couple of shirts and a few twists of tobacco into my saddle-bags, and put out. I had been out about a week, and had found things going very smoothly, when, riding one day in a part of my district in which I was more of a stranger than any other, I saw a man in a field plowing, and coming toward the road. I gauged my gait so that we should meet as he came to the fence. As he came up I spoke to the man. He replied politely, but, as I thought, rather coldly, and was about turning his horse for another furrow, when I asked him if he could give me a chew of tobacco.

"Yes," said he; "such as we make and use in this part of the country; but it may not suit

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your taste, as you are probably in the habit of using better."

With that he pulled out of his pocket part of a twist in its natural state, and handed me. I took a chew, and handed it back to him. He turned to his plow, and was about to start off. I said to him: "Don't be in such a hurry, my friend—I want to have a little talk with you, and get better acquainted." He replied: "I am very busy, and have but little time to talk; but if it does not take too long, I will listen to what you have to say."

I began: "Well, my friend, I am one of those unfortunate beings called candidates, and—"

"Yes, I know you; you are Colonel Crockett. I have seen you once before, and voted for you the last time you were elected. I suppose you are out electioneering now; but you had better not waste your time or mine. I shall not vote for you again."

This was a sockdologer. I had been making up my mind that he was one of those churlish fellows who care for nobody but themselves, and take bluntness for independence. I had seen enough of them to know there is a way to reach them, and was satisfied that if I could get him to talk to me I would soon have him straight. But this was entirely a different bundle of sticks. He knew me, had voted for me before, and did not intend to do it again. Something must be the matter. I could not imagine what it was. I had heard of no complaints against me, except that some of the dandies about the villages ridiculed some of the wild and foolish things that I too often say and do, and said that I was not enough of a gentleman to go to Congress. I begged him to tell me what was the matter.

"Well, Colonel, it is hardly worth while to waste time or words upon it. I do not see how it can be mended; but you gave a vote last winter which shows that either you have not capacity to understand the Constitution, or that you are wanting in the honesty and firmness to be governed by it. In either case you are not the man to represent me. But I beg your pardon for expressing it in that way. I did not intend to avail myself of the privilege of the constituent to speak plainly to a candidate for the purpose of insulting or wounding you. I intend by it only to say that your understanding of the Constitution is very different from mine; and I will say to you what, but for my rudeness, I should not have said, that I believe you to be honest."

"Thank you for that; but you find fault with only one vote. You know the story of Henry Clay, the old huntsman, and the rifle:—you wouldn't break your gun for one snap?"

"No, nor for a dozen. As the story goes, that tack served Mr. Clay's purpose admirably, though it really had nothing to do with the case. I would not break the gun, nor would I discard an honest representative for a mistake in judgment, as to a mere matter of policy; but an understanding of the Constitution different from mine I can not overlook, because the Constitution, to be worth any thing, must be held sacred, and rigidly observed in all its provisions. The man who wields power and misinterprets it is the more dangerous the more honest he is!"

"I admit the truth of all you say; but there must be some mistake about it, for I do not remember that I gave any vote last winter upon any constitutional question."

"No, Colonel, there's no mistake. Though I live here in the backwoods, and seldom go from home, I take the papers from Washington, and read very carefully all the proceedings of Congress. My papers say that last winter you voted for a bill to appropriate twenty thousand dollars to some sufferers by a fire in Georgetown. Is that true?"

"Certainly it is, and I thought that was the last vote for which any body in the world would have found fault with."

"Well, Colonel, where do you find in the Constitution any authority to give away the public money in charity?"

Here was another sockdologer; for when I began to think about it, I could not remember a thing in the Constitution that authorized it. I found I must take another tack, so I said:

"Well, my friend, I may as well own up. You have got me there. But certainly nobody will complain that a great and rich country like ours should give the insignificant sum of twenty thousand dollars to relieve its suffering women and children; particularly with a full and overflowing treasury; and, I am sure, if you had been there you would have done just as I did."

"It is not the amount, Colonel, that I complain of; it is the principle. In the first place, the Government ought to have in the treasury no more than enough for its legitimate purposes. But that has nothing to do with the question. The power of collecting and disbursing money at pleasure is the most dangerous power that can be intrusted to man, particularly under our system of collecting revenue by a tariff, which reaches every man in the country, no matter how poor he may be—and the poorer he is the more he pays in proportion to his means. What is worse, it presses upon him without his knowing where the weight comes; for there is not a man in the United States who can ever guess how much he pays to the Government. So you see that while you are contributing to relieve one you are drawing it from thousands who are even worse off than he. If you had the right to give any thing, the amount was simply a matter of discretion with you, and you had as much right to give twenty millions as twenty thousand. If you have the right to give to one you have the right to give to all; and as the Constitution neither defines charity nor stipulates the amount, you are at liberty to give to any and every thing which you may believe, or profess to believe, is a charity, and to any amount you may think proper. You will very easily per-

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ceive what a wide door this would open for fraud and corruption and favoritism, on the one hand, and for robbing the people on the other. No, Colonel, Congress has no right to give charity. Individual members may give as much of their own money as they please, but they have no right to touch a dollar of the public money for that purpose. If twice as many houses had been burned in this county as in Georgetown, neither you nor any other member of Congress would have thought of appropriating a dollar for our relief. There are about two hundred and forty members of Congress; if they had shown their sympathy for the sufferers by contributing each one week's pay, it would have made over thirteen thousand dollars. There are plenty of wealthy men in and around Washington who could have given twenty or a hundred thousand dollars without depriving themselves of even a luxury of life. The Congressmen chose to keep their own money—which, if reports be true, some of them spend not very creditably—and the people about Washington, no doubt, applauded you for relieving them from the necessity of giving by giving what was not yours to give. The people have delegated to Congress, by the Constitution, the power to do certain things. To do these it is authorized to collect and pay moneys, and for nothing else. Every thing beyond this is usurpation and a violation of the Constitution."

I have given you, continued Crockett, an imperfect account of what he said. Long before he was through I was convinced that I had done wrong. He wound up by saying:

"So you see, Colonel, you have violated the Constitution in what I consider a vital point. It is a precedent fraught with danger to the country; for when Congress once begins to stretch its power beyond the limits of the Constitution there is no limit to it, and no security for the people. I have no doubt you acted honestly; but that does not make it any better, except so far as you are personally concerned; and you see that I can not vote for you."

I tell you I felt streaked. I saw if I should have opposition and this man should go to talking he would set others to talking, and in that district I was a gone fawn-skin. I could not answer him, and the fact is, I was so fully convinced that he was right I did not want to. But I must satisfy him, and I said to him:

"Well, my friend, you hit the nail upon the head when you said I had not sense enough to understand the Constitution. I intended to be guided by it, and thought I had studied it fully. I have heard many fine speeches in Congress about the powers of Congress; but what you have said here at your plow has got more hard sound sense in it than all the fine speeches I ever heard. If I had ever taken the view of it that you have, I would have put my head into the fire before I would have given that vote; and if you will forgive me and vote for me again, if I ever vote for another unconstitutional law I wish I may be shot."

He laughingly replied: "Yes, Colonel, you have sworn to that once before, but I will trust you again upon one condition. You say you are convinced that your vote was wrong. Your acknowledgment of it will do more good than beating you for it. If, as you go round the district, you will tell the people about this vote and that you are satisfied it was wrong, I will not only vote for you, but will do what I can to keep down opposition, and perhaps I may exert some little influence in that way."

"If I don't," said I, "I wish I may be shot; and to convince you that I am in earnest in what I say, I will come back this way in a week or ten days; and if you will get up a gathering of the people I will make a speech to them. Get up a barbecue, and I will pay for it."

"No, Colonel, we are not a rich people in this section; but we have plenty of provisions to contribute for a barbecue, and some to spare for those who have none. The push of the crops will be over in a few days, and we can then afford a day for a barbecue. This is Thursday; I will see to getting it up on Saturday week. Come to my house on Friday and we will go together, and I promise you a very respectable crowd to see and hear you."

"Well, I will be here. But one thing more before I say good-by. I must know your name."

"My name is Bunce."

"Not Horatio Bunce?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Bunce, I never saw you before, though you say you have seen me; but I know you very well. I am glad that I have met you, and very proud that I may hope to have you for my friend. You must let me shake your hand before I go."

We shook hands and parted.

It was one of the luckiest hits of my life that I met him. He mingled but little with the public, but was widely known for his remarkable intelligence and incorruptible integrity, and for a heart brimful and running over with kindness and benevolence, which showed themselves not only in words but in acts. He was the oracle of the whole country around him, and his fame had extended far beyond the circle of his immediate acquaintance. Though I had never met him before I had heard much of him, and but for this meeting it is very likely I should have had opposition and been beaten. One thing is very certain, no man could now stand up in that district under such a vote.

At the appointed time I was at his house, having told over our conversation to every crowd I had met and to every man I staid all night with, and I found that it gave the people an interest and a confidence in me stronger than I had ever seen manifested before.

Though I was considerably fatigued when I reached his house, and under ordinary circumstances should have gone early to bed, I kept him up until midnight, talking about the principles and affairs of government, and got more real

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true knowledge of them than I had got all my life before.

It is not exactly pertinent to my story, but I must tell you more about him. When I saw him with his family around him, I was not surprised that he loved to stay at home. I have never in any other family seen a manifestation of so much confidence, familiarity, and freedom of manner of children toward their parents, mingled with such unbounded love and respect.

He was not at the house when I arrived; but his wife received and welcomed me with all the ease and cordiality of an old friend. She told me that her husband was engaged in some outdoor business, but would be in shortly. She is a woman of fine person; her face is not what the world would at first sight esteem beautiful. In a state of rest there was too much strength and character in it for that; but when she engaged in conversation, and especially when she smiled, it softened into an expression of mingled kindness, goodness, and strength that was beautiful beyond any thing I have ever seen.

Pretty soon her husband came in, and she left us and went about her household affairs. Toward night the children—he had seven of them—began to drop in; some from work, some from school, and the little ones from play. They were all introduced to me, and met me with the same ease and grace that marked the manner of their mother. Supper came on, and then was exhibited the loveliness of the family circle in all its glow. The father turned the conversation to the matters in which the children had been interested during the day, and all, from the oldest to the youngest, took part in it. They spoke to their parents with as much familiarity and confidence as if they had been friends of their own age; yet every word and every look manifested as much respect as the humblest courtier could manifest for a king; ay, more, for it was all sincere and strengthened by love. Verily it was the Happy Family.

I have told you that Mr. Bunce converted me politically. He came nearer converting me religiously than I had ever been before. When supper was over one of the children brought him a Bible and hymn-book. He turned to me and said:

"Colonel, I have for many years been in the habit of family worship night and morning. I adopt this time for it that all may be present. If I postpone it some of us get engaged in one thing and some in another, and the little ones drop off to sleep, so that it is often difficult to get all together."

He then opened the Bible and read the Twenty-third Psalm, commencing, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." It is a beautiful composition, and his manner of reading it gave it new beauties. We then sung a hymn, and we all knelt down. He commenced his prayer —"Our Father who art in heaven." No one who has not heard him pronounce those words can conceive how they thrilled through me, for I do not believe they were ever pronounced by human lips as by his. I had heard them a thousand times from the lips of preachers of every grade and denomination, and by all sorts of professing Christians, until they had become words of course with me; but his enunciation of them gave them an import and a power of which I had never conceived. There was a grandeur of reverence, a depth of humility, a fullness of confidence, and an overflowing of love which told that his spirit was communing face to face with its God. An overwhelming feeling of awe came over me, for I felt that I was in the visible presence of Jehovah. The whole prayer was grand—grand in its simplicity, in the purity of the spirit it breathed, in its faith, its trust, and its love. I have told you he came nearer converting me religiously than I had ever been before. He did not make a very good Christian of me, as you know; but he has wrought upon my mind a conviction of the truth of Christianity, and upon my feelings a reverence for its purifying and elevating power such as I had never felt before.

I have known and seen much of him since, for I respect—no, that is not the word—I reverence and love him more than any living man, and I go to see him two or three times every year; and I tell you, Sir, if every one who professes to be a Christian lived and acted and enjoyed it as he does, the religion of Christ would take the world by storm.

But to return to my story. The next morning we went to the barbecue, and to my surprise found about a thousand men there. I met a good many whom I had known before, and they and my friend introduced me around until I had got pretty well acquainted, at least they all knew me.

In due time notice was given that I would speak to them. They gathered up around a stand that had been erected. I opened my speech by saying:

"Fellow-citizens! I present myself before you to-day feeling like a new man; my eyes have lately been opened to truths which ignorance or prejudice, or both, had heretofore hidden from my view. I feel that I can to-day offer you the ability to render you more valuable service than I have ever been able to render before. I am here to-day more for the purpose of acknowledging my error than to seek your votes. That I should make this acknowledgment is due to myself as well as to you. Whether you will vote for me is a matter for your consideration only."

I went on then to tell them about the fire, and my vote for the appropriation, as I have told it to you; and then told them why I was satisfied it was wrong. I closed by saying:

"And now, fellow-citizens, it remains only for me to tell you that the most of the speech you have listened to with so much attention and so much interest was simply a repetition of the arguments by which your neighbor, Mr. Bunce,

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convinced me of my error. It is the best speech I ever made in my life; but he is entitled to the credit of it. And now I hope he is satisfied with his convert, and that he will get up here and tell you so."

He came upon the stand, and said:

"Fellow-citizens!—it affords me great pleasure to comply with the request of Colonel Crockett. I have always considered him a thoroughly honest man, and I am satisfied that he will faithfully perform all that he has promised you to-day." He went down, and there went up from that crowd such a shout for Davy Crockett as his name never called forth before.

I am not much given to tears; but I was taken with a choking then, and felt some big drops rolling down my cheeks. And I tell you now that the remembrance of those few words spoken by such a man, and the honest, hearty shout they produced, is worth more to me than all the other honors I have received, and all the reputation I have ever made, or ever shall make, as a member of Congress.

Now, Sir, concluded Crockett, you know why I made that speech yesterday. I have had several thousand copies of it printed, and was directing them to my constituents when you came in.

There is one thing now to which I will call your attention. You remember that I proposed to give a week's pay. There are in that House many very wealthy men—men who think nothing of spending a week's pay, or a dozen of them, for a dinner or a wine party, when they have something to accomplish by it. Some of these same men made beautiful speeches upon the great debt of gratitude which the country owed the deceased—a debt which could not be paid by money, and the insignificance and worthlessness of money, particularly so insignificant a sum as ten thousand dollars, when weighed against the honor of the nation. Yet not one of them responded to my proposition. Money with them is nothing but trash, when it is to come out of the people; but it is the one great thing for which most of them are striving, and many of them sacrifice honor, integrity, and justice to obtain it.

The hour for the meeting of the House had by this time arrived. We walked up to the Capitol together, but I said not a word to him about moving a reconsideration. I would as soon have asked a sincere Christian to abjure his religion.

I had listened to his story with an interest which was greatly increased by his manner of telling it; for no matter what we may say of the merits of a story, a speech, or a sermon, it is a very rare production which does not derive its interest more from the manner than the matter, as some of my readers have doubtless, like the writer, proved to their cost.

By Crockett's aid I succeeded in having my business settled in three or four days afterward and left Washington. I never saw him again.

CHAUCER'S GRISILDIS.

IN the gallery of English poesy stands many a fair and noble statue, fashioned with that extremest care men use when they would speak their gentlest thought of womanhood. Crowned with the highest grace of all, touching the heart to tears forever, behold Grisildis, wrought in most reverent mood by England's father-poet—Geoffrey Chaucer.

There is a cant of conventionalism that decries the present and sickens the soul with a vague and childish clamor for the return of mediæval art and feeling. Now the mind that thinks and the heart that acts upon the thought will declare always the present to be the grandest time of any. It holds ourselves, our destiny, and itself contains the pith and marrow of the past.

Believing this—and it is the creed of the best schools every where—the literature that holds us fast to-day must be the reflex of the lives we are all living, must dissect the questions that beset us, must strive with those problems which clamor for solution—mighty angels all, with which the Jacobs among us contend, and verily will not let them go without the blessing!

It were well enough—since that was the best they either knew—for Greece and Rome to find physical perfection, and rest content; but the To-day—eager, inquisitive, penetrating, demanding the pith of the emotion, the core of the idea—laughs to scorn such puny complacency.

It is not, I suppose, that the mystery of living has become more intricate with the centuries, but it is ourselves that, by the grace of God, have won the advance in comprehending it; the voices are not more manifold than in the ages past, but it is we who listen more thoughtfully; the ear has grown finer to catch the rhythm, the heart more eager to demand the explanation.

It is therefore that we scan with keenest scrutiny the picture, the statue, the book, the poem that comes before us and asks for our decision. If the intention is true—if there is a soul calling out to us, deep unto deep, beneath all phases of expression, the picture, the statue, the book, the poem—the whatever in Art it may be—is for *us;* but if, on the contrary, it bears the stamp, cold and external, of the dead antique, we reject it with disdain, or offer it at best the chilly commendation—for like begets like—of "classical correctness."

Those who are wise in their professions—writers, artists, men of science—all feel that their work must be impregnated with this sympathy, profound and heart-reaching, every where touching and corresponding to the incessant demands of the To-day for soul and earnestness above aught else; but the poet comprehends the need the best of any, for to him belongs the extreme expression of emotion and of passion.

Tennyson writes the "Princess"—with its half-jest on the surface, its deep meaning un-

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derneath—and the whole is a response to the modern upheaving of the womanly nature demanding its ultimatum. Its preludes, its tender songs, its delicate and shell-like involutions of descriptive verse, all melt at last into the millennial sweetness wherein the woman

"—sets herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.....
Then comes the stateller Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!"

If there is a cheat any where, if the conclusion begs the question, we are more than ready to forgive—more than willing to acknowledge the great heart-yearning to soothe the wrong it may not at all redress.

This struggle with modern giants—more potent, more invincible than ever found in fairy figment—is yet more vehement in the intricate poems of the Brownings. Those who raised any cry of "obscure" here misunderstood the difficulty. The mystery and the doubt lay hidden in the awful truths these poet-souls agonized to utter. Is it easy to make plain those subtle undercurrents that underlie our outside social fictions, and that thrill in every fibre with the fiery ichor that is our real life? Those were souls fearfully in earnest that found grace to declare beneath the glitter of externals the ghastly substrata of being which, with miserable *dilettanteism*, we are all glad enough to ignore, save when the volcanic eruption threatens our hearth-stones with the seething tide of destructive lava.

In American poetry we have had less of this feeling. The hour has not yet come, or perchance the need has been less pressing. Besides, this is the New World to us still. The landscape is so large, the sky so blue and clear, the air so inspiring, that we can only wonder and enjoy like children.

It is therefore that Bryant and Longfellow and the rest of the goodly company find such a charm in landscape painting that the human element recedes from view, overlaid by the consummate perfection of that which the noblest art must yet proclaim an accessory. This, however, is a fair beginning. Childhood is as absolute a need in poetry as it is in the stages of our mortal progress. First the tender grace, the guileless simplicity, the attentiveness to the world external, that is the heritage of children; thereafter the strength and power and incisive comprehension that belongs to perfected manhood.

By-and-by, when we have become accustomed to this world of wonders, we shall have unity—single figures, such as Dante's Beatrice, Petrarch's Laura, where the treasures of all time were heaped at the feet of one. We, too, shall show a wondrous vista of men and women struck into being by the divine spark kindled in these mortal souls from on high, and thus match the glory of that wondrous Art shining across the sea, at which we all have lighted our torches. So far we have "Evangeline;" and some remember Judd's "Margaret;"* but the single figures are few. Condensation is the work of centuries. The master-genius that fuses into one burning gem the long experience of many souls belongs not to the blooming of the early year. When many days of vernal showers and penetrating sunlight have tempered the earth and wrought all influences into harmony the rose unfurls her manifold corolla. With patience we possess our souls until then. Sure are we that there will be no halting in our national literature any more than in our national destiny. Already, gazing with intent faith toward the horizon, one beholds the dim, sweet outlines of that beautiful procession which shall be the heritage of our children.

You will understand, then, that it is not because our faith in the Future is small, or our perception of the Present feeble, that we would crave your company in a pilgrimage to those simple woodlands swayed by Geoffrey Chaucer. It is thence our modern poets fetch their daisies; it is there, beside the "well of English undefiled," that the delicatest mosses hold a heyday of perpetual greenness.

Hush! it is early spring-time in these woodlands. Listen! overhead the lark is singing from out the dappled clouds of early morning. You will not refuse this violet overbrimming with the first dew of dawn? This, then, is

THE STORY OF GRISILDIS.

A certain lord of Italy, Walter by name, a "Markis" by degree, rules his people to their liking save in respect of too great a fondness for the chase—

"And eke he wo'ld (and that was worst of all)
Wedden no wif for ought that might befall."

His people, laying this last infirmity seriously to heart, at length wait upon him and entreat him to marry, advancing all those moving arguments in favor of wedlock which present themselves in invincible array upon these occasions. With that officious assurance which asserts itself at such crises the people even offer to choose a wife for the Marquis, that there may be no plea of escape for him. Lord Walter gives favorable audience to the marriage proposition, but dissents from the excess of zeal that would deny him the privilege of selecting a wife for himself. He will marry, with the proviso that in no case his people are to reject the lady of his choice.

The Prologue, which contains the business portion of the poem, being disposed of, we arrive at "*Pars Secunda.*" And now pictures, framed at random, it would seem, from their artless sweetness, begin to illuminate the onward progress of the ballad. Yet, as you read you feel that here there are no strokes at random. The mood of the poet is too thoughtful,

* With the exception of these I can not recall any other single figures that are stamped upon our literature. Can the reader?

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too religious for careless superfluity. So you look closer, and find that every picture frames a thought, as in mediæval art the most simple etching, if regarded attentively, displays some saint or angel or apostle enshrining the heart of the painting that grows and grows upon you until the quivering lip confesses the sacred meaning of the perfect whole.

In phrases strung as simply as daisies "*Pars Secunda*" tells us how, not far from the "palais honourable" of my Lord Marquis, stands a "thorpe of sighte delitable," inhabited by the "poure folk of that village." Among them, pourest of all, dwelt Janicola, his only riches a daughter hight Grisildis, "yong" and "faire ynough to sight."

"But though this mayden tendre were of age,
Yet in the brest of hire virginitee
Ther was enclosed sad and ripe corage:
And in gret reverence and charitee
Hire old poure fader fostred she:
A few sheep spinning on the feld she kept;
She wolde not ben idel til she slept."

Here slides in a gentle picture of Grisildis coming home from her sheep-tending. Even as she walked she idled not: in the tender twilight she comes gathering herbs with which to strew her bed. And yet above this daily round of duties she prizes best that of keeping her father's "lif on loft."

It was upon this "poure creature," Grisildis, that the Marquis, "as he on hunting rode," had "sette his eye;" for it would seem that, notwithstanding his high lineage, my lord was a sincere republican, since he declares that

"Bountee cometh al of God, not of the stren."*

So he chooses Grisildis for her womanhood; and feeling sure of her assent—as it was proper a Marquis should—prepares array of "gemmes sette in gold and in asure," "brooches and rings for Grisildis's sake," with all other "ornamentes" which to such a wedding "shulde fall."

And so the wedding-day arrives—the bride unknown; and Grisildis, coming home from the well, sets down her "water pot anon"

"Beside the threshold in an oxes stall,"

finds herself called by the Marquis, and falling on her knees, is asked the question that, in those days, preceded the more important one,

"Wher is your fader, Grisildis?"

With that native courtesy no confusion could put to flight she expresses her father's readiness to come by saying, "Lord, he is al redy here," and straightway fetches him. My Lord then makes known his purpose of becoming "son in lawe" to the herdsman.

It would seem that a collation then, as now, assisted the ratification of a treaty, and retiring within, Grisildis listening with "ful pale face," receives the marriage offer, closing thus:

"And eke whan I say ya, ye say not nay,
Neither by word, ne frouning countenance?
Swere this, and here I swere our alliance."

"Quaking for drede," she swears.

The master then slides in another picture, in apposition to that of Grisildis coming home through the twilight from her sheep-tending. It is that of Grisildis being attired by the court-ladies. Full dainty are they of touching her rude peasant-clothes. Having replaced these with the rich garments of her bridal array, with their "fingres smal," they comb her hair, "that lay untressed ful rudely," put on her crown, and bring her forth to the people. Chaucer—manlike, glad to be rid of toilet-details—disposes of them all by saying,

"Of hire array what shuld I make a tale?"

And proceeds with his elimination of character. True poet, he strikes for the gold of art at all hazards; he spends none of his precious moments in tampering with dross, allured with that perishable glitter that lasts a day. Why should he, when the centuries were to frame his handiwork?

Chaucer, with a quiet scorn of that judgment whose base is externals, represents the populace—now that the jewel is fitly set—as inclined to doubt the identity of Janicola's daughter, and imagine her to be "another creature." Somewhat as our modern dilettanteism, having no faith in natural endowments and God-given prescience, would discard Shakspeare and adopt a changeling. Grisildis, however, whether herself or "another creature," commends herself to her husband's people in such wise,

"That eche hire loveth that loketh on hire face."

Not only does she excel in all feats of "wifly homlinesse," but

"So wise and ripe wordes hadde she,
And jugement of so gret equitee,
That she from Heven sent was, as men wend
Peple to save, and every wrong to amend."

Grisildis still further commends herself by bearing a daughter to the "Markis," and we arrive at "*Pars Tertia.*"

Lord Walter, at this point, seems to chafe beneath his republican theory, and determines to put it to the test. He tempts his wife, one imagines, to determine whether it be really true that the lowly-born may yet hold in fee as noble graces as any. Though some men might praise this assay of character for a "subtil wit," Chaucer, not to be misunderstood, shakes his head over it for a moment, in token of disapprobation, and then proceeds with the temptation:

The "Markis," reminding his wife of her origin, and what he has done for her—(one wonders, in passing, if the husbands of our modern Grisildis twit them also with trousseaus bestowed in the ecstasy of courtship)—then tells her that, to quiet his people, she must yield her little daughter. The woman's reply is—implicit obedience. The man who is to deprive her of her child comes to perform her husband's behest. This is the mother's farewell; it proves that tears belong to superficial emotion:

* Strain.

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"Farewel, my child, I shal thee never see,
But sin I have thee marked with the crois,
Of thilke fader yblessed mote thou be,
That for us died upon a crois of tree:
Thy soule, litle child, I him betake,
For this night shal thou dien for my sake."

Do you not see? The mother-heart would break beneath the heaviness of such a parting, so she slips the weight upon His shoulder who bears the burdens of the universe—smiling the Christ-smile above it all!

She begs then of the sergeant, knowing the little child's soul to be safe, that the "litle body" be buried in "som place" where the beasts may not disturb it. But making no promise to this effect, the minion of the "Markis" goes on his way.

With jealous eye the husband watches for some change in Grisildis's mien toward him; but her constant mood remains; obedience and servitude are both the same. Nor does she ever speak her daughter's name "for ernest ne for game."

"*Pars Quarta*" opens with the birth of a "knave child," "ful gracious and fair for to behold." The "Markis" waits two years—(is it that the trial may be sterner?)—and then applies his second test, upon which the poet asserts:

"O! nedeless was she tempted in assay,
But wedded men ne connen ne measure
Whan that they finde a patient creature."

At the end of the two years he comes to his wife with the old story of disaffection, the renewed demand for the sacrifice of the second child, that none of the blood of Janicola, the herdsman, may succeed him. The mother yields as before;

"For wist I that my deth might do you ese,
Right gladly wold I dien you to plese."

Then comes the "ugly sergeant." Again the pathos, deeper than tears, of the mother's kiss and blessing and parting prayer:

"If that he might,
Hire litle sonne he wolde in erthe grave."

The "Markis" wonders at this patience, and had he not known the love of his wife for her children, would have committed that vile crime the world commits every day, and have mistaken patience—the noblest flower of the soul!—for that weed, accursed of men and angels, called indifference.

The "Markis," in his cruel test of character, loses the regard of his people, who believe him to be the murderer of both his children. At length he sends for these last to the Erl of Pavia, to whose guardianship they had been intrusted, with word to send them home,

"In honorable estat al openely:"

and we come to "*Pars Quinta.*" The husband now demands the utterest proof of all. To quiet the people his wife must leave him:

"My new wif is coming by the way,"

says Lord Walter.

She makes her answer a little longer than heretofore; he is taking the last from her now, the extremest last, and hearts that have suffered know—hush! it is God only who knows!—what this may be. The soul finds itself searched through and through by an awful wind, so keen, so biting, that it sends up the appalling cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" before it is given grace to respond, in utter submission, "It is finished."

"Naked out of my fadre's hous (quod she)
I came, and naked I mote turne again."

But he "could not do so dishonest a thing," she says, as to leave her altogether bare, so she craves the defense of a smock. That granted, there follows a most piteous picture of Grisildis, clothed on with the sanctity of perfected womanhood, wending her way through the folk weeping, she with "eyen dry," back to her poor old father, and he too "sorwefully weeping," with the "olde cote" of the peasant-girl, seeming ruder than ever now with age, "covereth hire."

So this "flour of wifly patience" abides with her father, and "*Pars Quinta*" closes with the confession,

"There can no man in humblesse him acquitt
As women can, ne can be half so trewe."

"*Pars Sexta*" finds the "Markis" summoning the discarded wife to prepare the palace for the coming bride who is to take her place. In her peasant clothing she obeys. The "Erl" arrives with the noble children, and the people, beholding their rich array and the tender beauty of the girl, declare

"That Walter was no fool though that him lest
To change his wif, for it was for the best."

And Chaucer, with the same poetic wrath at this puerile judgment that forever bases itself on externals that moved him before, denounces,

"O! stormy peple, unsad and ever untrewe!"

Grisildis makes all ready, and receives the guests with such discreetness that they wonder at the lofty courtesy which denies the lowly peasant garb.

Last of all, that the most piercing pang may not be wanting, the "Markis" calls the discarded Grisildis to inquire

"How liketh thou my wif, and her beautee?"

She answers him with praises, and ends with an admonition that reaches back touching all aspects of her own pitiful experience. It is that he is to leave his tests alone for the new wife, since

"She might not adversitee endure,
As coulde a poure festred creature."

The "Markis" declares this is "ynough," reinstates Grisildis, restores to her her children, and crowns anew the brow already graced with the most beautiful crown of any.

It is not until this ballad-poem is finished almost to the latest page that the meaning reveals itself; scarcely then does the full force of the motive and conception become our own.

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The figure of Grisildis stands too deeply embayed in shadow; the cross-lights are cruel, and awaken the resentment.

Wait and watch a moment, as if you prayed. Away with veils and screens, and let in the perfect day of the Beyond. Lo! it is the image of "clear-eyed Faith" that stands before us, the face uplifted, the lips forever smiling. Grisildis submits utterly because she trusts implicitly, and by "submission wins at last."

The same deep-hearted devoutness which is the tone of Dante's poem pervades the later one of Chaucer. The fire and majesty of the Florentine are greater, but the feeling is the same.

The English poet ushered in the dawn of a larger era, but he failed not to retain that impassioned fervor which, consecrating its highest to God, was the touchstone of mediæval Art, transmuting it—whatever its fault besides—into works forever precious to the sons of men.

So the great child-heart of Dan Chaucer, wisely-simple, reaching one hand back into the past for what was noblest therein, stretches the other down to us moderns, holding aloft this fairest star of womanhood, Grisildis, to shine along the years to his Master's glory.

A MONEY ARTICLE.

NOT BY A BROKER.

WHO write the Money Articles in our newspapers the readers are not told, but the general understanding is that they do not come from the principal editor or editors, but from some financial expert whose life is very much in the market-place, and whose interest in the subject partakes as much of the speculation which is practical as that which is intellectual—sometimes, indeed, combining both kinds of fancies in one, and lifting solid dollars up into the dream-land of ideas. These articles are pretty widely read, and, at times, by perhaps most men with intense anxiety—for the facts, at least, which are supposed to be reliable, if not for the predictions and reasonings, which may be regarded as doubtful. I am told that they are seldom dictated by a purely scientific and impartial purpose, but are in the interest of certain parties in the stock-market, and often are made to tell upon some capital point in the tactics or strategy of the trade, and are very apt to represent some leading operator's policy.

Even if they were perfectly fair in their statements and views, so far as our city business affairs are concerned, they would not meet the wants of the people at large; for the people do not depend wholly upon the exclusive interests of our mercantile class, and need financial advisers who can take the whole nation into their glance, and look as carefully to the welfare of the great middling-class of men and women, who are not in the high places of trade, as to the aggrandizement of our few thousands of merchants and capitalists.

I wish these gentlemen well, and know very well that the interests of the mass is closely connected with their prosperity, yet it is not always nor wholly identical; and great wrong has been done of late years to the people at large by enlisting our press and our Legislatures too much on the side of the few monopolists. This Magazine is always fond of presenting the cause of the million, who are its readers, and will not refuse space for a little plain talk on money matters as they have been going on now for some six years, and are likely to go on for some time to come. I am no expert in finance, and bring only common-sense and observation, with the first principles of political economy, to the subject, and claim attention more from the point of view from which this paper is written than from any boasted depth or originality of thought.

Certain it is that there has been a vast amount of suffering among our people during the whole term of our financial expansion; and it still exists, and in some quarters increases. They that suffered first and most were not loud to complain, and they that now suffer most do not lift up their voices in the streets or the newspapers. Persons of small and fixed incomes, from funds invested or from salaries from such occupations as can not command the market by the great demand and small supply, these are the classes that have suffered most sadly. Here, for example, is a widow with two or three children with a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars' income, living in a small tenement in a decent quarter of the city. Suppose no harm to befall the principal or the income, disaster enough comes without that harm. The thousand dollars come as usual, in name, but how changed in value and use! The rent, that was perhaps three hundred dollars, becomes four, five, and at last six or seven hundred, and food and clothing rise in about the same proportion. The family are virtually wrecked, and practically they have lost half or more of their little property. Hundreds and thousands of such cases have happened, and are happening all around us. In some instances, and not a few, those reputed wealthy have become suddenly embarrassed without any apparent misfortune; and every family in our cities that six years ago had means of living handsomely from a fixed income, has found itself greatly reduced by the inflation of prices that has brought down their before generous maintenance to a pinching limitation. Here, in New York, four or five thousand dollars was a sufficient income for a family of refinement and of modest gentility, and would pay rent and the demands of comfortable housekeeping. Now the same things cost twice the money or more. The rent has risen from one thousand to two or three thousand dollars; food and clothing have become almost as dear; and fuel, until the winter just past, has been doubled or tripled in price.

The working-classes who are in the lines of business where the demand is great and the supply is limited have not suffered much, for

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their wages have been doubled, and in some cases tripled. Carpenters, that could be had for a dollar and seventy-five cents a day, now command from three to four dollars; and masons, who had two dollars a day, have been the last season complaining of their four dollars and a half, and asking, some times not in vain, for five dollars. Yet it must be remembered that even these favored trades suffer at certain seasons from the slackness of work and the inflation of prices; and this winter has brought great distress upon our working-people. Our ship-carpenters have been terribly stricken, and it has been stated that as many as fifteen thousand mechanics have been out of employment. How must it be with the large class of people whose calling is not in great demand, and whose work can be for a time dispensed with, because appealing to no positive necessity or equally positive vanity or passion?

It would be a curious and instructive treatise on human nature, as well as political economy, that might be written from a careful observation and report of the prices of labor and products of various kinds during the last six years, and of the causes which led to the depression or rise. It would clearly be seen that not the best service, nor that most truly needed, but that most wished-for and most difficult to obtain, has had command of the purse-strings. People must have food and clothing, and will pay for them, but they do not feel the same need of books and instruction; and the persons who minister to the less imperative demands of society—such as teachers, authors, college professors, clergymen, and others—have been great sufferers by the times. They that live upon the vanities of society have not been permitted to starve, for the vanities are always hungry and athirst, and the class that have made money largely in the war have been quick to spend it, often in the vainest prodigality; so that we never saw half the prodigality in this country that was shown by the new lords and ladies of the shoddy order of nobility. But this is the exception, and not the rule. Most people have been a good deal pinched in some way, and the speculative kinds of business are not the sphere of the many. Bitter poverty has shown itself under the eaves of new affluence, and great numbers of families have been driven from our great cities into obscure villages to hide their mortification from the great world.

The farming classes have commanded high prices, and have had little direct taxation; but their gains have greatly melted away under the enormous cost of all goods not of their own producing, and of the wages of labor, which in the harvesting season have risen to fabulous figures. Not a little hay and grain has been spoiled because there were no hands ready for the harvest, and sometimes the delay that has not been the loss has been the damage of the abundant crop. Among some small farmers there has been, within my knowledge, a degree of deprivation that most persons would call poverty, and families who own their house and land have gone through the winter without butter and meat, trusting mainly to the pork barrel to give to their bread the suspicion of butter and the presentment of meat.

Some of my friends tell stories of their observation that it may be wholesome for some of our pampered city readers to know of. A conspicuous clergyman in a suburban town declared that the health of many people, especially of women, was suffering from want of meat, and that rather than give two or three prices for it they would live on very poor fare, and make up for solid nutriment by some kind of slops that give warmth, when there are scruples as to resorting to more stimulating substitutes. I am assured that in a prominent university town, even in Massachusetts, families of refinement are to be found in what society calls penury, and delicate ladies do the coarse work of the kitchen and laundry, on account of the cost and the scarcity of servants. It is not so easy to believe the statement made to me, that people of dainty antecedents have been obliged to give up the daily use of flour, and to live mainly upon Indian meal, such as our Irish servants refuse to touch. Good cooking may do wonders with corn-bread, when milk and eggs abound, but where the meal and water are the principal ingredients the compound is not an Apician dainty. Undoubtedly such instances of hardship are to be found, and there is a vast amount of suffering, even in the loyal States, in consequence of the financial influence of the war. That so little complaint has been made is proof of the loyalty of our people to the national idea; and so long as the stringency is regarded as the necessary result of the great struggle it will be borne with patience and a certain cheerfulness. The time will come, and probably has already come, for asking whether part of the difficulty is not to be traced to injudicious legislation, and whether our people are not oppressed by needless and even unjust burdens.

We can not expect much, if any, mercy from moneyed men in general, as such; and business is likely to follow the usual law of demand and supply, and get the most for its houses and goods that the state of the market will allow. The prices of groceries and provisions are enormous, but we must submit to them so long as our neighbors do, and the dealers are permitted by the market to keep up their extortions. Probably a combined movement of a considerable number of families could secure a few good stores where moderate rates are charged; yet no great success has ever attended such operations, and a certain necessity seems to fix the market-price, unjust as it often is. In our cities the cost of goods depends largely upon the cost of rent and the other expenses of business, so that many articles are sold from the shops at double the rates charged for them at first hand. We are little aware of the enormous cost of mere transportation and storage in fixing

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prices. If you have a barrel of potatoes sent you from your country place, the freight by rail 50 miles is only 25 cents, but you are charged 75 cents or a dollar for having it brought to your door, and are lucky if you do not have to hire a man besides to put it into your cellar. All commodities are taxed in this way, and city families thus submit to a heavy burden that does not enter into the usual estimate of taxes. Yet with due allowance for this expense, we do not easily account for the prices of the leading articles of living. Thus, at the Washington and Fulton markets, down town, the charges are from one-half to two-thirds of up-town prices, and there seems no such difference in the quality of the meats as to account for the great difference in the charges. On some articles, again, there is little difference between the price at the shops and the great markets. A barrel of sugar can be bought at a retail store for about the wholesale price with the freight added, while on articles not so prominent and well known the retail price may be nearly double the wholesale. I can not resist the impression that our families have been, on the whole, extortionately dealt with by grocers and marketmen of late years; yet the remedy is not by any means so clear as the fact. The price follows the ratio of the demand to the supply, at any given quarter, and no permanent help can come until the demand is more careful and intelligent, and the supply is more wise and abundant.

In some departments of business—as renting of houses, for instance—we may naturally look for a certain degree of consideration on the part of the great property-holders, who, to a large extent, command the market. In common trade, where the million are scrambling for a living, we may expect the multitude to play at the game of grab, and try to snatch at all they can get. But when gentlemen of great fortune, commanding position, and high principle are concerned we may look for a different course. We may certainly expect them to look beyond immediate gain, and consult their ultimate good, free as they are from all that pressure of want that bears down the masses. It would not, moreover, be wholly extravagant or unreasonable to look for a certain public spirit, if not a large humanity, from our princely property-owners, such as would lead them to deal somewhat gently with their tenants, and not put upon them sudden and heavy burdens. Very likely there is a great deal of true heart among landlords, yet we confess to not seeing so much of it as we might expect. In February, 1866, a decree went forth from our chief lord of lands and houses that put up our rents some 50 per cent. It was for some time an open question what the rate would be, and there was silence on the subject until our Augustus spoke, and the hard decree went forth. I confess to not enjoying very much the bland announcement that our rent, which was at first 800 dollars, then 1000, then 1200, then 1400, was now to be 2000. The landlord was very much of a gentleman, and expressed his regret at the rise, which, he said, was a necessity, as at head-quarters the advance had been decided upon, and it would not do to show any respect to persons. Very likely this is the law of trade, and the principle of finance, but I could not but think that a far-seeing policy, as well as a generous humanity, would have taken a different course. But the thing was done, and throughout the city the edict was carried out. Hosts of worthy families were driven from their homes, and their places were taken by more thrifty competitors, who had, perhaps, grown fat upon the public spoils from the calamities that had impoverished others. The blocks of buildings looked very much as before, and perhaps showed smarter furniture and more frequent equipages; yet I did not envy much the feelings which our lords of land and houses carried with them to church the first Sunday in May, 1866, after the great raid on the tenants of New York —a raid probably without example in the annals of our America. I am not an admirer of the Trades Unions that are constantly crowding up the price of labor, and sometimes oppressing the workman and the employer. Nor had I any great admiration for this strike on the part of our landlords, that came very near turning us out of the house that we had occupied so many years, with as much care for the preservation of the property as if it were our own. Others were greater sufferers, and the poor soldier's widow whose lot I have looked after, and whose rent was raised from four to six dollars a month, stands for a class who have had the least cheering view of the tender mercies of our capitalists.

Of course there are two sides to the story, and our landlords have suffered much from the depression of rents and increase of taxes during recent years. They have been plundered by the Ring of Thieves in our city government, and they naturally seek redress from their tenants. But the burden has been exorbitant, and has been unwisely imposed. All that can be said is that the sufferers could not help themselves, and they must submit to pay the extortionate rent or to be turned out of doors. It is a great mistake that so many families were caught in such a position, and the painful dependence will not be removed until the great middling-class take the remedy into their own hands, and erect an abundance of modest and comfortable dwellings, which can be owned or rented at moderate rates, and so save them from subservience to the caprices or exactions of capitalists.

Exactly what view to take of the present financial status I do not know. Indeed money is always a mystery; and although it seems to be the most matter-of-fact thing in the world, it most puzzles scrutiny and baffles prediction. Our business men have great sagacity, yet how little most of them know of the science of finance, and what prodigious and ruinous mistakes they are constantly making! It is to be

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hoped that there are some men in our banks and our National Government who are masters of the situation, but I am not wholly sure of it. The shrewdest men that I have known—men who have made fortunes by watching the markets—have wholly failed to foresee the turns of finance of late; and just at present the main thing upon which men agree is, that they know that they do not know much of any thing as to what is coming. That would be an odd yet instructive book that would collect, arrange, and classify the sayings and doings of Wall Street since New York became the centre of American trade—say for forty years. All the host of facts and figures illustrate certain laws, and behind all the smoke of agitation there has been some real fire. All things tend to a certain average, and all average evolves a certain law. The laws of money are as real as the laws of the weather, though very much as latent and perplexed. All fancies have a root in facts, and the record of financial fancies is an important department of history, and would illustrate the nature of human hopes and prospects as well as the aspects of markets and fortunes. Perhaps it would appear that the imaginative element of our nature is quite as conspicuous in business as in literature, and that the Exchange as well as the garret is the haunt of the dreamer.

I have been much among financial men, alike the solid masters of capital and the flighty votaries of chance, and have been struck with a certain excitability and fancy in their composition. The oldest capitalist's eye lights up at the prospect of a good speculation as the war-horse scents the battle from afar, and there is an habitual unrest about the Stock Board. No visitor would suppose for a moment that any serious business was going on during the shoutings and gesticulations of the session of the Brokers' Board; and the impression given by the Gold Room would be that a rampant mob of rival factions had come together in wrath, either to pick each other's pockets or to make a combined onslaught upon the specie in the banks. Yet there is method in the madness; and after the noise and smoke are done away, it is seen that a great amount of business has been transacted. The craft seems to have a good share of character and stability, and those brokers who do a commission business are to be ranked as regular merchants of a most important order.

Of those that live in the madness of stock speculation not so good an account can be given, and they are not to be ranked among the true business men of the city. A prominent physician tells me that the worst class of patients are young brokers who carry the fast ways of the day's business into the festivities and revels of the evening and the night, and who are using themselves up as fast as they can by burning the candle of life at both ends at the same time. Some old stagers seem to stand the trial comparatively well, yet the record of our stock-gamblers in its best pages is not a very honorable or enviable one, and the Napoleons of the Board have found their Waterloos and St. Helenas.

There is something in the nature of money that tends to agitate and fever shrewd men. The representative of stable value, it is itself the most unstable of things; and it is as hard to say how it will move as to tell the course of the winds. Money feels not only all the disturbances of equilibrium in the general circulation of the commerce of the world, but it is susceptible to all the lights and shades, heats and colds of public opinion and sentiment. Fear locks it up in sheets of ice, and over-confidence dissipates it as sunshine evaporates the lake. There is law to the winds, and one of these days we may be able to appoint a Clerk of the Weather, who will tell us when and how long the rain is to fall, and what will be the practical result of the various movements of the winds and temperature. We are not yet able to appoint such a Clerk of the Currency, or to learn with any assurance what a month or even a week will bring forth in our Banks and Exchange. There is, indeed, a certain region of stability, upon which we rest in peace as upon the solid ground above the tide-mark; but sometimes the tide threatens to rise above that mark and inundate our houses, and below that mark we expect all variations and apparent caprices. My readers may perhaps be willing to listen to a few practical suggestions from an outsider, who has little or no interest in money, except the simple desire to live in plain competence as of old, and to have financial affairs so settled that the mass of plain people may live without having the foundations of welfare constantly threatened or unsettled.

It is very clear that we are to expect a good deal of loss and discomfort as results of our long and destructive war. In order to prove our loyalty and steer clear of the Copperheads, we are not bound to believe or declare that war is in itself a money-making business to a nation, and that either of two sections are likely to grow fat by the process of eating each other up. Our war has been a great financial evil, and nothing could warrant our entering into it but determination to defend the life of the nation, and resist the wicked attempt to make the country over into the hands of the Slave power. We have lost immensely in material and in men, in the commodities that are the products of our industry, and in those who are the producers. It is hard to fix any estimate in figures of our loss. The national debt is only a fraction of the amount, for it does not include the loss of property in the rebel States—whose wealth belonged to the nation—nor the vast amount of productive industry taken from the country by the withdrawal or death of so many of our best men. The debt itself is a great burden, and it is not done away by saying that we owe it wholly among ourselves. It is not so, for much of it is held abroad, and we are as much bound to pay interest to our home bond-holders as to

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the foreign holders. Moreover, all the people, directly or indirectly, pay a share of the tax or interest, while only a portion hold the bonds. The debt is large, and we are not bound to join with those who call it a great blessing, from its effect on the public credit, or a mere trifle in comparison with the public wealth. It is a sad and heavy weight, and the people of the country would hold a jubilee if it could be paid at once or reduced one-half.

The method of taxation to reduce the debt and pay the interest is oppressive and injudicious, however well meant. Whatever is necessary to save the national credit our people will cheerfully do and suffer, but they are not desirous of being the victims of financial theories or Quixotic experiments. They feel that they ought to be treated tenderly after the wounds of the war, and that industry should be left as free as possible to make up for the losses and derangements of the rebellion. They wish for taxation enough to fix a solid habit of financial loyalty and to guard the public honor, but they do not wish nor mean to be ruined by unfair and oppressive imposts. The true principle that should regulate our policy is very obvious. The nation should pay its debt out of the new wealth of the country, the yield of skill, labor, and capital, and not by taking away the old capital, or anticipating the earnings of industry. In other words, the nation should not pay its debt by plunging its people into debt, but should encourage their enterprise, and take a fair portion of their actual gains to meet the national necessity. As things now are the taxation to a great extent is eating into the life of the people, and running vast numbers into debt to meet the exaction. Thus far men of limited salaries, for example, have been sadly oppressed by the income tax. The salaries have not been advanced more than twenty-five per cent. on the average, and not more than fifty per cent. in favorable instances; yet the costs of living have nearly doubled, and on the top of this burden comes an impost of five per cent. on all income over 600 dollars. As far as my observation goes this tax, among persons of moderate salaries or fixed investments of moderate amounts, has been paid out of the principal, or by borrowing money on mortgages or pledges, and the nation takes the property of the industrious and frugal, not to meet the necessary interest on its debt, but to boast of its speedy liquidation. This is wrong, and the sentiment of the people and the press is declaring it to be so. It is time for our members of Congress to see to it, and lighten the intolerable burden. They will do better to look to this subject than spend their time in quarreling with the poor President, or listening to the drummers who are forever beating into their ears the wants of the merchants and manufacturers, who ask that the legislation of the country shall turn upon their class interests, and protection of home industry shall become prohibition of foreign trade.

Of course our financial troubles are all exaggerated by one fatal error of American business, if they do not originate in it. I mean our impatience of slow reality, and our eagerness to set it aside for swift fancy. We are always playing the game of make-believe in trade, and telling the lie to others so often that we come at last to believe it ourselves. We insist upon calling things money which are not money, and we were never so deeply committed to that delusion as of late. We have taken it for granted that what is called a dollar by respectable parties, and duly printed and signed as such, must be a dollar, and have not been wholly cured of the delusion by seeing its gold value dwindle down to 50 cents, and even less. Nor is it merely the recent issue of national legal tenders, our greenbacks, that have led us into our mistake. A large portion of our American currency has always been irredeemable, and our periodical panics, that have shrunk inflated nominal values, have constantly led to bank failures or suspensions. We do not say that specie is the only money, for money is the circulating medium, and there is not specie enough to represent and circulate all the exchangeable property in the markets; and specie itself is too cumbrous to be carried about from hand to hand. But it is sure that specie is the only safe basis of the circulating medium; and our money is alike convenient and safe only as it represents specie value without requiring a wheel-barrow or a dray to cart it about for us when we wish to spend a few thousands of dollars.

Most of the business of the country is done by commercial paper, and these notes, within the sphere of those who give them, perform much of the office of money. It is an interesting fact that the loans and discounts of our associated banks in this city, October 13, 1866, amounted to $276,443,219, while the specie and legal tenders amounted to but $88,756,424, and the capital to $81,770,000, and the liabilities and net deposits to $257,035,895. These loans and discounts call for close personal knowledge of the parties receiving them, and close scrutiny of the securities given. Evidently there should be a wide difference between the form of credit given thus carefully and privately and that given to notes of general circulation, such as are usually called money, and passed from hand to hand without question. Sometimes, indeed, the loans to private parties are unwise, and the names are unreliable, or the securities are overestimated or unsound; but in such cases the special parties to the transaction are concerned, and the public may not be at all involved. Whatever, on the contrary, is issued to the public as money, with promise to pay on demand, should be covered by security that can protect the public, and should be under the most rigid supervision. The conclusion is, that our common currency should be on the specie basis, and whatever takes us away from this sets us adrift on an uncertain sea. We may be, and

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have been, driven to sea by a terrible storm not of our own choosing, and the point now is to get back to our anchorage as speedily as we can with safety to the fleet. Further inflation will be utter folly and wickedness; and all that cautious men can ask of the Government is such wariness in the method and rate of contraction as to protect us from sudden and needless panics. Yet let the contraction be sure, however slow, and the public pulse will begin to calm, and the fever abate into the serene tide of healthy circulation.

The health of our currency will bring health to all our business interests. Houses and ships will be built, and prices will come down, so that the majority who are buyers will no longer be at the mercy of the minority who are sellers. We can then abate our extravagant tax upon foreign materials, and check the error that is driving some branches of business to pursue their manufactures abroad, or buy their material, on account of the enormous exactions of home establishments, that have been pampered into their presumption by monstrous imposts on foreign industry, as has been the case, for instance, with the paper-makers. There is reason for a considerable tariff of protection now in the fact of the high price of home labor, which of itself gives us great disadvantage in competition with Europe; but when labor is paid here upon the gold basis the tariff can be reduced, and some approach be made to the free trade, which is the ultimate destiny of all civilized countries, as it is the true theory of political science.

Our people are now thoughtful of the financial condition of the country, and many are looking for a speedy and terrible convulsion. The fear is not justified by the facts; for the Government is interested in keeping up the credit of its own issues, and is so far pledged to the business prosperity of the nation. It will not risk speedy contraction, or any hazardous experiments. Individuals and districts may suffer, but the nation will go on a while as usual, and may, with due wisdom, prepare for the great change that a few years must bring. If the year 1870 restores specie payments, and if the year 1876—the centennial of our independence—sees the whole debt of the nation reduced to $2,000,000,000, and sagaciously funded at a low interest on long time, to be easily paid by taxation, and a sinking fund from the sale of lands, or a good banking law, is established to pay half the principal by the year 1901, and the other half by 1925, we shall be the most favored nation that ever spent money before getting it, and passed off its paper as if it were gold.

Many questions of a great moral and social interest turn upon the subject of money. As moralists we can not be unmindful of the great perversion of the mind of many, if not most, of our people by the monstrous inflation of the currency, and the ease with which money has seemed to flow in trade and luxury. At times almost every body has seemed to have plenty of money; and persons who have been themselves pinched have formed extravagant desires from looking over into the gardens and halls of abundance into which they have not been admitted. We have pretty much all of us put our figures up very high, and we ask and expect more than ever before from Heaven and the world. The rate of social expenditure has enormously increased, not only by the cost of goods, but by the quality and quantity of the goods demanded. Dress is more extravagant than ever, and entertainments are more numerous and lavish. We are all still under the stimulus of the war-fever and the war-prices, and it will take some time to bring our pulse to the healthy beat. It is a good time to think of what we are to go through, and prepare to meet the moderate lot which is in store for most of us.

Probably the season of sudden and overgrown fortunes is over, and many of the lucky votaries who drew the great prizes have already learned sobriety in the terrible school of revulsion and loss. Men have not made much money of late, and many have met with great losses. The question is, What should we Americans, on the whole, regard as the reasonable view of property; and what should we regard as the fair, practical relation of ourselves and our families to money? What shall we ask or expect as respectable success, moderate prosperity? Shall we think that we are ruined if we can not command fifteen or twenty thousand a year; or shall we think life tolerable if we can have only the earnings of an average business or profession?

I will not go into any minute arithmetical calculation, but will be content with laying down what seems to me the sound American principle. The first duty, as well as interest, is to moderate our expectations of gain, and look for certain competence rather than chance affluence. We need to secure to ourselves and children a certain base of respectability, and keep this wholly out of the region of contingency. Then we may extend our lines as opportunity offers, and be sure of a safe retreat. Too many launch out rashly into the realm of adventure, and despise the base from which they started, and can not find it when most sorely pushed. To speak more specifically, it is wise for us to be content with frugality and simplicity in the essential plan of our living, and beware of the fatal mistake of starting with great expense and luxury as necessary to our dignity or happiness. We may and should have generous and even magnificent tastes, but we should nurture them rather within the high and universal sphere of Literature and Art, than by insisting on making a palace or museum of our own home. We should leave an open margin for the indulgence of all charming fancies and ideal aspirations, without burdening our daily thought with royal costs and shows. We may have a snug little house with neatness, refinement, and culture, and a welcome for a friend at our table, without sighing for stately apartments where a single

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dinner may cost a year's frugal savings, or a ball may swallow up an old-fashioned competence. We need houses so constructed that families may live properly at moderate expense, as in the French system of separate floors, and such as will allow the occasional use of large rooms for especial receptions. The plan should be such as to reconcile the true essentials of our American character — *independence* and *universality*. It is essential to us to be left to ourselves, each family wholly free to its own privacy, apart from all intrusion; and socialism, such as destroys the liberty of the individual person or family, is utterly opposed to our American instincts. At the same time we are very social, and are constantly seeking to enlarge and enrich our fellowship with our neighbors and mankind.

The question is, How shall we secure the large fellowship to our mind without too much sacrifice of our economy or comfort? The question is being answered in various ways. It may be that our young men are, in some respects, in advance of their elders in this matter; and the young man who gives ten or fifteen dollars a week for a neat room and breakfast, and who dines with his friends at his club, and spends his leisure time there with company congenial to his tastes, so far as getting most for his money is concerned, solves a pressing financial problem by the union of private thrift and generous fellowship, true economy and social elegance. These clubs may be doubtful or dangerous institutions, and we are not speaking of their personal influence, but their financial policy. Their policy will win new respect when associated with a more sacred sociality, such as shall secure to families frugal and handsome resorts without taking away the privacy of their habitual life. A beginning is already made in this combination of private independence with general fellowship. In some cases families even of affluence use hired halls or music-rooms to entertain their guests who are too many to crowd into their own houses; and gradually our social habits are taking the path of the beautiful arts, and giving hints of the time when sociality shall be less a costly private luxury than a generous public fellowship that feeds upon music and the drama, pictures, statuary, and all their gentle ministries. In some way our more universal affinities must be met in America by the ministry of the beautiful arts, and our réunions must be less private and clannish, and more in the sphere of large affinities and ideas.

If any of our readers who has watched the current of society for the last twenty years will interpret his own experience he will see at once what we mean. He will see that our best sociality is coming, not from costly private entertainments, but from beautiful tastes and large affinities, and that the great want of our people is a method of living that shall secure private independence and generous fellowship, give us a good home that we can each of us pay for, and such society and arts as not we alone but God and humanity are furnishing us with as the heirs of the ages and the children of God. Then we shall need money to pay our bills; but our best enjoyments will not be measured by their cost, and our highest aspirations will not depend, like our present vanities, on the accidents of fortune.

THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT THE RANCH.

ONE entire year in Texas had rolled round, and oh, how swiftly! More had been thought and felt and accomplished and enjoyed in that one year, reaching from May to May, than during any ten years before. A spice of danger now and then, it is true; but these were only as the rocking winds to the oak—they but rooted the members of the family that much the more firmly to Texas soil. Emigration, they knew, was pouring into the State from Europe and from all the old States; railways were being constructed; the whole area of the State was being explored and settled; an empire was rising rapidly around them. Virginia was well enough in its way, but it belonged to fifty years ago. Texas to-day, and hurrah for Texas forever!

"It is all the same old story," Venable read aloud from a letter just received from his cousin Charles. "Every thing drifts along on the Plantation in the same way this year exactly like last year. You write to me about your rich soil, and we have to butter ours with guano an inch thick to make it yield. You tell me about your game, and a squirrel is the largest I ever have a shot at here. I am so tired of nothing to do and so much to eat. Gus was at the University, but he did something or other, and was expelled. He is at home now, the idlest of us all. I go to school, but it is school, school, all the time. Not divided up by work and hunting as with you, Venable. I wish my father would let me visit you in Texas. But people don't respect Texas here at all. It seems to them only a sort of refuge-place at the ends of the earth for scoundrels and poor folks. But I would rather be hard at work there than lying on a sofa in the parlor all the time here, by a long shot. I feel tied up, nothing to do. The girls are always fixing themselves up, and seeing about their dresses, and visiting and being visited—busy enough; but we boys, what under the sun is there for *us* to do here? Watkins, your father's old overseer, is cutting and slashing the negroes like every thing, we hear. He wants to squeeze double crops out of the ground and double work of the

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hands. He seems almost mad after money. I met him on the road once thumping his horse along by keeping up a beating on his sides with both heels at once, his head leaned forward between his horse's ears, his face as sharp as a hatchet, white and cold like frost. He's too keen for us Virginians, cuts every way, and as smooth, too, as an oiled razor. It is astonishing how the people hate him. Tell a hand you'll sell him to old Watkins if he don't walk straight, and it does more good than a rawhide any day. But what am I talking about Watkins for? I was only saying how tired I am of this slow, dull, do-nothing life, and how glad I would be to visit Texas. I don't blame Uncle Frank for running away from here so long ago at all. I've half a notion to do the same myself, only I know your father would send me right back."

"Never mind about the rest, Venable," said Will, who had waxed very impatient, and had stood now some time with his hat on. "They are all over at the ranch ready to rope calves this morning. Let's go. Hurrah! Make haste."

Sure enough, it was Saturday morning, and work enough there was to do before night. As speedily as Will himself could desire they were on their way to their uncle.

"I can't imagine what's come over Francisco," said the younger brother as they walked along.

"Oh, I've noticed it," said Venable. "It's ever since Mr. Roland came to live at the ranch. I suppose it's because he is a Catholic, and don't like a Protestant preacher to live in the same house. And Miss Agnes, too, he seems to be afraid of her. I don't see why, I'm sure; there is not a nicer girl in all Virginia. She's so gentle and quiet and smiling. I'm always glad when Mr. Roland is off to preach, and she comes over to stay with us till he comes back. I heard ma say that she loved her dearly."

"Beautiful people always love each other," replied the younger philosopher of the two. "But I must tell you about Francisco," he continued. "We were in uncle's boat fishing together last week. I hadn't caught any thing, got tired of trying. I was lying down in the front of the boat, and I got to thinking about the queer name uncle gave it. 'Dolores, Dolores, Dolores,' I said half aloud to myself. You ought to have seen how Francisco jumped. I thought he would have pitched overboard. Then his brown face turned almost white. He took his big knife out, and told me to hold his line at the other end of the boat a while. Then he went to the bow of the boat, leaned over, and began to scrape the name out. He wouldn't stop for all I could say, but worked at it till he had scratched it out on both sides. Then he took his line again, and fished just as before. For a long time he wouldn't talk to me at all. At last I said, 'Don't be so cross, Francisco. What does Dolores mean?' 'It means sorrows, troubles,' he said, at last. Queer, wasn't it?"

By this time they had reached the corral or pen belonging to the ranch. This was made by inserting in the earth the ends of ten-feet rails placed upright, and as close together as possible. For whole weeks all hands had been ransacking the country for many miles around, driving up all the cattle bearing the McRobert brand. Almost every cow of them all had a little sleek calf trotting beside it. These calves, several hundred in number, were now bleating uproariously inclosed in this pen, rushing hither and thither, pressing their noses through the cracks in the rails, doing their best to get out—just like fish in a huge net after a successful haul. Inside of the pen were Uncle Frank, Hark, and Francisco hard at work.

"No better fun in the world!" said Venable, and he soon had off his coat and was with them as busy as any. They went at it in this manner: First Francisco would catch a calf with his lariat. It seemed astonishing how skillfully he did this. Without stirring from his place he would throw his coiled lariat at a calf, catch it in the noose around its neck or any hoof he pleased. As soon as he drew the rope tight Hark would throw the struggling and protesting victim on its side and sit down upon it, taking care not to hurt it, however. Then Venable would hurry up with a small furnace full of coals glowing hot—the branding-iron among the coals, having a long handle with a corn-cob on it, to protect the hand from being burned in using it. This brand was simply the letters "McR," about three inches long. Taking this in his hand by its cob handle, Uncle Frank would hold it half a minute upon the hide of the calf. Then the noose would be slipped off, and Francisco would have another calf down in a moment. If a calf belonged to him, Uncle Frank branded it on the right fore-shoulder; if to Venable, on the left fore-shoulder; if to Will, on the right hind-quarter; if to Mr. Morton McRobert, on the left hind-quarter—so that any one could tell ever after, whenever they saw the calf, after it had grown and as long as it lived, whose it was at a glance. It was exciting but hard work.

For an hour or two Mr. Roland leaned against the gate of the inclosure, looking in upon the active scene. His daughter Agnes stood beside him. For many weeks now she had been with her father, and her presence had lighted up the whole place. She was still quite young—barely entering on womanhood—but it was evident, as with her father, that sorrow had cast its shadow upon her path. Not that she looked gloomy—far from it; a more fresh and cheerful smile never beamed from the eyes or rippled the cheek of a maiden into dimples. She was very beautiful—only very quiet and still, with a low, sweet voice, and a laugh clear and silvery, but never ringing out loud and long. There was that inexpressible home-like sweetness about her, so different from the flashing beauty of the ball-room belle. Not a flower in all the prairie, dewy with morning, more like a thing of nature than she! Firm and decided enough she could

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be, too, when necessary—as the boys could testify any day. Uncle Frank had given up one of the rooms of his house, with a shed-room adjoining it, to Mr. Roland and his daughter, and every day Venable and Will came over to school to Mr. Roland—reciting, in his absences at preaching-stations around, to his daughter. No queen could command more respect than she, and Victoria herself had not more loving and loyal subjects. It is astonishing how rapidly the boys learned, and especially when it was to her that they had to recite their lessons. In fact, the whole neighborhood regarded Mr. Roland and his daughter as among their most valuable acquisitions for many years. Save during her father's absences she kept house at the Ranch; and Uncle Frank hardly knew his own home or his own table for the happy reformation effected therein—every thing was now so neat and clean and orderly. As to himself, up to the arrival of his brother and family he had paid no attention whatever to his appearance, taking things as they came. Ever since their arrival he had been much more particular in his dress and manner, but ten times more so since Mr. Roland took up his abode with him. As Will said, however, it was only too plain that Francisco regarded Mr. Roland's arrival as the unhappiest possible event. He would never speak even to him or his daughter, under pretense of not understanding English. He understood well enough all that Uncle Frank had to say, however, and his swarthy face would brighten up with life and joy whenever he was near. And it is astonishing how close he would keep to him. No dog could follow up his master's steps more closely, watching his every word and movement with quick and constant affection. The happiest time of all the day to the Mexican boy was after dinner in summer. Then the Texan would sit swinging in a hammock slung under the trees near the house, smoking cigarritos almost as fast as Francisco, sitting on the ground near by, could make them—and no cigar-maker could be more expert. With a pile of shucks beside him, a paper of tobacco, and his sharp hunting-knife, his expert fingers would have the shuck cut into right lengths, the tobacco put in, and the cigarritos twisted into shape in a twinkling. Young as the Mexican was, never, except when eating, was a cigarrito out of his own mouth. As to the Texan, he treated Francisco almost exactly as one would an affectionate Newfoundland dog. Since Mr. Roland came, however, he had become apparently ashamed of the Mexican, spoke to him less frequently, even avoided him, and had almost given up the smoking altogether. It seemed cruel toward a creature that seemed to live only for its master; and after every such neglect the pitiful look of the swarthy boy was touching to see. It was a distress to Mr. Roland, and especially to his daughter, that Francisco remained so shy toward them. Miss Agnes especially did every thing in her power to gain his affection—offered him articles of wearing—books with pictures—endeavored to get him to permit her to arrange his room more neatly—but all in vain! Once or twice the boy seemed moved by her gentleness and beauty and singular sweetness of manner, but it was only to sink back into a deeper reserve.

It was late in the afternoon when the last calf was branded. Mr. Roland and his daughter were standing again at the gate of the corral. Leaning against the fence beside them, their host was gayly laughing and talking with them; and never before had Agnes seemed so beautiful and happy. The Texan was endeavoring to induce her to mount his favorite horse, that was staked near by, and take a lesson in riding. At last she consented, provided the horse was led. There happened to be no side-saddle at the Ranch, and his master told the Mexican to go over to the San Hieronymo and borrow one from Mrs. McRobert. In a few moments Francisco had his own mustang—a spirited, vicious, little black animal—saddled, was off, and back again with the saddle before they could have supposed him half-way there. Had they noticed more closely they would have observed that the boy seemed under the influence of a fever—almost delirious. He dismounted and stood looking on while the Texan carefully placed the side-saddle upon his horse, buckled the surcingle very carefully, then led the horse to a stump near by, and helped her to mount. Strange to say, but it so happened, that Agnes had never been on a horse before in all her life. She was determined, however, to learn, and sat as composedly as she could while the Texan showed her how to hold the reins, leading the animal slowly and carefully along. If they had not been so much occupied they could not but have noticed the conduct of the Mexican. He had never before seen a side-saddle in his life, nor even a female so unused to riding. As he glanced from under the broad brim of his hat he murmured his contempt in strong Spanish to himself. Once, when the horse started a little, and its rider gave a half shriek of alarm, the Mexican actually laughed out so rudely that the Texan glanced angrily around upon him. Eight or ten times did her host lead the horse slowly along, up and down the open space before the house, and then led the animal again to the stump for its fair burden to dismount.

"Ah, you'll never be a real Texan, Miss Agnes," said he, as he assisted her to dismount, "until you've learned to ride."

"I'm sure I will be glad to learn," she replied. "I can think of nothing more delightful than a gallop over the prairie in the morning before the sun gets high, only I'm afraid I will never dare to do it. I will do my best to learn."

"I'll take care of that if you'll permit me," said the Texan, his handsome face on a glow. "Only ride a short distance every day, as you have done now, and in a few weeks you will ride with the best of us."

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"Wouldn't it be grand to see Miss Agnes on a mustang, as hard as she could tear after a long-eared rabbit!" said Will.

"Just wait till I learn, Will, and see if I can not leave you far behind in such a chase," answered she, laughing.

By this time they had reached the front porch.

"Only look at Francisco!" exclaimed Venable.

And it was worth looking at. The boy had again mounted his mustang. His lariat hung at the pommel of his saddle, and a huge spur armed each heel. With his hat well down over his eyes, his long black hair streaming behind, his cheek glowing with excitement, he rode his horse at a swift gallop as far as the space before the house permitted, then whirled him around at the end, and was back again in a moment, seated as much at home and at ease on his horse as if he were seated in a chair. Turning his mustang again he rode back again at full speed, gathering his lariat in his hand as he rode, and as he passed amidst a group of cows, scattering them to every side, he, in a turn of his hand, had the noose of his lariat around the horns of one of the wildest of them. As the rope tightened about the animal's head he turned the head of his mustang toward it, and backed the mustang from the struggling victim, thereby holding its head to the ground, bellowing and frantic. Suddenly the cow made a bolt at him; but in an instant he was off on the other side; the rope tightened upon it in that direction; and so he continued till, with one sudden jerk of the lariat to one side, he threw the struggling animal on her back, its hoofs in the air. Springing off his mustang he jumped upon the animal, had the noose from around its horns, and was off again, with his lariat again coiled in his hand. Galloping swiftly back, the noose flew from his hand right and left, like the fang of some fabulous monster—like something itself endowed with life. Now it held a struggling calf by the hoof; then it was loosened with a shake, and around the neck of Duke, looking on with astonishment. Hark held out his hand toward him as he passed, with a "You see dar!" to Scip, and the next moment Hark was running to keep up with the wild Mexican, the noose fastened like a manacle around his wrist. In vain did the geese attempt to escape by rushing into the brush. One throw of the lariat and the leader of the hissing flock was being dragged through the air after the flying rider like the white tag to the tail of a kite. The boy seemed possessed with a fury. Before Venable had done wondering to see the branding furnace dragged along the ground after the hoofs of the mustang, encircled in the noose, he felt his own hat taken from his head in the same manner, and a moment after replaced evenly on his head again by the rider, as he whirled and rode past him again. Suddenly the Mexican rode full toward the portico, his black eye glittering as with fever, and the Texan sprang forward just in time to receive on his breast the noose thrown into the group. Shouting at him loud and fiercely in Spanish, the Texan held the noose an instant and cut it in two with the knife from his belt. The Mexican only laughed, and dropping the remainder of the lariat, turned his foaming mustang, and dashing along up the corral, seized Scip as he passed by the waistband, and held him, dumb with astonishment, over his head, riding at full gallop, dropping him into a chaparral-bush at the end of the course.

"I thought he crazy 'fore," said Hark, at this juncture, "but now I *knowse* he is. Time to send for doctor, *I* think!"

Leaving Scip squalling among the thorns, the Mexican dashed back again, clearing a wagon at a leap as he came. Arrived opposite the portico, he threw from his pocket a handful of dimes on the ground, and continued on. Returning at full speed, he kicked the stirrups from his feet as he came near, and, winding his legs around the horse, he dropped toward the ground as he passed, picking up a dime as he did so without drawing rein, and so back and forth till all the pieces of silver were again in his purse. By this time it was quite dark, and the group on the portico entered the house, while the Mexican rode on and out into the prairie.

The Texan seemed gloomy and absent-minded during the conversation that followed around the upper table.

"The Mexicans are singular people," he said, at last; "the laziest living beings in the world. Eating, sleeping, smoking, riding, and herding cattle is about all they are good for. But let them get excited, and they become crazy. It's very rare for them to become excited about any thing singly—they go in masses like sheep."

"I am sorry Francisco has taken such a dislike to me," said Agnes. "He is so handsome and spirited, with his black eyes and raven hair and bronzed cheek, he looks like what we read of a young Spanish cavalier. He will have nothing to say to me whatever. What can be the reason, Mr. McRobert?"

The Texan hesitated to reply, coloring violently up to the very hair of his head under the calm inquiry of her clear blue eyes.

"Be guided by me, Miss Agnes," he said, at length, "and have nothing whatever to say or do to him. He is a singular creature; let him have his own way. He will not be with us long. I intend sending him away soon."

"Where to, Mr. McRobert?" asked Agnes, quietly.

"Oh, to San Antonio, to the Port, to Chihuahua. The arrangement is not all made yet."

"Shall I show you those drawings of mine you asked about this morning?" said she, as they arose from the table.

"Thank you, thank you, but not to-night. There is something I must attend to," and he left the room.

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CHAPTER XIV.

OFF FOR THE LAMPASAS.

MAY and June flew by on swiftest wings. Every lovely morning the delicious jargoning of mocking-birds, swarming like bees in the trees around the house, made sleep nonsense and an absurdity. Then family worship, which even restless little Bessie had learned to love, with its few Scripture verses so read by the father as to interest every child, its sweet familiar hymn in which all joined, even the bird-like discord of Bessie assisting therein, the short but heart-felt prayer acknowledging the mercy of a Father in Heaven during the night, and an entreaty for his guidance and blessing during the new day He had given them. Then a cheerful and hearty breakfast: eggs in abundance, from the hen-house of Venable's own building; tender chickens from the same prolific structure; radishes, raised exclusively by Will in his own particular garden; venison, supplied by Uncle Frank or Venable from their last Saturday's hunt; sometimes birds, brown and delicate, or even squirrels, the result each of near twenty shots by Will in his hunting—aspiring to a buck Will was by this time; honey, too, from the forest or from the long stand of garden hives. Very often Mrs. McRobert herself, tempted out and down the banks of the spring by the Eden loveliness of the early dawn, would make her contribution to breakfast in the shape of a *gaspergion*—a delicious trout, not half an hour before very much alive indeed in the cool and transparent water, but now lying brown and juicy on the dish, its mouth open in unutterable astonishment at the swift change in its situation in life. As to the light rolls, clustered in one, like bubbles, on the plate, and the coffee, and the cooking—these were from the hand of the dark Ceres of the kitchen; the snowy hominy being from the steel mill, driven by daylight every morning by Hark-power, its noise loudly objected to by the protesting mocking-birds. And Bessie—breakfast would not have been breakfast without the many wise remarks made by her in the intervals of her busy spoon. There was real meaning now in the blessing invoked by the father upon his happy table. It may be Texas *is* a dreadful country to live in. People with their noses in the air, and their feet barely touching its soil with disdain, have said so, with the intimation that, to them at least, the descent from some previous condition in the old States to Texas was very, very far down hill. What did you slide down to us for, and why don't you hasten to return? is the question which dwells just within the lips of Texans toward such persons, often impolitely breaks through the lips even in some trying cases. It may be that the McRobert family did not attach that value to mere paved streets, and fine houses, and refined society, and all the rest of it, that they should have done. The fact is, somehow or other all the members of this household had learned to look for, and be entirely satisfied with, so much of happiness as was to be found within their own circle. They might have made themselves profoundly miserable, forced to live by misfortune there out of all the world on the San Hieronymo. As it was, they made themselves, in spite of their exile, as happy as people ever get to be in this world—a calm, deep, everyday happiness. None had ever said so, yet they all felt that their coming to just that spot, and all that caused it, was, upon the whole, the happiest event in all their lives. And they no more had any peculiar natural disposition to cheerfulness under trouble than any body else. Their religion was to them the deep central fount of all their happiness. It was the sought and acknowledged smile of their Father, to whom they felt themselves reconciled in Christ, that diffused perpetual summer upon their roof—the same smile as that which makes heaven itself sunny forever. I would like to add that, knowing, loving, acknowledging the perpetual presence of this Friend in their family, they were ever careful to avoid those ten thousand wrong-doings of hand and tongue, great and little, which so certainly produce unhappiness great and little, as certainly as thistle-seed produces thistles. But I dare not say more, lest you should skip: and what is skipped in a book had better have been left out, or at least might as well.

"Crop laid by, Mass Morton," said Hark one June evening, as he reached the end of the last row of corn with his hoe, and his master too, at the same moment.

"And a splendid crop it will be too, Hark," said Mr. McRobert, as he climbed the fence and balanced himself on the top rail, holding by one of the stakes. I am afraid to say how many acres of green corn he could see, head-high nearly, green and glorious. "Hard work we all have had, too, at it, Hark," he continued.

"Yes, massa," replied the negro, leaning on his hoe with a sigh of satisfaction. "Ef since we come fust on dis San Hieronymo any body's been idle, *I* don't know who 'tis. 'Tain't you, Mass Morton, certain; hain't been Mass Venable, sure. I nebber see white boy hoe corn like Mass Will. Little Missy drop seed in dozen rows. Rohamma, she growl and grumble at Texas, an' work her hands off. I done little—what I could; 'casionally, at least. Scip, I give him a treshing once or twice ebry day, and *he* work. An' if dar's been any time—quarter hour—idle, I don't know when dat time o' day from dat hour, las' May year ago, we fust saw dis place till dis moment."

"Never saw such soil as this in Virginia, either," said his master.

"Guano foot thick not equal to it. You can jest see de corn growing. An' look at dem punkin vines. In my patch we worked by light ob de moon. Water-million vines hide all de ground; plenty of millions long 'fore Fourth ob July. An' what takes me, massa," continued the boy, wiping his streaming brow, "is de *ease* ob de work. It may be de air, or de soil, or de

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starting a new place, or de habing ebry thing to do from de start—but de work come like a corn-shucking. It all a frolic from de start. Rohamma say she pine for Ole Virginny. Virginny 'spectable place for ole folks; but Texas for me eny day. High time I begin to make de rails into cribs for de corn."

"There's the supper bell, Hark. I'll see you about the cribs early in the morning."

At an early hour next morning Hark was at work at the cribs with the zeal of a Sir Christopher Wren. Not earlier, however, than Uncle Frank, Venable, and Francisco had started on a trip to the sulphur springs with the zest of so many Mungo Parks. Ever since the arrival of the family in Texas they had heard of the sulphur springs of the Lampasas, not a hundred miles to the east of them. Since the opening of summer there had been perpetual discussion of a family trip there. A great deal was to be said for and against. It was not so easy a thing, the queen-bee argued, to leave one's home, even for a week or two: the hawks would get among the chickens, the hogs into the garden, the turkeys were about hatching, a hive might swarm, nobody was sick and in need of sulphur water, Indians might be about the springs, Bessie might get bitten by snakes or something there, water-melons were getting ripe at home, there was so much sewing to do, what were they doing but picnicking already where they were? Sulphur springs! Could any spring by any possibility be superior, or even equal to, the San Hieronymo, which gurgled full of coolness and fish there before the very door. Every voice had been heard fully on the subject. Mr. Roland and Agnes had been several times over to tea for the express purpose of assisting in the discussion. At last one final tea was drunk over the matter.

"It would be well enough for Venable to go," said Mr. Roland. "The boys have both studied hard for months; now they deserve such a trip—"

"Oh, ma!" interrupted Bessie, who always thought aloud, "Rohamma says she see enough of Texas where she is, right here; don't want to see any more."

"As to myself," continued Mr. Roland, "I can not go, as I have appointments to preach around. Never in all my life did I have so much pleasure in preaching. People crowd the cabins wherever I go. Latterly we have had to worship out of doors under the trees for the crowd. I never saw people so attentive, so hungry for preaching, in my life. Some of the wildest and roughest characters I ever met in my life have made a profession of religion, and others"—and here his eye lingered seriously and pleasantly upon Uncle Frank sitting opposite at table—"are, I have every reason to trust, thinking of soon taking the same step. I never enjoyed myself so much in my work before, as I said. I never wanted to live so much before, that I may carry on my work;" and his pale cheek glowed with earnestness. He had thus only hinted at the hard, incessant, devoted work in which he had been intensely engaged since his first sermon at the Ranch. Not only at every neighborhood around where he could get an opportunity to preach, but not a cabin in reach that he had not visited with the personal and pressing message of the Gospel. In all the region no man was so looked up to and revered and loved. Suffering seemed to have separated him from all else to his work. Even his daughter, dearly as he loved her, whom none could but love, was second in his thoughts to this. There was an intensity, a fervency of devotion in the man which none had ever witnessed before in any one.

"Pardon me; I only meant"—he continued to say—"why I can not go; but don't let that prevent others."

"As to myself," said his daughter, when called on for her vote, "I will be glad to go, but not without Mrs. McRobert; since she remains I will prefer to remain."

"Oh, I don't care so much about going myself," said Uncle Frank, who happened, by the merest accident in the world, to be seated next to Agnes, and whose turn was therefore next to speak. "Upon the whole," he added, "I believe I won't go."

Now up to a moment before the Texan had been loud in his resolves to go. At his frank and sudden change of vote the cheeks of his nearest neighbor at the table became even rosier than before, while a gathering of the dimples upon the cheeks of Mrs. McRobert, and a merry light in her eyes, proved the remarkable powers of female intuition possessed by her also.

"My decision," said Mr. Morton McRobert, suddenly, and with a half-frown, checking a disposition to titter on the part of the children, "is this: Compromise. Let Frank and Venable and Francisco, say, go up on an advance trip to the springs. Then come back and report—then we can decide."

And this was the way that these three started that clear June morning for the springs. Venable had slept at the Ranch to get an early start with his uncle. They had left after a hasty breakfast with Francisco. They missed him before they had gone far. He had ridden back with a sudden turn. Arrived at the house, and seeing that his companions were out of sight, he had walked his restive mustang once, twice, thrice slowly around the whole place, looking slowly, devouringly-like at every thing. Then drawing his broad-brimmed hat farther down on his eyes, the struggling mustang had soon rejoined the other party on the prairie.

"I declare I don't like what Hoogenboom came down to tell us last night about the Indians," the Texan was saying.

"But how could they attack so large a crowd as will be at the springs?" asked Venable.

"They come down to take off the horses staked out near by. The Rangers are out, that's one good thing."

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"How many Indians are there in Texas, uncle?"

"Nobody can even guess. There are the Apaches, Lipans, and Comanches—continually coming and going like the wind down through New Mexico into Texas and back again—perhaps ten thousand warriors in each tribe. When game gets scarce on the northern prairies they come down for stock—take any thing they can lay their hands on. They are afraid to go near a house on account of the rifle-balls from between the logs. If they catch anybody out alone on the prairies they always spear and scalp him."

"Why don't the Government make treaties with them?"

"It has made a thousand; but they pay no attention to them. Sometimes Government tries to settle and civilize them—that may do with some tribes like Cherokees and Chickasaws, but not Comanches and the like; it only makes them more cunning. Instead of being in the fields at work they are at the old game, out murdering and stealing cattle. Government sometimes pays them annuities to keep quiet—that has failed too—only makes them insolent. From all I know of Indians in Texas, the only way is to exterminate them at once. It seems cruel; but it is only what will have to be done at last, and that after they have killed any quantity more of whites."

"Hoogenboom told me one day, uncle, that he was once with a ranging party. They surprised and killed a party of Indians that were running off cattle. One of the bodies happened to fall into an eddy of the river near the camp, and in a few hours they noticed that the water had washed some sort of dye off its skin; and, sure enough, it was a white man fixed up to look like an Indian."

"Yes, there are gangs of horse-thieves and murderers who make a regular trade of that in Texas. Scoundrels! they deserve being killed over and over again fifty times. But their inroads are not a hundredth part of what is done, and by real Indians."

"It seems hard though, uncle, our driving the native owners of the soil off of it before us."

"Yes. I remember seeing the exact process of doing this, and seeing how they liked it too. I was out with a surveying party. As we drew near one of their villages on the frontier with our theodolites and chains and flags and stakes, they swarmed out to see what we were up to. As soon as they understood that we were actually dividing out and marking off their prairies you ought to have seen them. They would have speared and scalped us to a man if they could. We were too strong for them, armed each of us to the teeth with rifles, bowie-knives, and revolvers. So they could only scowl upon us in sad and sullen hate. Their children at first came running about us for beads and buttons and crackers—little naked, brown monkeys; but as soon as their parents found what we were doing, they beat them terribly to make them keep away. We ran our lines through their very village. In fact, I had to carry a chain right through one of their very tents, going in on one side, coming out on the other. Did I ever tell you about it?"

"No, Sir. How did they like it?"

"Needn't ride so fast, Francisco. Hold in your mustang, Venable. Plenty of time before us. Well, when I got in the tent there lay on a buffalo robe on the ground an old, old Indian. He was a chief, his hair white as snow. He must have been a magnificent warrior, broad chest, splendid eyes—looked as he lay like a king, say King Lear. I stopped a moment, hated to do it; but I had either to run my chain over his body as he lay, or to move him aside. So I took the edge of his robe, and pulled it with him on it to one side of the tent, out of the way, you know. How he looked! But it was more *anguish* than I ever saw even in a white face before. I was sorry, couldn't help it, and drove ahead. That was morning. Late that afternoon we all came into camp from the prairie. Camp was near the village. Near sunset we saw quite a crowd of Indians gathered on a sort of mound on the river bank, and some of us strolled up to see. There, in the centre of them, on the highest part of the mound, was the old chief seated on his robe—not lying down—sitting as erect as a king on his throne, dressed out in his full war-dress. He was making a sort of set speech, all the rest listening with solemn, bowed faces. I knew enough of their language to make out what he was saying. Pointing to the river sweeping by, he seemed to make it an emblem of the passing away of his people from before the whites. Then he chanted a long account of all he had done in glorious days ago, keeping his eagle eyes fastened proudly on the setting sun. All around listened as if for their lives. With his left hand he pointed to the sinking sun, and, just as it disappeared below the prairie, with his right, which all this time held a long knife under the blanket, he plunged the sharp blade into his bosom, right through his heart, and fell forward dead, grim and kingly to the last. Not a man of us but had a tear in his eye, but a revolver, too, in his hand. We expected them all upon us certain, and I declare they would have been right."

"I never knew that Indians ever committed suicide."

"Oh yes. Not long before that we had captured an Indian with his squaw and children—five, six, I don't remember how many. He was a tiger of a fellow, and we put him and his family in a tent, sentinels all around. There was plenty of food and water left in reach for them, but they were all chained. It was near night when we put them in. There was not the least noise inside all night. Next morning when the sentinels went in with their breakfast they hadn't touched their supper, but there they all lay hugged up together dead. The father had killed them all with his knife, himself last.

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I think it must have been the chaining that broke his heart."

"I can't think such Indians can be cannibals, as some people say they are."

"Why, yes, but not from love of such fare. The Tonkoways always cut off the right hand of an enemy slain in fight, and make their women roast and eat it, that they may have brave children. The same tribe, I believe it is, always cut open the bosom of a slain foe, tear out the heart, cut the tip end of it off, and eat that raw—why, I can't say."

And thus they beguiled their road over the rolling prairie. At noon there was a short halt to graze their horses and take a snack and a nap. At night they stopped on the bank of a crystal creek—the San Gabriel—rather a river than a creek; staked out their horses; boiled a cup or two of the invariable coffee; ate a very hearty supper broiled on the coals; then, with their heads on their saddles and their broad-brimmed hats over their faces, slept without stirring, sweetly, profoundly, till break of day. To breakfast, saddle up, and be away again took but a few minutes.

It was but little past noon on the day after leaving home that, entering a belt of timber, they halted to water their thirsty animals at the Lampasas—a broad, beautiful stream. The three animals thrust in their noses eagerly into the tempting water, and together drew them out again, snorting and coughing with indignation and disgust, the water streaming from their mouths. No wonder. Long before their riders had reached the water they had perceived the strong smell of sulphur on the air. The entire bed of the stream, too, shone coated with a silvery sediment of brimstone. A few shanties stood around for the use of visitors to the embryo Saratoga. Staking their horses to graze as well as their thirst would permit upon the rich grass under the magnificent live-oaks near by, the travelers proceeded to examine the springs. The first they came to gushed up out of the soil near the bank, more like milk, creamy, almost thick with sulphur. Gourd after gourd did the Texan drink, smacking his lips with relish after each, proving then and during the rest of his stay the assertions as to the enormous quantities which can be swallowed, the thirst for the water increasing with its use. Francisco drank, too, because his master did—sullen, silent, dejected in doing so, as he had been, and to an increasing degree, for months past. As to Venable, though thirsty, the very smell of the water was more than enough. Doubtless nature causes those to thirst for such waters who need and are benefited by them. Sauntering farther along, they come next upon a chalybeate spring, which all agreed in rejecting. Crossing the stream upon a narrow and tottering bridge, they hastened in search of the famous gravel spring. And there it was, sure enough; a pool of water ten feet across, in the centre of which rose a natural fountain boiling and foaming furiously with gravel and water. The day was hot, the spot secluded, and in a few moments both of the travelers had laid aside their dusty garb and were luxuriating in the stormy bath. Plunging into the centre of the crater, the boy was thrown out again by the turbulent surges of pebbles and water like a cork. It was like bathing in the surf. The struggling water, the grating gravel, the foam and fury of the water rushing up from unfathomable depths, made it by far the most exhilarating bath ever taken. It was almost dark before they could tear themselves away. Soon the coffee-pot was bubbling and the slices of venison and bacon hissing upon the coals under the live-oaks. Another visit to the horses to see that they were strongly staked, and, with their heads upon their saddles, they were soon asleep—sound enough.

CHAPTER XV.

ALONG THE SAN GABRIEL.

"I SAY, men, any o' you know a man name o' Roland?" The speaker was seated smoking his pipe upon a log near the main sulphur spring. Low in stature, red in hair and beard, full and sensual in lips and cheek, narrow and retreating in forehead, dirty beyond description in garb—out of all the motley crowd there you could have picked him out in three minutes as a desperado and a bully. Whoever his companions might be, there was no doubt of who and what *he* was.

"There's a ugly-mouth Rollin—lives on Goose Creek down Trinity," replied an old farmer, nursing the lame leg which had drawn him to the springs for its cure.

"Been long thar?" asked the first speaker.

"No—some twenty years or so."

"Not the man I'm after."

"There's a Jim Rolling cheats at peddling; drives around in a green wagon," ventured an old lady in green spectacles and fly-away cap. "He sold me some wonderful ointment for my eyes—made them smart like fire, almost ruined them. You see, gentlemen, my eyes has been ailing now nearly fifteen years. Cold, one doctor said; gnats, another doctor said. Rheumatics, I believe. You can't tell what trouble I've had with them. Somebody said these here springs—"

"Black hair, black eyes, solemn-like face, marm?" interrupted the man.

"No, sandy hair, whitish-like eyes; solemn enough, though, he was at a bargain. I bought a pattern of calico of him once, paid forty cents a yard, came to unroll it—"

"I know a man answers to your description," said another of the crowd, coughing in the last stages of consumption. "He's my brother—my name's Rawling—but he died of consumption ten years ago. In fact, I'm the only one of the family that escaped the disease."

"I tell you what it is, men," said the first speaker, rising to his feet, and putting his pipe in his pocket; "*my* legs ain't hurt, *my* eyes are

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sound as a bell; you don't ketch *me* coughing. I didn't come here to drink this water for *my* health. I'm after a man. People come here from all parts of Texas, and I know that this is the very spot to hear about him. I'm from South Alabamy. Dyson's my name—Buck Dyson. People know me about home. Now, there's somebody in this crowd must know my man. I'll tell you what I'll do—as they do when they pass around a hat at meetin'. I'll go around to every man in this here crowd, and ask him separate; and I'll do the same thing to every stranger that comes while I stay here. If that don't bring what I want I'm mistaken. I can try it, any how."

There was one person in the fifty or sixty grouped about on the benches and logs and grass around the spring who heard with painful interest these words. It was Venable. For four days now his uncle, Francisco, and himself had been at the springs. They had fished, had shot deer, turkeys, and even a bear or two, in the wild region around, until they were tired. They had become restless for home—Uncle Frank himself, even, and for the first time in his life. He had all the time seemed despondent, uneasy, unlike himself. In fact, for months now—why, Venable could not guess—a sort of gloom had rested with increasing darkness upon the open and sunny face of his uncle. He had been the first to propose leaving for home, and this they had determined to do early next morning. It was now near sunset. While his uncle and Francisco had gone to look after the horses, Venable had strolled down to the spring for a last look. Clustered about it were people of all sorts of ailments, and it reminded him of the Pool of Bethesda. The boy knew, almost from the instant the stranger spoke, that it was *his* Mr. Roland for whom the inquiry was made. But a few months before he would have spoken out impulsively—but he had learned a lesson on the evil of impulse that night under the hide, with the billows of the prairie fire surging over him. He was older and manlier too. Besides, he had so strong an aversion to the bully, partially intoxicated as he was, and to the profanity of his language—which seemed more shocking to him than he had ever heard from human lips before—that, restraining himself, he resolved to have nothing whatever to do with the man. Besides, and above all, there was that in the manner of the man that urged him to conceal from him the home of Mr. Roland—he scarce knew why. But when the man announced his intention of putting the question in turn to every one on the spot he felt his heart throb, not with fear but anxiety. If he had hesitated before whether or not to tell, he now slowly and fully decided the matter. But could he deny any knowledge of Mr. Roland? A lie? no—never! Suddenly it occurred to him that his easiest plan was to withdraw quietly from the spot. Accordingly he arose slowly, and began strolling away, hoping to escape the notice of the man, who was still at the other end of the crowd. Now, had he been a large man and a determined-looking one, the desperado might have made it convenient not to observe his leaving; but being merely a slightly-built youth, the case was different. The man had, in fact, laid his command upon all there to sit still until questioned; to leave was contempt of his authority.

"Hallo! you there—stop!" rang in loud and insolent tones upon his ears.

What should he do? Run for it? For an instant he thought of doing so. But no; he felt his heart sicken even painfully in him, and knew that his cheek was ashy, but all the George Washington he had so often read and dreamed of rose to his lips. Slowly and quietly he turned to face his foe—for he felt him to be such in every nerve.

"Look here! I say, Sir, you stop in your tracks!" said the man, hastening toward him with a volley of oaths interspersed. "Didn't you *hear* what I said? What are you leaving for? This is meetin'; 'fore you go you've got your Catechism to say!"

By this time he had reached and stood face to face with Venable on the bank of the Lampasas.

"Look here, buddy," he continued, "do you know of a man named Roland down your way?" The man already saw that the boy did know such a man, and the very man he was after, in his pale, set face.

"I refuse to answer," he replied, with lips so dry he could hardly articulate.

"You re-fuse to answer!" shouted the bully, his brandy-reddened face growing redder than before, his very red whiskers and hair bristling with rage. "You re-fuse to answer! Game, *you* are, ain't you? Now, I'll just tell you what, my chicken—you've *got* to answer. See this," he continued, unbuttoning his vest and displaying a revolver in the belt next to his greasy flannel; "and do you see this?" he added, drawing a long, broad bowie-knife from his collar back of his head. "Now," he continued, "if you don't tell me all you know about the man I'm after in less than no time, I'll kill you—certain, sure. Buck Dyson is my name. You won't be the first I've killed."

Venable glanced at the breathless crowd. It is astonishing how apathetic even the bravest men are when spectators of such a scene. "It's dreadful; somebody ought to stop it; but it's none of *my* business," is the brief and satisfactory reasoning of each under such circumstances. With dryer lips than before, but as mechanical as steel, the boy replied as before, his cheek pale as death, his eye resting steadily in the inflamed orbits not ten inches from his—"I refuse to answer."

With a savage curse the desperado drew his knife back.

There was a shudder in the crowd. "Dear me, why don't *somebody* stop it?" was the thought of each. They were sure the knife was in the bosom of the brave boy. He thought so him-

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self, and shut his eyes for an instant with a swift, silent prayer; then opened them calmly in the glaring eyes of the man again.

"You came in an ace of it then," said the man, with hideous oaths. "I only didn't kill you because then I couldn't get out of you what I want. Now," he continued, with fearful meaning in his eyes and tones, "next time I will *kill* you as sure as you live. Once more, where's my man?"

Venable knew that his hour had come. But there was no flinching. He was a thousand times more determined than ever not to tell, even had it been the most harmless question in the world. He seemed to have turned to cold steel.

Again he replied—as his enemy drew back his knife with his right, while he grasped the boy, to make a sure stab, by the shoulder, and turned him a little to expose his bosom more to the sweep of his blow—in a low, slow tone—"I refuse to answer."

At that instant there was a rush of feet behind the desperado, the descending knife was wrested from his grasp, and its owner hurled, head-foremost, down the bluff into the Lampases. Venable could only see that it was his uncle, and sank weak as water upon the ground, the high-strung excitement suddenly ceasing.

At the first beginning of the strife between the two some had hurried off, and found and told the Texan all that was occurring. His most intimate friends would have hardly recognized him, so deadly pale, so dangerous he looked standing on the bank, his rifle in full aim on the floundering bully.

"Hold on!" he said, in a strange, savage voice as the man swam toward the shore. "If you swim another stroke I'll shoot you." And Venable was appalled at the awful oaths and curses which streamed from the lips of his uncle, from whom he had never before heard an oath in his life, did not dream he could swear. "You let your feet strike ground; tread water if you can't; but come an inch nearer shore, and I'll kill you."

To the astonishment of Venable the man obeyed, being a coward, as all bullies are. He would certainly have been shot if he had not, and he knew it. As it was, the water reached to his chin as he stood in the creek, to the inexpressible gratification of the crowd that lined the bank, the bead of the Texan's rifle drawn full on the centre of his forehead.

"To get his revolvers too wet to use. I see it. Ah, yes, very right," said a gentleman in a raccoon cap, shaking his head approvingly, and fixing himself more comfortably to see while he cut up some tobacco in the palm of his hand for his pipe held between his teeth. And now that each one felt relieved of all personal duty in the matter, it is astonishing how unanimous they were in their sentiments—derision for the bully, admiration for the boy. The backwoodsman contemplated Venable as he sat by his uncle through the smoke of his cob pipe with solemn approval, his skin cap well back on his head for a more unobstructed view, and he continued:

"Whenever *he* runs for Congress he's got my vote sure. Game, pluck, spunk, clear grit. Curious, too, the game ones *always* turn white, bullies red, when in a tight place. Singular." And he resumed his pipe in meditation upon this circumstance.

"I wonder, wonder whether I'd not better kill him at once and have done with it; it'll save a world of sorrow and trouble hereafter," said the Texan to himself, half aloud.

"Oh no, uncle—no, no!" exclaimed Venable. "Thou shalt not kill. Don't you remember the command? Don't, don't—please don't." And he laid his hand on the rifle, and pressed its muzzle down to the ground.

"You may come out, man," said the Texan, shouldering his rifle, to the desperado. The man obeyed, and passing dripping through the facetious crowd, disappeared without a word behind the shanties. Tearing themselves from the flattering attentions of those around, the Texan and his nephew proceeded to the live-oak under which they camped. It was now dark, and Francisco was waiting supper for them. Wearied out with excitement, Venable was asleep on his blanket in a few moments after. It seemed to him about midnight when he felt a hand upon his bosom, and he sprang to his feet with a leap and a cry.

It was only his uncle, and Francisco stood by in the darkness with the three horses all saddled.

"All right, Venable; mount as quietly as you can. Heap more wood on the fire, Francisco. So now *vamos!* Quietly, quietly," said the Texan.

Venable rode after his uncle mechanically, and as in a dream, a mile or more through the darkness. Becoming at last wide-awake, he asked, in a low voice,

"Afraid he would shoot us as we slept, uncle?"

"Pshaw, no. Dyson's spirit's broken as far as *we* are concerned. He don't even *care* to hurt us. I am afraid he would follow us to find Roland if we waited till day. Don't ask any questions now, and don't say any thing at all about this at home. I gave you as much nap as I could before we started. Ride faster."

The night was very dark; it seemed to Venable as if day would never dawn. At last broad day found them beside a bayou, prairie all around.

"We've come far off to the north of our road home," said the Texan. "We'll rest a while, and breakfast. Stake out your horses—needn't unsaddle. That's it. Catch a grasshopper, Francisco. Venable, you make a fire down the bank there; no leaves; not a puff of smoke if you can possibly help it. Indians are only too plentiful about here." While he was speaking the Texan had tied the end of a line to his ramrod, baited the hook with the grasshopper, lowered it to the water, and almost immediate-

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ly drew up a large cat-fish, then another, and another.

"One apiece," he said; "that'll do. Clean them as fast as you can, Francisco. Here's a paper of salt."

In a very short time each sat over the fire cooking his own fish by a ramrod thrust through it lengthways.

"No bread; but never mind," said the Texan, as he finished the last morsel. "Now unstake and off."

A ride of a few hundred yards brought them to a rise in the prairie. There, in the valley beyond, nearer to him than he had ever seen them before, was a herd of antelopes. To the pleading of Venable that he might try to get a shot at them his uncle gave a decided refusal.

"But, uncle, we have nothing to eat," his nephew argued. "I couldn't eat any supper hardly last night, and that cat this morning, I couldn't eat it at all. I'm so hungry."

"Well, that's a fact, Venable," replied the Texan. "They are not so shy out here. Crawl up on them through that clump of timber yonder. Tie this red handkerchief around your head, hat on top of that, and keep as flat upon the ground as you can. Don't be flurried; shoot slow and sure."

Without a word the boy slipped off his horse, and leaving him with them, darted down to one side and disappeared in the hollow. Half an hour elapsed, and Francisco and his master, peeping over the top of the grass, could see that the antelopes were still grazing quietly. Another half hour, and they had all raised their heads, and were gazing at a red something several hundred yards from them in the grass. They would run toward it, then run back, and seemed much excited.

This continued for nearly an hour, the timid creatures drawing nearer and nearer to the object all the time, but very slowly.

"That boy's getting to be a cool hand," said his uncle to himself; "he couldn't do it better if he had been hunting antelope all his life. If he ain't genuine Virginian stock I'm a Greaser! Now's your chance, Venable!" he exclaimed aloud as the drove rushed nearer than before; and at the instant he spoke a puff of white smoke rose from the red spot, and soon after the faint crack of the rifle came on the wind to their ears. They saw Venable running toward the drove, while it fled from him and disappeared like the wind. Riding on toward him they saw him standing with his face to them upon something —probably a dead antelope—waving his red handkerchief and shouting at the top of his voice.

In the same instant, however, the crest of the prairie behind the young hunter seemed suddenly alive with men and horses, dashing down upon the boy.

The very soul of the Texan sickened within him. Indians! Indians! There was but one thing to do. Running his hand over the buts of the revolvers around his waist, glancing to see that the cap was on his rifle, he rode down to meet the foe.

"Unloaded and with his back to them," groaned the uncle. "On foot too. God help us! we are in for it, *sure!*"

Long before he could get in rifle range the Indians had swarmed upon the boy like angry bees. He could merely catch sight of Venable clubbing his rifle and raising it to strike, when he seemed trampled down and swallowed up in the *mêlée*.

"Cool, cool, Dolores," he said in Spanish to the Mexican. "You take red blanket; I'll take white;" and as he spoke, at the simultaneous crack of their rifles, two Indians fell headlong from their horses rushing upon them.

"Draw your knife and hold it in your teeth, Dolores. Cool, cool. Revolvers is the word now. Drop your rifle!"

By this time the Indians were almost upon them, staggered for a moment by the fall of the slain. They were appalling foes to fight with. Almost black, naked to the waist, the long hair hanging down their neck behind, full of coins of gold and silver, their cheeks barred with various colors, armed with bows and arrows, riding as if they grew upon their shaggy ponies—a herd of ferocious wolves would have been far less dreadful to meet. The instant before closing with them a thought flashed upon the Texan. Lifting his hat from his head and half-turning in his saddle he waved it with a shout toward the ridge from which he had just descended. "Hurrah, boys!" he cried, as if exultingly. "Here they are! here they are!" Then, dashing his hat with reckless confidence in the faces of the enemy, and dodging the arrows that whizzed upon him like hail, he discharged his revolver right and left, but with deliberate aim, hitting at every shot. Even in the heat of the fight he could see that his strategem had its effect.

The Indians were flying with Rangers on their trail, as they well knew, at that instant. The cry of the Texan, and his riding upon them instead of attempting to fly, and in the direction from which they were expecting the Rangers, together with his dashing confidence, impressed them with the belief that their dreaded foes were at hand. And they were right. As if in response to the cry of the Texan there rang a wild hurrah from behind him, and helter-skelter, down the slope, rode the Rangers, their Captain at their head; no line of battle at all; each racing as hard as spurs would drive, to come upon the foe; teeth set; faces glowing; rifles ready. But it was a fatal instant when the Texan looked around to see. The hindmost of the flying Indians had drawn his arrow to its head upon his bow at the bosom of the Texan. But, although his eyes were averted, other eyes saw the aim, and the Mexican, rushing between, received the arrow in his own side, and fell from his horse as the Indian disappeared over the hill after his comrades.

For a moment the Rangers—bearded, sun-

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burnt, wool-hatted, most of them in their shirt-sleeves, their coats strapped behind them—drew rein round the Texan supporting the Mexican boy in his arms upon the ground. In a few rapid words they learned every thing—examining with contemptuous curiosity the bodies of the Indians lying on the ground.

"Not much hurt, I hope," said a Ranger in a red shirt, drawing near with sympathy in his face and voice. "Oh pshaw! tut!" he continued, with a sudden change in voice and manner—indifference, not to say disgust, taking the place of sympathy. "Why, it's only a *Mexican!* and I thought it was somebody! I say, old fellow," he continued, to the Texan, sharpening his knife upon his hard palm as he spoke, and in wheedling tones, "come, now, let *me* scalp these red-skins—come, do. They killed my father last month—some of them;" and, without waiting for a reply, the Ranger whipped off the scalps and had them tied to his saddle by the buckskin strings in a few moments.

"Come, you hush up!" he said to one whose low groan gave evidence of life; and, pausing as he mounted his horse, he shot him through the head with his revolver, exactly as he would have done had it been a rattlesnake instead. "Clever of you!" he said, nodding to the Texan as he rode off. "I'll do the same for you some day. Can't be with you always. Take care of yourself. Good-by!"

"Iron-Jacket, was it?" said the Captain, as he parted with the Texan. "All right. I thought so. Our mustangs are badly used up, but we'll fix them before night. Come on as soon as you can. Hurrah, boys!" And in a minute after the Texan was alone upon the field of battle, the dead Indians lying grim in death beside him. But he seemed to have forgotten even his nephew in his anxiety for the Mexican. A look of the deepest anguish sat upon his brow as he supported the drooping head upon his bosom.

"Water! water!" groaned the Mexican in Spanish. The Texan glanced around: it was his only way; and bearing the wounded Mexican in his arms, as if it were a child instead, he hastened up the slope toward the bayou beyond, where they had breakfasted. Often would he have to stop and rest, changing the position of his bleeding burden. It was much farther than he had supposed, but it was his only chance; and the afternoon was far advanced when he laid his servant gently upon the grass on the edge of the bayou beneath a mesquit. Hastening to the water, he filled his hat and returned, and having satisfied the burning thirst of the Mexican, he proceeded to bathe the pale face with water, smoothing out the long raven hair across his knees from the head supported in his lap. Their broken conversation was now altogether in Spanish, and no longer the language of master and servant. Married to her during a trip into Mexico, upon a sudden whim, long before had the Texan repented it; his affection had never been love; he had never even professed that it was. But her affection for him was all that is usual in her warm-hearted race. It had been for a short, a very short, time that he had even endeavored to reciprocate the love she lavished upon him. She was *Mexican*, too far his inferior, and he had required her now for years to be rather Francisco than Dolores to him. He *could* not love her; she was but a grief, a burden, a perpetual repentance to him. But she had given her life for him; and with the softest and sweetest of the endearing words of the melting Spanish he now endeavored to assuage her dying hours. And she seemed perfectly happy. Her dark eyes fastened with eager fondness upon his face, murmuring softly, in reply to his soothing words: "I crept to her bed one night to stab her," she murmured to him, "but she looked so like the Virgin Mary as she slept I couldn't!" And as the shades of evening fell around the Texan sat with the dying girl in his arms. And he knew not when she died. One moment the moon shone on her face, and she was alive and gazing fondly up into his eyes. A cloud swept over the moon; when the light rested again upon her face it was cold in death—all light gone from the glassy eyes, still fixed upon him. For hours the Texan sat in the darkness, almost motionless, all his life passing in review before him in the solemn stillness, the awful burden resting upon his lap, as the sweeping clouds hid or revealed the ghastly face. His own early training, the influence of his brother and of Mr. Roland, his own experience, observation, and conscience—and, above all, the Spirit of God, had long been carrying on a revolution in his bosom, and this night accomplished it. Who could detail the whole process? With the earliest gray of morning he wrapped the body—it was all he could do—in his blanket, weighted heavily with rocks. He had stooped to kiss the pale brow, but he drew back; he had cut a long tress of the raven hair, but he took it again from his bosom and placed it back beside the face of the dead. Then, bearing his burden to the brink of a dark, secluded pool in the bayou, so deep that he could not see its bottom, he let the shrouded form glide from his embrace, down and down, into the quiet depths. Then kneeling there beside the brink, as at the feet of a Father indeed, he made solemn confession of a lifetime wild and reckless of sinning; made humble acknowledgment of present weakness and folly, made fervent supplication for help in the new life before him, and rose from his knees another man—humble, but determined. Then a rapid walk to the battle-field, where he found his horse staked as he had got a Ranger to do it for him, the wolves flying from around the dead bodies, and the buzzards rising reluctantly. With his eyes fastened on the trail of the Rangers, and putting spurs to his horse, he rode rapidly on—the foul banqueters returning greedily to their prey before he was over the hill—hunger, watching, fatigue, Dolores, all forgotten for the time—Venable, Venable the one ruling thought!

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MY FATHERS-IN-LAW.

I HAD been married just two hours by the clock, and my wife, Sophia Slipperton (formerly White) was arraying herself in her traveling-dress up stairs for the bridal tour. The carriage was at the door, with the trunks strapped on behind, and I, the hero of the occasion, rather flurried and very hungry, was trying to get a bite of the delectable luncheon that my wife's friends had provided, when my elder brother Tom saw me behind the door, and came to disturb my last free moments. Tom, however, had a right to a few parting words; it was to him that I owed my present prosperity, and I thanked him then and there for his handsome conduct in having stood my friend with Sophia from first to last.

"You will never regret it, my dear Tom," said I, almost hugging him, and forgetting in my excitement that my speech was not altogether to the point.

"No, nor you, my dear Charley. Sophia is a splendid girl, and I, having been her legal adviser so long, can tell you every thing is right and tight, and no incumbrances!"

"No, of course not, what could there be?" said I, innocently.

"Look there," said Tom, and he led me to an angle of the dining-room from whence I saw a sight which, though a mortification to him, made me laugh in spite of myself.

On a comfortable sofa sat a fat old lady with a large napkin spread on her lap; her cap-ribbons were carefully pinned over her forehead to be out of the way of stains, and on chairs near her, a variety of plates were poised which evidently bore the relics of a mighty feast not yet concluded. The old lady was now making her attack on the preserves and ices, and the determination with which she pursued her employment was wonderful to behold.

"Just look at my mother-in-law!" said Tom, in a state of rage and disgust. "Did you ever see such a glutton in your life? I am glad the people are nearly all gone; but I see some of them laughing at her there in the corner. I declare, Charley, when I think what you've got, such a nice girl as Sophia, and so well off, without a relation in the world living nearer than Cincinnati, and above all, no *mother-in-law*, I am almost jealous of your good luck!"

"Your Maria is prettier than Sophy," said I, with an easy magnanimity; "and besides, Tom, mothers-in-law don't live forever; perhaps that mess she has been eating may be the death of her yet. I know you've had a pretty hard time of it altogether, but she doesn't mean any harm."

"She's killing me," said Tom, with a dismal groan. "I found two white hairs in my mustache last night. Oh, I could tell you tales, Charley! but you won't heed them; you are not to be one of the tormented. My dear fellow, I think you are the happiest man in the world at this moment!"

I almost thought the same myself as I saw Sophia come down the stairs ready for the journey, and looking bright and smiling. I forgot how plain she was, what big feet she had, and how much lovelier a certain young lady I once knew would have looked in the very elegant traveling-suit in which my present charmer was arrayed.

I kissed my own family, bid a kind farewell to the friend of Sophia from whose house she had been "wooed and wedded and a'," and closed the carriage-door with a snap that seemed to shut out the old life as totally as it initiated the new. Our wedding-tour did not extend very far; Sophia was not a strong woman, and we concluded as the weather was cold to return to town, after a short jaunt to the South. We came back accordingly in November, and took immediate possession of a beautiful little house that my wife had purchased, and which we had the pleasure of furnishing to suit our own taste.

My wife was quite independent of her family, as she had a comfortable private fortune left her by some departed relative; and her winters had been passed for years in the city where Tom had lately become her lawyer, and I, still more lately, her husband.

I think, upon looking back on a somewhat checkered existence, that the first year of my married life was the happiest I have ever experienced; I have since known, indeed, more intense excitement and more brilliant society than my home furnished, but I have nowhere met a more admirable woman than Sophia Slipperton. She was not handsome, she was not very young, nor would she compare with my early love, whom I occasionally thought of when Sophia came down to breakfast in an unbecoming wrapper; but she had an amiable temper; never did she seem out of humor when I brought a friend home to dinner, or even if I staid out to dinner myself without notice; never did she scold the servants in my presence, or object to my smoking under the best parlor curtains! She was quiet, gentle, and affectionate, and I was, as I deserved to be, the envy of all my young married friends. There is such a thing, however, as being *too* amiable, and to this weakness Sophia finally and fatally yielded.

A little more than a year had passed away when Sophia received a letter from her sister in Cincinnati, informing her that she and her family were going to move to California, and consequently that old Mr. White, her father and Sophia's, was left without a home.

"Why does he not go with them?" said I to Sophia, who seldom spoke of her relatives, from whom she had been much separated, and about whom, therefore, I knew but little.

"My father is too infirm," said Sophia, mildly, "to travel that distance; he is very blind besides, and rather deaf. No, he must be taken care of by some of his own kindred. I think," she added, "that he had better come on with them and stay a while with us before they sail,

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and we will arrange some plan for his accommodation near us."

"Has he no relatives in the West?" said I, "who could safely be intrusted with the care of him?"

"None whatever," said Sophia, and added with an asperity as new as it was decisive, "while I have a house of my own I shall not allow my father to be in the care of strangers."

Thus was my domestic peace invaded by an enemy who was blind, deaf, and infirm, but conqueror in the first encounter. In vain did I seek consolation from my brother Tom; his own grievance bore such immense proportions in his eyes that all other was dwarfed by comparison.

"Thank your stars he's not a woman, Charley!" said he, "just look at my mother-in-law, she's enough to turn a man crazy! I wish she was a man; I could manage her then well enough!"

"Well, *she* couldn't be a man any way, and it wouldn't be any better if she were. A man like old Mr. White is just as bad as a woman to take care of."

"*You* don't take care of him, do you?" said my astute brother.

"Not a bit of it," said I; "but Sophy does, and that is nearly as bad."

"Do you have to take him to church on lecture and prayer-meeting nights; and does he want to know how much every thing costs that comes into the house?"

"No he doesn't," said I; "but he's an old bore all the same."

"Well," said Tom, "if I were you I wouldn't have him there. It is not like a woman; you can't turn them out of doors very well!"

"The house happens to be Sophy's," said I: "if you remember, Tom, you drew up the deed of purchase yourself."

Tom sighed and said no more, and I returned to my troubled household. For it was troubled; Sophia was always a delicate woman, and her attentions to her father, which were unremitting, and unfailingly demanded, made fearful inroads upon her health. In the middle of the night Mr. White's cane would sound over our heads, and Sophia, no matter what the state of the thermometer, would have to fly to his assistance. Any other help than hers was rejected with scorn, and my dislike of the old gentleman and his selfishness became so extreme that I soon refrained from offering him any attention whatever. Then his weaknesses of temper made constant soothing necessary; he was always angry at somebody or something, and Sophia was the only person who could exercise any control over him. What she went through to keep even ostensible peace between him and me I can not bear to think of, but she did it, and so we went on, wretched and dissatisfied, for two more miserable years. I became as cross as a bear, and was as little at home as possible; Mr. White lived on, and improved greatly in health, though not in temper or agility. Sophia, poor Sophia, between cares and annoyances, wore away before my eyes, and became the victim of her own filial affection.

Mr. White would not listen to my appeals to him on Sophy's behalf, holding the old-fashioned notion that children were the "born thralls" of their parents, and must ever be held to their duty. He held her with a grip of authority that never loosened.

He called her up one cold night to rub his rheumatic foot, which kept him often awake. In vain I implored her to resist his demands. She dragged herself up to his room, and sank in the effort to make him a little more comfortable. A violent hemorrhage of the lungs seized her suddenly, and in a few hours the unlucky victim of a father's tyranny was out of his power forever.

Sophia was one of those excellent women whose sense of duty is absolutely morbid. Mine, however, was not. I could hardly refrain, while Sophia was lying dead in the house, from reproaching the old gentleman and turning him out of the home he had made so wretched. But I waited, and it was well for me I did; for by Sophia's will, which was opened just after her death, it happened to be his prerogative to perform that office to me, which he did with the greatest good-will and celerity. The whole of Sophia's property was left to him for his life, for fear, as she stated in a private letter, that my affection for him was not sufficient to render his dependence on me agreeable to either party. So Mr. White took possession of our pleasant little home, and I was turned out to a bachelor life again, with the illusions of youth shattered, at the age of thirty-one.

Anger has a wonderful effect in mitigating grief. I should have been quite inconsolable for Sophia's loss had she left her property in an equitable manner; but to see my father-in-law step into our familiar places, and make himself comfortable on what should have been mine, destroyed much of the sorrow that I would naturally feel for such a woman.

Not content with this, Mr. White married his housekeeper a short time after, and as his health improved greatly under the new *régime*, I frequently met him walking in the street with his wife, and going in and out of his house. He had evidently made up his mind to live as long as Methuselah, and the enjoyment of my reversionary interest was put off to the far future.

Tom did not console me much under my wrongs; indeed, he insisted that I was fortunate in having the property left to me at all.

"Really, Charley," he said, "I think, on the whole, Sophia has behaved very well, and her father can't live forever, and then you will have it all. If Mr. White had been your *mother-in-law* (Tom would always insist upon stating it so), she would have managed to have you cut out of it! You know you never were very fond of him, Charley, and Sophia knew that perfectly; if you had played your cards better things might have turned out differently."

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"Not much consolation here." However, I said no more, but plunged deeper and deeper into business, which fortunately was more successful in its results than my ventures in the matrimonial line. After some months I began to lift up my head and look round the world again with something the same interest as of old. I made up my mind, however, not to marry again in years, if ever, and above all to avoid a woman whose relatives were old or troublesome.

Alas for one's wisest intentions! A few weeks at a gay watering-place overcame my good resolutions, and led me by flowery chains into new and mortifying experiences!

Florry Needham was as pretty a girl as I ever beheld in my life when I met her in all her glory at Saratoga Springs. She was not, however, a stately or commanding beauty; rosy, petite, and with the most winning, coquettish little arts in the world, she walked into my affections with a celerity wonderful even to myself. Night after night would I stay up to contest the honor of her hand in the German, and when I had carried my point against numerous competitors, would feel as satisfied as if I had achieved some wonderful distinction. It was in vain that Tom, hearing of my enslavement, wrote me letters imploring me to find out all about the young lady before I entangled myself. Two months at Saratoga did my business effectually, and I returned to town shackled with new fetters which I neither desired nor had courage to break.

When an oldish man marries a very young girl it is quite useless to expect her to settle down to his standard immediately, and Florry did not attempt to conform to mine. Fond of society and attention she was never happy except in the midst of an admiring crowd, and the first year of our married life was spent in a perfect whirl of gayety.

In the mean time Florry's relatives, though many in number, gave me no annoyance; we lived at a fashionable hotel, and I was not sorry that she clung to her own connections, who were good sort of people, and could afford her protection when I was not present to do so. Yet her conduct was fearfully imprudent, and many a tear flowed from those pretty brown eyes at the lectures on propriety which I was compelled to administer. Still we loved each other, and, on the whole, got along pretty well till my old torment made its appearance in a new form. Florry's father and mother had been living abroad for years — she had been the charge of a married sister, and felt no more interest in her parents than I did who had never seen them. Now, however, Mrs. Needham died suddenly in Paris, and back to this country, in "red-hot haste," came my new father-in-law to give me a further insight into the possibilities of that trying relationship.

Mr. Needham did not look much older than his daughter; indeed, he seemed altogether younger than myself, on whom hard work and much anxiety had left their mark. Withal he was as much like her in temperament as two peas out of the same pod. Handsome, empty-headed, and passionately fond of excitement, they ran a race together which set all remark and reproach at defiance. Now it was indifferent whether I was ready to attend my wife or not; an escort was always on duty, and I found at last that I was but a supernumerary on the stage, wanted only for the dull purposes of paying bills and ordering the servants, while these two stars of fashion soared to more congenial spheres than home had ever furnished.

Yet somehow I never got the better of my situation; Mr. Needham was one of those men who never took a hint, and never got angry. He was not, indeed, actually in my path at any time; but he took my wife away from me, and from her duties, which she was always too ready to desert. When I tried to remonstrate she would ask, in the prettiest coaxing way in the world, what an old fellow like me would want a pretty young girl to shut herself up for? Was that why I married her, to make her a nun? etc., and her pretty red lips would pucker up for a cry; and I would give in for a time, though sorely against my better judgment in every case. At last I concluded to try house-keeping, hoping that if I caged my bird she might sing me some sweeter strains than I had yet heard. I therefore hired a furnished house up town, moved my wife and babies, and prepared for a different order of things.

I remember well one night in December that I returned to my home after a few days' absence from town on business. It was a rainy, cold, and blowy evening, and the thought of a hot supper, and genial warmth of the fire before bed, was eminently delightful to my benumbed and wearied frame. As I came toward my house I was struck by the brilliancy of the lighted windows; a little nearer and the squeak of a violin reached my tired ears, with the familiar voices of hackmen, screaming to each other as they set down their loads. The house was small, and the crush was great; not a place remained for me on the steps to poise my traveling-bag, while I crept over on the balcony to take a look through the open windows. There I saw a sight that caused both rage and scorn —my father-in-law standing at the head of a quadrille with a young lady of sweet sixteen; my wife flirting in a corner with a youth whose appearance was as strange to me as *my* appearance would have been to him.

As I was "chewing the cud of bitter meditation," and wondering how I should get my tired and muddy self up stairs unseen, a hired waiter came out, and ordered me off the balcony.

"Be off with you, my good man," he said, in a patronizing tone; "don't be a staring at the people inside; it's not polite; here's ten cents for you, and go away quietly." I put down my bag, and was just about collaring the man, when I heard Tom's familiar voice as he was coming

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up the steps; so I dropped my hold of the waiter's arm, and seizing Tom by the coat-tails, compelled his attention. Many explanations followed. Tom informed me that this was Florry's house-warming, to which every one of her acquaintances far and near had been invited, and in consequence not even half of them could get in the house.

"Maria said she couldn't leave the children," said Tom; "but I thought I'd step round and see how things looked. Florry said she hoped you'd be back in time to open the ball yourself; but if not, her father would be on hand to assist her."

"I believe that old fool has put it all into her head," said I, in wrath; "she never said a word about it before I went away. And what has she done with the children, pray?"

"Oh, they are safe at her sister's. Don't fret, Charley; it isn't your affair at any rate, and it will all turn out nicely, I have no doubt; particularly if your father-in-law pays the bills."

"That he will never do," said I, in the last depth of despair; "and as for that, Tom, I would rather have had a dozen mother-in-laws, such as yours, than one Needham in my family."

Here Tom opened his mouth to pour out his own peculiar griefs, never very far from his lips, but a sudden dash of rain from the conductor deluged us both, and we concluded to beat a retreat from the scene of festivity.

This reception at my home was certainly not such as my imagination had portrayed; but all my adventures were not over for the evening. I declined Tom's invitation to return with him, and, after some hesitation, concluded to ask permission of my next-door neighbor to pass up through his house and over his extension-roof upon mine, on which my bedroom window conveniently opened. I found, however, that the room was in use as a dressing-room for ladies, and the halls were so crowded that to escape detection I had to hide in the bath-room till the guests should have departed.

I was so tired that, after a few moments, I had no power left to sustain myself even in a sitting position; so, placing my bag under my head, I fell into a slumber that would probably have lasted all night but for a sudden interruption. My father-in-law, it seems, was waiting to escort a young lady to her carriage, and had taken his station at the head of the stairs while she put on her wraps. In the fatigue consequent upon the various capers he had cut that evening he naturally leaned against the bath-room door; naturally the door hit my recumbent legs, which were stretched out just within the threshold; naturally my injured limbs resented the insult, and with one awful bang sent my father-in-law from the top of the stairs to the bottom.

Fortunately the party was just breaking up; nearly all the people had gone, and the disturbance this accident created did not last very long. Florry, who came up to discover the true cause of the disaster, found me on the bath-room floor vainly endeavoring to stifle the laughter I could not suppress; and when she saw that I was neither afflicted nor apologetic for the mischief I had done she was offended beyond forgiveness; indeed I think she never really felt the same to me afterward.

After all it was nothing very serious. Mr. Needham was only a little bruised, and in a few days was quite himself again; but not so with his pride, which was hurt irrecoverably. My father-in-law and I from that time became entirely antagonistic, and, as Florry backed up her father, our domestic hearth was not warmed solely by the fires of affection. I took, however, much pleasure in my two little daughters, and with them and the kind sympathy of Tom I managed to live out a few more uncomfortable years.

Just about this time there was a grand Inauguration Ball in Washington, to which my unlucky wife and her absurd father were bent on going together. By this time Florry and I did not interfere much with each other; we had given it up long before; but I exerted my authority to try and prevent this ridiculous journey, but it was of no use whatever. Florry and her father went on to Washington, and staid some weeks after the ball, indulging in all sorts of dissipation. In coming home they met with one of those detentions so common on our railroads. Florry, always imprudent, had not provided for an emergency of cold or hunger. The result on her worn-out frame was such as might easily have been foreseen. She took a violent cold, had a fever on her when brought home, and, after a few weeks of suffering and struggle, left her two little children motherless, and me, for the second time, a widower.

Florry was hardly twenty-five when she died, and, having a good constitution, would, with moderate care, have lived to see a comfortable old age; but the incessant wear and tear her health underwent in such a mad career of gayety undermined her naturally fine *physique*, and left her without strength for a trying moment. American women are not constructed with the iron nerves and fibres that the Europeans seem endowed with, and any life but a moderate one destroys them in appearance and health at an early age.

So it was that I talked with Tom when he came to condole with me on my new loss. I did not, however, feel any the more amiable toward my father-in-law.

"This is the second time, Tom," said I, "that my domestic peace has suffered from the same social torment. If Maria should die," I continued, solemnly, "take warning by my fate, and turn your back upon any woman who is not an orphan; and, above all, never permit a father-in-law on *any pretense whatever*."

"Charley," said he, nodding his head impressively, "I have had my own troubles, as you know. No man can have had a harder time than I have had with my wife's mother;

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but the poor soul is very old now, so I will say no more at present."

It is hardly necessary to say that, after what had happened, the idea of feeling even a passing interest in another woman was abhorrent to me. I shunned society completely, put my two little daughters to school, and for several years devoted myself to my business with all the energy of my nature. At the end of that time Sophia's father, Mr. White, finally thought proper to depart this life; and as I then came into quite a nice little estate I found myself disposed to travel and see the world. Accordingly I made the usual tour of travelers through Europe, coming home by way of New Orleans, so as to get a look at the Southern country after the war.

Here it was that, in the most unexpected manner, I met again my first love, the idol of my imagination and heart in those early days when neither prudence nor the world's opinion had much influence on me. She had refused me then, for we were both poor, and her relatives as well as mine had prevented even the bliss of a short engagement. But now things were different. She was a widow, and in her loneliness was as interesting as she had been in her younger and brighter days.

Just at this time I met with an accident which confined me almost entirely to the house, and, in consequence, to the hotel parlor. Many an hour did my old flame and I spend in talking over our strange and eventful past. She showed a great interest in my young daughters, now fast growing up, and gave me so much good advice as to their future welfare, that I came to the conclusion that she was, of all persons, the one to whom the care of their education could best be committed. Accordingly, after having carefully convinced myself that she had no near relations living, I said the decisive words, and in a few short weeks appeared among my friends at home in the not unfamiliar character of a happy bridegroom. My wife was an admirable manager. As far as the proper use of time and money was concerned, I never had cause to regret that I had installed her at the head of my household; but her first husband, the departed Sprinkler, must have been a man of decidedly weak character if he needed the advice and assistance that were so lavishly bestowed upon me. However, it might have gone on very nicely if it had not been for Sprinkler's father, or rather, he being dead, Mrs. Slipperton's father-in-law, a connection whom she seemed to cherish with the devotion of a real daughter. I confess I felt this very trying, as this time I had certainly bargained for no wife's relations; but Matilda was a woman who would not permit interference.

Last spring she told me, with a sweet smile, that she was going to pass the summer in Paris with her father-in-law, and she hoped I would be able to leave my business and come out for her, even if I could not make it convenient to take the whole journey with them. It was in vain that I coaxed and argued, and at last commanded. Matilda had not gone through all sorts of experiences with men and things for nothing. The dream of her life was to spend a summer in Paris; her father-in-law had invited her to go, and had offered to pay her expenses. I was a person who in this state of things must either give way or be pushed aside, and give way I did, of course, though not with the best grace in the world.

"It is all the work of that detestable father-in-law!" said I to Tom, as I sat by his parlor fire the evening the steamer sailed. "Just think of Matilda sacrificing every thing to go to Paris with old Sprinkler, and leaving me at home alone! It is *too* much to bear!"

"Well," said Tom, who is still sympathetic, though his mother-in-law is dead, and his own troubles are all over, "it is very natural that Matilda should want to go to Paris, particularly as all her expenses will be paid; but you should have gone along, I think, as she wanted you to."

"Why, I have seen Paris thoroughly; and besides, I will have nothing to do with my wife's relations. I did not know that I was to be saddled with Sprinkler's family, or I should have looked before I leaped."

Then it was that Maria, Tom's wife, who happened to be present, spoke her mind in a few words which, coming from a sensible woman, did not fail of their effect.

"Charley," said she, in a tone that aroused my attention, "allow me to say that I think you, and most men, take a most unwarranted view of women, and their rights and duties. A woman who has no relations, or who cares nothing for them, is either an exceptional person or a very disagreeable one; she would not love her husband or children, if she did not begin by loving her father and mother, when they are kind and lovable. Don't you see she must be heartless or wicked to have no natural affection? What man could want such a wife as that?"

"Maria," said I, dextrously changing the point of the argument, "do you mean to say that you approve of the manner in which I have been treated by my several fathers-in-law?"

"No; neither do I approve of the manner in which you have treated them. Mr. White was trying, I admit; but he was old, and your impatience with him exasperated his temper and made him all the harder to deal with. Sophia did not want to keep you out of her property so long; but she said she could not trust her father to you, and right enough she was!"

"Well," said I, rather severely, "since you are so critical, may I ask what my error was in regard to Mr. Needham?"

"Well, Charley," said Maria, smiling archly, "I know you are angry, but for once I will speak my mind; it may do you good, after all; and my mind is, that when a man of your years goes and marries a little butterfly like Florry Needham he simply makes a fool of himself,

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and must take all the rest just as it comes. No one in his senses could expect a girl like that to make a domestic woman; and her father made no real difference, one way or the other."

"Now you have only one more criticism to make," said I, trying to laugh as I stood up and buttoned my coat, preparatory to departure; "what have you to blame me for in my present dilemma?"

"This is a case that does not admit of criticism," said Maria, "only a little friendly advice; and my advice is," she added, "to make it up with Matilda as soon as possible, and go out after her in the autumn. She is a woman who won't bear to be trifled with; and if you expect domestic happiness in the future you must renounce any attempt to interfere with her plans."

And I took Maria's counsel to heart, and went out after my wife in the autumn, and things have ever since gone pretty smoothly. It is rather trying, to be sure, when Mr. Needham (who comes to see his grand-daughters) meets Mr. Sprinkler (who often visits Matilda) and insists upon discussing his political opinions, which are in violent opposition to those of the last-named gentleman, thus making our quiet parlor the scene of turmoil and contention. But as I grow in age my philosophy becomes greater, and I have vowed to keep my domestic happiness in spite of fate and fathers-in-law.

THE ROMANCE OF SLEEP.

SLEEP, generally speaking, is the most prosy of all the phenomena of human existence. Regarding it as an animal blessing, that most sensual of natural philosophers, Sancho Panza, has announced the praise of sleep in terms so hearty that no one ever wearies of reading them. It is one of the finest touches in the peerless romance of Cervantes to contrast the Knight's voluntary vigils with the gross slumber of his Squire, and put into the latter's mouth this panegyric:

"While I am asleep I feel neither hope nor despair. I am free from pain, and insensible of glory. How blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! It covers a man all over—thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap; and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, equal. There is only one thing, which somebody put into my head, that I dislike in sleep—it is that it resembles death; there is very little difference between a man in his first sleep and a man in his last sleep."

Sleep has been defined as a temporary physical death, though not an organic one. But it should rather be regarded as the regenerative phenomenon of life. It is needed to recuperate the expended vigor of the day, and it might be easily shown that there is no creeping, flying, swimming living thing but needs and enjoys its influence. Therefore has Young styled the sleep of the human race as

"Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair,
When tired with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn."

Cabanis asserts that the senses fall asleep in a regular series of periods. And Dr. Macnish, agreeing, says that the brain does not all at once glide into repose: its different organs being successively thrown into this state; one dropping asleep, then another, then a third, till the whole are locked up in the fetters of slumber. This gradual process of intellectual obliteration is a sort of confused dream—a mild delirium which always precedes sound sleep. The ideas have no resting-place, but float about in the confused tabernacle of the mind giving rise to images of the most perplexed description. In this state they continue for some time until, as the sleep becomes more profound, the brain is left to thorough repose and they disappear altogether.

The design and title of this paper, however, preclude the necessity of discussing the philosophy of sleep. We direct our attention, rather, to a recital of curious facts concerning this phenomenon, and illustrative of some of its varied conditions. And we turn, first of all, to a remarkable instance of

SLEEP BY DAY.

In the "Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin," published in 1777, the extraordinary case of the Lady of Nismes is recorded. Her attacks of sleep took place periodically, at sunrise and about noon. The first continued within a short time of the accession of the second, and the second until between seven and eight o'clock in the evening when she awoke, and so continued until the next sunrise. A singular fact concerning this case was, that the first attack always commenced at daybreak, whatever might be the season of the year, and the other always immediately after twelve o'clock noon. During the brief interval of wakefulness she took a little broth, which she had only time to do when the second attack came upon her and kept her asleep until the evening. Her sleep was remarkably profound, and had all the characteristics of complete insensibility, with the exception of a feeble respiration, and a weak but regular movement of the pulse. The most singular fact of her case remains to be mentioned. When the disorder had lasted six months the subsequent interval was of equal duration. When it lasted one year, and then again ceased, she had an interval of perfect health for the same length of time. The affection at last wore gradually away; and she lived, entirely free of it, for many years after, dying at the age of 81 years.

PROTRACTED SLEEP.

The unnatural faculty of remaining asleep for a great length of time is possessed by some individuals to a remarkable degree. Such was the case with Quin, the celebrated actor, who

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could slumber for twenty-four hours without awaking. And in Bowyer's "Life of Beattie" a curious anecdote is related of Dr. Reid, viz., that he could take as much food and immediately afterward as much sleep as were sufficient for forty-eight hours.

The case of Mary Lyall, related in vol. viii. of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh," is one of the most remarkable instances of protracted somnolency on record. This woman fell asleep on the morning of the 27th of June, and continued in that state until the evening of the 30th of the same month, when she awoke and remained in her usual way until the 1st of July, when she again fell asleep and so continued until the 8th of August. She was bled, blistered, immersed in hot and cold baths, and stimulated in almost every possible way without having any consciousness of what was transpiring. For the first seven days she continued motionless, and exhibited no inclination to eat. At the end of this time she began to move her left hand; and, by pointing to her mouth, signified a wish for food. She took readily what was given to her; still she discovered no symptoms of hearing, and made no other kind of bodily movement than with her left hand. Her right hand and arm, particularly, appeared completely dead and bereft of feeling; and even when pricked with a pin, so as to draw blood, never shrank in the least degree. At the same time she instantly drew back her left arm whenever it was touched with the point of a pin. She continued to take food whenever it was offered to her. For the first two weeks her pulse generally stood at 50, during the third and fourth week about 60; and on the day before her recovery at 70 or 72. Her breathing was soft and almost imperceptible, but during the night time she occasionally drew it more strongly, like a person who has first fallen asleep. She evinced no symptom of hearing till about four days previous to her recovery. On being interrogated after this event upon her extraordinary state she mentioned that she had no knowledge of any thing that had happened, that she had never been conscious of either having needed or received food, or of having been blistered, and expressed much surprise on finding her head shaved. She had merely the idea of having passed a long night in sleep.

A very remarkable case (well authenticated) of nearly continuous sleep for five years was mentioned in the New York papers and the medical journals a few years since. The name of the subject was Cornelius Vroman. He was born in Schoharie County, New York, and had lived since he was 17 years of age in Clarkson, Monroe County, not far from Rochester. He was a hard-working man, temperate and trusty; and at the time when his strange sleep came on was working on the farm of Mr. Moses Jennings. On the 19th of June, 1848, feeling unwell, he called in Dr. John S. Cole, who found him complaining of some pain in the stomach and in the head, for which he prescribed. After this, without becoming any sicker, his sleep each night grew longer, until at last it was found impossible to wake him. Out of that sleep he he did not come to remain wakeful for more than sixteen hours at a time; and the aggregate of all his waking hours during the five years was not over three days. His waking intervals recurred about every six weeks. When awake he seemed to be totally unconscious of his peculiarity, and said many things which indicated that he remembered matters as they were before his change. It is said that he was then accustomed to straighten himself up, and to walk as limberly as others. His diet consisted principally of milk, with a little bread, which was poured in through the teeth, the jaws being forced open as in tetanus. Once he went without food for five days; but his friends objected to any further conduct of the experiment, although there was no change in his symptoms during that time. When the seizure occurred his weight was 160 pounds; at the expiration of nearly five years it was about 90 pounds. His personal appearance is said to have been far from prepossessing. His beard and the hair of his head stood erect.

Once he was left standing for three days, during which time there was no change in his condition; and once he was thrown into the water without producing change. An eye-witness gives the following account of a visit to this remarkable prodigy:

"We found him in what seemed like a sound sleep. He was lying in bed, his eyes nearly closed, his respiration rather slower than is usual, his breathing a little stertorous, pulse some 75 strokes in a minute, soft and weak. On our attempting to open his eyes he firmly closed them, and when, by force, the lids were opened, the eyes were rolling upward, making it impossible for us to see the pupils. The mouth was slightly opened; on attempting to open it wider the jaws were immediately locked. There was a constant tremor of the eyelids, and from his mouth there was some driveling. His body was extremely emaciated; his arms were folded upon his breast; and any attempt to remove them was strongly resisted. The muscles seemed rigid and tense when the effort was made, and indeed it was impossible, without violence, to change at all the position of his limbs. Once during our stay he drew a long breath, like a man who is about to turn in his sleep. At another time he hitched himself up a little in bed. He was lifted up bodily and seated on the side of the bed; his head was still bent forward on his chest, his legs crooked under him at the same angle, and his arms folded as when he was lying down. There was nothing to indicate that he would not retain the same position for several weeks. We lifted one foot, and the other came up with it. There was but little bending at the knee or at the hip; the feet were raised only as the upper part of the body was carried backward. He was placed standing upon the floor. It required a few moments to balance him exactly; after that he stood in the same position so long as we remained; there was nothing to indicate that he would not maintain the same posture for a month."

It was stated at the time that there was not the least chance for collusion or deception in the matter, many of the best class of physicians having examined him and declared that deception was impossible.

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SLEEPLESSNESS.

A phenomenon of opposite character is also sometimes observed, there being individuals who can subsist upon a surprisingly small amount of sleep. The celebrated General Eliot afforded an instance of this kind; he never slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four. In all other respects he was also strictly abstinent; his food consisting wholly of bread, water, and vegetables. In a letter communicated to Sir John Sinclair by John Gordon, Esq., of Lurney, Caithness, mention is made of a person named James Mackay, of Skerray, who died in Strathnaver, in the year 1797, aged 91; he only slept, on an average, four hours in the twenty-four, and was a remarkably robust and healthy man. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, and the illustrious surgeon John Hunter, only slept five hours in the same period. The celebrated French General Pichegru informed Sir Gilbert Blane that during a whole year's campaign he had not above one hour's sleep in the twenty-four. Dr. Macnish mentions the case of a lady who never slept more than half an hour at a time, and the whole period of whose sleep did not exceed three or four hours in the twenty-four, and yet was in the enjoyment of excellent health. Gooch gives an instance of a man who slept only for fifteen minutes out of twenty-four hours, and even this was only a kind of dozing, and not a perfect sleep; notwithstanding which he enjoyed good health and reached his seventy-third year in age. This statement must, however, be regarded as doubtful, for it is scarcely conceivable that the human system could subsist upon such a limited portion of repose. Instances have been related of persons who *never* slept, but these must be regarded as purely fabulous.

SOMNAMBULISM.

is but dreaming in action. While only some of the cerebral organs are awake and others are dormant the bodily functions are affected. "If we dream that we are walking, and the vision possesses such a degree of vividness and exciting energy as to arouse the muscles of locomotion, we naturally get up and walk. In the higher kinds of somnambulism so many of the organs of the brain are in activity, and there is such perfect wakefulness of the external senses and locomotive powers that the person may almost be said to be awake. Somnambulists generally walk with their eyes open; but these organs are, nevertheless, frequently asleep, and do not exercise their functions." This fact was well known to Shakspeare, as is apparent in the fearful instance of Lady Macbeth:

> "*Doctor.* You see her eyes are open.
> *Gentlewoman.* Ay, but their sense is shut."

Some instances of the different phases of somnambulism will at least be interesting. A very curious circumstance is related by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, in the memoirs published by his grandson. "I went out," said the Doctor, "to bathe in Martin's salt-water hot-baths, in Southampton, when, floating on my back, I fell asleep, and slept nearly an hour, by my watch, without sinking or turning—a thing I never did before, and should hardly have thought possible."

A case still more extraordinary occurred several years ago in one of the towns of the coast of Ireland. About two o'clock in the morning the watchmen of the Revenue quay were much surprised at descrying a man disporting himself in the water, about a hundred yards from the shore. Intimation having been given to the Revenue-boat's crew, they pushed off and succeeded in picking him up; but, strange to say, he had no idea whatever of his perilous situation; and it was with the utmost difficulty they could persuade him that he was not still in bed. But the most singular part of this novel adventure, and which was afterward ascertained, was, that the man had left his house at 12 o'clock that night and walked through a difficult and, to him, a dangerous road a distance of nearly two miles, and had actually swam one mile and a half, when he was fortunately discovered and picked up.

A fact is related by Dr. Macnish of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again, being all the time asleep. The Archbishop of Bordeaux mentions a similar case of a student who got up to compose a sermon while asleep, wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, made corrections on it, scratched out lines and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote it accurately down, and performed other things equally surprising. It is also narrated of Castelli that he was found one night in the act of translating from Italian into French, and looked for words in a dictionary, while asleep. His candle being extinguished he found himself in the dark, groped for a candle, and went to light it again at the kitchen fire. Dr. Gall takes notice of a miller who was in the habit of getting up every night and attending to his usual avocation at the mill, then returning to bed; on awaking in the morning he recollected nothing of what had passed during the night.

The following anecdote has been preserved in a family of rank in Scotland, the descendants of a distinguished lawyer of the last age. This eminent person had been consulted respecting a case of great importance and much difficulty, and he had been studying it with intense anxiety and attention. After several days had been occupied in this manner, he was observed by his wife to rise from his bed in the night and go to a writing-desk which stood in the room. He then sat down and wrote a long paper, which he put carefully by in the desk, and returned to bed. The following morning he told his wife that he had had a most interesting dream; that he had dreamed of delivering a clear and

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luminous opinion respecting a case which had exceedingly perplexed him, and that he would give any thing to recover the train of thought which had passed before him in his dream. She then directed him to his writing-desk, where he found the opinion clearly and fully written out, and which was afterward found to be perfectly correct.

SLEEP-TALKING

is sometimes connected with sleep-walking; and it is frequently the case that the former is manifested alone, probably when the organ of language is active in combination with other parts of the brain. Dr. Binns illustrates this by reference to the history of a young man of culture, of robust constitution, and aged eighteen years, who went to Syra from a town on the Black Sea, to follow his studies at the Gymnasium. It frequently happened that almost immediately after falling asleep he arose and made remarkable declamations. Sometimes he recited very long speeches from Xenophon with perfect accuracy, although when awake he could not remember but a few lines. One night he wrote the theme he had to deliver the next day. In the morning, having overslept himself, he was vexed at not having time to prepare himself for his tutor, and great, therefore, was his astonishment at finding on his table his stipulated composition, written with his own hand, folded, and ready to be delivered.

The Archbishop of Bordeaux relates the case of a subject who asked for a glass of brandy to warm him. As there was none at hand, they gave him water; but he detected the imposition, and again demanded brandy. He then drank a glass of strong liquor, and seemed refreshed; but, without awaking, lay down, and continued to sleep soundly.

One of the most remarkable cases of sleep-talking on record is given in *Fraser's Magazine*. It was that of a young American lady who preached during her sleep, performing regularly every part of the Presbyterian service, from the Psalm to the benediction:

"This lady was the daughter of respectable, even wealthy parents. She fell into bad health, and under its influence disturbed and annoyed her family by her nocturnal eloquence. Her unhappy parents, though at first surprised, and perhaps flattered, by the exhibition in their family of so extraordinary a gift, were at last convinced that it was the result of disease; and in the expectation that their daughter might derive benefit from a change of scene, as well as from medical skill, they made a tour with her of some length, and visited New York and some of the other great cities of the Union. We know individuals who have heard her preach during the night in steamboats; and it was customary at the tea-parties in New York to put the lady to bed in a room adjoining the tea-room, in order that the dilettanti might witness so extraordinary a phenomenon. We have been told by ear-witnesses that her sermons, although they had the appearance of connected discourses, consisted chiefly of texts of Scripture strung together."

In Darwin's "Zoönomia" we read of a very singular case of somnambulism and sleep-talking combined. A very ingenious and elegant young lady, about seventeen years of age, in other respects well, was suddenly seized with this very wonderful malady. The disease began with violent convulsions of almost every muscle of the body, with great but vain efforts to vomit, and the most violent hiccoughs that can be imagined; these were succeeded in about one hour with a fixed spasm, in which one hand was applied to her head, and the other to support it. In about half an hour these ceased, and the sleep began suddenly, and was at first manifest by the look of her eyes and countenance, which seemed to express attention. Then she conversed aloud with imaginary persons, with her eyes open, and could not for about an hour be brought to attend to the stimulus of external objects by any kind of violence which it was possible to use. These symptoms returned in this order every day for five or six weeks. The conversations were quite consistent, and her hearers could understand what she supposed her imaginary companions to answer by the continuation of her part of the discourse. Sometimes she was angry, at other times showed much wit and vivacity, but was most frequently inclined to melancholy. She sometimes sang over some music with accuracy, and repeated whole passages from the English poets. In repeating some lines from Pope's works she had forgotten one word, and began again, endeavoring to recollect it; when she came to the word it was shouted aloud in her ears, and this repeatedly, to no purpose; but by many trials she at length regained it herself. Those paroxysms were terminated with the appearance of inexpressible surprise, from which she was some minutes in recovering herself, calling on her sister with great agitation, and very frequently undergoing a repetition of convulsions, apparently from the pain of fear. After having thus returned for about an hour each day for two or three weeks, the reveries seemed to become less complete, and some of the circumstances varied, so that she could walk about the room in her sleep without falling against any of the furniture, though these motions were at first very unsteady and tottering. And afterward she drank a dish of tea, when the whole apparatus of the tea-table was set before her, and expressed some suspicion that a medicine was put into it; and once seemed to smell at a tuberose which was in flower in her chamber, and deliberated aloud about breaking it from the stem, saying it would make her sister so charmingly angry. At another time, in her melancholy moments, she heard the bell ring, and then taking off one of her shoes as she sat upon the bed, she said, "I love the color black; a little wider, and a little longer, and even this might make me a coffin!" Yet it was evident that she was not sensible at that time, any more than formerly, of seeing or hearing any person about her. When great light was thrown upon her by opening the shutters of the window, she appeared to be less melancholy. When her hands were forcibly held, or when her eyes were

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covered, she appeared to grow impatient, and would say that she could not tell what to do, for she could neither see nor move. In all these conditions her pulse continued unaffected as in health. And when the paroxysm was over, she could never recollect a single idea of what had passed.

DREAMS.

"How strange is sleep! When his dark spell lies
On the drowsy lids of human eyes,
The years of a life will float along
In the compass of a page's song;
And the mountain's peak and the ocean's dye
Will scarce give food to his passing eye."

Of the natural history and philosophy of dreams many different theories have been held, which, placed side by side, would form a good study for the curious. "In dreams," says a German philosopher, "a species of genial vegetation arrests the wearing strife between mind and body, and by associating them more closely together, restores and regenerates our existence."

Tertullian thought that dreams came from God as one species of prophecy, though many dreams may be attributed to the agency of demons. St. Augustine relates a dream by which Germadius, a Carthaginian physician, was convinced of the immortality of the soul by the apparition to him in his sleep of a young man, who reasoned with him on the subject, and argued that as he could see when his bodily eyes were closed in sleep, so he would find that, when his bodily senses were extinct in death, he would see and hear and feel with the senses of the spirit.

Baxter also, in his treatise on the "Immortality of the Soul," endeavors to show that dreams are produced by the agency of some spiritual beings, who either amuse or employ themselves seriously in engaging mankind in all those imaginary transactions with which they are employed in dreaming. The theory of Democritus and Lucretius is equally whimsical. They accounted for dreams by supposing that spectres and simulacra of corporeal things, emitted from them and floating up and down in the air, come and assault the soul in sleep. The most prevailing doctrine is that of the Cartesians, who supposed that the mind was continually active in sleep; in other words, that during this state we were always dreaming. Hazlitt, in his "Round Table," has taken the same view of the subject, and alleges that if a person is awakened at any given time, and asked what he has been dreaming about, he will at once be recalled to a train of associations with which his mind had been busied previously.

All philosophers seem to agree at least in one point—that dreams occur only during an imperfect sleep. Some philosophers, however, go so far as to maintain that there is a close analogy between dreaming and insanity. Dr. Abercrombie, in his work on "The Intellectual Powers," defines the difference between the two states to be, that in the latter the erroneous impression, being permanent, affects the conduct; whereas in dreaming no influence on the conduct is produced, because the vision is dissipated on awaking. And Dr. Rush has remarked that a dream may be considered as a transient paroxysm of delirium, and delirium as a permanent dream.

The complex character of dreams illustrates how fearfully and wonderfully constructed is the human mind. Dr. Macnish, who has written learnedly on the "Philosophy of Sleep," maintains that "during the actual process of any particular dream we are never conscious that we are really dreaming." The writer of this article places over against this position his own experience, which we can not suppose to be isolated. When dreaming he has frequently thought, "I must try and remember this." But all such instances, it must be allowed, have most frequently occurred almost immediately before awaking, which shows that the reasoning powers at such times had almost thrown off the shackles of the "drowsy god."

Dr. Fosgate says that "when the mind has been particularly excited upon a particular subject preceding sleep, it seems as though the same subject, modified and oftentimes richly embellished, in harmony with the mental constitution of the individual, is prolonged during sleep." A beautiful illustration is to be found in the recital of his toils and privations in the deserts of Africa by the English missionary Mr. Moffat. "We continue," he said, "our slow and silent march. The tongue, cleaving to the roof of the mouth from thirst, made conversation most difficult. At last we reached the long wished-for waterfall; but it was too late to ascend the hill. We laid our heads on our saddles. The last sound we heard was the distant roar of the lion; but we were too much exhausted to feel any thing like fear. Sleep came to our relief, and it seemed made up of scenes the most lovely. I felt as if engaged in roving among ambrosial bowers, hearing sounds of music as if from angels' harps. I seemed to pass from stream to stream, in which I bathed, and slaked my thirst at many a crystal fount flowing from mountains enriched with living green. These pleasures continued till morning, when we awoke, speechless with thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning like a coal."

DREAMS OF AUTHORS.

Persons of bad digestion, especially hypochondriacs, are harassed with visions of the most frightful nature. This fact was well known to the celebrated Mrs. Radcliffe, who, for the purpose of filling her sleep with those phantoms of horror which she has so forcibly embodied in the "Mysteries of Udolpho" and "Romance of the Forest," is said to have supped upon the most indigestible substances; while Dryden and Fuseli, with the opposite view of having splendid dreams, are reported to have eaten raw flesh.

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It was in a dream that Coleridge composed his splendid fragment of "Kubla Khan," of which he himself gives the following account:

"In the summer of the year 1797 the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in 'Purchas's Pilgrimage:' 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he had the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that, indeed, can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole; and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly wrote down the lines that are here preserved."

Thus it is often the case that the compositions, the reasonings, and the poems which we concoct in sleep are occasionally superior to those produced in waking hours, arising probably from an obliviousness to every thing else, and therefore a more intense concentration of thought upon the one subject. Such was the case with Cabanis, who often, during dreams, saw clearly into the bearings of political events which had baffled him when awake; and with Condorcet, who, when engaged in some deep and complicated calculations, was frequently obliged to leave them in an unfinished state, and retire to rest, when the results to which they led were at once unfolded in dreams. They are, however, generally incongruous and absurd; and however connected and complete they may appear in the dream hour, on awaking they are seen to be ridiculous and absurd. "In dreams," says Dr. Parr, when alluding to this point, "we seem to reason, to argue, to compose; and in all these circumstances during sleep we are highly gratified, and think that we excel. If, however, we remember our dreams, ur reasonings we find to be weak, our arguments we find to be inconclusive, and our compositions trifling and absurd."

INCONGRUITY OF DREAMS.

Of the inconsistency and want of congruity in dreams, generally speaking, Hood, in his "Whims and Oddities," gives a curious illustration:

"It occurred when I was on the eve of marriage, a season when, if lovers sleep sparingly, they dream profusely. A very brief slumber sufficed to carry me, in the night coach, to Bognor. It had been concerted between Honoria and myself that we should pass the honey-moon at some such place upon the coast. The purpose of my solitary journey was to procure an appropriate dwelling, and which, we had agreed upon, should be a pleasant little house with an indispensable look-out on the sea. I chose one accordingly—a pretty villa with bow-windows, and a prospect delightfully marine. The ocean murmur sounded incessantly from the beach. A decent elderly body, in decayed sables, undertook on her part to promote the comfort of the occupants by every suitable attention, and, as she assured me, at a very reasonable rate. So far the nocturnal faculty had served me truly; a day-dream could not have proceeded more orderly; but, alas! just here, when the dwelling was selected, the sea-view was secured, the rent agreed upon—when every thing was plausible, consistent, and rational, the incoherent fancy crept in, and confounded all by marrying me to the old woman of the house."

DREAM-SPECTRES.

Charles Dickens, in one of his ephemeral publications, illustrates the fact that the brain makes ghosts both sleeping and waking. Two of these are worth recording, as they will help to explain a multitude of others of a similar character. A man was lying in troubled sleep, when a phantom with the cold hand of a corpse seized his right arm. Awaking in horror, he found upon his arm the impression of the cold hand of the corpse, and it was only after reflecting that he found the terrible apparition to be due to the deadening of his own left hand on a frosty night, which had subsequently grasped his right arm. This was a real ghost of the brain, which the awakening of the senses and the understanding explained.

M. Gratiolet narrates a dream of his own, which is singularly illustrative of how the brain makes ghosts in sleep. Many years ago, when occupied in studying the organization of the brain, he prepared a great number both of human and animal brains. He carefully stripped off the membranes, and placed the brains in alcohol. Such were his daily occupations, when one night he thought that he had taken out his own brains from his own skull. He stripped it of its membranes; he put it into alcohol; and then he fancied he took his brain out of the alcohol and replaced it in the skull. But, contracted by the action of the spirit, it was much reduced in size, and did not at all fill up the skull. He felt it shuffling about in his head. This feeling threw him into such a great perplexity that he awoke with a start, as if from nightmare. M. Gratiolet, every time that he prepared the brain of a man, must have felt that his own resembled it. This impression awakening in a brain imperfectly asleep, while neither the senses nor the judgment were active, the physiologist carried on an operation in his sleep which probably had often occurred to his fancy when at his work, and which had then been summarily dismissed. A pursuit that had at last become one of routine, and the association of himself with his study, explain the bizarre and ghastly dream of M. Gratiolet.

DREAMS OF INTOXICATION.

Such dreams, whether occasioned by the use of alcohol, opium, hasheesh, or any stimulant or narcotic, while they may vary somewhat in their character, according to the drug taken, are still of the same nature. De Quincey, in his "Confessions," has given a great variety of eloquent and appalling descriptions of the effects produced by opium upon the imagination during sleep. Here is one of them:

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"Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life, the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names and images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parokeets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit or in the secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshiped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers, at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and laid confounded with all unutterable slimy things, among reeds and Nilotic mud."

Again the same author says:

"Hitherto the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not so despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to appear; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces; faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upward by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries; my imagination was infinite, my mind tossed and surged with the ocean."

In the ninth volume of the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London" a curious case is given by Archdeacon Squire, of a person who, after having been dumb for years, recovered his speech by means of a dream during a similar condition of sleep, but produced by another cause. One day, in the year 1741, he got very much in liquor, so much so, that on his return home at night to Devizes, he fell from his horse three or four times, and was at last taken up by a neighbor, and put to bed in a house on the road. He soon fell asleep; when, dreaming that he was falling into a furnace of burning wort, it put him into so great an agony of fright, that, struggling with all his might to call out for help, he actually did call aloud, and recovered the use of his tongue that moment, as effectually as he ever had it in his life, without the least hoarseness or alteration in the old sound of his voice.

DREAMS OF THE GUILTY.

Imagination, perhaps, never works so powerfully as in those dreams which haunt the guilty mind. It is then that "horrors on horror's head accumulate." While the criminal may sleep, Conscience, that silent monitor, may be wakeful and active. The guilty man can not away with his remembrance. The blood he shed is still liquid before him, each drop appearing as a terrible accuser. Imagination frequently re-enacts the deed of guilt. In the silence of the night, withdrawn from the busy pursuits of day life, his crimes hover round about him like the furies that followed the footsteps of Orestes. They are his last waking thoughts, to be reproduced in all their naked deformity in his dreams:

"Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And forever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell."

No fiction of romance presents so awful a picture of the ideal tyrant-criminal so disturbed as that of Caligula, by Suetonius. His palace, radiant with purple and gold, but murder every where, lurking beneath flowers; his smiles and echoing laughter masking (yet hardly meant to mask) his foul treachery of heart; his hideous and tumultuous dreams; his baffled sleep and his sleepless nights compose the picture of an Æschylus. What a master's sketch lies in those few lines!

"But, above all, he was tormented with nervous irritation, with sleeplessness; for he enjoyed not more than three hours of nocturnal repose; nor even these, in pure, untroubled rest; but agitated with phantasmata of portentous augury; as, for example, on one occasion he fancied that he saw the sea, under some definite impersonation, conversing with himself. Hence it was, from this incapacity of sleeping, and from weariness of lying awake, that he had fallen into habits of ranging all the night long through the palace, sometimes throwing himself on a couch, and sometimes wandering among the vast corridors, watching from the earliest dawn and anxiously invoking its approach."

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

The occasional premonitions or prophecies communicated in dreams, "in visions of the night; when deep sleep falleth upon man," are a mystery which philosophy has so far failed to explain.

Even sacred history affords some illustrations. The most notable, perhaps, is contained in the history of our Saviour during his last trial. "When he [Pilate] was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying: Have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him."

The night before the assassination of Julius Cæsar his wife Calphurnia dreamed that her husband fell bleeding across her knees.

The following case, quoted from the "Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe," shows a remarkable coincidence between the dream and the succeeding calamity:

"My mother being sick to death of a fever three months after I was born, her friends and servants

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thought to all outward appearance that she was dead, and so lay almost two days and a night; but Dr. Winslow, coming to comfort my father, went into my mother's room, and looking earnestly in her face, said: 'She was so handsome, and now looks so lovely, I can not think that she is dead;' and suddenly took a lancet out of his pocket, and with it cut the sole of her foot, which bled. Upon this he immediately caused her to be laid upon the bed again, and to be rubbed, and such means used; when she came to life, and, opening her eyes, saw two of her kinswomen stand by her, my Lady Knollys and my Lady Russell, both with great wide sleeves, as the fashion then was, and said: 'Did you not promise me fifteen years, and are you come again?' which they, not understanding, persuaded her to keep her spirits quiet in that great weakness wherein she was. But some hours after she desired that my father and Dr. Howlsworth might be left alone with her, to whom she said: 'I will acquaint you that during my trance I was in great quiet, but in a place I could neither distinguish nor describe: but the sense of leaving my girl, who is dearer to me than all my children, remained a trouble upon my spirits. Suddenly I saw two by me clothed in long white garments, and methought I fell down upon my face upon the dust; and they asked why I was so troubled in so great happiness? I replied: "Oh let me have the same great grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years, to see my daughter a woman:" to which they answered: "It is done;" and then at that instant I awoke out of my trance.' And Dr. Howlsworth did there affirm that that day she died made just fifteen years from that time."

Lord Stanley relates a singular instance of a premonition communicated in a dream:

"A Lord of the Admiralty, who was on a visit to Mount Edgecombe, and who was much distressed by dreaming, dreamed that, walking on the sea-shore, he picked up a book, which appeared to be the log-book of a ship of war of which his brother was the captain. He opened it, and read an entry of the latitude, longitude, as well as of the day and hour, to which was added: 'Our captain died.' The company endeavored to comfort him by laying a wager that the dream would be falsified by the event; and a memorandum was made in writing of what he had stated, which was afterward confirmed in every particular."

An instance of a similar character is given by Dr. Binns:

"A young man, named John Gray, residing at Cinderford, told his mother, before he went to the Crump Meadow coal-pits, at which he worked, that he dreamed the preceding night (January 14, 1844) that while at work a large stone fell upon and killed him. The mother made light of the dream. Not so the dreamer, who went reluctantly to work, and not until he had returned twice to bid her good-by. The dream was fulfilled. An immense block of stone fell upon and crushed him to death."

The following singular dream of this class is contained in the appendix to a book by the same medical author, and is now quoted as presenting rather a different phase. The statement is said to have been communicated to the author by the Hon. Mr. Talbot, father of the late Countess of Shrewsbury, and is given in his own words and over his own signature:

"In the year 1768 my father, Matthew Talbot, of Castle Talbot, County Wexford, was much surprised at the recurrence of a dream three several times during the same night, which caused him to repeat the whole circumstance to his lady the next morning. He dreamed that he had risen as usual, and descended to his library, the morning being hazy. He then seated himself at his secretaire to write, when happening to look out upon a long avenue of trees, opposite the window, he perceived a man in a blue jacket, mounted on a white horse, coming toward the house. My father arose and opened the window; the man, advancing, presented him with a roll of papers, and told him they were the invoices of a vessel that had been wrecked, and had drifted in during the night on his son-in-law's (Lord Mount Morris) estate, hard by, and signed 'Bell and Stephenson.' My father's attention was called to the dream only from its frequent recurrence; but when he found himself seated at his desk on the misty morning, and beheld the identical person whom he had seen in his dream, in the blue coat, riding on a gray horse, he felt surprised, and, opening the window, awaited the man's approach. He immediately rode up, and drawing from his pocket a packet of papers, gave them to my father, stating that they were invoices belonging to an American vessel which had been wrecked and drifted upon his lordship's estate; that there was no person on board to lay claim to the wreck, but that the invoices were signed 'Stephenson and Bell.' I assure you, my dear Sir, that the above actually occurred, and is most faithfully given."

The last citation is really wonderful, and is attested by many living witnesses; by which it may be seen that a farmer prevented a terrible railroad disaster, near Mansfield, Ohio, at the time of the great freshet in October, 1866. The farmer (a Pennsylvanian) went to bed during the heavy and protracted storm, and dreaming that the filling across a chasm, some hundred feet deep, had given way under a passenger train, and let it down into the abyss, he sprang up to render assistance to the passengers, ran to the door, and was hastening from the house, when his wife awakened him. He related his dream, and again retired, but slept little more during that night. The dream made such a deep impression on his mind that he hastened to the chasm early on the next morning to ascertain its condition. The road was apparently all right, although the water was pouring through the large culvert, as though it would wash the earth away. On the following night the farmer could not rest for thinking of his dream of the preceding night, and again arising, procured his lamp, and proceeded to the chasm. When he arrived there he found, to his terror, that the filling had been washed out, leaving nothing but the unsupported ties and track over the chasm! Hearing the train thundering toward destruction, the farmer clambered across the dreadful break, and running down the road some distance, signaled the approaching train to stop. And so short was the time that when the engineer was able to "hold up" the engine was but a few feet from the chasm. But for this remarkable dream the train would have plunged down the frightful precipice, car upon car, crushing all to death in its ruins.

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MRS. PULLET'S PERVERSION.

I.

"I DO wish Mr. Pullet would be reasonable about it," observed Mrs. Pullet.

"But can't you bring him over by—by persuasion—mild persuasion?" inquired the other party to the dialogue, Mrs. Lamson.

Mrs. Pullet did not like to admit that she had not tried the moral leading-string spoken of; and so, with a woman's native faculty for dodging, she slipped around the point of the question.

"Mercy! I never expect to bring *him* over! The most I hope for is to get liberty to come myself."

"But the children?" said Mrs. Lamson, putting her head on one side and elevating her faintly-defined eyebrows in token of sorrowful anxiety. "Are the poor little darlings to be left to go with their—with Mr. Pullet?"

"I'm afraid so," returned Mrs. Pullet, perking her head also in an almost involuntary imitation of her admired companion. "I've talked to him again and again about it; but it's of no use. He says they shall be brought up to go to the church where he was brought up to go, and where I was brought up to go, and where our parents went before us. Now it's true that pa and ma were professors in the Bethelite church; but that isn't my fault, and I ought not to suffer for it. How could I help it? I didn't bring them up."

"Certainly not," answered Mrs. Lamson, sighing over Mrs. Pullet's helplessness in the matter of educating her parents.

"Certainly not," echoed Mrs. Pullet, repeating with curious exactness that feeble and stammering drawl which to her seemed so aristocratic and fascinating. Her own natural style of utterance was a vigorous and rapid twitter, not unlike that of a canary. The difference between the two women was pretty much this: Mrs. Pullet had nothing to say, and said it energetically as though it was something; Mrs. Lamson had also nothing to say, and did not say it, at least not often. This latter person might truly be called a woman out of ten thousand; for that is about as often as you find one of her sex who is slow of thought and of speech. There was a feeble connection or an imperfect insulation in the apparatus of her intellectual batteries, so that with her the transmission of ideas and even of words was a performance which demanded considerable time and effort. In homespun phrase, very significant when understood, her conceptions overran their time. For instance, you addressed an observation to her; you received no answer, and supposed that she had not heard you; you passed to other topics, and forgot the late utterance of your wisdom; and then, much puzzling you, came the belated response of Mrs. Lamson. It had taken all this time for the damp powder of her trains of thought to get afire and reach the poorly stored magazine. Of course her remarks were perpetually breaking into the conversation with a jarring, confusing effect, like the echoes of a hall constructed on bad acoustic principles. Her vocal utterance was equally sluggish with her mental action, and reminded you of the slow striking of a clock exposed to frosty weather. But Mrs. Pullet, poetic little soul that she was, saw all these imperfections as beauties. Mrs. Lamson was a woman of genteel fortune and pedigree; she was at least a hundred thousand dollars and one generation higher in the social scale than her companion; and hence the latter's unquestioning admiration and subservience.

"What does he think of the—book?" inquired Mrs. Lamson, after a strong intellectual struggle to come at the question.

"What—the one you sent him? That geological book? Oh, delighted with it. He read it straight through, and said he was ever so much obliged to you."

"No, not that. I mean the one I sent *you. The Ninety-nine Reasons why a Bethelite Sexton became a Pontifical Warden.*"

"Oh—that? I'm afraid it didn't touch him," sighed Mrs. Pullet. "He finished with it pretty quick. I guess he skipped a good deal of it."

"Mercy! skipped!" exclaimed Mrs. Lamson, lifting two thin hands of astonishment, and thinking with unaccustomed vigor under the excitement caused by this information. "And yet Mr. Pullet is called intelligent! He must have missed the force of the argument. Couldn't you explain it to him, dear?"

Now as Mrs. Pullet did not care to admit that she had not read the book herself, and was therefore quite incapable of expounding it, she had again to show her dodging capacity and skip off to some other subject.

"Ye—s. But you don't know how obstinate he is in arguing. I say the same thing over to him a dozen times, and still he won't see the force of it. I tell him, and have told him over and over again, that my uncle Jackson's second wife is a born Pontificalian; but he makes no more account of it than if she was a born fool. I ask him if he can't see with his own eyes how much more tasty a Pontifical church always is than a Bethelite church—"

"A Bethelite meeting-house," interposed Mrs. Lamson, with an unnatural quickness, a rushing inspiration of satire, which nearly took her breath away. It seemed to her as if her intellection had suddenly become a cataract and she were plunging wildly down it, blinded by its spray and stunned by its uproar.

"Ye—s, a Bethelite meeting-house," assented Mrs. Pullet, again parroting unconsciously the slow utterance and ineffective simper of her lady-patroness. "That's just the name for it. And so—well, what was I saying? I declare I've forgotten."

Mrs. Lamson was too laboriously engaged in catching and harnessing into language one of her own unruly thoughts to give aid in recovering Mrs. Pullet's runaway ideas.

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"My dear," she said at last, leaning feebly forward in the travail of her spirit—"my dear, have you tried—appeal?"

"Appeal?" murmured Mrs. Pullet, puzzled by the somewhat obscure conciseness of the expression.

"Yes—appeal," mildly insisted Mrs. Lamson, hoping that the word would convey an idea to her listener which as yet it had but vaguely impressed upon herself. She knew that it was a good sort of word, much used in speaking of serious things, and she had a qualified confidence that some beneficent result might come of pronouncing it.

"Well—do you mean appeal to his conscience?" inquired Mrs. Pullet, making a desperate plunge into the enigma in order not to balk her friend's expectations.

"Yes, to his conscience," replied Mrs. Lamson, greatly relieved to find that she had meant something. If Mrs. Pullet had suggested affection, or reason, or even perhaps stomach, as the thing to be appealed to, she would have assented with equal helplessness.

"Well—no—I can't say that I have," stammered Mrs. Pullet, feeling somewhat abased in the confession, and also not a little perplexed by the unaccustomed path of duty thus opened to her footsteps. Without having ever thought at all of the matter, she had arrived, by some process as mysterious to herself as to others, at the conclusion that, appealing to conscience, is purely a clergyman's business, most appropriately done in the pulpit, and best managed when made as little personal as possible. She wondered how she was to go to work at so solemn an office, and she dreaded the ridicule which in her mind attached itself to any unusual show of religious earnestness.

"But do you think it would do any good?" she asked, timidly.

"Oh, a great deal! Always appeal to the conscience," replied Mrs. Lamson, who, like many other ineffective people, was greatest in generalities.

Mrs. Pullet saw that she was commanded, and that it would be good policy to obey. As the business weighed upon her mind, and made her feel the need of solitary meditation, she ended her call, shook out her skirt, sleeked her hair with her forefinger, kissed Mrs. Lamson with effusion, and sailed pensively homeward.

In order to make you understand why this energetic little lady was so anxious to become a recognized Pontificalian, I must explain how social matters stand in our community. A New England town of moderate population, it has been so far favored of Nature as to be environed by many eligible sites for country houses, and to be situated within a brief railroad trip of New York. The result of these circumstances has been the settlement among us, at least during summers, of a score or two of wealthy metropolitan families, who have introduced Gothic architecture, frescoes, stained windows, statuary, private billiard-tables, gold salt-cellars, liveries, coats of arms, and various other elegances. They have not overthrown our native aristocracy; but they have placed themselves on a level with it in the public estimation, and they do certainly surpass it in fashionable trappings. Either through accident or Providential design (our old ladies differ on this point) every one of these families has happened to be an adherent of Pontificacy; and consequently this denomination has taken a fresh start, and grown to be, not perhaps the most numerous, but certainly the wealthiest and the most stylish in the city. Its leaders, whether lay or clerical, male or female, have used their means of influence with admirable intelligence, tact, and courtesy. They have hospitably welcomed converts from other churches; they have received them, not only into their middle aisles, but into their parlors. Wealthy grocers and tanners who had long desired to ascend into the heaven of our genteel society, and had had their aspiring noses snubbed by our hereditary cherubim, discovered that by turning Pontificalians they could place themselves on a seeming of equality with their old contemners. Both history and philosophy teach us that it is not in the nature of some wealthy grocers and tanners to resist such a temptation. Many of ours did not: they quitted the unsocial fields of Bethelism; they were gathered into the hospitable folds of Pontificacy.

As Mrs. Pullet watched her neighbors and former gossips, the Jobsons and the Robsons, fluttering into palatial cottages which opened not to her, she was tormented by that envy which ought to, and perhaps does, plague the crawling caterpillar when he sees his brilliant relatives the butterflies circling around the sumptuous hospitality of the rose and lily. As Correggio cried, "I too am a painter," so Mrs. Pullet cried, "I too am a Pontificalian!"

Unfortunately for the social prospects and domestic peace of the family, its male head was determined not to leave the old church which he had attended ever since he was too young to conceive how the minister could get out of the pulpit. The truth is, that he was a long way from a fool, notwithstanding that he had married Mrs. P. out of pure love and admiration. He had solid notions of social propriety, a born capacity for talking sense consecutively, and, in his dull set, was considered pretty strong as a joker. You who have heard Mrs. Pullet talk will easily believe that such a man was an overmatch for her in an argument. She herself did not easily believe it; for she was one of those respectably numerous individuals who put more faith in their powers than the facts will justify; but there came times, nevertheless, when she felt the need of an ally and comforter. Such at least was her opinion; and such, moreover, was the opinion of Mrs. Lamson; while, as for Mr. Pullet, his judgment was not solicited.

Mrs. Lamson was a born Pontificalian, and a born propagandist. Human nature has a proselyting streak in it, and Pontifical nature is no-

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thing more than human, at least not in persons of Mrs. L.'s calibre. Although a devout and kind-hearted woman, who meant as well as she knew how, she was, I fear, less anxious that her fellow-creatures' souls should go to heaven than that their bodies should go to Pontifical churches. No sooner did she hear that her lively little neighbor was well-disposed toward the correct thing in worship than she quickened a mere bowing acquaintance into an intimacy, and made the Pullets welcome in her aristocratic mansion. I will not go into the particulars of this portion of the story. They were unnaturally wonderful and incessantly delightful to Mrs. Pullet, but they would seem stupidly commonplace to the intelligent public.

Let us hear now what sort of an appeal the lady made to her husband's dead carcass of a conscience. The admitted insensibility of the subject, and a feeling that she lacked the moral galvanism necessary to shock it into life, led her to prorogue her experiment until bedtime, when it might be hoped that darkness and solitude would assist with their irrational yet potent influences. As usual the couple went off at half past ten; and as usual also Mr. Pullet prepared his wife's night-cap; not an article of apparel, please to observe, but something hot. Mrs. Pullet being weakly, or claiming to be so, Mrs. Lamson had recommended Bourbon whisky as being "the best thing, my dear, to take," which in a short time became the opinion of the patient. Mr. Pullet fabricated the dose in person, heating the water over a spirit-lamp, sweetening according to his own cultivated taste, adding a fragrant shaving of lemon-peel, and serving the mixture to his better-half after she was under the coverlet. Students of human nature will not be surprised to learn that he always rewarded himself for this labor of love by mixing a second tumblerful for his own (not pulmonary) consumption. She drank it because she was weak and needed it; he drank it because he was strong and could bear it. Mrs. Pullet, sitting up in bed, used to lecture her husband between sips on the danger he ran of becoming a drunkard. Mr. Pullet, lounging in his dressing-gown on a sofa, took the lecture and the whisky together with a smile of enjoyment. It was usually a peaceful scene and the harbinger of a sound night's slumber. This evening, however, there was a conscience to be awakened, and a specially somniferous one, too, the punch being stronger than common.

"My dear," Mrs. Pullet commenced, "I have been reflecting on your duty."

"I'm much obliged to you, pussy. You see I am working at it," rejoined Mr. Pullet, holding up his half-emptied tumbler.

"I'm convinced," continued the lady, "that you ought to unite with me in attending Doctor Surplus's church."

"Dear me! have you just got around to that again?" laughed Mr. Pullet. "Why, you told me that a month ago."

"Don't let us trifle, Joseph," said Mrs. P., trying to look solemn, but only succeeding in looking cross. "I want you to feel the same spirit this evening that I feel."

"So I do, my dear. Same bottle—same quantity. Goes to your head a little the soonest, perhaps."

"I wish you wouldn't keep making fun of me," returned Mrs. Pullet, descending hastily from her solemnity and beginning to whimper. "I can't say any thing but what you try to make me ridiculous. I'm not a bit tipsy, and you know it, and if I am it's your fault, for you mixed the horrid stuff, and so there!"

Mr. Pullet left his sofa, walked slowly to the bedside and smoothed his wife's wavy black hair with a smile which was partly playful and partly beseeching. Mrs. Pullet sobbed a little, and pretended to jerk her head away from the caresses, but could not prevent her eyes from taking a softer brightness.

"You don't care any thing about me," she whispered. "It's all a pretense."

"Mr. Pullet put his arm around the curly head, lifted it, held it against his lips for a moment, and then walked back smiling to his whisky-and-water. It is evident, is it not? that the man had a very seared conscience and a very stony heart? Mrs. Pullet now remained silent a few seconds, either because this little episode had confused her train of argument, or because she was thinking of the old times when as yet sectarian polemics had not broken the family peace. A pull at the punch and a thought of Mrs. Lamson enabled her to raise her drooping banner and charge anew upon the enemy.

"I wish you'd read those *Ninety-nine Reasons of a Bethelite Sexton* again," she said. "I'm sure they are enough to convince you, if you'd only try not to be prejudiced."

"My dear child, I would do almost any thing to oblige you," replied Pullet. "But really it is a very stupid book, and rather than read it again I would apostatize without a reason. But suppose," he continued, with a mischievous twinkle, "suppose you should read it to me."

Now Mrs. Pullet not only had not perused the *Ninety-nine Reasons*, but did not wish to. Why should she? She was convinced without it. Besides, she was not addicted to reading, and rarely went beyond the depth of a newspaper story. But she perceived the satire of her husband's proposition, and resented it as the easiest way of evading it.

"Ain't you ashamed, Joseph? You know I can't read loud a minute. You know how weak my chest is. You're just as thoughtless of my health as you can be."

"I beg your pardon, my dear; I quite forgot," replied Mr. Pullet, assuming a properly grave expression. "No, no, I wouldn't have you read it to me for the world," he added, looking mischievous again.

"I never saw such a prejudiced person," snapped the lady. "You fairly hate the Pontifical church. You hate Pontificalians. You

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are as bitter against your fellow-Christians as if they were Turks or cannibals."

When Mrs. Pullet brought a charge against any one who had excited her wrath—her husband, for instance—she did it much after the fashion of a legal indictment, combining in one enormous mass of accusation all the infamies of which he could possibly be guilty.

"Come, pussy, you do me injustice," remonstrated Pullet. "I deny that I am bitter against Turks and cannibals, or even against Pontificalians. I don't hate Pontificacy. I admit the right and reason of every Pontificalian to be what he is. If I had been brought up a Pontificalian I should remain one. As I was brought up a Bethelite I remain a Bethelite. I think I have no prejudices either way. I stay where I am, partly because of old associations—partly for the thought of my father and mother, and all the by-gone Pullets that I ever heard of—Bethelites, every one; partly for the sake of my living relations, some of whom love our church dearly, and would be pained to see me leave it."

"I should be ashamed," sneered Mrs. Pullet, "to be domineered over by my aunts, and uncles, and cousins."

Mr. Pullet laughed with a slightly vexed air at his wife's insinuation. He, too, was growing argumentative and sectarian under the combined influence of nutmeg, lemon-peel, hot water, whisky, and contradiction.

"The Pontificalians are a great deal more stylish than the Bethelites," continued Mrs. Pullet, not forgetful as she spoke that her husband's kin were mostly plain people. "Their churches are always more tasty than ours. They don't have any horrid extemporaneous prayers and stupid doctrinal sermons. The chants are perfectly charming, and the responses are lovely. And then the funeral service, oh! I never hear it but I feel as though I wanted to die."

"I would as lieve die as hear it myself," retorted Pullet, who in his heart admired the funeral service as much as any one, but who just now was irritated at hearing his own church abused.

"Ain't you ashamed, Joseph?" exclaimed the lady. "It is perfectly sublime. Nobody but Pontificalians could have written it. Well, I should like to know what you are grinning at now."

"I've always understood that it is composed chiefly of extracts from the Bible, and that the old Catholic Church had something to do with putting it together," observed the man of seared conscience.

"I suppose you'll smirk just the same when it's read over me," pursued Mrs. Pullet, evading the historical question. "I mean it shall be. And perhaps it'll be very soon too. Oh, Joseph! you will, won't you?—you will let that beautiful service be read over me when I'm carried to my last resting-place!" concluded the pathetic little woman.

"My dear, with the greatest pleasure," smiled that cold-blooded Pullet.

Ladies, are you at all surprised that this persecuted wife burst into tears, and continued to gurgle hysterically until her Bluebeard of a husband was brought to repentance? When they quarreled it was invariably the worser half (as of course it should be) who made the first move for a reconciliation; for the conscious rectitude of Mrs. Pullet, and a sense of the dignity of her sex's feebleness, would not allow *her* to ask pardon. Having obtained verbal forgiveness, the marital monster turned off the gas and went to bed, resolving to pursue the controversy no further. But now came Mrs. Pullet's hour and the power of darkness. Who supposes that this domestic tyrant is going to be allowed to sleep? The debate ceased, indeed, for fifteen or twenty minutes, but it was because the champion of Bethelism made no defense, and not because the champion of Pontificacy suspended her attack. In proportion as the—lemon-peel mounted higher in her head, in proportion as her adversary seemed to sink submissively before her, the lady argued more zealously in favor of a seat in the broad aisle at the feet of Doctor Surplus. For twenty minutes, I say, Mr. Pullet remained dumb; yet it was not, alas! because his conscience had been touched—it was only because the hardened wretch hated to quarrel with his wife.

"And so you *will* take a seat there, won't you?" inquired the breathless lady at last.

"No," said Mr. Pullet, who could not control his spirit of opposition now that he was forced to speak.

"No? Why, Joseph, I thought you said you would."

"No, I didn't say I would," insisted Joseph in a dogged monotone.

"But you didn't say you wouldn't, and I thought, of course, you would; and why didn't you speak if you wasn't going to?" whined Mrs. Pullet.

"I didn't say it because I didn't mean it; and I tell you I won't do it," persisted Joseph, as disobliging as his celebrated namesake in the discussion with Mrs. Potiphar.

Now this was a style of talk which naturally inflamed Mrs. Pullet to indignation.

"Well, if you choose to stay where you are, stay!" she snapped; "and I'll go to Doctor Surplus's alone."

"I object," responded Mr. Pullet.

"What for?" asked Mrs. P., a little startled by the firm tone in which this new position was stated.

"Because I don't want to see the family separated. It never has been, and there is no reason why it should be. You have got through thirty years where you are, and it won't hurt you to try it for another thirty."

"Oh, you are quarreling with me," whimpered the lady. "I don't see why you need quarrel."

"It is your own work," retorted Pullet.

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"You bring in this new element of dispute. Remain what you always have been, and there will be no trouble. You know that I married you for a Bethelite."

"You didn't!"

"I did!"

"Well, have it your own way," gurgled Mrs. Pullet. She began to cry, but, nevertheless, she did not give up the debate; for the punch, as I have remarked, was stronger than usual. "I don't care," she went on. "I admire Doctor Surplus. I love the Pontifical Church. I want to go to it. I will."

"Confound the Pontifical Church! Hang Doctor Surplus!" exclaimed the irritated Pullet. "It is too bad that such trumpery should come between me and my wife. It is the only thing that has ever made us fight. I say, confound the whole rubbish!"

The poor man was talking loudly now, determined to hear himself express his own feelings.

"I'm disgusted at you. You are perfectly horrible. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" was the soothing reply.

"No!" thundered Pullet, resolved to put down that supposition without loss of time.

"Oh! I'm afraid of you. I don't want you to stay with me!" sobbed the lady.

"Very well," retorted Pullet, desperately, and landed on his legs in the middle of the chamber. He lighted a candle, stuck his feet into slippers, grasped his daily apparel and started for the spare bedroom. Now there was unquestionably a rat about the house, and very possibly a robber; and Mrs. Pullet would have been scared out of her meagre wits at the appearance of either of those desperate characters; so that when she saw herself about to be left solus she concluded that even a Bethelite husband would be better company than nobody.

"Oh, I don't want to stay alone!" she cried, sitting up in bed, and staring piteously after Mr. Pullet. "Oh, please don't go away! Oh, I'm afraid! Oh, Joseph, you'll kill me!"

Joseph stopped in the hall and reflected. "Pshaw! it's the punch," he thought. "It was stronger than usual. We never had such a scene before. Of course I won't go. Ridiculous!"

For the satisfaction of those who sympathize with and admire Mrs. Pullet I will state that he did not go. Nor was the battle renewed either that night or the morrow. Mr. Pullet was angry with himself, and even excessively humiliated when he remembered the savage energy of his defense, and how easily it had overthrown the rash yet faint-hearted enemy. Mrs. Pullet shuddered whenever she thought of her husband's rush for the spare bedroom, which seemed to her the very next step to divorce attended by division of the children (perhaps with a sword, as in the days of Solomon), and lifelong exposure to rats, robbers, etc.

You have probably seen two kittens spit at each other with bristling backs and the next moment lick each other all over in amity; and you may be assured that this little feline drama is not a bad likeness of what sometimes happens in human families of most respectable standing. Do you suppose that two "miserable sinners" can become perfected saints simply by going to the altar together? Do you suppose because husband and wife occasionally exchange stinging words that therefore there is no love between them? I tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Pullet were very fond of each other, and that either would have been miserable had the other died, notwithstanding that this was not the first time that their constant contact had produced unpleasant friction.

The contest was, however, so much severer than any preceding one that for a week or two they bore each other's many infirmities with patience, and were more loving than usual. Mrs. Pullet, being of an elastic, light-hearted nature, recovered from the shock the quickest. Moreover, her natural craving for select and intelligent society led her to plunge anew into the companionship of Mrs. Lamson, whom she had shunned for a few days with a dim impression that in so doing she was avoiding a tempter. Mrs. Lamson very naturally inquired how she had succeeded in her appeal to Mr. Pullet's conscience. It grieves me to confess that Mrs. Pullet, while loving her husband very much, did nevertheless make disclosure of all his tyranny of will and intemperance of language. She did not mean to do it, but somehow or other she began, and before she knew it she had finished.

"Dear me!" frequently exclaimed Mrs. Lamson during the recital. "Is it possible? Well, I *am* shocked. You poor creature! And so you answered him patiently, did you? Well, that was right; but it must have required grace. How could he! And Mr. Pullet *appears* so good-hearted. Truly the age of intolerance is not past."

"No, indeed it is not," meekly answered Mrs. Pullet, beginning to think herself a martyr of whom the world was not more than half worthy.

"I should like to see Mr. Lamson forbid me being a Pontificalian!" said the elder lady, with a momentary gush of milk-and-water combativeness.

As Lamson was a Pontificalian of the straitest sect this wish was not likely to find fulfillment.

"But if he did, what should you do?" imagined Mrs. Pullet, anxious for a guide-post to direct her out of her own real perplexity.

"My dear—I—I don't know," replied Mrs. Lamson, much alarmed and confused by the supposition the moment it was pressed home to her.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Pullet, "you would go straight on—"

"In the path of duty," interrupted Mrs. Lamson, with one of those gleams of intelligence and energy which sometimes flashed from

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her, astonishing herself more than any body else. "Yes, my dear, straight on in the path of duty. And—and—if you want my advice, my child, let me urge you to go and do likewise," closed the good lady, quoting Scripture with her usual pertinency.

So Mrs. Pullet had another general direction, of immense moral significance to the world at large, but not so distinctly applicable to her own little project as she could have desired. However, she was one of those happily constructed natures who can turn almost any virtuous maxim to suit their own pleasures; in other words, she generally concluded that to walk in the path of duty is the same sort of traveling as to have one's own way. The path which she now struck into was the flagged sidewalk which led to St. Michael's Church. She had often been there before, for she had a standing invitation to sit in the Lamson slip, and she was not a woman to throw the cold water of neglect upon the flame of any stylish friendship. Now, however, with that blessed word "duty" to sustain her, and with a consciousness, moreover, that she had a grievance to fling into her husband's face if he opposed her fancy, she inclined to Pontificacy more openly than ever before, and seldom passed a Sunday without sitting at least half a day at the feet of Dr. Surplus. Being a quick little woman, with a good memory for things she liked to learn, she was very happy in her wrestlings with the difficulties of the Prayer-Book. It was agreeable to observe the flutter of pleasure which thrilled her robes and ribbons when she found the place. She looked at the spot twice to be sure that she was right; then glanced at the audience and rector as if to see whether they had noticed her success.

Of course it was her duty and her desire to join in the responses, but not having been accustomed from childhood to "speak in meeting," she was afraid. Once when she tried it her voice failed her, decaying suddenly into a tremulous squeak, which so mortified her that she blushed crimson, and thought the whole congregation must be staring at her with anger or contempt. But Mrs. Lamson was not a woman to let a new convert stop thus at midway in a holy pilgrimage. So Mrs. Pullet at last took up this cross, and was almost equally relieved and mortified to find that the little whisper which she dropped amidst the general solemn murmur attracted no more notice than her sixpence in the contribution-box. Impunity leads to audacity; and she very soon became "as bold as brass about those responses;" at least such was the exulting confession which she made to Mrs. Jobson.

II.

While Mrs. Pullet bowed the knee at St. Michael's, her husband, as was his respectable wont, neither said nor did any thing extraordinary. It vexed him indeed not a little that his wife should leave him to run after strange worships, more especially as he had neither sympathy nor respect for her motives; but he was so ashamed of his late violence, and so resolved not to fall into like error again, that he kept his mouth shut and suffered Mrs. P. to follow her own devices. Sunday after Sunday he attended her to the door of Doctor Surplus's temple, left her there without a grumble, and passed on with the children to the sanctuary of his own childhood.

He believed that he was showing kindliness and magnanimity, and hoped that the attraction of these virtues would quietly bring his wife back to him. Such an idea never once occurred to Mrs. Pullet; she looked upon herself as the only aggrieved member of the family. If she thought of kindliness and magnanimity at all, she supposed that it was she who exhibited those noble and endearing qualities. She considered her husband's conduct a mixture of stupidity, obstinacy, sectarian prejudice, and private revenge; and she inflamed herself daily against him in her solitary meditations and in her dialogues with Mrs. Lamson. At last she resolved to bring matters to a crisis; to let Mr. Pullet know that she would no longer submit to his systematic persecutions; to establish her position, not only in private but in public, as a Pontificalian and aristocrat.

"My dear," she began, with more of a tremor in her voice than she had expected, "there is a half slip to let at St. Michael's. It is only twenty dollars. I want some money to take it."

"My dear," replied Mr. Pullet, "there is a whole slip at your service in our church. No one occupies it but your husband and children. If you don't like to be seen sitting with them, they will stay at home half of every Sunday and let you have it to yourself."

Tears of anger and disappointment started into Mrs. Pullet's eyes; but she retorted with an irony which she meant should burn like vitriol.

"I thank you, Sir. You are very kind, Sir. I am much obliged to you, Sir. How very good you are, Sir! He! he! he!—ha! ha! ha!"

Beginning with a hysterical giggle she struggled on into a passion of angry crying, wishing that she had never got married, and that she was dead; to all of which I fear that her husband was tempted to respond, Amen. However, he was destined to retract all that he had said, as well as some things that he had not said. After a woman has cried a certain time at a man, the latter instinctively takes it for granted that he is a miserable rascal, a brute, a gorilla, and falls to exculpating himself, if not to begging forgiveness. Mr. Pullet followed the custom of his sex, and dissolved to penitence under his wife's tears.

"My dear child, I hate to vex you so," said he. "I had no idea you would take it so hardly. I assure you I am very sorry. There's nothing pains me or mortifies me so much as this sort of scene between us. Come, dear,

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don't go on so. You are not strong enough to stand it."

Mrs. Pullet went on a good while, however, for she was strong enough to stand it, although her husband was not. At last a double-eagle squeezed its way into the hand of the distressed lady. At the sight of this *rara avis* her ruffled feathers smoothed themselves, and her little bill met Mr. Pullet's beak with a cooing murmur and a forgiving caress.

"Oh, Joseph! you are *real* good. I knew you would be when you realized how I feel on this subject. There—there—there; stop, don't stir, Joseph; you shall have a kiss for every dollar."

Plain conjugal kisses, without a spice of romance or danger in them, are dear at a dollar apiece; and Joseph was as well aware of that commercial fact as any other man who has been married for ten years. He knew that he was being not only overworked but underpaid; and as is usual with people thus wronged, he felt like rejecting his wages; in fact he did so, drawing away from Mrs. Pullet in the midst of her bussing. His feelings having once taken this unamiable turn, it was natural that they should roll straight onward for a while, according to the custom of—well, things in general. It annoyed him to remember that he had been brought to hire a seat in St. Michael's; and perhaps it annoyed him still more to think that Mrs. Pullet had proved herself the cock of the walk. He sought for a vengeance and found one.

"My dear," said he, "if you choose to spend that money on a slip, why you can do so, of course. But I gave it to you for a dress. You remember your birthday comes to-morrow."

I must confess that it was a cruel turn, and also that Mrs. Pullet did not bear it like a martyr. She loved new dresses with more than the common ardor of woman, and she felt now that she needed a more copious provision of them than ever before, inasmuch as Doctor Surplus's congregation was the most fashionable one of the city. She reasoned, she pleaded, she scolded, she wept, and all uselessly; for Joseph had cooled off from one fit of tender compunction, and could not immediately heat up to another. So Mrs. Pullet sought the satisfaction of a lady in rejecting the dress with scorn, in accepting the slip as the only truly desirable thing that her husband ever gave her, and in declaring that she would go to St. Michael's if she went ragged.

Now, then, the little woman had a claim on good society. She paid for a seat in the Pontifical Church, and sounded the responses from it morning and afternoon every Sunday. It was in the side aisle, to be sure, for twenty dollars could not get the best; but it was nearly abreast of the Lamsons, and a little ahead of the Robsons and Jobsons. It seemed to her that she had clambered up to the spot where the load of plebeianism ought to fall from her, as Christian's burden was loosed from his shoulders on the hill Difficulty. But her bundle did not come off as easily as she had a right to expect. There were several reasons why the aristocrats of St. Michael's did not at once give a succession of balls in honor of Mrs. Pullet. In the first place, they did not think of it. In the second place, supposing the idea had been broached to them, how could they invite *Mrs.* without *Mr.?* Finally, candidates for the favor of St. Michael's were getting rather numerous of late, and consequently were not welcomed so warmly as aforetime. Mrs. Lamson, indeed, was both able and willing to stamp Mrs. Pullet for fashionable circulation; but she did not do it for various reasons, one of which was that same common one—that she did not think of it. How could she suspect that her convert's sole object in joining the true Church was to get among fine people? Then, just as the latter most required the aid of the Lamsons, they went to Europe to make the grand tour, to finish off the young ladies at Paris, and to intrigue for entrance into coteries still more patrician than that of St. Michael's.

Thus Mrs. Pullet was left in a situation very like that of poor Robinson Crusoe when he had finished his great canoe, but found that he should need help to carry it to the water. The good society was all around her, at least every Sunday; but how should she get herself launched on its shining surface? She had a Sabbath-school speaking-acquaintance with a number of fashionable ladies; but how, oh! how could they be brought to call on her and to request the pleasure of her company? An inspiration of splendid audacity came to her aid. She would give a great party, and invite every body—no, not every body, for then she would be overrun with nobodies; no, she would invite none, absolutely none, but somebodies. Of this conclusion she informed Mr. Pullet, not a little to his amazement and alarm.

"But, my dear—" he mildly objected.

"But what?" answered Mrs. Pullet, sharply.

"But do you know all these people—these Vanderpools, and Roosevelts, and Swammerdams, and so forth?"

"Know them! Yes indeed. Of course I do. Ha, ha, ha! I should think so."

Mrs. Pullet's irony was cutting, but Mr. Pullet was tough and did not fall asunder.

"But do you know them well enough to invite them? They never call on you."

"Of course they don't. That's because we haven't invited them. Gracious! you men *are* so stupid; there are some things you *never* understand. Don't you know that if they're invited to our party then they've got to call."

"Oh! have they? I'm delighted to hear it. Why, they are quite in our power," chuckled Mr. Pullet, impudently. "But really I think we ought to ask somebody besides these very heavy swells. They might have a previous engagement, you know. In that case it would be convenient to have a few old friends on hand for the sake of the ice-cream and strawberries.

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You and I couldn't eat a supper for eighty people, could we?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk that way," answered Mrs. Pullet, her mouth beginning to quiver. "You tease me to death. You love to tease me. You never lose a chance to make me unhappy."

"Come, my dear, don't cry," replied the monster. "I didn't mean to make you cry. There, I'm sorry. But, seriously, don't you think it would be safest to ask a few persons whom we are sure of?"

"I do. I'm going to. I'm sure of the Vanderpools, and Roosevelts, and Swammerdams," replied the lady, impetuously. "I'm sure of them if they know that they are to meet only their own set. I won't mix up two sets. It's ridiculous. It isn't genteel. You might as well mix strawberries and baked beans. I'll give another party for our old acquaintance."

"But my relatives — they must come, of course," persisted this irrational husband.

"But, my dear, they wouldn't enjoy themselves at all among such gay people," remonstrated the lady. "Really, my dear, I think you had better not. Do let me have my own way for just this once!"

"Just this once!" exclaimed Pullet, half amazed and half amused. "Well, just this once," he repeated, with a burst of laughter. "However, I must insist upon one thing."

"What is that?"

"Footing the bill," grinned the husband, sardonically, as he left the room.

This insinuation of Pullet's that he paid the piper while his spouse did all the dancing rather stung that lady, and would have drawn an ounce or so of tears from her had he remained to be corrected thereby. But the dastardly rogue shut the door after him so quick that he escaped every drop of the threatened shower. So Mrs. P. remained alone in a thunder-cloudy state—very indignant at being satirized, very determined to have her own way, but somewhat fearful about the success of her proposed experiment, and a little ashamed to spend her husband's money in contradiction to his judgment and wishes. The end of it was, of course, that she decided to give the party. Mr. Pullet had not absolutely forbidden it: he had even seemed to take it for granted that she would give it in spite of him; and it occurred to her that she had better not risk a downright veto by trying to draw from him a more explicit assent. On second thoughts, indeed, it appeared wisest to lick her scheme into shape as fast as possible, lest her husband or some other adversary should destroy it in its helpless cubhood.

She turned to her card-basket, which stood on her one marble table. It was not very full; and it was one of Mrs. Pullet's greatest griefs that many of her friends did not use cards but "left their names," thereby causing the Irish "help" to invent strange cognomens for them, such as are not to be found in any directory of this world; but of such cards as there were this adroit little lady always picked out the most aristocratic and kept them uppermost, so that they might catch the eye and fill with envy the heart of curious visitors. From this pasteboard miscellany she drew forth a "party invitation," still in its envelope, which had been sent her months before by Mrs. Lamson. It was a printed affair, of patrician spaciousness and neatness and lustre. On a sheet of pink note paper she copied it, substituting "Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pullet" for "Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lamson," and "Wednesday, Feb. 13, 1860" for "Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1859." She carried the copy to our best engraver, with the Lamson card as a model, and urged him to elegance and dispatch.

The next business was to make out a list of those whom Mr. and Mrs. Pullet would delight to honor. I will venture to say that no President was ever more bothered in choosing the members of his Cabinet than was this lady in selecting the objects of her proposed hospitality. In place of the usual simple question, "Shall I ask the Soandsos?" there was the vastly more thorny inquiry, "Will the high and mighty Soandsos deign to come?" Had Mrs. Pullet been a reader of Shakspeare she would have thought of Glendower calling spirits from the vasty deep. Every time that she wrote out one of those aristocratic names—Vanderpool, or Roosevelt, or Swammerdam—her heart sank within her, and she was tempted of her good angel to throw the whole parcel of envelopes into the fire. Each new address obliged her to rehearse mentally the entire argument by which she had nerved herself to this social forlorn hope. Would this one decline? Perhaps so. Would that one decline? Very likely. But surely they would not all be so stuck-up, so disobliging, so horrid, as to disappoint her; and if only half of them came, the party would still be a hopeful nest-egg, pregnant with the feathers and cacklings of future fashion. Like other great souls Mrs. Pullet followed, not the past but the future, not her known possibilities but her aspirations.

The list when finished was all "blue blood"—"the cream of the cream"—as we understand those phrases in our city. The uncompromising little lady did not invite a single Bethelite, no matter how aristocratic, being determined to show once for all where she stood in religion as well as in gentility, and hoping that this exclusiveness would bring her favor in the set which she courted. For fear of premature discovery and opposition she threw her envelopes into a drawer as fast as directed, and kept it locked. Her husband saw nothing, guessed nothing, and supposed that she had forgotten her project. She would have been twice as likely to forget Jerusalem, or any other spiritual "chief joy." Not only did her plan worry her constantly by day, but by night it gave her the nightmare, causing her to see herself the wretched hostess of a reception attended only by the halt, the lame, the blind, and other such vagabonds highly recommended to hospitality in the Scriptures.

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For nearly a week she spent half her time over that drawer, reading the names on the envelopes, sometimes adding one to the awful list, doubting much, and hoping a little.

The style in which the missives were addressed troubled her greatly. Never before had her chirography seemed to her so irregular, so illegible, so altogether unworthy of being perused through aristocratic eye-glasses. "I wish Joseph would do this over for me," she thought. "He has such a beautiful handwriting. But he won't—I know he won't. He's perfectly hateful, and—and—so am I," she almost blubbered. It was but a passing spasm of compunction, not inductive to repentance and reform.

After a very shameful delay on the part of the engraver the cards came home, and the secret came out. Mr. Pullet, returning to tea from his store, and finding a boy at the gate with a package, took it into the house, fell into his rocking-chair by the fire, and proceeded to an examination. Drawing out one of the papers he read aloud, with just about as much astonishment as might be expected, "Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pullet, Wednesday evening, February 13, at half past eight."

"The d—ickens!" he exclaimed. "Well, that's jolly—and lively. What a fast world it is! Hands round your future, all printed for general circulation, before you ask for it. Any thing more? Any appointments and desires and outreachings of mine for March and April and May? No. How short-sighted! Some of Mrs. Pullet's doings, I suppose. I'll be hanged if I ain't sometimes tempted to think she's a natural-born—well, well, never mind. I suppose it all seems very important to her, this getting into high society. Women are not men—and, on the whole, I'm glad of it."

By the time that Mr. Pullet had uttered these and a few other commonplaces his wife entered the room, and, of course, took in the whole situation at a glance, after the prompt fashion of women. Her first impulse was to be scared and ashamed; her second, to throw herself into her husband's lap and kiss every thing right; her third, the least natural, and therefore the worst, to carry the thing through "with dignity." I need hardly explain that with her "dignity" meant asperity, so much had she accustomed herself of late to consider her husband an antagonist, and so sore had she got on this subject of Pontificacy and its collaterals. Assuming an air of imperious composure she sailed across the room in silence, and carelessly taking up the bundle of cards, sat down to look at them, with a red face to be sure, but otherwise with a bold front. Now this sort of thing may impose on strangers and servants, but it does not answer with relatives and equals. Mr. Pullet did not feel disposed to be brow-beaten by a little woman, whose cold feet he rubbed every night with a flesh-brush; and, in fact, this attempt to snub him with "manner" riled him vastly more than the audacious intrigue of the party.

"So, Madame, you think you can govern the family alone, I see," he began.

"Ha? What did you say?" answered Mrs. Pullet, trembling with excitement, but pretending that she had not understood.

"As you get up the party without my consent, I suppose, of course, that you don't expect me to attend it."

The lady was alarmed. Her husband was perhaps capable of absenting himself from the reception; and that would be embarrassing and cause a vast deal of gossip. She saw the necessity of conciliation and made the best of it.

"My dear, I thought you gave your consent. You certainly said that just this once I might have my way."

"So I did. But I suppose you understood that I was joking. I certainly did not expect—"

Here Mr. Pullet fell silent for a quarter of a minute, thinking more in that time than I could tell in a quarter of an hour.

"Well, let it go," he resumed, summoning all his patience. "I agree to it since you have gone so far."

Mrs. Pullet, of course, fell upon his neck and kissed him bountifully, not without some praiseworthy shamefacedness.

"And now, whom are you going to ask?" he inquired when the task of receiving his reward had come to an end.

As the easiest method of answering, Mrs. Pullet ran for her envelopes and spread them before him.

"Vanderpool—Roosevelt—Swammerdam," he read in dismay. "What! all Pontificalians, New Yorkers, big bugs! None of our set? Good Heavens, wife! This won't do. No, no; I won't stand it; I won't be made so ridiculous. I won't come out so like a blasted fool before all my acquaintance."

It was in vain that Mrs. Pullet argued, implored, scolded, and wept; her husband was as unreasonable as a man can be who is perfectly in the right. But suddenly his manner changed; he lifted one of the cards to the light as if to make sure that he had read it correctly; then he glanced at his wife with an expression of wonder, amusement, and mischief.

"You have put it for February 13," said he. "Don't you know—?"

"Know what?" asked Mrs. Pullet, defiantly.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," and Mr. Pullet giggled in spite of himself.

"Well, if you're laughing because you think there's any other party that night, you're mistaken, I can tell you."

"Am I? Oh, perhaps I am; yes, I rather think you are right," assented Pullet, looking wickedly mysterious. "Well, my dear, I give it all up again. Go ahead. Send out your invitations. There isn't much time left, only a week. I'll see that the table is got up properly. Yes, yes; I *am* in earnest; indeed I am."

"To think that she shouldn't know *that!*" he laughed aloud, when she had left the room. "A

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Pontificalian for six months, and not know *that!* Shall I let her do it? Shall I let her put us both in the pillory to be laughed at by every body? Well, I think I shall."

Early next morning he carried the invitations in person to Mr. John Stokes, the Brown of our city, and charged him to deliver them without fail that very forenoon.

"Well, if that ain't curous!" observed Mr. Stokes to himself, after he had run over the names on the envelopes and read one of the cards. "Well, that's about the greenest. However, a job's a job, and wages is wages. You pays your money and you has your choice."

From this time forward Mr. Pullet showed an intense interest in the party. He engaged a band of eight instruments, and ordered a supper for eighty people. He attended personally to the preparations, allowing Mrs. P. to take no trouble beyond her unavoidable anguish (which he could not share) of being fitted to a new silk dress, low-necked and short-sleeved, and tight-waisted. He talked of the oncoming reception with a grin of anticipatory delight which was not reflected in the countenance of his wife, much troubled at the thought of those majestic and doubtful Vanderpools and Swammerdams. Dawned at last the morning of the thirteenth of February.

"It's clear. It's going to be a beautiful day," said the newly-risen Mrs. Pullet, drawing her curtain and looking abroad. "I think it will turn out grandly; don't you, dear? They've only sent about a dozen declines. That leaves fifty or sixty people who are sure to come—I suppose—don't you, dear?"

Mrs. Pullet was very affectionate of late, partly because her husband let her have her own sweet way, and partly because, alarmed at her own audacity in the matter of the party, she wanted to cling to somebody. Mr. Pullet, his face in the wash-basin, bubbled some incomprehensible answer.

"Yes, we may expect at least fifty—or sixty," continued the wife. "Not many, but *so* select! I am so glad we didn't invite any common folks and make a stupid mixture of it. It's always horrid when people don't know each other, and don't want to. I think it will turn out splendidly, don't you, dear? It must; of course it must. I wish it was over."

This last phrase was uttered with a little gasp of dread, which she could not overcome. The lady was rather less sanguine than her wont, the stake for which she played being a heavy one, you see, and the game uncommonly, not to say painfully, delicate. In spite of the eventfulness of the day the sun set about the usual time, not tarrying over Ajalon or any other locality. The supper—in all its luxuriance of game, chicken, salad, boned turkey, sandwiches, creams, jellies, kisses, cakes, wines, and lemonade—arrived, and was crowded with much difficulty upon a great table in a little dining-room. The parlors were arranged for the tenth time. Mr. Stokes and his assistants received their final directions; and the Pullets retired to put on their finest feathers. I can not stop to relate minutely how Mrs. Pullet rigged herself; how like a glove her new silk fitted, and how well it showed her plump arms and shoulders; how the color crept from her cheeks to her chin and forehead until her whole face bloomed like a peony; how she thought several times that the bell rang, and fidgeted lest the company should arrive before she was ready; nor how she perked before the glass, twisting and fluttering like a canary. All women dress pretty much alike, I am told, although I can not, of course, vouch for the statement. As for Mr. Pullet, his manner and expression varied strangely from moment to moment. Now he grinned to himself over some mysterious joke; now he looked anxious, and glanced dubiously at Mrs. Pullet. At eight precisely they descended to the parlor, where they took seats and stared silently at each other, much as people do when they are waiting the train in a railway station.

"My dear, what time is it?" asked Mrs. Pullet, after a while.

"Just half past eight," returned the husband, looking at his watch.

"Dear me! I should think it was ten."

So it might have been; and much later too, had time been counted for that evening by her heart-beats.

"My dear, what time is it?" inquired Mrs. Pullet, after another wearisome period.

"Wants eleven minutes of nine."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, with ill-concealed apprehension.

"Nobody come," observed Pullet, also a little uneasy, but smiling to himself occasionally.

"Of course not," returned Mrs. Pullet, spiritedly. "Half past eight means nothing, you know. Genteel people always come late. We needn't expect a person that *we* have invited before nine."

The gentleman looked as if he didn't expect a person at all, but made no observations.

At nine o'clock Mrs. Pullet rose and looked out of the window for the twentieth time, by no means happy. Suddenly she danced back, clapping her hands and exclaiming, "Here is a carriage!"

Mr. Pullet gave a low whistle, as if some astonishment mixed with his joy. After the proper amount of bell-ringing had been done, a lady in white entered and rushed up stairs to the dressing-room, piloted by the blushing and stammering Irish handmaiden. Mrs. Pullet, who had got sight of the stranger through a door crack, whispered, "It's Miss Sloper. *She's* genteel. I've seen her coming out of the Swammerdams'!"

Another half hour elapsed, bringing no more carriages. To state a vulgar fact distresses me, but I feel bound to give an exact idea of Mrs. Pullet's feelings, and I can best do it by confessing that she perspired with anguish. There were moments when she was tempted to go up

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stairs and murder Miss Sloper, merely to prevent her from witnessing her empty parlors.

"Oh, Joseph! *don't* you think they are coming?" she whimpered. "They *will* come, won't they? And there's that hateful old maid up stairs waiting! And there's the supper will be wasted! And the band? Oh dear! if they do stay away, after not having sent their declines, I vow it's too bad!"

She stopped talking and tried to control her feelings, for the rustle of Miss Sloper's dress was heard descending the stairway, and immediate gentility was necessary.

"How do you do, Miss Sloper?" she forced herself to say. "Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Pullet. Extremely happy to see you. You are our first arrival."

"So it appears," answered the guest slowly, as if in a state of self-possessed and rather lazy wonderment. "I came too early for your company, doubtless."

"Oh, so glad you did, to be sure!" gasped Mrs. Pullet, who was really not in a fit frame for conversation.

Miss Sloper was a fashionable lady, on the autumn side of thirty, who never missed a party for fear she might miss her destined husband, and went out unattended in preference to staying at home alone. It was after mature reflection that she had decided to come to the Pullets, on the ground that it might be pleasanter to be courted by a Bethelite than by nobody. A veteran of the world, she showed it now, however curious and puzzled, by looking perfectly at her ease, in fine contrast to Mrs. Pullet's choking mortification and Mr. Pullet's nervousness of guilt.

"Really, I suppose you are quite surprised to see me," she went on. "It is, of course, very naughty of me at this season. I suppose I don't mind these devotional matters as I ought. I am so shamefully Low-Church that it is next door to no-church. And so here I am, although it is not at all the thing—indeed thoroughly unfashionable—for Pontificalians to go out in Lent."

Poor Mrs. Pullet! In her natural thoughtlessness, or her Bethelite ignorance, she had selected for her party the first day of that great and solemn fast of the Pontifical, Episcopal, Catholic, and other venerable churches. When the Vanderpools, the Roosevelts, the Swammerdams, and so forth, received her cards they had glared in indignant wonder, not more at being invited by people whom they hardly knew by sight than at being expected to disgrace their caste by going out in that holy season. The majority of them felt that the double impertinence justified them in answering the Pullets no otherwise than by a contemptuous, and, as they supposed, a significant silence. Only a few were considerately humane enough to send the ordinary formal "regret."

Yes, poor Mrs. Pullet! She understood in an instant that she had failed, and why she had failed. It was a moment of such awful disappointment, such intolerable humiliation, that it crushed all diplomacy out of her, making her as frank as a child in the utterance of her distress.

"Oh dear! I didn't know it," she gasped.

"But, of course, you have not confined your invitations to our set," insinuated Miss Sloper, with an encouraging smile.

"Indeed I have," was the simple utterance of Mrs. Pullet's despair.

Even Miss Sloper was startled into unconcealable astonishment, not without a threatening of laughter; but in a moment she recovered herself, and in another moment she had taken her resolution.

"Then I must express my regrets," she said, with a courtesy which, considering her own disappointment, was little less than magnanimity. "I fear that you will find me the only apostate among your *invitées*. And now it is probably best that I should take my leave. Good-evening."

"Don't go, Miss Sloper!" exclaimed Pullet. "You are a sensible lady. You know how to do awkward things handsomely. I wish you would stay and take something, and hear a tune or two."

"Thank you, Mr. Pullet. Thank you for the invitation, and thank you most heartily for the compliment. But don't you see that I had better go? Please have my coachman told. Good-night."

She ran up stairs; she rustled down again in a minute; she was waited on to her carriage by Mr. Pullet; and she drove away, the first, the last, the only guest.

"Oh, I've done with them!" sobbed Mrs. Pullet when her husband re-entered. "They are too queer for me. I don't want any more of them. I hate Pontificalians. I hate grand people. So formal—so heartless. I hate 'em."

Mrs. Pullet kept her word, and became a faithful and bitter Bethelite from that day forward, sneering at Doctor Surplus, rejecting Pontificacy, and holding Lent in special abomination.

"Verily," Mr. Pullet used to say, "wrath is a converting ordinance."

HOW I HAPPENED TO MARRY.

SOMETIMES, in obituary notices, the newspapers give us the causes of death. Why not the causes of marriage? We should be vastly more entertained. For instance:

"After a lingering flirtation, Job Smith to Kate Fling.

"'All things come round to him who will but wait.'"

Or—

"In a fit of pique, the disappointed Washington Gray to the stupid Miss White.

"'Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day—'"

And so forth.

Now I propose to give as briefly as possible the rise and progress of my acquaintance with the second Mrs. P., and why I was induced to make her my wife.

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I had thought I should never marry again. When I boarded with my little family at Mrs. Gilson's I remarked to my landlady, with deep feeling, that, in case I should be absent in time of fire, I hoped she would not forget to visit my room and take from the wall my wife's portrait. I felt that I could calmly part with a small portion of my wardrobe; but the likeness of my sainted Elizabeth I could never spare. "Where I go, thou goest," said I; "and never while I have my senses shall the canvas which represents the sweet features of my lost darling be converted by a second wife into a fire-board."

I had been for years a wholesale grocer in good and regular standing, and should no doubt have continued in the same business up to the present time if I had not been satisfied that my four children were suffering for country air and freedom. I am not a rich man, but I have a competency; and I decided to retire from the city to the town of Piccadilly, and devote my energies to the cultivation of garden seeds.

Piccadilly is a small but thriving village, with a salubrious climate, and a population of some fifteen hundred souls. For years I had heard of the superior intelligence and morality of Piccadilly. My lamented Elizabeth had been partially educated at its Academy, which still flourished there behind four Lombardy poplars.

"Papa," said Caroline, my eldest, a girl of fourteen, the week after our arrival, "'Tilda is homesick, and says she must leave us."

Matilda was our housekeeper, who had lived with us for ten years, and thoroughly understood the ways of her mistress, the deceased Mrs. Pratt. At the intelligence that she had given warning I was so much startled that I spilled my coffee into my bosom; but seeing Caddy in tears, I controlled myself, and said, stoically:

"No doubt, my dear, we shall continue to live without 'Tilda. I can only say she is a very foolish girl; and we must find some one else who will do better."

Then I left the table and went into my garden; for it was time to transplant the early tomatoes.

'Tilda asked my pardon that noon with red eyes, but with her carpet-bag dangling from her arm. "She was fit to die with grief at leaving the dear children," she said, "but stay she could not, and would not, with the whole village peeping into her pantry. She wasn't used to country folks, and wouldn't stand and be told she put too much cream into her dough-nuts. And that woman that sat in the *cupalo* would be the death of her yet."

I afterward ascertained that Matilda referred to Miss Peters, a worthy lady who lived opposite, and watched us from her sitting-room window, which, as affording the facilities of an observatory, Matilda had likened to a cupola.

There was no help for it, and our housekeeper left.

"It is so strange she dislikes this village," said Caddy. "I think it's beautiful; for every body takes such an interest in us, papa. I never go out but I am asked all sorts of questions about you and the children; as if people really cared for us, you know. But I think I've found out why 'Tilda wouldn't stay; it's because you're a widower."

"Because what?"

"Why, you see, papa, she says it makes remarks. 'Tilda is a young woman; and Miss Peters says you are likely to marry again. Oh tell me, dear papa, that you certainly will not!"

"You foolish child!" replied I, laughing; though at the same time I could have wept to think of my darling's head being filled with such nonsense—"I have no intention of marrying any one, certainly not my kitchen girl; so dismiss such a foolish idea."

As I spoke I looked at the portrait of my departed Elizabeth hanging over the piano, and sighed. For two years that woman had been "dust and daisies," but had I ever ceased to regret her? Had I ever thought of filling the vacant place at my fireside by any other presence? Too well I knew the matchless worth of her I had lost.

Now commenced a vigorous search for a domestic. I was proudly informed that no foreigners were to be found in that virtuous region, and I was sure of good American help. To the detriment of my early vegetables I spent days in riding about the country, like a distracted knight of chivalry, demanding of every one I met where I could find a fair Dulcinea to be queen of the rolling-pin.

Meanwhile my poor little Caddy did her blundering best. The children were kept from absolute rags, though every time I looked at them a rent appeared or a button disappeared. We had what were called breakfast, dinner, and supper, and tried to swallow the will for the deed; but one can't digest mistakes.

Matilda had been gone two weeks, and still no successor, only conditional promises from three or four quarters. Presently they began to drop in one by one. First, Arabella Jones, who had been waiting, I believe, to finish a head-dress. The most I can say of her is, that she curled her hair, and the multitudinous ringlets were a daily triumph of mind over matter. Of her other characteristics I am not qualified to speak, as she staid only one day. She was followed by a sad Mrs. Winkle, who had survived two or three husbands, wore a black breast-pin like a small tombstone, had a memorial snuff-box, made low-spirited bread, and punctuated her remarks with deep sighs.

So funereal was her appearance, so depressing her influence, that we seemed to be dwelling in a sarcophagus; and I was not sorry to learn from the communicative neighbors that she couldn't make up her mind to stay, didn't think it looked well, Mr. Pratt "being a widower so, and such a very sociable man."

I tried to recall what I had ever said to the bereaved Mrs. Winkle which would stigmatize me as a very sociable man; but could remem-

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ber nothing I might not have uttered with propriety in a grave-yard. So I concluded her needless apprehensions arose entirely from my "being a widower so."

The next was a lady who loved romance, and wrote many splendid things. But "she wouldn't do for me" on account of her propensity for giving tea-spoons to the pig, and dropping pins and fish bones into the gravy. I would have overlooked an occasional dish-cloth in the pudding, but when it came to choking my children all the father arose within me, and, at the risk of wounding the feelings of the poetess, I advised her to seek some more congenial employment.

"Alas!" thought I, "a foreigner would not come amiss. Much as the villagers pride themselves on good American help, I would be thankful to set my two eyes on a capable Irish girl who is not above her business."

One day the unhappy Caddy informed me that Miss Peters from her observatory had seen the chickens entering the kitchen, the mop reposing on a wheel-barrow, and the two youngest children rolling the sieve for a hoop. Under such circumstances it seemed to Miss Peters that "a head was needed." She wondered if in all my experiments I had ever tried to engage the daughter of Widow Wilcox?

"Widow Wilcox?" The name sounded familiar, though during our short stay in the village I had not to my knowledge met such a person or any of her daughters.

I called on Miss Peters for more definite information, which I found her very ready to give. She was a lady of some fifty single summers, with a cold eye like thick blue ice, and a face which looked as if it had been steeped in the vinegar of crushed hopes.

The Widow Wilcox lived, she said, on the Low Farm "that was." "You turned off by the Academy, and kept on about half a mile till you came to a leather-colored house with green blinds and laylock bushes before the front windows. Mehetabel was as *faculized* a girl as there was in Piccadilly; her folks were good livers, and she could cook as nice victuals as Queen Victory."

By anxious inquiry I learned that she did not wear curls, neither took snuff nor sighed between her sentences, and was not so literary as to endanger either tea-spoons or juvenile windpipes. There was but one objection, Miss Peters assured me; Mehetabel hadn't been used to living out much, and might feel above it. The family were as poor as Job's turkey (I have since consulted Kitto's commentaries, but find no mention of Job's keeping poultry), but in spite of their poverty they were "big-feeling, stuck-up, and proud."

I sighed and remarked with pathos that I had already suffered deeply from the arrogance of "American help," and if the character of the incomparable Miss Wilcox was such as represented I should despair of securing her services.

Miss Peters soothed me by the assurance that she didn't believe but Mehetabel would come for a while any how, just to accommodate; and with this hope I left my kind neighbor and betook myself to the "leather-colored house behind the laylock bushes." It was quite unlike the habitations to which I had usually been directed, and had, so to speak, a cultivated air. A well-bred lady in a widow's cap met me at the door and invited me to enter. I inquired for Miss Mehetabel, and my hostess going to call her did not again return.

While left alone I had time to look about me and observe the appointments of the room, which were in harmony with the taste and refinement so evident in the grounds. The books scattered over the centre-table were such as one sees in any family of culture; the engravings and paintings on the walls, though somewhat cheaply framed, had been admirably selected; there was even a piano in the room, with abundance of the best sheet-music. I found myself so well entertained by some stereoscopic views that I had nearly forgotten my errand when Miss Wilcox entered. I can hardly say I was surprised to see a graceful, well-dressed young lady, for her surroundings had prepared me to expect it; but I certainly had not looked for such queenliness of manner. I muttered an inward protest against Miss Peters who had directed me to this piece of elegance, and another against my thoughtless Caddy who had allowed me to leave the house with such a shabby coat. During the reign of Elizabeth I had scarcely given a thought to my outside apparel, for that excellent woman had had a general oversight of my gear; and it now occurred to me as a new idea that I was allowing myself to fall to wreck and ruin. I felt an inclination to seize my hat and run, but, summoning all my manhood, resolved to brave it out and make myself as agreeable as possible.

Miss Wilcox, with true politeness, soon set me at ease, and in the course of half an hour I was conversing with her as unrestrainedly as if we were old acquaintances and I had come for a social call. She had known my late wife, she said, had seen her graduate with high honors at the Academy. Herself a mere child, she had been brought out of several small troubles by Miss Vennebal's kindness, and remembered her with gratitude as a peace-maker. Yes, it was so characteristic of Elizabeth to befriend the little ones. At length I asked Miss Wilcox to play for me, and found her music as charming as her conversation. In short, I owned to myself that I had not spent so delightful an evening for years.

The time came when I must reluctantly take my leave, yet all this while I had not once remembered my errand. When I did think of it, it was with a swelling at the throat. It would surely be felicity to have such an accomplished creature to preside over my house, if only "for a while, just to accommodate," as my neighbor had expressed it; but how *could*

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I ask such a favor? I reviewed Miss Peters's words: "Mehetabel hadn't been used to living out much." So it seemed she had occasionally done so. There was no accounting for the democracy in small country-places. Those white hands not only made the bread at home, but did it, on occasion, in the houses of others. Probably Miss Mehetabel, with all her refinement, had in her composition a tincture of the strong-minded. And why, I asked myself, should not a lady do kitchen-work for distracted families as well as write poetry for thankless editors? It is the mind that dignifies the employment. "Act well thy part, there all the honor lies."

Fortifying myself with these reflections, I began with the meekness of Tom Pinch to describe the desolation and anarchy of my home. I told Miss Wilcox I had always supposed children were as easily trained as pea-vines, and not liable to send out tendrils in any perverse or inconvenient directions, but I found myself utterly mistaken. Now "there was no king in Israel, and every child did that which was right in his own eyes."

She seemed sorry for me. I went on to describe the incompetent servants we had had, and the state of complete despair at which I had arrived. Presently I observed she was smiling, not derisively, but because the details which I related were irresistibly amusing.

Encouraged by her manifest sympathy, will you believe I was mad enough to ask Miss Wilcox to come and do my housework? Woe to the insane impulse which prompted me! Woe to the malicious Miss Peters who had sent me hither on purpose to make game of me, and at the same time to humiliate the high-bred "Mittie."

"My dear young lady," said I, clearing my throat with a "now or never" resolution, "it is true I have seen you but a short time, yet you already seem like an old acquaintance; and even before I came here this evening I knew you by reputation."

Here I hesitated. Miss Wilcox was evidently wondering what I meant to say next. I wondered myself. "I will put it on the score of humanity," thought I.

"As I was about to say, my dear Miss Wilcox, will you, whom I justly deem the—the—very person most fitted for the position—will you—with your woman's heart, seeing me as I am—as a—a suppliant as I may say, at your mercy, will you take pity on me and—"

Here I paused for want of a word which should be sufficiently inoffensive and at the same time convey my meaning. I looked at Miss Wilcox, who seemed to be bracing herself to meet some kind of a shock. How could I, though with the gentlest courtesy, ask this exquisite young lady to be my cook and chambermaid? But it was necessary to proceed.

"I hardly know what you will think of me," said I, with a ghastly smile, "for I seem to be tongue-tied, or partially so, but I—I—if you would condescend, as I said before, to take pity on a poor bereaved man with a helpless little family, motherless as you may say, I feel—I know—that your presence at my fireside would make me happier, would make—"

Miss Wilcox looked agitated.

"Mr. Pratt," replied she, seeing I had come to a long dash, "you have taken me entirely by surprise. It is true you are not unknown to me by reputation, and I remember your wife."

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed I, resolved to make an appeal to the better feelings of Miss Wilcox, who was, I feared, about to slip through my fingers. "And my sainted Elizabeth, if she could look down upon us, would, I am sure, bless you for trying to soften the lot of a struggling man. Only say yes, my kind friend, and—name the day."

I was intending to say, "Set your own price," but the mention of wages to the exquisite young lady before me seemed absolutely impertinent. In my embarrassment I quite forgot that I had not yet stated what it was I wished her to do for "a struggling man." But my unconnected words had evidently conveyed to her some sort of meaning, for she had become very pale and was leaning against a chair for support. She saw I was awaiting an answer.

"Mr. Pratt," said she, in a tremulous voice, "allow me to say that I regard your proposition as a little ill-timed. Why this desperate haste? I thank you for the honor you do me, but at least allow me a little time to become acquainted with you. You can not expect me to bestow my affections upon an utter stranger, who has not even professed any regard for me."

Imagine the situation! It came over me like lightning, flash on flash. Here had I been stammering and stuttering a proposal to this girl! At any rate she thought so. What should I do? What could I do? The perplexity may have been ludicrous, but I am sure it was very, very embarrassing! How could I tell her that what she had mistaken for an offer of marriage was only a request for her services in my kitchen?

No, if I had to burn at the stake I couldn't do it. A man of expedients might have crept out of such a noose—not I. Moreover, I didn't feel half so wretched as I should have expected. My heart gave a double beat—half fright, half joy. The fact that I had by pure accident taken a fatal step and could not retrace it, struck me then and there as a special providence. I had done it with my eyes shut, but, in Cupid's name, what better could I have done with my eyes open? Here was a superior woman, acknowledged even by the envious Miss Peters to be a capital housewife, and to my knowledge a charming companion. What more could I ask in a wife? I thought very fast, but the more I thought the more certain I was that I had only anticipated matters a little; for I was already in love, and must inevitably have come to a proposal sooner or later. It was over, and I hadn't had it to dread either—some compensation this to a diffident man!

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So without any very prolonged pause I took Miss Wilcox's hand, and this is what I said to her as I was leaving the house:

"My dear friend, I do not ask you to take a hasty step. Consult your own heart; and that you may do so more effectually I hope with your leave to give you frequent opportunities of continuing our acquaintance. Take time to consider; but, believe me, your decision will materially affect my happiness. Good-night."

Her answer was given two months afterward; and, if the editor had not objected, I should have published last Christmas the following remark:

"Thanks to the malice of Miss Jerusha Peters, the delighted James Pratt to the very obliging Miss Wilcox. No cards."

BUSHY AND JACK.

THAT fearful eruption known as the "breaking out of the war" found us in a Southern city living comfortably if not luxuriously. But in 1863 the place became "too hot to hold us," owing to the bursting of bomb-shells, and so we "refugeed" into the interior of Georgia.

What to do with our three little black "responsibilities" was a question when we thought of the difficulties of travel; but "Miss Fanny" remembered the days of her youth when their mother was her play-mate and maid, and the confidence with which the dying mother left them to her care, and she felt she could never leave them behind; they must go too; and go they did. Pete and Bob were deposited in a safe place, but Bushy followed us in our exile, and was transformed by the fate of war from the marble-playing, soldier-chasing urchin of peace times into the factotum of our poor establishment. He was house-boy, yard-boy, stable-boy, cook, at times, and occasionally even chamber-maid and baby's nurse. He took his turn at each of these employments indeed, but never in a sufficiently animated manner to fatigue or discommode himself very seriously. In regard to work, our hero was philosophically calm; in fact, he was a "fat boy," and not to put too fine a point on it, a *lazy boy*, except about one thing. He had one ruling passion strong in laziness—and that was for donkey-riding.

Jack was a sullen, vicious-looking quadruped, which had been purchased expressly to facilitate the movements of our fat boy in his various expeditions into town after provisions, to the post-office, and the like. The most amusing thing was, that just in proportion to Bushy's devotion to riding was Jack's detestation of being ridden; so there was always a ludicrous scene at the outset, which called forth all the inmates of the cottage to witness the departure. A stranger seeing for the first time the heavy motions and languid expression of this curly-headed darkey as he dragged baby's little carriage, or swept the newly-fallen leaves from the piazza, would have been surprised at the sudden illumination of his Oriental-looking eyes, and his general change of manner if an order was given to saddle up. It was (on a small scale) like the unexpected bugle-call to a squad of idle, loafing troopers.

Jack would be saddled and bridled in a jiffy, and led up to the back-door to wait until Bushy had received his commands; and in that waiting attitude, with head hung down and ears flopped back, to the uninitiated he looked like the embodiment of meekness. But the more knowing ones learned better to understand the expression of his "vicked old eye." It was Jack's way to preserve this appearance of humble submission until that very critical moment, when the rider, having placed one foot in the stirrup, was gracefully sweeping the air with the other in search of stirrup number two, when with the most surprising agility, and in the most extraordinary manner, he seemed to rear up behind and before all at once, and the would-be rider found himself on his own back instead of Jack's; that "'ceitful creetur" having trotted off to sulk it out either in the stable or a sly corner of the yard, rendering his recapture more or less difficult according to circumstances. Few eye-witnesses ever appreciated the fun of being in Bushy's position, however funny it might be to see him go through the performance; but the earth was soft, Jack's legs were short, and somehow donkey-riding was exactly "the thing" to the fat boy's taste.

By-and-by, after a good deal of experience, Bushy grew so up to his ways that Jack seldom succeeded in throwing him when in the act of mounting. This was managed by dispensing altogether with the use of the saddle and stirrups, instituting in place of the former a pad of his own manufacture. Adjusting this carefully, and securing it by means of a strap, he sprung into his seat with a bound, locked his fingers together in the thick mane of the donkey, and dug his heels into his ribs. Then the donkey might dance or he might prance, he might go down on his fore-legs or up on his hind-legs, he might run forward with his head between his knees, and stop with a jerk—it was all the same. The boy and the beast, like the fabled Centaur, were as one. Finding at last that it was no use rebelling, the "onwillin' mule" would pause and meditate a minute, then trot off as quietly as—well as he *might* have done at first. Then came the hour of triumph to Bushy as his grinning face indicated; and as his retreating form was lost to sight, his voice borne back to us in his favorite "Jödel" testified to his delight.

This "Jödel" (as we named it, because we had no word in our vocabulary to express the sound, and imagined it resembled in character that "song without words" with which the Tyrolean peasants wake their mountain echoes) warned us also of his return home. Jack's demeanor, when his journey was accomplished, was the very reverse of what it had been before starting. With firm step he climbed the hill,

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seemingly bent upon doing his whole duty, and one could almost believe he had repented of his past misconduct and resolved on reformation. But if it was so he was like many graver sinners—he forgot his good resolutions when the time of trial came. Bushy's opinion was that Jack's "ticklish" spot lay just under the saddle-cloth, and that was the reason he acted so at first, and then "got over it," and bore his burdens home so faithfully. A sack of newly-ground meal and another of grist, equally balanced on either haunch, a bundle of hay in the middle between the two sacks, the fat boy with his mail-bag dangling from his neck in front, and a basket of things in the grocery line dangling behind, and perhaps a bundle or two under his arms—it was thus they generally came back from town.

Then, besides the news contained in the mail-bag, we gathered many interesting items from the lips of our messenger, whose eyes and ears were always open in the daytime. Picking up a word here and a word there, as they dropped from the lips of people on the street-corners, he could weave them into very plausible stories, and sometimes very horrible ones. In our isolated situation, where the mind had nothing to do but to feed upon the images of battle-fields and the anticipation of an approaching army, we women were startled by every floating rumor and ready to believe any thing.

Next to donkey-riding our fat boy loved to create a sensation, and he caused many a needless panic among us. Several times he almost persuaded us to fly before Sherman's army when that army was hundreds of miles away. One of his stories, however, fixed upon him the name of the "unreliable gentleman," and ruined his reputation forever.

He came from town one day, spreading the news as he came, that "Savannah River was afire." It would probably surprise those whose nerves had not been preyed upon by a thousand cares and ten thousand vague apprehensions to know that this piece of news spread consternation throughout our little neighborhood for a day or two—in fact, until the matter could be investigated. There were some refugee negroes near us, who had left friends and property in their homes on the river, who, without reasoning on the likelihood of the story, accepted it literally and set up a great lamentation. The interpretation placed upon it by the white folks was, that the dwellings, barns, etc., on the banks of the river were being burnt. But, traced back to its origin, we found that our "little pitcher" had caught at the concluding words in a conversation between two gentlemen: "There's no telling what to believe. I should not wonder if the next news is, that *Savannah River is afire!*" That was enough for our sensationist.

But all things have an end, so did Bushy's felicity in going to town after supplies "a hoss-back." The boys always found him out, and gathered around him in the most annoying manner. At the very outskirts of the city the recruits began to come in; each tangle-pated tow-head forsook the construction of his mud fortification beside the dirty drain; whole garrisons gave up their forts, and besiegers threw down their arms without stopping to take possession. "Feds" and "Confeds," united by one common interest, rushed to the standard of the Jackass. Forming a triumphal procession they escorted him through all the principal streets, drawing the attention of passers-by with such cries as "Here's yer mule!" "Here's yer rider!" and occasionally varying the performance by taking such liberties with Jack's person as caused him to "cut up" in the most ridiculous way, to the infinite delight of the youthful rabble, and equal disgust of the defenseless Bushy. 'Twas not that he objected to the publicity of the thing, nor to exhibiting the graceful actions of his Rosinante, and his skill in sticking on, but his opinion was, that "there is a time for all things," that "bizness is bizness," and that when he was sent he "liked to go and come back wi'out spillin' ebery ting!"

Bushy being a sturdy boy, and having as much confidence in his pugilistic powers as in his equestrian accomplishments, fairly ached on such occasions to dismount and give the ringleaders of this lawless crowd a good polishing off; but he dared not trust his beast under such circumstances, and concluded to grin and bear it, and bide his time. It was on account of these trials that the idea of having a donkey-cart suggested itself to his imagination. He pictured to himself how he could leap from his perch at a safe distance behind Jack's heels, disperse the mob with a few well-aimed shoulder hits, and jump back without danger to his own life and limbs, or to any of his numerous packages. His heart was so set upon the said cart that it was not long before he obtained the desired article, and his way was made smooth.

Soon after this event "Miss Fanny," thinking with Mr. Sparrowgrass that chickens were good things to have in the country (especially in war times), allowed her "big yaller hen" to go to setting. When the little chicks came she was mightily perplexed to know what to do to save them from the clutches of the hawks; for the hen was the "contrayriest critter that ever was," and would go off among the bushes to look for something a little better than was provided for her near the house door. There, while the little ones were dodging the showers of leaves and sand, waiting for the mother's cluck—their dinner bell—to call them to the repast, and the foolish old hen was exulting over the lovely brood in blissful unconsciousness, Miss Fanny would perhaps espy a cruel hawk watching this interesting family group with his greedy eyes, and before she could say "Jack Robinson" down he'd swoop and carry off a chick, leaving Miss Fanny and the hen both in a state of great indignation. Something (thought the former) must be done to put a stop to these depredations, so Bushy was called in to a consultation.

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He immediately suggested a chicken-coop, to serve as a jail for the old rover, and prevent her from endangering the lives of her offspring. Bushy assumed the responsibility either to buy or build one "in no time!" Preferring negotiation to hammering, he first scoured the neighborhood to see if any body had "ary hen-coop to spare." Succeeding to the best of his wishes, he was soon on the road with Jack and his cart to bring it home.

Miss Fanny laughed as she had not laughed in many a day to see the way the lazy boy had contrived to avoid walking home. The size of the cart not admitting of any accommodation for him beside the coop, he had first mounted the platform, then caused the thing to be placed over him like an extinguisher. Not caring to be quite extinguished the brave lad had worked a passage for his head and shoulders through a sort of window in the roof of the concern, and there he rode hanging by the armpits, as happy as a lord, and singing in his lustiest voice. So ridiculous was the sight that Miss Fanny was not at all surprised to hear from his own lips that he and Jack had scared Miss Bessie Fay's well-trained horse nearly out of his wits, as that young lady happened to be taking her afternoon ride upon him, and encountered the nondescript affair in a short turn of the road. He thought it wonderful that Miss Bessie did not get "throwed," for her horse reared straight up, and then started off like a deer; but she laughed as she went, and shaking her whip at him called out, "You little rascal, you've frightened my horse almost to death!"

It was a great luxury to this youth to "spin yarns." Nothing pleased him better than to get a party of little darkeys around him at night and tell such tales of hags, buck-eyes, Jack-o'-lanterns, etc., as would have caused each particular hair to stand on end if it could have done so, and their eyeballs so to protrude that it was with great difficulty Morpheus could pull down the lids after they had gone to bed and tried to go to sleep.

Miss Fanny was sometimes alone in the evenings, or would have been alone but for the ever handy factotum. On such occasions she would willingly let him talk to make sure of his keeping awake. One winter night, when he had taken his seat in the most convenient place to replenish the fire and keep the lightwood blazing (tallow-candles being reserved for rare occasions), he waited patiently for a chance to begin. Silently he observed the effect of the lullaby on the restless baby, for he knew when its tender form had been yielded up to the soft embraces of the cradle, Miss Fanny would indulge in the luxury of a cup of tea (a luxury she would not have thought she could afford, but for the sake of that blessed baby), and that under the soothing influence of that precious beverage she would patiently listen to any of his wonderful stories. Like a skillful General he watched his opportunity, and then struck out in his own peculiar dialect.

"Miss Fanny, did you eber hear der story ob der Tar Baby; B'r Rabbit an' B'r Wolf?"

"No?"

"Well, I can tell it ter yer, jest like Uncle Pomp did tell it to we childurns in de big kitchen chimbly-corner. He say all der wild critters in der woods is 'lation to we niggers, an' so we calls um brudder. Dis am de way *he* tell de story:

Wunce dare wuz a ole man, en he hab wun pease-patch, an' eb'ry mornin', wen'e go for look at he pease-patch he see B'r Rabbit bin dare. No trap good 'nuff for ketch B'r Rabbit, 'tel wun day de ole man he mek wun leetle house; den he say, "Now I got um! he sure for go in dey, tink him gwine lib like buckra! Yaw! yaw!" So de ole man set down he house way'e ken ketch B'r Rabbit eye; an' wen B'r Rabbit cum'd soon een de mornin' he seed dis leetle house, an' he taut he would tek a look eenside; but quick as he get cen, de do' *slam! bam!* fassen B'r Rabbit up. Den de ole man cum fine um dare; so he say, "Berry well, Mister Rabbit! I'se got you at lass, is I? Nebber mind! I soon gie you sumting, an' put you way you teef no mo' *my* pease! jess wait wun leetle bit."

De ole man tell he son fur mek up big fire, an' him tek he hatchet, gon' der wood for cut switch. Bumbye, B'r Wolf he cum 'long a wisslin to heself, en B'r Rabbit yerry um. So he holler out, berry sweet mout, "B'r Wolf! B'r Wolf! good-mornin; jest step dis way, my fren', an' look at my new house w'at's jess done build. It am rudder small for two eenside yer, but ef you'll open dat do', I'll cum out an' let you een!" So B'r Wolf (he fool to dat, for ebber lettin' Rabbit stick him finger in he yeye), he open de do' fur let B'r Rabbit out, en him gon' een for look at de house. Soon es him get een B'r Rabbit slam de do' on um, fassen B'r Wolf up. Den he say, "Good-by, me brudder, I gie you me new house, an' you ken tek my lickin', ole fellar! an' *tanky*, too!" So B'r Rabbit him clean out.

Bumbye, de ole man cum. He trow down he bundle ub switch off he shoulder an' gon' for git B'r Rabbit; but B'r Rabbit ain't bin dey dat time! B'r Wolf bin dare doe, a meckin heself small as he ken an' a lookin out de corner ub wun eye. Wen de ole man see um dey, 'stid ub B'r Rabbit, him bex for sowl; him say, "Huc cum *you* yer, Sur? an' wat's yer bizness? an' way's dat Rabbit?" B'r Wolf, him scare, so he say, berry easy like, "Oh, beg yer pardin, massa; but B'r Rabbit him call me, say, 'Cum see me new house;' den wen I git een, him shet me up, say me muss tek him lickin!" "Oh, berry well den, Mister Wolf! so you am de gemman wot let dat teef git 'way frum me! You see ef I no gie *you* B'r Rabbit!"

Den de ole man he meck reddy for tekin' holt ob B'r Wolf; but der ole feller him beg so pittyful de ole man hab for lissen. Den he say: "Tell yer wot, Wolf, I'se like you berry well, an' ain't got no grudge gin you no how; so ef you kin tell me how fur ketch dat Rabbit, I'se let you off dis time." B'r Wolf say: "Oh yis, massa; I *kin* tell yer! You jess git wun *Tur Baby*, en' stan' um up by de cow-track, way B'r Rabbit b'long; stop fur drink water een de mornin wen ee dun eat you peas, an you see eff you no ketch um!"

Well, de ole man he do so; an' show 'nuff wen B'r Rabbit cum for drink out de cow-track him seed der Tar Baby, a standin' up, so impident like—so him say, berry perlite, "Good-mornin' ter yer, ma'am!" De Baby no anser. B'r Rabbit say—"Eh! eh!" ter heself; he look um straight een e yeye an ax um a'gin, "Good-mornin ter yer, ma'am!" De Baby no anser. B'r Rabbit him bex! him say, "Who'se yer pappy an' yer mammy dat larnt you, yer no-manners, Miss?" De Baby no anser. B'r Rabbit say, "Look e' yer gal! you dunno me! You no talk ter me, me larn you wat manners is!" De Baby *no anser!* B'r Rabbit him draw off en hit um a slap. He han fassen ter der Tar Baby face! "Nebber mine, yer imp!" ee say, "I got nudder han', eff I hit yer wid dat I meck you laff t'udder side yer mont!" He hit um wid de odder han; de odder han' fassen. He hit um wid de right foot;

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de right foc 'assen. He hit um wid de leff foot; de leff foot fassen!

B'r Rabbit him dunno wuffer do, but ee tought ee would do dee bess ee could; so he say, "Look yer gal at dis yer head ob mine, wot you tink would cum ub you eff I was ter *butt* yer wid it? I tell yer dis fur wunce, now, yer better lem'me go!" De Baby no anser. He butt um wid he head, an' he head fassen! Wen B'r Rabbit tink 'pon de ting, him say, "Dis B'r Wolf doings!"

So B'r Rabbit him hang dey 'tell de ole man cum. B'r Wolf cum too, an' he say, "Der goot! der goot! Yer goot-for-nutting! now you gwine ketch it, en't yer?" De ole man say nutting, him jess meck de fire bun good, an' git he switch reddy ter wip B'r Rabbit. Wen ee ware out all him switch, den him say, "Now, teef! how yer like dat?" B'r Rabbit say, "Don't like um 'tall, ole massa."

Ole man den onfassen um frum der Tar Baby, an' ee say, "Now witch you rudder me trow you een der fire, or trow yer een der briar-patch?" B'r Rabbit say, "Do, ole massa, trow me een de fire, lem'me bun up wun time! Yer trow me een der briar-patch, briar scratch out all me yeye, den how I kin see fur git me bittle fur eat?" De ole man say, "Sarve yer right, yer teef! I trow yer een der briar for true—eff yer eye scratch out yer see no mo'e for cum eat my peas!"

So he teck B'r Rabbit, an' heab 'um right een de middle ob der briar-patch. Quick as B'r Rabbit ketch on he foot, him peep at de ole man wid he two eye, en' say, "See me yeye yer! dis war all my fambly lib!—tankey, ole massa! and good-by, B'r Wolf!"

Sence dat time B'r Rabbit an' B'r Wolf nebber keeps no kumpny togedder—nuntall, nuntall; an' de ole man nebber ketch dat chile, no mo'! but ebry mornin' wen he go for look at he pease-patch, he see B'r Rabbit bin dar.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE romance of history is getting terribly battered by the truth. Niebuhr, and Arnold following him, blew away a score of the pleasant fables of early Roman tradition. Mr. Gould, an English antiquarian scholar, performs what he calls "the painful duty" of relieving history of the figure of William Tell, by telling us that the story is a universal tradition in many countries, and dates from a Norse hero of the eleventh century. Arnold Von Winkelried will probably follow; and what is to become of Leonidas? Homer is already a very ghostly and evanescent personage; and Shakspeare is fighting for his life. Does any body feel very sure that the young George Washington told his father that he did not dare to tell a lie?

Bancroft lays an unsparing hand, in his last volume, upon many of our own Revolutionary laurels; and now an accomplished historical scholar, Mr. Charles Deane, of Massachusetts, has relentlessly plucked the delicate story of Pocahontas and Captain Smith from our annals, and cast it away as a sheer fabrication. Yet, as Mr. Adams remarks in his admirable summary of Mr. Deane's labors, in the *North American Review* for January of this year, "No American needs to be told that this tale of Pocahontas is probably the most romantic episode in the whole history of his country."

"Is it not enough," asks some Virginian journal, "that the ruthless Yankee has devastated our fields and ruined our homes and slain our children? Must he also despoil the tomb? Will he not rest until he has rifled our very history of its choicest traditions, and stolen the brightest jewels of our romance?" What Vandal is this, who will not spare even the monuments of a sylvan and shadowy realm? What fierce iconoclast, who gleefully shatters the statues of a poetic humanity?

It does seem hard that so many pretty stories are trampled out of existence by truth. Is there any harm in believing that the wolf suckled Romulus? Why shouldn't Wellington have cried: "Up guards, and at them?" Alas! there is no conceivable reason—but he did not. If in extraordinary circumstances people would only say extraordinary things, it would wonderfully illuminate history. But whoever has been one of the victims who are offered "after the removal of the cloth" at public dinners to the unappeasable desire of hearing speeches will remember how sadly he reflected afterward, in the contemplative seclusion of bed, what he might have said, but what did not occur to him. All the happy hits—the touches of wit, of pathos, of poetry, every thing appropriate and striking that should have been said and was not—these marshal themselves in charming order and torture the orator, who derides himself to sleep. If we could only have a volume of the occasional speeches that were never made! It would match that of the memorable sayings that were never uttered.

But what the individual orator can not do upon small occasions the public does upon great. Feeling that at certain moments certain epigrams should have been uttered or heroic acts performed, it quietly assumes that they were, and the general instinct is so fully satisfied that it accepts the report without investigation, and from a mere sense of propriety. And these are the very parts of history which appeal most to the imagination. They are culled for the books of children. They inspire the painters. The poets sing them. The philosophers reason upon them. Noble theories start from them, and are supported by them—like palaces built upon sunset clouds, and buttressed by moonshine. Sometimes the traditions are pure invention; sometimes they are simply mythical; sometimes they are the result of what may be called an extreme possibility, as in the case of the alleged phrase of Wellington's. It seems to have been easier to say it than not. His action, his feeling, the whole spirit of the act said it, and impress it as actually said upon the imagination, although it failed to get into words at the time. It is in this way that some of the speeches in Thucydides are real, although they were never spoken.

But unluckily in no such way, nor in any other, is the legend of Pocahontas real. It turns out to be as wholly untrue as Cooper's Indians are unlike. *A priori* it is improbable because inconsistent with universal experience of the Indian character. Magnanimity, tenderness, humanity, are not characteristic of the red man or woman. Indeed, the only intrinsic argument of the truth of the story of Pocahontas is that which makes her exceptional, and is found in the fact that her conversion to Christianity and marriage with Rolfe show a peculiar sensitiveness to the influence of the white race and of civilization,

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which might have manifested itself instinctively upon first seeing a white man in peculiar peril. But the actual evidence destroys the possible inference. The ruthless Yankee has neatly scalped error with the tomahawk of truth, by which appropriate metaphor we arrive at the facts which Mr. Deane relates.

On the 14th of May, 1607, Captain John Smith and his companions founded Jamestown in Virginia. On the 10th of December he temporarily left the settlement to explore the Chickahominy, with two Englishmen and two Indians, and at a certain point leaving the Englishmen and one Indian to guard the canoe, Smith, with the other Indian, pushed on alone. The Indians attacked the whole party, and killing the other Englishmen, took Smith prisoner. He was taken to Powhatan, by whom he was kindly treated, and in a few days was restored to his friends.

Captain Smith immediately wrote "a true Relation of Virginia," which was published in London during the next year—1608. He describes in detail all the circumstances of his voyage and capture, but says not a word of the episode of Pocahontas. He mentions her merely as a pretty and clever child of ten years old, who once came to the colony with a messenger from Powhatan.

There is but one other contemporary authority, Edward Maria Wingfield, the first President of the colony, who went out to Virginia with Smith, and was in Jamestown when Smith went to the Chickahominy, was taken prisoner, and returned. Wingfield, of course, learned all the details of the event from Smith himself, and immediately after Smith's release returned to England and wrote an account of his administration. This was circulated in manuscript in London during the summer of 1608, and is the earliest known work upon the colony. It was ready in May or June, while Smith's manuscript of the "True Relation" did not reach England until July. But Wingfield, like Smith himself, is silent upon the beautiful story of Pocahontas, as Mr. Deane ascertained upon finding a copy of the manuscript in the Lambeth Library.

Captain Smith returned to England in the autumn of 1609, and never went back to Virginia. In the year 1612 he published at Oxford a map of Virginia with a description. In this he speaks of the Indian method of execution by dashing out the brains with a club—the fate from which Pocahontas is supposed to have rescued him—but still nothing is said of that event. Indeed the account of his captivity among the Indians asserts that he obtained his own liberty. Meanwhile, in 1610, William Strachey went to Virginia, and upon his return to England published in 1615 a history of travel in Virginia, freely using Smith's previous works. Strachey's book thus speaks of the Indian maid: "Pocahuntas, a well featured but wanton yong girle, Powhatan's daughter, sometymes resorting to our fort, of the age then of eleven or twelve yeares, would get the boyes forth with her into the markett place, and make them wheele, falling on their hands, turning up their heels upwards, whome she would followe and wheele so her self, naked as she was, all the fort over." But utterly mindless of the F. F. V.'s, the cruel Strachey who describes her as a gay athlete, says not a word of her saving Smith's life.

Next, in 1615, came Raphe Hamor's "True Discourse of the Present State of Virginia," with "The Christening of Powhatan's Daughter and her Marriage with an Englishman." This work gives a full account of Pocahontas, who had become of political importance as a hostage in the hands of the English, and as a convert to the English Church, through whom a great religious work might be done among the Indians. So when in June, 1616, Pocahontas, then Mrs. Rebecca Rolfe, arrived in England, she excited extraordinary interest and attention, and was the most conspicuous personage in society. King James, indeed, was disposed to be angry with Rolfe for daring to marry an imperial Princess. At the height of her renown Purchas published the third edition of his "Pilgrimage" in 1617. He knew Rolfe well, who lent him his Discourse upon Virginia, and Smith also had "gently communicated" his notes; but Purchas does not allude to the romantic deliverance of Smith by Pocahontas. In the same year, 1617, the Indian heroine died.

Up to this time all the authorities that are known to exist, Smith himself, Simons, who wrote a supplement to Smith's Description in 1612, Wingfield, Strachey, Hamor, Purchas, and Rolfe, her husband, do not allude to the story of Pocahontas, which, if true, was the most romantic and interesting in her life. It first appears in 1622, five years after her death, in a second and enlarged edition of a pamphlet, published by Captain Smith, called "New England's Trials," and intended to awaken interest in the New England fisheries. This was the third account he had given of his American adventures; and it is not improbable that the romantic celebrity of Pocahontas, and the fact that he was the first Englishman who had ever seen her, led him to draw attention to the cause he was advocating either by adopting or inventing the pretty story. We say adopting, because there may have been a score of tales current in the popular imagination of so unique a heroine.

At last, in 1624, sixteen years after the events of which he had at the time written a description, Captain Smith published his "Generall Historie," in which the familiar story of Pocahontas is fully told. It was issued after the Jamestown massacre of 1622 as an earnest appeal to turn the public attention to the colony, and to secure for himself a position under the Virginia Company. From that time until now the incident has remained unquestioned. The historians have repeated it with admiration and eloquence. It has been the shining Koh-i-noor in the very front of our annals; and now comes the expert, and after steadily gazing and carefully testing, he says to us quietly, your diamond is mere paste. But why should Virginia be disconsolate? If Randolph of Roanoke, who may have been proud of his descent from Pocahontas, had been severely questioned and had truthfully answered, would he have insisted that his pride in his ancestress was founded in the fact that she was humane, or that she was a king's daughter? Gentle and lovely all report makes her. It is easy to believe—it is impossible not to believe—that Rolfe's wife would readily do what Powhatan's daughter was said to have done. We lose a story only, not a woman; for it can not be denied that, according to all fair rules of historical evidence, it is now

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quite clear that the pretty romance of Pocahontas and the captive Englishman must be dismissed as pure invention.

THE gay, young European diplomatist accustomed to the charms of the great foreign capitals — London, Paris, Vienna, Rome, and the scores of smaller but delightful cities—probably regards an attachment to the embassy of his country in the United States as a Bœotian exile. But when, eagerly curious to see the capital of this remote region, he is dumped in the railroad shed at Washington, and emerges upon the depthless mud or blinding dust of the city, upon its hackmen and porters, greedy of his last penny, and upon its general hopelessness of aspect, it is not difficult to imagine how his heart sinks, and how bitter the exile seems.

To the independent native of the country, however, Washington, as a city, is simply exasperating and ridiculous. Its one truly magnificent building, the Capitol, seems to have absorbed every thing else. Like a huge wen it has apparently sucked up all the life of the other buildings. Feeble, shapeless, ineffective, they huddle along the sides of the vast avenues, and, however closely they stand, give nothing but the impression of a straggling and clumsy village. Then there is the eternal absurdity of the plan. It is not only a straggling and clumsy village, but it is utterly dislocated. Washington is laid out upon the plan of cart-wheels within cart-wheels. The stranger is always going wrong. You meet him, say, near the junction of some avenue with some Fourth and a half street north. He has the expression of a long-confirmed but mild lunatic; and after gazing at you blandly and inquiringly for a moment, he says: "I am trying to find the corner of 9th and 15th streets." Of course he is. We all are in Washington. The folly would be evident elsewhere, but in Washington it is the most natural effort possible. There is but one reply to the candid and inquiring fellow-maniac: "My dear Sir, I have not the remotest conception where I am, or where any thing is." There is a fond delusion that the city radiates from the Capitol. Nothing is more fallacious. Washington is a system of hubs, and a consequent combination of radiations.

The depression arising from arrival, and the problem of the streets, is hardly relieved by alighting at Willard's. The entrance to that hotel is a cigar shop, a newspaper stand, and a loafing room. You press through to the office; but what is man that an American landlord should regard him? The house is full, has been full, and will be full. A few crisp words inform you that by-and-by, sometime, perhaps, possibly, you may be stowed away in the seventh story, and allowed to pay four or five dollars a day. The moderation of the landlords is always a subject of wonder and gratitude. It seems a matter of mere grace and sovereign good-will that they do not charge twenty dollars a night, with the privilege of making your own bed.

"Whew!" cried Don Giovanni, when, arriving in the capital of his country, he was made to undergo these initiatory steps, "will you please to tell me one single particular in which travel in Europe is not incomparably more agreeable and comfortable than in this country?" And he went on to compare the universal comfort and courtesy of foreign travel sadly to the disadvantage of the home of the brave. "Certainly there is no country in which the guest upon reaching his hotel is treated with such laughable condescension as in this. A wretched hole of a room, shabbily furnished—with dirty walls and a suspicious bed—with a quart of water and a pocket-handkerchief of a towel, for which he is to pay four or five dollars or more daily, is awarded to the humbly expectant visitor as a high favor. A great American hotel is a penitentiary for travelers, and the gentlemen in the office are the lofty turnkeys and lord high constables. A self-respecting man will travel here as little as he can."

There is no doubt that much travel at home is a discipline, replied the Easy Chair.

"Yes," continued the indignant Don. "If you are known personally to the gentlemanly gentleman who dispenses chambers you may be tolerably quartered. But if you are merely one of the herd who have the temerity to arrive by steamer or car, you may thank your stars if you are graciously permitted to leave your luggage in the hall and to have a room 'by-and-by.'"

Now the Easy Chair humbly hopes that all gentlemanly gentlemen concerned will not understand *him* as making these remarks. They all proceeded from the person who has been named, and who is alone responsible. The Easy Chair has not quite come to an end of his travels; and would he malign the gentlemanly and accommodating? He desires to state distinctly that if he could not open the window of his room, it was merely because he had a foolish wish for fresh air; and if he could not turn round, it was because of the inordinate size of his trunk; and if his fingers went through the towel, it was because his manner was rude toward a chamber ornament so delicate and small; and if the sheets of the bed were not wholly fresh, it was because the gentlemanly and accomplished chamber-maiden lady was of a nobly economical turn of mind; and if the bell would not ring, it was because some former guest had been so little able to restrain himself as to pull it down. Indeed there was nothing which did not admit of the fullest explanation. It is only the unreasonable who would complain of paying five dollars a day for such accommodations. "Let me tell you, Sir," whispered the gentlemanly gentleman at a certain office to a bewildered person who had been ordered up to a burrow in the seventh story, "you are very lucky to get in at all." But the bewildered traveler's face, it is asserted, was not so humbly grateful as the circumstances demanded.

Washington itself merely multiplies the impression of Willard's. Every thing is feverish and transitory. The fine houses are rented by Senators, by Representatives, by foreign Ministers, by army and navy officers, by families from other cities. They are taken for a season. Those who occupy them have no permanent interest in the city. The rule is almost universal. The Capitol, the White House, the Departments, the public buildings, are all full of men who came yesterday and are going to-morrow. Washington is a huge perch. All this tumult of twittering is from birds upon the wing who have lighted for a moment only. Even the noisiest

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crows, the most solemn owls, are but for a day, or for two years, or for four years, or for six years.

There is a certain permanent population of the military and naval bureaus, over whose heads the storms of fashion and politics roar and break like tempests that toss the surface of the sea far above the placid monsters and coral insects of the deep. And there are a few immemorial office-holders, quiet men, who have grown old in certain ruts in which they can run with a facility that is absolutely essential. They feel that they have become part of the Government. The very oldest Senators and Representatives excite in their breasts a kind of compassionate sympathy as mere boys and tyros. And like heirs of old royal lines long since superseded, who cherish a secret conviction that modern times are a mere delusion and progress an absurd infatuation, and who are sure that some day the world will suddenly discover what a huge mistake it made in not continuing to be governed by the extinct line, and so return to its allegiance, the faithful plodders in the official ruts do still believe that the party—whatever it was—which appointed them is the Heaven-appointed ruler of the country, and that when the froth of the present moment is blown away the clear, deep, sound, good old times will be again discerned. The droll old Jacobites! They drink to the king over the water. They might as well drink to the king with his head cut off.

THE exterior of the Capitol at Washington is most imposing and even magnificent. But that the usual absurdity of things in that extraordinary place may not fail, the huge pile turns its back upon the city and fronts an inconceivable metropolis which will never be built. But when you enter this vast building, either by going around it so as to see the front, or by ascending directly from the city, then amazement and indignation begin. The old Capitol is absorbed in the new. The Rotunda is a museum of rubbish. Pictures good and bad, without the slightest relation to each other or to the building, without the least symmetry of form or arrangement are hung around the walls, and the apartment which should be impressive and beautiful affects the spectator like a poorly furnished old curiosity shop garnished with queer trumpery. Of the intrinsic excellence of the pictures we say nothing. But every principle upon which painting should be combined with architecture and sculpture is violated in the Rotunda.

If from the centre you turn in one direction you pass through a dark, unmeaning way into the old House of Representatives. It is a miracle of architectural abomination. And instead of being annihilated, it is left bare and dismal. A few years since it was sacred to apple-women and old men selling cookeys. But the outraged sense of the nation has intervened to banish the unworthy intruders and has also fenced a path across it from one door to the other, and behind the fence has collected a few hideous casts and plaster statues, both from Brobdignag and Lilliput. Following the path and pushing on, the astonished visitor passes through the massive bronze doors of Mr. Rogers into an entirely new structure of the costliest marble and bronze. His first emotion is that Congress has darned the expense, or words to that effect. The most superb staircases invite him to ascend. Upon the landing of one hangs a portrait of General Scott, as ludicrously out of place as Michael Angelo's Last Judgment in a parlor. This is a canvass; but upon another staircase is the fresco of the Western emigrants, which time, or the plaster, or some malign influence, has so abused that it resembles a piece of worsted-work—a result of which we wholly acquit the painter.

In the corridors, as this astonished citizen proceeds, he sees a few busts of life-size in marble, and then a colossal statue. He perceives that there is no order, no meaning, no satisfaction. It is plain that from time to time Congress has been cajoled into buying a statue, or a bust, or a picture, and however good in themselves they are utterly ruined by the stupid fragmentary way in which they are scattered about. If they were evidently parts of a general method, however atrocious in itself, there would be less of the feeling of horrible waste which pursues the spectator wherever he turns. Descending, he finds upon the floor below elaborately frescoed corridors—a reminiscence in intention of the Golden House of Nero. But even if Raphael had painted them they are invisible, for the corridors are dark. Doors open into spacious and sumptuous committee-rooms, and the confounded citizen sees that they combine all the splendor of a steamboat cabin with the gorgeousness of a superior oyster saloon. The door closes, the glory is gone, and he dimly discerns a bronze railing upon a marble staircase, which is most elaborate and most costly, and almost hidden in this extraordinary cellar. He ascends again into the main corridor, and it is no consolation to him for the time and labor and enormous expense of the work below that it is generally invisible.

If he peers into the Representatives' Chamber, he finds a handsome hall dimly lighted from above, and on cloudy days obscure and mournful. The galleries are dark; but there are no columns, and the general design is agreeable. Passing, then, once more through the bronze gates, the astounded citizen walks the whole length of the old Capitol from end to end before he reaches the Senate Chamber. As he goes out of the Rotunda upon his way across the Capitol he enters a mysterious and obscure region with a circular row of columns—a dark and dismal well for no conceivable purpose, for it gives darkness, not light—and beyond this he reaches the door of the Supreme Court Room, the old Senate Chamber. It is a very small, plain, dim, semi-circular apartment, which seems hardly large enough even for the smaller Senate of the days of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. After more marble corridors and splendid staircases the traveler reaches the Senate Chamber, which is of the same general character with that of the House.

The impression of the whole structure is that of enormous and frightfully foolish waste of space and money. Neither patriotism nor good sense nor good taste directed or controlled this vast expense. Of course we do not complain as seeing any remedy. It is unavoidable. The money for our great public buildings is spent by order of Congress, and while we might hope for economy we have no right to expect taste. There is, however, a false feeling which represents economy in such public works as meanness;

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while the truth is that lavish expense for such objects is justified only by the erection of truly noble monuments. The Capitol gives us an impressive dome, and a magnificent front, in the rear; but when we think of the interior, what an imposition, what a whited sepulchre it is!

THE latest and one of the most striking and effective pleas in the great pending cause of the living arts against the dead languages has just been made by Dr. Jacob Bigelow, of Boston, late President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The age and the fame of the advocate command the most attentive and respectful hearing: for Dr. Bigelow is almost if not quite an octogenarian, yet, as this address shows, with all his intellectual freshness and vigor unimpaired; while, as a friend writes, he is the originator of rural cemeteries in this country, the enlightened medical reformer, the pioneer botanist of his part of the country, the author of the first English work on Technology, and one of the shrewdest and most sensible of men.

But his plea amply justifies itself. A lover of the classics, and a variously accomplished scholar, Dr. Bigelow boldly assaults the majestic traditions which tyrannize in our colleges and schools and general opinion, and with strong and skillful blows reveals their points of weakness. The bodily and mental vigor of the Caucasian race, he declares, is not different now from what it was two thousand years ago; and whether we shall prefer ancient or modern studies, as they are called, must depend upon the relative power of intellectual works before or since the Middle Ages to contribute to our present pleasure or advantage. Comparing them as to the truth of the things taught, and the value of those things as means of happiness and progress, Dr. Bigelow forcibly and strikingly asserts, and amplifies illustration, that the powers of the ancient mind were misdirected, and during five thousand years had done very little indeed for the advancement of human welfare; while the last five centuries have been prolific of actual discoveries which have infinitely benefited mankind. Meanwhile the study of classical literature, which has been the especial business of what was called scholarship, has been really of small advantage. The first three centuries of the Christian era walked in the light of the wisdom of the ancients, and went from bad to worse, says the Doctor; the last three, with modern literature and the useful sciences and arts, have gone steadily from better to better.

That classical studies "train the mind" Dr. Bigelow does not deny; but as education means not only development of the mind but the acquirement of useful knowledge, it is not enough that the prime of youth should be given to learning how to learn. The very elaboration of structure, even of the Greek language, is an impediment rather than an advantage. It is a useless not a useful difficulty. But it is not against any knowledge of the dead languages that he pleads, so much as against their traditional and overshadowing supremacy. And this supremacy is due to many other causes than their especial aptitude for strengthening the mind. Some of these causes the Doctor acutely analyzes, and with pungent humor. He subjects Homer to an exegesis which might make Lord Derby stare and Mr. Gladstone shiver, and claims for modern genius not less scope and power than that of the Greek and Roman. Then he proceeds to the bold and true assertion that the great triumph of modern civilization in making the world wiser and better and happier is due to men who broke away from the routine of scholarship, and who developed and utilized the illimitable forces of the material world.

"Classical literature is the aid and ornament, and may well enter into the foundation of the most liberal form of education." But its exclusive or superior value is an error which is rapidly disappearing. The report of the English Commission upon the great public schools confirms the amusing and appalling statement of Sydney Smith, speaking of the young Englishman, that "the great system of facts with which he is the most perfectly acquainted is the intrigues of the heathen gods." The admirable letters of Mr. Atkinson, and this racy and forcible address of Dr. Bigelow, strike in unison with Sydney Smith. They are the pleas of scholars for a truer scholarship: the protests of men for a more generous manhood. Nor need any honest devotee of the old system fear that these protests will merely confirm the perilous tendency of America toward superficial knowledge. If that be the bent of the American mind it will be as shallow in classics as in science. The change of direction will not remedy a fault of force. But the truth is, that a more strenuous study, a sterner discipline, are essential to master the modern than the ancient knowledge. In every direction the exploring genius of man is heroically proving all things, and invites us to share in the delight of an expanding knowledge which lengthens life, mitigates pain, extinguishes disease, annihilates space, subdues the elements, and tames the globe. These have been instincts, and longings, and hopes. And now, exclaims the venerable student, himself familiar with the revelations of science and the resources of classical study, "the solution of all these problems is now achieved by the triumphs of utilitarian science. The nineteenth century, one-third of which is yet to come, has already converted all these wants and wonders into physical and historical facts. Would the recovery of the lost books of Livy, the orations of Hortensius, or the poems of Sappho be any compensation for the loss of any one of these from among our own contemporaneous revelations?"

IT has, perhaps, struck some reader of the daily papers that Adah Isaacs Menken, a person at whose name he may have smiled as he casually saw it placarded upon a play-bill in the Park or elsewhere, is mentioned in letters from Paris as being very successful, and exciting great public interest. When she plays in New York do the correspondents of the London and Paris papers devote a paragraph to her? Certainly not, because her coming and playing and going here are unremarked, except by those whose business it is to follow the story of the stage from day to day, or by those who habitually resort to the theatres where she plays. Nor are the paragraphs in the foreign letters to be viewed as advertisements, any more than their notices of Patti.

But who is Adah Isaacs Menken? is the question which many a reader of these lines is asking.

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She is an actress of the strictly physical school. My form is my fortune, Sir, she said. Her great triumph is in the part of Mazeppa, in which play she appears as the hero bound upon a fiery steed. Mazeppa, indeed, is a man, and Menken is a woman. But flesh-colored tights drawn over her luxuriant form, with a short-skirted tunic about her waist, enable her "to disfigure or present" the noble figure of the victim. The criticisms of her acting, we have observed, are mainly confined to discussions upon the length of her skirts. Indeed, the whole performance, which it has not been our fortune to witness, seems to consist of that kind of display for which concert saloons with female waiters are chiefly distinguished. It has, therefore, not hitherto made a sensation in the city of New York. La Menken has not yet played at the French theatre, and was unknown upon the boards of the late Academy. *Ma, in Hispania!* But in Paris it is another thing.

There are many sharp things truly said of New York; and the ludicrous inanity and pointless extravagance of its fashionable society can not be too pungently satirized. It has, also, its sins as well as its follies, but it has nothing so exquisitely shameless as the fine society of Paris. While in New York la Menken rides half nude across the stage in a theatre unknown to fashion, in Paris la Thérèse sings the loosest songs in the most gilded circles. But la Thérèse has been a toy for three years, and is just falling from the hand of fashion. It is now written that the most select company of the imperial court flocks to see Cora Pearl. Who is Cora Pearl? She is what la Thérèse was yesterday, what Laura Bell was the day before, what *la dame aux Camèlias* was last year, what "a woman of quality" was last century in Smollett's novels. She is one of the women who do not last like Ninon de l'Enclos: who have no Pericles like Aspasia, no Homer like Helen, but who are notorious for a day and then utterly laughed at and forgotten. Their fate is so swift and hideous that there is a certain moral advantage in their dazzling career. Becky Sharpe, in Vanity Fair, disappears at last from the reader's sight at charity fairs for religious purposes. Laura Bell, who was the heroine of the London letters four or five years ago, who drove exquisite equipages and gave ravishing suppers, and fluttered for a tinsel hour, "became converted," as we read in a late London letter, "and now in an exquisite dress, but with faded beauty and angular features, preaches to men and women with eager concern.....she gets good society to her dinner parties, and talks over human depravity with earls and marquises, and kisses pious countesses upon the cheek."

And while this takes place in London the Laura Bell of the moment in Paris, Cora Pearl, with "a good deal of wit" and a superb figure, who is twenty-six years old and a fearless rider, who lives in apartments hung with rich crimson velvet and furnished with a dozen servants, intensely interests Parisian society, superseding the gossip of the Legislature and the Court and the *salon*, by the announcement that she will play Cupidon in *Orphée aux Enfers*. This announcement, we learn from the faithful correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, stirred the finest society to its very centre. "For fifteen days, then, Paris waited in breathless excitement to see this celebrated character of the demi-monde appear in a thin, transparent, flesh-colored stuff with a pretty blue velvet mantle, ornamented with flowers and a gold fringe draping her shoulders, sporting blue wings with white and gold feathers, and sandals that yellow straps attached to her ankles. Artificial hair in which curls were interspersed rested on the top of her head and around her neck, which was further adorned with twining pearls. Her arms, her legs, her neck, her whole body was to stand confessed in the plenitude of its delicate contours. Tickets rose to a fabulous price, and the theatre was crowded to its greatest capacity."

The correspondent cries aloud for the Social Science Association. But it is doubtful if even that virtuous body could medicine this disease. It is but a sign of the social condition of Paris—a condition which every great and highly-civilized capital has always revealed. Much of the responsibility may fairly be attributed to the desire of the Government to amuse the public mind and divert it from serious thought; but there are other and more subtle causes. Bad as we are, it may console us to know that New York is still immeasurably behind Paris in this kind of career. Vain and vulgar persons abound who live with vain and vulgar profusion and ostentation. The Black Crook is still fascinating. But the Black Crook is but a ballet, like hundreds with which the city has been long familiar; and he is not a shrewd moralist who thinks its popularity a sign of the same kind of significance as the adoration of Cora Pearl. Meanwhile there is a certain visible tendency among us to an extravagance which ends in perilous luxury. But in the present situation of the country, with an enormous debt to pay, such extravagance is more than foolish, it is criminal. The debt can be paid only by individual sacrifice. A modest private expenditure is as imperative a moral duty as a wise public economy.

It is impossible to read of the wild dissipation of Paris without thinking of Couture's picture of the Decadence of the Romans which hangs, admonishingly, in the Luxembourg. To turn to that picture from Cora Pearl playing Cupidon amidst the enthusiasm of the high society of Paris, is to turn from the original to the representation.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 28th of February, just four days before the present Congress comes to an end. So many important measures remain to be acted upon that we defer until the next Number a resumé of the action of Congress in regard to the principal questions of general interest. There is, as we close, little probability that the great financial subjects of the Tariff, the Internal Revenue bill, or the Bankrupt bill will be finally acted upon by this Congress.——The Judiciary Committee, to whom was referred the resolution referring to the impeachment of the President, have given no intimation of the action which they have taken or propose to take.——The bill repealing the amnesty powers granted to the President, and that regulating the elective franchise in the Territories, referred to in our last Record, have become laws in default of having been either approved by the President or returned, with his objections, within the time specified by the Constitution.——The bill admitting Nebraska as a State into the Union has been passed over the President's veto by more than the requisite majority of two-thirds (in the House, finally, February 9, by 120 to 44), and thus becomes a law.

MILITARY GOVERNMENT FOR THE SOUTH.

The most important measure which received the final action of Congress during the month of February was the passage, by a decisive majority in both Houses, of a bill establishing military government over the States lately in insurrection. In the House, on the 6th, Mr. Stevens, from the Committee on Reconstruction, presented a bill "to provide for the more efficient government of the insurrectionary States." On the 20th a bill to the same general purport was finally passed by Congress. We give the bill as it was originally introduced, and as it was finally passed, and note the prominent features of the action to which it was subjected in Congress:

[Mr. Stevens's Bill.]

A Bill to provide for the more efficient Government of the Insurrectionary States.

Whereas the pretended State governments of the late so-called Confederate States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas were set up without the authority of Congress and without the sanction of the people; and whereas the so-pretended governments afford no protection for life or property, and countenance and encourage lawlessness and crime; and whereas it is necessary that peace and good order should be enforced in the so-called States until loyal and republican State governments can be legally established;

Therefore, be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That the so-called States shall be divided into military districts and made subject to the military authority of the United States as hereinafter prescribed; and for that purpose Virginia shall constitute the First district; North Carolina and South Carolina the Second district; Georgia, Alabama, and Florida the Third district; Mississippi and Arkansas the Fourth district; and Louisiana and Texas the Fifth district.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of the General of the army to assign to the command of each of said districts an officer of the regular army not below the rank of brigadier-general, and to detail a sufficient military force to enable such officer to perform his duties and enforce his authority in the district to which he is assigned.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of each officer assigned as aforesaid to protect all persons in their rights of person and property, to suppress insurrection, disorder, and violence, and to punish, or cause to be punished, all disturbers of the public peace and criminals; and to this end he may allow civil tribunals to take jurisdiction of and to try offenders; or when in his judgment it may be necessary for the trial of offenders, he shall have power to organize military commissions or tribunals for that purpose, any thing in the constitution and laws of the so-called States to the contrary notwithstanding; and all legislative and judicial proceedings or processes to prevent or control the proceedings of said military tribunals, and all interference by said pretended State governments with the exercise of military authority under this act shall be void and of no effect.

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, That courts and judicial officers of the United States shall not issue writs of habeas corpus in behalf of persons in military custody unless some commissioner or officer on duty in the district wherein the person is detained shall indorse upon said petition a statement certifying, upon honor, that he has knowledge or information as to the

[Bill as passed.]

An Act for the more efficient Government of the late Insurrectionary States.

Whereas no legal State governments or adequate protection for life or property now exist in the rebel States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas; and whereas it is necessary that peace and good order should be enforced in said States until loyal and republican State governments can be legally established; therefore,

Be it enacted, etc., That said rebel States shall be divided into military districts and made subject to the military authority of the United States, as hereinafter mentioned; and for that purpose Virginia shall constitute the First district; North Carolina and South Carolina the Second district; Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, the Third district; Mississippi and Arkansas the Fourth district; and Louisiana and Texas the Fifth district.

SEC. 2. That it shall be the duty of the President to assign to the command of each of said districts an officer of the army not below the rank of brigadier-general, and to detail a sufficient military force to enable such officer to perform his duties and enforce his authority within the district to which he is assigned.

SEC. 3. That it shall be the duty of each officer assigned as aforesaid to protect all persons in their rights of person and property, to suppress insurrection, disorder, and violence, and to punish or cause to be punished all disturbers of the public peace and criminals; and to this end he may allow local civil tribunals to take jurisdiction of and try offenders; or when in his judgment it may be necessary for the trial of offenders, he shall have power to organize military committees or tribunals for that purpose; and all interference under color of State authority with the exercise of military authority under this act shall be null and void.

SEC. 4. That all persons put under military arrest by virtue of this act shall be tried without unnecessary delay, and no cruel or unusual punishment shall be inflicted, and no sentence of any military commission or tribunal hereby authorized affecting the life or liberty of any person shall be executed until it is approved by the officer in command of the district; and

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cause and circumstances of the alleged detention, and that he believes the same to be wrongful, and further, that he believes that the indorsed petition is preferred in good faith and in furtherance of justice; and not to hinder or delay the punishment of crime, all persons put under military arrest by virtue of this act shall be tried without unnecessary delay, and no cruel or unusual punishment shall be inflicted.

SEC. 5. And be it further enacted, That no sentence of any military commission or tribunal hereby authorized affecting the life or liberty of any person shall be executed until it is approved by the superior officer in command of the district; and the laws and regulations for the government of the army shall not be affected by this act, except in so far as they conflict with its provisions.

SEC. 5. That when the people of any one of said rebel States shall have formed a constitution and government in conformity with the constitution of the United States in all respects, framed by a convention of delegates elected by the male citizens of said State twenty-one years old and upward, of whatever race, color, or previous condition, who have been resident in said State for one year previous to the day of such election, except such as may be disfranchised for participation in the rebellion or for felony at common law, and when such constitution shall provide that the elective franchise shall be enjoyed by all such persons as have the qualifications herein stated for electors of delegates, and when such constitution shall be ratified by a majority of the persons voting on the question of ratification who are qualified as electors for delegates, and when such constitution shall have been submitted to Congress for examination and approval, and Congress shall have approved the same, and when said State by a vote of its Legislature, elected under said constitution, shall have adopted the amendment to the constitution of the United States proposed by the Thirty-ninth Congress, and known as article 14, and when said article shall have become part of the constitution of the United States, said State shall be declared entitled to representation in Congress, and Senators and Representatives shall be admitted therefrom on their taking the oath prescribed by law, and then and thereafter the preceding sections of this act shall be inoperative in said State. Provided that no person excluded from the privilege of holding office by said proposed amendment to the constitution of the United States shall be eligible to election as a member of a convention to frame a constitution for any of said rebel States; nor shall any such person vote for members of such convention.

SEC. 6. That until the people of the said rebel States shall by law be admitted to representation to the Congress of the United States any civil governments that may exist therein shall be deemed provisional only, and shall be in all respects subject to the paramount authority of the United States at any time to abolish, modify, control, and supersede the same; and in all elections to any office under such provisional governments all persons shall be entitled to vote, and none others, who are entitled to vote under the provisions of the fifth section of this act; and no person shall be eligible to any office under such provisional governments who would be disqualified from holding office under the provisions of the third article of said constitutional amendment.

Mr. Banks, on the 9th, offered a proposition referring specially only to the State of Louisiana, to the following effect: The present Government of Louisiana having failed to protect loyal citizens, is not to be recognized. A commission of three persons, one to be named by the Senate, one by the House, and one by the head of the War Department, to be sent to Louisiana to re-establish civil government. This commission to register all loyal male citizens, without regard to color or former condition, who have either formerly been entitled to the right of suffrage, or have served in the army or navy of the United States, or own property of the value of $100, or can read and write; all such persons to be entitled to the right of suffrage. No person who having taken any official oath to support the Constitution of the United States, afterward aided the rebellion, to be allowed to vote or hold office; but this disability may be removed by a two-thirds vote of Congress. Registered voters to take an oath that they have not voluntarily borne arms against the United States, or voluntarily upheld any Government hostile thereto; and that they will support the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign or domestic. The Commissioners to call a Convention, to which shall be submitted the following propositions: (1.) The acceptance of this act as a basis of the restoration of civil government; (2.) The ratification of the proposed Constitutional Amendment. If these are acceded to, the Convention shall frame a Constitution for the State, to be submitted to the people; if they adopt the Constitution it shall be submitted to Congress, and if approved by Congress it shall be declared to be the Constitution of the State of Louisiana. The military commander of the Department to have power in case of necessity to declare martial law in any district. No definite action seems to have been taken upon this proposition.

The Committee appointed to investigate the New Orleans riot presented a long report, giving the history of that tragedy. They report that the number known to have been killed was 38, of whom 37 were loyal and one disloyal; 48, all loyal, were severely wounded; 98 slightly wounded, of whom 88 were loyal and 10 policemen; besides these there was evidence, though not fully certain, that ten more were killed and 20 wounded. Of those known to be killed 34 were colored, of the severely wounded 40, of the slightly wounded 79. The Report shows that the whole affair was brutal and wanton attack, set on foot by disloyal persons. The Committee reported a bill for the establishment of civil government in Louisiana, the essential provisions are that the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint a Governor and a council of nine members who shall temporarily exercise the powers of the Government; that in June, 1867, the qualified voters shall elect State officers. Qualified electors in general to be all male citizens, who have not engaged in hostility against the United States, without distinction of color. In October, 1867, an election to be held for members of a Convention to form a State Constitution; which Constitution shall be submitted to the people, and if ratified by them, may be submitted to Congress for the admission thereunder of the State to representation in Congress. The President to designate a general officer of the army as military commander, who shall have power to see that crimes are punished and order preserved whenever the civil authorities fail to do so. Until Louisiana is restored to the Union, the State to be entitled to a delegate in Congress with the same rights as are awarded to delegates from the Territories.—This bill was passed in the House, February 12, by 113 to 48; but appears not to have been acted upon by the Senate, the general military bill for all the seceding States superseding it.

On the same day, February 13, Mr. Stevens's

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bill providing Military Governments for all the seceding States was considered in the House. Mr. Blaine moved that it be referred to the Judiciary Committee with instructions to report it back with an amendment providing that when any State should have ratified the proposed Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, conformed its Constitution and laws thereto in all respects, such Constitution having been ratified by the people and approved by Congress, then the State shall be entitled to representation in Congress, and the bill become inoperative in that State. The Democratic members, and a large section of the Republicans, at first voted for this motion; and when all the names had been called there was only a majority of two or three against it. Many of the Democrats then changed their votes, and when the result was finally announced there were 69 ayes to 95 nays. So the motion was lost, and then the bill as reported was passed by a vote of 109 to 55, and was sent to the Senate.

In the Senate the bill came up on February 15. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, offered the amendment proposed in the House by Mr. Blaine; and Mr. Wilson offered a bill reciting that the Constitutional Amendment having been ratified by the requisite number of States, had now become a part of the Constitution of the United States; and when any of the States lately in insurrection shall have ratified the Amendment, shall have conformed its laws and Constitution thereto, secured impartial suffrage without regard to race, color, or previous condition of servitude, except as to such persons as "may be disfranchised for participation in the late rebellion;" and shall have "provided by its Constitution and laws that all citizens of the United States shall equally possess the right to pursue all lawful avocations and business, to receive the equal benefit of the public schools, and to have the equal protection of all the citizens of the United States in said State;" and when this Constitution shall have been ratified by the people of the State, submitted to and approved by Congress, the State shall then "be declared entitled to representation in Congress, and Senators and Representatives shall be admitted therefrom on taking the oath prescribed by law."

These propositions gave rise to much debate. Mr. Hendricks wished to insert the word "impartial" before "suffrage" in the Johnson amendment. Mr. M'Dougall said that the adoption of universal suffrage would enfranchise 50,000 Chinese in California. Mr. Doolittle hoped the suggestion would be adopted, for upon this depended its acceptance by the Southern people; they would not accept universal suffrage; they would prefer a military government. Mr. Saulsbury was so much opposed to every principle of the bill that he would vote for no amendment; there was not, he said, a single thing in it that any honest and just court would not pronounce to be unconstitutional; he wished to have it as odious as it could be made. The foregoing amendments were disagreed to, and on the 16th Mr. Sherman offered a substitute for the entire proposition before the Senate. This substitute, the title of the bill having been changed so as to read, "An Act for the more efficient Government of the late insurrectionary States," was adopted by 29 to 10—13 Senators not voting.

This bill then went to the House, which on the 19th refused to concur, and asked for a committee of conference. The Senate refused to appoint a committee, and adhered to its bill. The House then, by a vote of 98 to 70, acceded to the amendment of the Senate, but added an amendment to the amendment. The Senate on the 20th, by a vote of 35 to 7, concurred in this amendment by the House, and the bill was finally passed in the form already given. Among those who voted for it was Senator Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland. He said that, if he could have his wish, he would immediately receive Southern Senators; but he could not have his wish, and must therefore acquiesce with the majority in any thing that held out any hope, however faint, of accomplishing that object. He should vote for the bill because he saw in it a mode of rescuing the country from the perils that now threaten it, and not because he approved of it in any particular.

CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

Concurrent accounts, coming from too many quarters and too strongly corroborated to admit of doubt, represent the condition of a great portion of the South as utterly deplorable. Destitution, amounting to famine, prevails in extensive sections. Moreover, a bitter feeling is extensively prevalent against Southerners, charged with having been Union men, and against Northerners who have gone South. In many parts no Union men are safe. This state of things prevails quite as extensively in portions of Tennessee and Kentucky as in the regions farther South. In Tennessee Governor Brownlow, February 25, announced his determination to call out the militia to protect Union men. Some portions of Kentucky are completely under the rule of desperadoes who have returned to their homes from serving in the Confederate army. They issue their orders that all persons obnoxious to them shall leave the State. These outlaws, as stated by Governor Bramlette in a special Message to the Legislature of Kentucky, have become so emboldened as to publish their orders of banishment and condemnation in the public journals, and in several cases have put to death persons against whom they have a special spite. In South Carolina, as shown by a report from a Committee of Congress, three Union soldiers were deliberately murdered. Four persons, one of whom had been a Georgia State Senator, charged with the offense, were brought to trial before a Military Commission convened by order of General Sickles, found guilty and condemned, two to be hung, and two to be imprisoned for life. The punishment was commuted by the President to imprisonment on the Dry Tortugas; the place of confinement being subsequently changed to Fort Delaware. Judge Hall, of the United States Court for the District of Delaware, had these men brought before him on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and discharged them on the ground that their trial by a Military Commission was illegal. The majority of this Congressional Committee sum up the evidence upon the general subject by saying that, according to the testimony of Generals Schofield, Thomas, Sickles, Baird, and Wood, "For punishment for crime in their Departments the Courts can not be relied upon. Where soldiers, Union men, or freedmen are con-

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cerned, justice is practically denied, and offenses of grave character against them go unpunished, neither magistrates nor jurors being disposed to discharge their duties in this respect."—That there are wide exceptions to this state of things is doubtless true. The best men of the South urge submission to the laws and an acquiescence in the new state of things. Prominent among these are Governor Orr, of South Carolina, and Joseph E. Brown, formerly Governor of Georgia. The latter, in a published letter, dated February 25, says:

"I consider it the duty of the Governor of Georgia to call the Legislature together without delay, and to recommend the passage of an act calling a convention of the people of this State so to change our State constitution as to provide for universal suffrage in conformity with the measure which has passed Congress known as the 'Sherman amendment,' and to provide for the early election of a Legislature which will adopt the constitutional amendment in accordance with said requirement. We now have the assurance of Congress in the passage of this bill that this shall settle the question of our admission. We shall never get better terms. Let us comply with them, and be ready to be presented in the next Congress as soon as possible.....If the State will adopt this line of policy, and the Convention will memorialize Congress, asking that the judges, county officers, and others necessary to the efficient working of the State government, be relieved from the provisions of the Constitutional Amendment, I believe the petition, if presented in a proper manner, will be granted, and we shall soon be relieved of much of the gloom which is now widespread over the whole South. If we reject the terms proposed in the Sherman bill, I confess I see no hope for the future. Should we accept them, I trust the example of Georgia may be followed by other States, and that this vexed question may soon be permanently settled upon the best terms which we will ever be able to get. I am aware of the rapidity of the changes which we are required to make, and of the natural prejudices which our people entertain against negro suffrage, but we should not forget that in yielding to an inevitable necessity, these people were raised among us and naturally sympathize with us. Their conduct during the war proved this. If, then, we treat them kindly, pay them their wages promptly, and in all respects deal justly by them, we shall seldom have cause to complain of their refusal to respect our wishes or consult our interest at the ballot-box."

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The evacuation of Mexico by the French troops has fairly commenced. On the 5th of February the garrison withdrew from the Capital, and the command passed into the hands of the Mexican General Marquez, acting in the name of Maximilian. Marquez issued a proclamation virtually establishing martial law. On a signal of alarm being given by the great bell of the Cathedral sounding for ten minutes, all the inhabitants are directed to retire to their houses, close their doors, and not appear at the windows or balconies until a signal is given by the ringing of the bell that the alarm has ceased. Any person, of whatever rank, who violates this order will be arrested and punished; as well as those who arm without permission from head-quarters, or "discharge any fire-arm, or cause any alarm by means of any detonation, or make any demonstration of hostility, or use subversive expressions, or utter aloud alarming or seditious cries, or in any manner excite the slightest disorder." The instant any fire-arm is discharged or detonation produced in any house, the soldiers will enter, by force if necessary, and seize the culprit; if he be not found all the inmates will be punished. When the alarm has ceased, the inhabitants may open their doors, go into the streets, and engage in their occupations.—Marshal Bazaine, on leaving the capital, issued a proclamation declaring that in the four years during which the French had occupied the city they had found no reason to complain of any lack of sympathy between themselves and the inhabitants; and that it had never been the intention of France to impose upon the Mexicans any form of government contrary to their wishes.—The first of the transports for conveying the troops to France arrived at Vera Cruz on the 12th. It is a large vessel capable of conveying 1500 men, and was expected to sail in a few days.—There are rumors and reports of various affairs, all through the interior, between the Imperialists and Liberals; the balance of success appears to be in favor of the latter. The general impression is that Maximilian will soon abandon the country and return to Europe.

From the seat of war on the Plata the intelligence comes down to near the close of January. The war was almost at a stand-still. The allied army, 45,000 strong, seem to be unable to make any forward movement until the fleet clears away the obstructions in the river.—A revolutionary movement of some apparent importance has been set on foot in one of the western provinces of the Argentine Confederation. The declared object is to separate the western provinces from the central Government at Buenos Ayres, and to make peace with Paraguay.

No further hostile operations are reported between Spain and Chili. The Chilians are meanwhile making strenuous preparations for defense in case of another attack. The new fortifications at Valparaiso are represented as impregnable by a naval force.

Another revolution is anticipated in Peru, though under which leader, or for what purpose beyond the overthrow of the present Government, seem to be understood by nobody.

The Colombian Confederation, at the head of which is President Mosquera of New Granada, is reported to have determined to annex the State of Ecuador. Mosquera is said to have written that there need be no anxiety about an alliance of Chili and Peru with Ecuador, for before the Pacific States call upon the latter to join them he shall have occupied the country. If an attack is made by Colombia upon Ecuador, it is assumed that Chili and Peru will aid in resisting it.

EUROPE.

The British Parliament was opened on the 5th of February by the Queen in person, this being her first official appearance in public since the death of Prince Albert. The royal speech was much longer than usual. The following is a resumé of its principal points: Her relations with foreign powers are satisfactory. It is hoped that the late war between Austria, Prussia, and Italy may lead to the establishment of permanent peace in Europe. There has been "suggested to the Government of the United States a mode by which the questions pending between the two countries, arising out of the civil war, may receive an amicable solution. The efforts made by her Government, in conjunction with the Emperor of the French, to effect a peace between Spain and the republics of Chili and Peru have failed. In common with the other great Powers, she had not actively interfered in the contest in Turkey, but they had endeavored to bring about improved relations between the Porte and its Christian

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subjects. The negotiations in respect to the Danubian Principalities had been terminated by a satisfactory arrangement, sanctioned by all the Powers concerned. A bill would be submitted for a consolidation of the principal British Provinces of North America. An abundant harvest had mitigated the severity of the famine in India. The apprehensions of an outbreak in Ireland had been allayed, and it was hoped that there would be no necessity for exceptional legislation for any part of the Empire. A bill would be introduced to improve the relations between landlords and tenants in Ireland, which, "without interfering with the rights of property, will offer direct encouragement to occupants of land to improve their holdings, and provide a simple mode of compensation for permanent improvements." In respect to the Reform agitation, the Queen simply expresses the hope that the deliberations of Parliament "may lead to the adoption of measures which, without undue disturbance of the balance of political power, shall freely extend the elective franchise." She hopes that Parliament will "readily assent to a moderate expenditure calculated to improve the condition of the soldiers, and to lay the foundation of an efficient army of reserve."—Many other subjects of purely local interest are introduced.

Reform demonstrations of rather ominious import have been continued. Thus, on the occasion of the opening of Parliament, the Queen and Royal family, on their way to the Parliament House, were coldly received by the populace, who filled the streets, shouting loudly for "Reform." Soon after a "mass meeting" of the working-men of London was held, in which it was asserted that the whole Fenian excitement had been gotten up by the Government in order to distract the attention of the people from the Reform agitation, but, it was added, the trick would not succeed. Moved by these and similar demonstrations, Mr. Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced into the Commons a series of resolutions on Reform. These by no means met the views of the Liberal party, and were vigorously denounced by Mr. Bright. At length, on the 26th of February, these resolutions were withdrawn, the Ministry promising to introduce a regular Reform Bill.

Something like a Fenian demonstration has actually occurred. On the 11th of February several hundreds of strangers, roughly clad, but apparently unarmed, made their appearance in the little town of Chester, in England. In the castle was a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition guarded by only a few men. These strangers were assumed to be Fenians, come with the intent to seize the arms. Troops were hurried down, and the strangers dispersed. Two days later it was reported that a formidable rising had taken place in the wild region of Kerry County, in Ireland; but the report seems to have been based upon no adequate foundation. Meanwhile, on the 13th, two steamers from Liverpool appeared in Dublin Bay. It was asserted that they contained a large body of Fenians. The boats were boarded by the police, and some 70 of the passengers arrested. Most of them professed to be laborers discharged from work at Liverpool, making their way home; some said they were from America, and had served in the army. It is as yet impossible to decide whether these affairs are connected with a contemplated Fenian movement, or whether they are a part of the normal state of discontent in Ireland. That the Government looks with apprehension upon the condition of affairs is evinced by strict orders given to watch all vessels coming to Ireland, whether from across the Channel or from America; and by the fact, as reported by telegraph, February 26, that the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in Ireland is to be continued for three months.

The French Chambers were opened on the 15th of February. That part of the Emperor's speech which related to European politics was almost a commentary upon the saying of Napoleon at St. Helena, that "One of my greatest ideas was the agglomeration and concentration of the same geographical nations which revolutions and politics have broken up and divided." The Emperor says that "the transformations which have been effected in Italy and Germany are preparing the realization of the vast programme of a union of the States of Europe into a single Confederation." In regard to his own part in the late movement, he says: "While I did not arm one additional soldier or advance one regiment, yet the voice of France had influence enough to arrest the conqueror at the gates of Vienna."—He says, that the idea which presided over the expedition to Mexico was a grand one; "to regenerate a people, to implant among them ideas of order and progress;" but, he adds, "when the extent of our sacrifices appeared to me to go beyond the interests which called them forth, I spontaneously decided on the recall of our army. The Government of the United States comprehended that an attitude of a non-conciliatory character could only have the effect of prolonging the occupation and envenoming relations which, for the advantage of the two countries, ought to remain of a conciliatory character." Of the withdrawal of the French garrison from Rome, he says: "The Government of the Holy Father has entered upon a new phase. Delivered to itself, it remains firm by its own forces, by the veneration which all feel for the Head of the Catholic Church, and by the superintendence which is loyally exercised on the frontiers by the Italian Government; but if demagogical conspirators should endeavor, in their audacity, to menace the temporal power of the Holy See, I have not the slightest doubt that Europe would not permit an event of such a character to take place, calculated as it would be to cause so great a disturbance in the Catholic world." The relations of France with foreign Powers are touched upon, and said to be entirely harmonious.—Of the new army law, he says: "The conditions of warfare being changed, the increase of our national force is required; and we must organize ourselves in such a manner as to be invulnerable. The army bill, which has been prepared with the greatest care, lightens the burdens of conscription in time of peace, offers considerable resources in time of war, and, by distributing in a just manner the charges among all, satisfies the principle of equality. Do not forget that the neighboring states impose on themselves much heavier sacrifices for the effectual constitution of their armies, and have their eyes fixed upon you to judge whether the influence of France is to increase or diminish in the world." After speaking in congratu-

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latory terms of the general financial and commercial condition of the Empire, he says: "Our task at this moment is to form the public manners to the practice of more liberal institutions. Until now in France liberty has been only ephemeral; it has not been able to take root in the soil because abuse has immediately followed its usage; and the nation has preferred limiting the exercise of its rights to submitting to disorder. But now the extension of great principles will not, as formerly, compromise the necessary prestige of authority. The Government is established, and ardent passions will be extinguished in the immensity of universal suffrage."

A Constitution has been drawn up for the North German Confederation, which will be in fact, if not in name, the German Empire. The Confederation is to be composed of twenty-two States, having 43 votes in the Federal Council: of these Prussia has 17, Saxony 4, Mecklenburg and Brunswick 2 each; all the others 1 each. Any State may send as many delegates as it pleases; but the body of delegates of each vote as a unit, in the proportion above stated. Any State can submit propositions in the Council. The Diet is chosen by universal and direct suffrage. It can not originate measures, but only act upon those submitted to it by the King of Prussia. The powers of the Legislative Body, composed of the Council and the Diet, conform to those of the French Chambers rather than to those of the American Congress or the British Parliament. Federal authority is supreme over all local authority. The King of Prussia is President of the Confederation. He declares war, makes peace, concludes treaties, sends and receives embassadors in the name of the Confederation, has command of the army and navy; and is in effect sovereign of the Confederacy, with powers strikingly analogous to those of the Emperor of France. Every male inhabitant of the proper age is obliged to serve in the army without being allowed to furnish a substitute. They serve in the active army from the age of 20 to 27, and in the Landwehr until 32. The effective of the army, for the next ten years in time of peace, is fixed at one per cent. of the whole population. In time of war the whole population of military age, all of whom will have been brought under military organization, can be brought into the field. Thus, at one step, Prussia, which is really the Confederacy, becomes a Power inferior to none in Europe.

The war in Crete apparently still goes on, but direct tidings are not of later date than the early part of January. Meanwhile later the Sultan of Turkey officially informed the leading Powers of Europe that he had decided to call together an assembly of the notables of all the religious creeds in the Ottoman Empire for the purpose of deliberating upon and adopting measures for the more effectual execution of the firman of 1856, which professed to place the professors of all creeds upon a footing of civil equality.

Editor's Drawer.

DEAR DRAWER,—A few years ago, while practicing in Washington, D. C., a case of larceny came up before the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia in which a colored man, by the name of Massie, was indicted for the larceny of sundry articles, and convicted by the clear and incontrovertible evidence of Joe White, a darkey whose color vied in lustre with the raven's wing. During his examination L—— handed the following to the District Attorney:

"Joe White he was of blackest hue,
And put upon the stand
To tell the jury all he knew
Of Massie's sleight-of-hand.
The jury wondered as they looked,
To think so black a sight
Could throw upon a subject dark
So bright a gleam of light."

ALLOW me likewise to contribute the following epigram:

"The crows behold the corn-fields green
From off the mountain gray;
And, thankful for kind Nature's gifts,
They all descend and *prey*."

THE politeness of parsons is proverbial. For instance: In one of the largest towns on the Erie Railway a very worthy clergyman was one Sabbath morning expounding the 10th and 11th verses of the nineteenth chapter of St. John, in which Pilate's question, "Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify and power to release thee?" is answered: "Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." The good man, quoting the answer, rendered it: "Thou couldest have no power at all against me, *my dear Sir*," etc., etc., probably better adapting it, though unintentionally, to the more polite (?) vocabulary of the present time.

SOME one sent to us, in 1859, for the Drawer, a copy of an epitaph in P—— church-yard beginning,

"They tasted life's bitter cup," etc.

Something equally ridiculous is the following, which has since been chiseled into a stone in the same church-yard:

"Many stood round,
Though none could save
This blooming youth from a watery grave;
Great search was made the corpse to obtain,
But all their searching was in vain.
Long time elapsed—the corpse did rise,
And eager friends did *seize the prize!*"

THE last case of legal impudence is narrated by a St. Joseph, Missouri, correspondent thus:

Jeff C—— was retained to defend one William Smith, charged with assault upon a man residing in Buchanan County, a few miles distant from St. Joseph. After a tedious trial the jury found a verdict of guilty. Whereupon Jeff arose and demanded the immediate discharge of his client, for the reason that the Court had failed to administer to the jury the "test oath!" as required by the new Constitution of Missouri, consequently the verdict was without force or effect. Now it is well known that juries in Jus-

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tices' Courts are not required to subscribe to said oath; but Jeff knew there were present in court nearly every man in the county who could qualify as a juror, and that all of them must have formed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. The Justice "saw the point," and discharged the defendant, at the same time remarking: "Confound these city lawyers, they beat the very d—l, and put on so many high old airs that it makes a feller feel mad!" The prosecuting witness, quite chagrined, left court remarking that he would "have Smith 'korralled' eventually, and that it would 'pan out' *big* to his satisfaction."

Of the hundreds of juvenile smart things sent every month to the Drawer, the subjoined, from Exeter, New Hampshire, is the best of the April crop:

At the time there was so much excitement about iron-clad vessels, my brother happened one day to be at dinner, and was carving a piece of mutton. Said he: "This mutton seems to be very tough." Little Walter, a six-year-old, looked up, and said: "Father, I guess it came off our *iron-clad ram!*" Referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

A warrior contributor tells us that during our recent little difficulty with the South there was often issued to the soldiers, as rations, a quantity of dessicated vegetables, but the boys became tired of the diet, and called them *desecrated* vegetables. I was reminded of this the other day, on overhearing an industrious woman narrate her troubles in making the usual supply of domestic soft-soap. "I tried and tried," said she, "day after day. I put in more grease, and then more ley, and then more water; and then I biled it more, till I got out of patience, and then sent to the store and got a box of that *consecrated lie*, and then it came right off!"

It is a custom of the English courts, when a barrister is admitted, that he should "give rings and a motto," so that when the Reports appear with the names of the newly-fledged attorneys the mottoes stand out as indices of their character and hopes. Three years ago, when the colored gentleman from Boston was admitted to the Supreme Court of the United States, Chief-Justice Chase presiding and assisting, there was some consternation, the "conservative element" looking on in mute wonder till the deed was done. A hush occurred, when Mr. C——, the learned and witty member of the bar at Washington, passed up a note to the Chief-Justice, offering, for his dark brother, to "give rings," with this motto: "*Hic niger est!*"

A correspondent at Lynn, Massachusetts, where all the shoes are made, pegs out the following:

One of those grumbling creatures who "enjoy miserable health," walked into our drug-store the other day, and asked if we had any of Seidlitz's Powders?

"Certainly; will you have a box?"

"Are they genuine?"

"Yes, *Sir!* No mistake about *that.*"

"Well, I didn't know; 'cause there's a good many counterfeits around."

"Can't be any counterfeit about these. We got 'em straight from old Seidlitz himself!"

Satisfied on this point, he handed over the requisite coupon and left. We effervesced.

A small one for insurance men:

Some years ago, when one of the insurance companies of Hartford first established an agency in this city, it is said that their policies contained so many of those cautious words, "whereas," "and it is hereby understood," "and it is further provided," etc., etc., that it was somewhat difficult for one to know whether he were really insured or not. A Quaker man, doing business in Pine Street, took a $5000 policy, and, like a prudent merchant, proceeded carefully to read it over; but so perplexed did he become by the perusal that next morning he took it back, and said: "Friend Jones, I have read over thy policy, and don't see that in case of fire I am insured at all."

"Well, Friend Waldo," was the agent's response, "*if thou art, it is an entire inadvertence!*"

Friend Waldo had that notion, and surrendered the policy.

In one of the prettiest towns in Southeastern Ohio resides Dr. T——, whose sayings are often quoted in that propinquity. Passing along the street one day he met a couple of lady acquaintances walking together—one of whom was named Wood, the other Stone. Pausing as he met them, the Doctor made one of his most graceful bows, and repeated these two lines of the well-known Missionary Hymn:

"The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to *Wood* and *Stone.*"

A Vermont contributor sends on his little pleasantry to this effect:

In the winter of 1861–2, while a Massachusetts regiment was stationed on the Potomac, it happened that several of the officers, including the chaplain, were discoursing of the war, and the final disposition which should be made of rebels and their property. One Yankee lieutenant was of the opinion that the farms in the South should be distributed among the officers according to rank, and that the *women* should be distributed in like manner—in order, as he expressed it, "that loyal men might raise up a good loyal population." As he gave his opinion in a very earnest way, the chaplain asked:

"Do you think, lieutenant, that Providence would smile on such an arrangement?"

"*Smile!*" answered the lieutenant, "*it would snicker right eout!*"

A correspondent of a medical turn of mind in Skull Valley, Arizona, mentions a scene that occurred in a village in Illinois, where dwells a magistrate named Helser. The minister of that village one day received a call from a soldier and a blushing maid, who wished to be married at once. On being asked for the marriage license, the "boy in blue" declared he had none—and, moreover, that he needed none, as he had known the girl four years, and they liked each other, and didn't want license or permission from any one. The clergyman assured him that without a license he could not perform the ceremony. The lover entreated without avail, when the par-

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son rather impatiently remarked: "You had better take the girl and go to Helser." "Go to hell yourself, Sir!" was the reply; and the couple indignantly "evaded the premises," with the conviction that profanity was not by any means confined to the army.

A HARDWARE man in Boston says: A Quaker, chasing his broad-brim hat, which the wind had blown off, saw a boy laughing at his calamity. Exceeding wroth at his futile endeavor to recover the tile, he said:

"Art thou a profane lad?"

"Once in a while," replied the boy.

"Then," said he, handing him a quarter, "thee may damn that hat the money's worth!"

DURING a revival at Barnstable, Massachusetts, the Baptist minister deemed it his duty to diffuse himself about the country and induce as many of the unregenerate as possible to come to meeting. Among others, he called on an illiterate old farmer, and asked if he knew of any lost sheep of the house of Israel about there.

"Well, no," was the reply, "I r'ally don't know of any. Fact, the only sheep I do know of 'bout here are owned by Squire Francis Bacon."

A CITIZEN of Nashville, Tennessee, requests the half-million of intelligent people who read these pages to take note of the ensuing:

A jury in Alabama had been empaneled in the case of a Mr. Johnson, charged with killing his wife. The evidence was positive and conclusive, leaving not a doubt of his speedy conviction. To the amazement of all, the jury, after a short absence, returned a verdict, "Guilty of horse-stealing!" The judge, astonished, asked an explanation, stating that the indictment was not for horse-stealing, but manslaughter. The foreman, with his hand upon a huge law-book, and with an amusingly dignified air, informed the Court that "it was not a case of *man*slaughter, but *woman*slaughter, for which the law made no provision; but being satisfied the man deserved to be hung, they had brought in a verdict of horse-stealing, *which, in that county*, would be sure to *swing him!*"

FROM Rockwood, Illinois, we have word that Roley B——, a ready-witted Irishman, still lives, and is able to get outside of his regular liquids. The other day one of the boys, thinking to have a little fun out of him, said,

"Roley, have you heard the news?"

"No; what news?"

"Why, the devil's dead."

Not a word said Roley, but putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out a ten-cent shinplaster, handed it to his questioner, who asked what it was for. "Why," answered Roley, "in the ould country, where I came from, it was the custom *to give the children something when the parents died.*" Whereat there was some laughter, but no more inquiries.

A WISCONSIN correspondent, who hath good memory for things that have edified pious people in his bailiwick, makes mention of a church anniversary, recently held, at which assisted all the ministers who had had pastoral charge of the congregation. They sat together in the pulpit. Each in turn gave history of such special seasons and acts of grace as had been vouchsafed during his ministry. In due course one of the "dominoes" (as a wicked little wretch once in our hearing called the parsons) took occasion to allude to his pastorate, during which nothing of importance had agitated the brethren until the war broke out. "The history," said he, "of the church on the occurrence of that great event he was proud of. She had sent forth her sons to battle, and they had done their duty like heroes. Some had fallen on the field and *gone to heaven*, while *others, thank God! had returned home!*" The applause that followed this burst scarcely allowed the audience time to consider whether it were really better to *go* to the former place or *return* to the latter. Let the elect decide.

THE same correspondent is curious to know, if it is all correct and legal for manufacturers to take out patents for their newly-invented collars, why the proprietors of this Magazine should not file a caveat for "Drawers."

BROTHER FARGO tells a story of a hungry citizen who had hired out during haying-time to a devout farmer, who never sat down at table without first asking the customary grace. This little preliminary, however, was something our friend had not been accustomed to. When the horn blew for dinner Bob drew a "bee-line" for the place whence that diapason emanated, and after abluting, seated himself before the bountiful dinner, and, with the appetite of a wolf, seized knife and fork, and was about to "sail in," when he was tapped on the shoulder by the master of the house, who said:

"Wait a minute, if you please; it's always customary here to say a little something before we eat."

"Oh!" replied Bob, "*never mind me. Say what you darn please! You can't say any thing that'll turn my stomach!*"

With which he proceeded to insert much victual into himself, and for a brief space embarrassed the head of the family. Next day his manners, and let us hope his morals, were improved.

JUDGE B——, a witty gentleman and wise judge of one of our higher courts, was one day admitting to the duties of citizenship such members of the Milesian and Teutonic persuasions as came armed with the proper documents and could satisfactorily answer the interrogatories the Judge deemed it his duty to propound. One of these was Michael Mahoney, whose face wore a genial smile and his body an old army overcoat. Taking his eye in his hand and throwing it at the prisoner (to speak metaphorically), full and strong, the Judge thus:

"What's your name?"

"Michael Mahoney, yer Hon'r."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Six years, yer Hon'r."

"Never been out of it during that time?"

"Nivver a wanst, yer Hon'r."

"Sure of it?"

"Bedad you can say that."

Turning to the witness accompanying Michael, and receiving satisfactory replies to the usual

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questions as to moral character, etc., the Judge was on the point of putting his initials to the application, and thus passing it, when Michael interrupted him by asking:

"Judge, what was that ye were after asking about being out of the country?"

"Have you been out of the United States at any time during the last six years?"

"Well, yer Hon'r, I may have been out of it *a little*, just wanst."

"When was that?"

"Well" (and he gave a wink at the Koort), "*that was at the first battle of Bull Run.* D'ye moind that?"

The Judge judged judgmatically by giving Michael his papers; and the jolly Patlander went off, took rye, and registered.

Judge V——, of Buffalo, is widely known throughout Western New York for his habits of unflagging industry, as well as for an appreciation of all sorts of wit. On or off the bench, no one knows better how to enjoy a good thing. A case was before him in which the reputation of one of the parties was involved.

"What is the general character of the defendant?" asked the prosecuting officer.

"Character for what?"

"Why, his morals?"

This particular point was just what the witness was not over-desirous of answering; and knowing the Judge quite well, he cast toward him an appealing look, as much as to say, Can't you help me out of this? The Judge comprehended the situation, and, with a face of stony gravity, suggested that the answer desired might perhaps be attained by a slight variation of the question. "Suppose you ask him, 'How are his *im*morals?'" The witness looked upon the Court, the Court dittoed upon the witness, while the latter replied: "Well, Judge, I should say that his *im*morals *stand very high!*" The Court "noted the exception," while most of the by-standers adjourned to Bloomer's to—talk the thing over leisurely.

The Roman Catholic clergy, unlike the Protestant, are constantly called upon to settle little family difficulties, many of which arise from a too liberal use of—let us say beer. Mistress Mulrooney's other, but not better, half, Phelim, had come home one night in a very illigant state, and disposed to be critical and exacting with his really good wife. Gently remonstrating with him on his discreditable condition and the pernicious example it put before the childer, Phelim became suddenly irate, and commenced not merely a string, but regular cable of abuse, making it the more emphatic by commencing to smash such few chairs and things as were convanient. Mrs. Mulrooney pondered a moment and set off for Father Daly, to whom she narrated the facts. "And Father Daly, wouldn't ye be just afther comin' and seein' Phelim and givin' him the moighty good roastin' he desarves?" The good Father, allowing that he would, soon found himself in presence of the toper, and administered such a rebuke and warning as made the vagabond quake. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, to maltreat your family in this way, to say nothing of the scandal and disgrace you bring on the Church?" Which, with other words of like tenor and effect, rather sobered Phelim, who not only promised to reform, but actually took the pledge. Alas, for poor human nature! Only a week later Phelim had another turn, worse than the last. Off posted wife for the priest, who, on arriving, found Phelim in a state of Hail Columbia, and in the midst of a general smash. The worthy Father stood upon scant ceremony, but freed his mind with a freedom and bluntness that made Phelim tremble. "I'm ashamed to see you again in this beastly condition, after the solemn promise, made only a week ago, that you would never more get drunk, and after having taken the pledge. It's a burning shame to you, and a sin against God and the Church, and sorry I am to be obliged to say so."

"Father Daly," said Phelim, in a tone half tipsy, half laughing, "did you say you was sorry to see me so?"

"Yes, I am indeed."

"Are you sure you're sorry?"

"Yes, very, very sorry."

"Well, then, Father Daly, if you are sure you're very, *very* sorry—*I'll forgive you!*" and he took the priestly hand in his own, squeezed and shook it fervently, and looked maudlinly up into the poor Father's face, as though he were "sorry" from the very bottom of his heart. Father Daly thought it wouldn't pay to dwell much longer with the brother just at that time, so took his 'at and left.

If there be any one who doubts that General Grant is "human," let him bend his faculties to a consideration of what is thus related by a telegraph operator in Louisville:

During the siege of Vicksburg the General often went around the lines on foot, usually in citizen's dress, unaccompanied by staff or orderly. On one occasion, wishing to obtain a better view of the rebel works, he ascended a signal tower. The guard, not knowing the General, ordered him down in language more expressive than elegant. The General paid no attention to the summons. The guard remonstrated with him, saying it was a very dangerous place on account of sharp-shooters. After taking another survey Ulysses descended and went his way. A soldier who knew the General spoke to the guard, telling him who the visitor was. The guard ran and overtook the General, and apologized for the language used. The General, without uttering a word, drew out a plug of "navy" from his pocket, handed it to the guard, saying, "It's all right —*take a chew?*"

Doubtless one of the most important nautical institutions of this country is a close corporation existing at New Rochelle, Westchester County, New York, known as the "Quauhaug Club," whose great object is to foster a noble spirit of maritime adventure on Long Island Sound, and encourage a taste for clams. It is quite a salty organization, embracing many of the older navigators, and most of the hardy young men of the town, who do sing, as did C. Columbus:

"I'm bound to be a saileure boy,
By the jin-go or die."

The fleet is ordered out monthly, in summer time, when the weather is not too windy or rainy, for improvement in seamanship and things. The

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ladies always, on these occasions, form a strong part of passengers and crew, and much enjoy the romance of shivering timbers and splicing the main embrace. On one of these voyages, after the squadron had moved majestically out of the harbor, and reached the roadstead free from peril, there arose much sailor-talk as to the proper handling of ships. One veteran skipper claimed to know all about it, because he was of pure ocean descent; for, chanted he,

"My father was a marri-neer,
And my mother he marri-ed,
And that is the reas-i-on
That I'm here, I suppose."

And so it went on until a tall youth, leaning against the mast, asked the gory Major Harry S——, of Boston, this serious question: "Do all the *old salts* live at *New Rochelle?*" The interrogatory presenting a combination of the medical and marine for which the Major was not prepared, it was turned over to Uncle N. S——, to be presented for "improvement" at the next meeting of the School Trustees.

It seems to be agreed that the feelings of this community have been hetcheled by the liberal way of stating things noticeable in the recent works of Charles Reade and Swinburne. It reminds us of one of the brilliant men of the Church of Rome, whose winsome ways were not more remarkable than his wisdom and wit. Alas! "we ne'er shall look upon his like again!" The writer had loaned him Charles Reade's novel, "The Cloister and the Hearth; or, Maid, Wife, and Widow"—then just published. A week afterward it was returned with the following verse:

"Charles Reade's new novel, you have read it, maybe,
Is all about a *Maid* that has a baby;
A *Wife*, but so romantic is her lot,
That nary husband has the lady got;
A *Widow* with a husband, last, not least,
For he, bedad! is both a Monk and Priest!"

And that is about the "ground-plan and elevation" of the whole book.

A military friend at Shreveport, Louisiana, says: Talking of four-year-old boys, I was once on a mountain with such a youngster, and picked for him, from the top of a bush, some nice black-haws. In answer to my question of how he liked them, he replied, "Oh, Mr. ——, they are as *sweet as a female!*" That boy should come to New York and join a club.

An amusing incident occurred some years ago in the northern portion of the State. Old Judge B——, of the Circuit Court, patiently listened to the argument of counsel on the subject of demurrer. At the conclusion of the argument he "took the papers" and rendered a decision, thus: "The complaint, according to the arguments, I think is not good; yet it is my duty to weigh the intention of the parties. I am satisfied it was the intention of the *Alligator* to make his complaint good. I shall therefore decide that it *is* good." Counsel for defendant jumped up and declared that he would appeal the case. "Will you?" said the Judge. "Clerk, make the record show that I *revarse* my decision!"

Deep affection and accuracy of statement were touchingly combined and exhibited in the case of one Jones, who dropped a tear or two, *perhaps three*, to the memory of his beloved friend, Abihu Dusenbery!

From Centralia, Illinois, we learn something of "poor B——," who sought the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. He was never at a loss for repartee. He happened once to be reprimanded for neglecting to salute his superior officer, and a day or two afterward was observed saluting with greatest deference some of the contrabands belonging to the camp. On being asked the cause of this, he replied, that he had been reprimanded for not being polite, and now he meant to salute every body—*field-officers and field hands!*

At a Sabbath-school "concert," held in one of the prettiest towns in Western New York, a portion of the exercises consisted in each scholar repeating a verse of Scripture in which should be found the word *love*. When it came to the turn of Miss J——, a beautiful young lady of eighteen, and "in the market," she was unprepared with an answer; but before the exercise was concluded she remarked to her teacher that she had found the verse. It was: "I love those who love me, and those who seek *me early* shall find me." Excellent girl that!

And what a true specimen of the large-hearted benevolence of our noble frontiersmen was a grand old Sunday-school Superintendent, who one Sunday morning told his scholars that he "would like to have them get up a conscription to make the circus-preacher a little present!"

Operators in "Bennehoff," "Gunnell," or "Gregory," may perhaps be able to see the point of the following, which comes from a California wag, who setteth much store by the Drawer:

During the silver-mining excitement which "took off" so many of our wealthy citizens two or three years ago, a very amusing incident occurred, which perhaps may explain to New York stock-holders in some of the big things in Washoe why their dividends collapsed so suddenly.

R——, a prominent Front Street merchant, holding at one time a large interest in a very promising mine in Esmeralda, was honored by being elected President of the Company—he knowing, as he confidentially communicated to a friend, "about as much of silver-mining as a hen does of astronomy."

At the first meeting of the Board one of the enthusiastic Directors stated that there was an enormous quantity of rich ore *in sight*, and moved that an assessment of $30,000 be immediately levied to build a mill. R—— suggested that before adopting the motion it might be well to have a number of tons of the ore worked in some mill in the district; which suggestion, after considerable opposition from the more sanguine, prevailed, and the President was directed to have thirty tons of the best ore crushed and reduced in a custom mill. In due time the work was completed, and the eyes of the stock-holders in San Francisco were gladdened by the sight of a beautiful little bar of silver, carefully assayed, and stamped of the value of $1280. No account being sent with the bullion, R—— immediately wrote for a detailed statement of the cost, and

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the following week received full vouchers, accompanied by a draft of $1456 50 for *necessary expenses* in getting out and reducing the ore yielding the bar of silver aforesaid! The draft was paid, and the following dispatch from the President passed over the line of the State Telegraph Company the same afternoon:

"*To* ——, *Supt. of the* —— *Mine, Esmeralda.*
"Ship no more bullion; the market is overstocked, and it don't pay!"

At the next meeting the President resigned, on the ground that he was not eligible to the office, *holding no stock.*

A LOUISVILLE contributor furnishes the following:

I once heard an anecdote from Judge Randolph, of Governor Duval, the famous "Ralph Ringwood" of Washington Irving. In passing, I may state that Irving was so enchanted with this original and fresh Buck of the Woods he followed him from Kentucky to South Carolina, to gather his inimitable stories.

Governor Duval visited an old aunt whom he had not seen for many years. When he arose in the morning he missed the usual decoction of leaves, sugar, water, and *Bourbonum vini* it was the custom in the old days of Virginia and Kentucky to indulge in as an appetizer. He was not sufficiently familiar to ask for it, yet a walk in the sunshine around the garden, glowing in rose and dew, would not supply the want of the "mountain dew." The good dame met him as he entered the house, and, to her question about his walk, he launched out in praises of its beauty and the singing of the birds. "It seemed," he said, "that he could understand the language of these bright choristers." "Indeed!" smiled the old lady through her spectacles, "and what did the birds say?" "Aunt-ee, aunt-ee! Get up, get up! Julep, julep!" The julep came at the call of the birds.

THE Governor was the most uncalculating of mortals in money matters. He began to build a house in Florida, but his original design grew with wing on wing, until it flew away with all his cash capital, and more too. He was in debt to architects, carpenters, masons, and for every thing about his new dwelling. One bright morning in March, as he leaned meditatively over the front fence looking in toward his Aladdin palace, a stranger passing by asked, "Sir, who does that handsome edifice belong to?" "That," said the Governor, with a sparkle in his eye, "is just what I am trying to find out!"

BEFORE the recent rebellion had assumed the reality of warfare, and after Senator Sumner was assaulted by "Bully" Brooks, one of my neighbors in the country was old Charley C——, a very nice man, who, when sober, was a Buchanan Democrat, and when slightly inebriated a stanch Fremont Republican; that is to say, he changed his politics regularly every morning and evening, mixing his opinions with his libations. One evening he spoke of John Brown's raid, and, merging his conversation into Congressional matters, became quite enthusiastic between his hiccoughs. Said he: "Jest let them fellers from down South [hic] knock down another Northern man [hic] in Congress, as they've been doin' [hic], and s'elp me! I'll take my shot-gun on my shoulder and go down there, and—[hic]—and—and *there won't be any more* [hic] *South after* THAT!" I regret to add that when the war broke out Charley didn't enlist, and I never heard that the draft reached him.

IN this wide-awake age nearly all the prominent rocks, board fences, and other available places in proximity to, and on the thoroughfares leading to, the principal marts of the country are filled with advertisements of quack medicines, gift enterprises, and general notices, "all and singular." Baltimore is a focus for a full share of these inscriptions, and among them, on the turnpike from the city to the county seat at Towsontown, may be seen, on a board fence well adapted to the purpose, the imperative command, "*Take Ayer's Pills!*" Some zealous colporteur had appropriated a rail immediately underneath for the admonition, "*Prepare to meet your God!*" A wag, taking advantage of the "situation," connected the two inscriptions with a conspicuous "*And,*" and thus left it.

Whether Dr. A. has sold more pills in consequence of *that* advertisement the writer knoweth not.

IT used to be the custom in Rhode Island to subjoin the peaceful manœuvres of a clam-bake to the more blood-thirsty evolutions of general trainin'. In the town of Foster (named in honor of Governor Foster, who was called Governor from the fact that he was the only man left in that State who had *not* filled the office of Chief Executive—*vide* Mount's Annals, vol. 1, p. 8) the war-scarred veterans of the 275th Rhode Island had mustered for inspection and review. Some five hundred braves were on the war-path, and courageously went through the usual ordeal of "Shoulder hoo!" and "By the left flank file right!" After which came dinner. Of course there were speeches and music and the roar of artillery. After drinking with all the honors "The President of the U. S.," "The Army," "The Navy," "The Bench and Bar," and that "Great Moral Engine, the Press," there came the usual loyal sentiment, "The American Fair." To this noble and truly American toast it was arranged that a response should be made by old Deacon Weatherwax, a veteran who had "fit into the war of eighteen-twelve." The ladies, largely represented on the occasion, were eager to hear what the gallant old cavalier should say. The speech was quite up to concert pitch. "And now," said he, "permit me to give, in conclusion, to the ladies present, the ensuing sentiment: *The Fair of Foster; though admiring of the milingtery, yet vartuous on their cu-rosity!*" And with this tribute to the feminine descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Williams, the old gentleman subsided, and the heroes moved *en echelon* toward home.

MANY years ago a Baptist clergyman, just starting in his professional career, now occupying high rank in that religious body, officiated at the installation of a young brother, and in the course of his "charge" urged upon him the importance of avoiding every thing in walk and conversation that could be made the subject of

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unfriendly criticism. "Especially," said he, "do I advise you not to yield to the unbecoming fashion of wearing a beard and mustache, to avoid the use of tobacco in all its forms, and never to frequent the public house." Some years later our brother saw the reverend man who had thus "charged" him seated on the piazza of a *hotel* in Troy, wearing *a flowing beard and mustache*, and *smoking* a "long nine," his feet cocked up on the railing at an angle of forty-five—the favorite posture of an American citizen.

NOT long since the writer was quietly seated in his sanctum with "Brother Jeems," who, "with fragrant and serene cigar pressed satisfactorily between his lips," gave, in his quaint way, many pleasant reminiscences of the olden time. Said he: "I once heard of a gentleman of an Episcopal turn of mind who had a wife whose Presbyterianism was of the deepest azure. A son was born to them. The mother insisted upon having the infant baptized in the 'meeting-house,' to which her lord reluctd; but, as many a good husband had done before him, he finally succumbed. By-and-by the mother died, and then the old Churchman's 'rubrics' rose up stronger than ever. He proceeded to his friend and neighbor, the Bishop, stated the case, and said: 'Now, Bishop, I want that boy baptized over again. I want you to baptize all the Presbyterianism out of him. Get it all out; leave no "bluing" behind.' The Bishop, not exactly seeing how another baptism would 'wash,' talked to him sensibly, as a bishop should, and concluded by saying, in a tone the least bit jocular: 'Instead of attempting to wash the 'ism away, perhaps you had better give him a dose of salts.' The old gentleman pondered a moment and left the presence. What he did has not been recorded. In due time the boy became an Episcopal clergyman, but was one of those restless, crotchety chaps who are always giving bishops trouble. Something recalling the baptismal proposition to the Bishop's mind he said: 'I do remember recommending "Epsom" in lieu of "aqua," and begin to be quite confident that the old gentleman must have given the uneasy fellow an overdose, *for they seem to have been operating ever since!*'"

A WORTHY *padre* was one day walking with a Unitarian clergyman in Boston, and happened to pass near the church of the latter, on which was a clock, but just at that juncture the clock did not indicate the correct hour. The Unitarian imagining what might be passing in the brother's mind, said:

"Oh! you mustn't rely upon my time, for it isn't right."

"My dear Sir," replied his friend, "it isn't your time that I was thinking of; *it's your eternity!*"

That was fair—for Boston.

THE robes of a bishop and the services of the Episcopal Church sometimes give occasion for odd comment, especially in places where the liturgy is for the first time heard. A Western prelate, with the view of making his visitation more acceptable and edifying, took along his good wife, who was of much assistance in making the responses, in singing, etc. But this went against the grain of a Campbellite sister who happened to be present, and who was mindful of what the New Testament saith of women who speak out in meeting. No sooner had Sister Tuttle got beyond the church door than, turning to a neighbor, she said: "Did you ever see such a *sassy* woman as that preacher's wife? She set there in meetin' and *sassed* her husband all the time he was readin'!"

KENTUCKY appears to enjoy the Drawer, and is occasionally moved to send on its little jokelets. Here is one that's tolerable:

At a gathering of the sovereigns for a political purpose, where high debate was held on the "principles of '98," "the Virginia resolutions," and other cognate subjects, the question of the Dred Scott case and Judge Taney's decision was under comment. One of the crowd, doubting the accuracy of some statement that had been made in reference to it, expressed the belief that "*Dred Scott never decided the question in any such way!*" There being some dubiety as to exactly what "Mr. Scott" did decide, further consideration of the subject was dropped.

THERE *are* men in this world so utterly depraved as not to be fond of little children. It is reported of Alvan Stewart, a man of mark in his day, that some thirty years ago he was voyaging on one of the Erie Canal packet-boats when there happened to be on board an unusual number of ladies with babies, and the little cherubs continually did cry. This annoyed Alvan to such an extent that, at dinner, he "arose in his place, and with a glass of water in hand, said, "Ladies, I have great pleasure in proposing to you a toast, which seems to me to be very pertinent to the present occasion. I give you—*The Memory of the much-abused King Herod!*"

Anxious mothers snuggled up their "little preciouses" at the very thought of the bloody-minded old Tetrarch; and one goody, a little riled, remarked that if Mr. Stewart remembered how quickly Herod died after the unpopular performance he had hinted at, he wouldn't have proposed a toast to his memory.

WE believe it was the celebrated and witty Dr. Wistar, of Philadelphia, who is reported to have made the allusion to our colored sister quoted in the following history:

The Doctor was a warden of one of the Episcopal churches in Philadelphia, and, as such, it became his duty to pass the plate. In the grave discharge of that duty, one Sunday morning, he had passed down the whole distance of the aisle, and gathered in but a beggarly account of pennies, dimes, and quarters. In the last seat, next the door, sat a negro woman, whose skin was really unnecessarily black. She was a well-to-do and charitable person, and dropped into the plate a five-dollar gold piece. The Doctor looked at it intently for a moment, and said to himself, in an under-tone: "Well, *that's a guinea nigger*, any how!"

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCIV.—MAY, 1867.—Vol. XXXIV.

THE PICTURED ROCKS OF LAKE SUPERIOR.



THE CHAPEL, LOOKING WEST.

THE range of sandstone cliffs known as the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior are in Schoolcraft County, Michigan, on the south shore of the lake, about one hundred miles from the Sault St. Marie, and sixty this side of Marquette; being, therefore, a pleasant (and profitable) summer retreat, with some few disadvantages, the chief of which is the appalling fact that it is about two or three days' canoe journey, either way, to a beef-steak.

Among my memories of school-boy readings are accounts of long voyages of explorers, Jesuit missionaries, and Canadian voyageurs, all of whom describe the wonderful beauties of the Grand Portal, Chapel, and of the surrounding rocks. One winter evening, many years ago, an Oneida Chief put up at my father's tavern in Central New York, and having been a friend of the family in the East, he was invited to the kitchen, where the great wide-mouthed fireplace warmed his heart and illuminated his countenance, while he astonished and delighted a large circle of listeners, who half neglected their apples and spiced cider listening to the story of his journey to the Great West, selecting a new home for his tribe, who were to be

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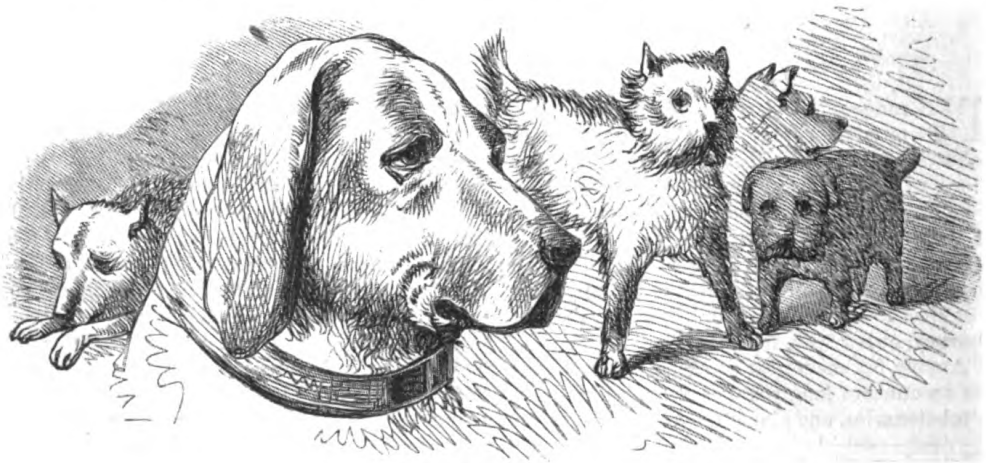
removed by the Government at Washington. During that long golden evening I sat snugged up in the corner, swallowing every word, with hair rising and flesh crawling at the thrilling tales; and, when I could take my eyes away from his face long enough, looked among the pictures in the fire for the rocks and waves, bears and deer, panthers and otters, Indians and Canadian voyageurs, wigwams and birch canoes of his enchanting harangue.

Many times since then I have wished and resolved to see the rocks, and the desire has at length been gratified, and just as if some good spirit had ordered the fulfillment of my dreams. The way to get there is simple enough to those who have read of Solomon's Carpet and its wonderful journeys. A steamboat is a much more wonderful thing than Solomon or Haroun al Rasheed ever dreamed of; and when you are prepared for the trip, with pencil, note-book, sketch-book and colors (if you can use them), cans of preserved milk, and any other eatable and drinkable you please, and plenty of thick clothing, one of them will take you from either Buffalo or Chicago, and in a very short and eventful trip you find yourself, some fine morning about sunrise, far out into Lake Superior, glass in hand, looking southward, trying to make out whether it is rocks or sand banks that you see. For this side the rocks, extending many miles, there are immense banks of sand three hundred feet high, called the Grand Sable, a name given by the French, meaning Big Sands. Having been told that we should be in sight of the rocks at sunrise, we were out on deck shivering in the cold starlight several times during the night, expecting to see them loom up in the dim, uncertain light. But the only visible objects besides the steamer were the stars, so very bright, whose light the steamer was trying to puff out with its double column of pitchy smoke. As you look and shiver, the strange notion seizes you that the boat may be a thing of life after all, such energy and power and seeming purpose, heaving its way through the dark waters!

After breakfast you catch the first glimpse of the Sable, far away to the south, gray and cloud-like. Then two or three hours after the rocks are made out through the glass, and now is the time for excitement among the passengers. Swiftly the boat glides along, and point after point of shore is left behind with their fairy-like forms and colors—a truly grand procession of wonders, not equaled in its kind in all the world.

But it is our business to get ashore, and take to the small-boat for an exploration. One glimpse is not enough; we must linger here for weeks, and become familiar with the scenes we have so long desired to see. Before landing us on Grand Island the steward of the steamer *Planet* cooked up a supply of beef-steak, and put it into our carpet-bag, packing it with crackers and a peck of apples, saying: "This will keep you in memory of civilized life while in the wilderness." Thus supplied, we felt valorous and ready for a trip of any reasonable extent.

We were directed to inquire of the Indians or fishermen on the island for Mr. Williams, who would probably lend us a boat, and in due time found him in his new house (not quite finished, although it has been building for several years). On the way to it from where we landed we were so occupied in watching the Indian women and children on the shore cleaning fish that we did not notice the water coming into the batteau we were using; so our things were soaked in dirty water, and had to be spread out on the grass to dry. Shirts, stockings, and all our useful dry-goods were discouraging objects a thousand miles from our wash-woman. The carpet-bag containing the meat was laid in the grass near the house when we rapped at Mr. Williams's door, and was left there a few moments while chatting with the old patriarch. In a few words, always direct and without waiting to be questioned, he gave us an account of his coming there forty or fifty years ago, his family grown to be men and women having families of their own. But not all of them were living—four of them, his sons and daughters, having been drowned in a storm when return-



INDIAN DOGS.

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GRAND ISLAND HARBOR.

ing in a small-boat from Marquette, where they had been for stores.

We could have listened longer, but a growl or two at the door attracted the old man's quick ear, when he asked: "Is there any thing in your carpet-bag that dogs would like to get at?" In a moment we were at the door; but it was too late. We explained what *was* in the bag to Mr. Williams, when we discovered it emptied and the steak gone. What was said in the inspiration of the moment was doubtless said forcibly, perhaps eloquently, but not respectfully. There was no respect shown to dogs, most especially to Indian dogs. Patience, meekness, and forbearance were virtues not then in demand, certainly not in use. Vocabularies of terms, exact and otherwise, suggesting ideas derived from a belief in the Plutonian system and others, were exhausted, and the crowning effort was that of the gray-haired pioneer when he learned that an untold amount of savory sirloin ready for the tooth had been devastated by the dogs. He lifted up his voice (rich and sonorous from his long outdoor habits), but he did not weep. He drew it mild, in a patriarchal manner, discovering much learning and experience on the subject of Indians and their dogs.

There are resident on the island a few Indians of the Chippewa tribe, whose wigwams are built a few rods from Mr. Williams's houses, and who seemed to have imbibed just enough civilization to wear calico dresses, old coats, and dilapidated stove-pipe hats, and drink whisky, when the latter is to be got. Tea and tobacco, of course; but these are no evidence of civilized habits. As you stand under the Point of Pines, near Mr. Williams's houses, and look toward the Indian wigwams, you see only such sights as belong to a wild life. There are several wigwams around which squaws and papooses are busy at work or play; and several birch canoes pulled up on the sand beach. "Bully," son-in-law of the old chief, a half-breed, French and Indian, is helping his squaw clean fish—white-fish and trout—which he has just taken from the pound-net, which is set a few rods from the shore in the harbor. The pure Indians will not help their squaws do such work, as it is considered unfit for men to perform dirty labor. And so it is; but then men

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BILL LEMM.

differ so materially as to what may be called dirty work.

Here we are, then, looking on as much Indian life as there is to be found this side the Rocky Mountains. Now turn around where you stand and look the other way, and the scene changes. These log-houses, one story high, built very solidly, with small windows, very stout door, are the original strong-hold of Mr. Williams, built when he first located here fifty years ago. This first was dwelling, the second blacksmith shop, the third a store, now full of goods, and the fourth the cooper-shop, where the barrels are made for putting up the fish caught in the harbor; and the last house is Bill Lemm's, son-in-law to Mr. Williams. The house on the hill to the left is new, and belongs to the present, and has no flavor of age about it yet—white and staring; while the old ones are covered all over with delicate grays, purples, and browns, and soft green mosses and lichens—very comfortable-looking in their old age—innocent of paint, whitewash, or carpet, overshadowed with venerable pines, and their sides half hidden by masses of weeds, tall grasses, and creeping vines.

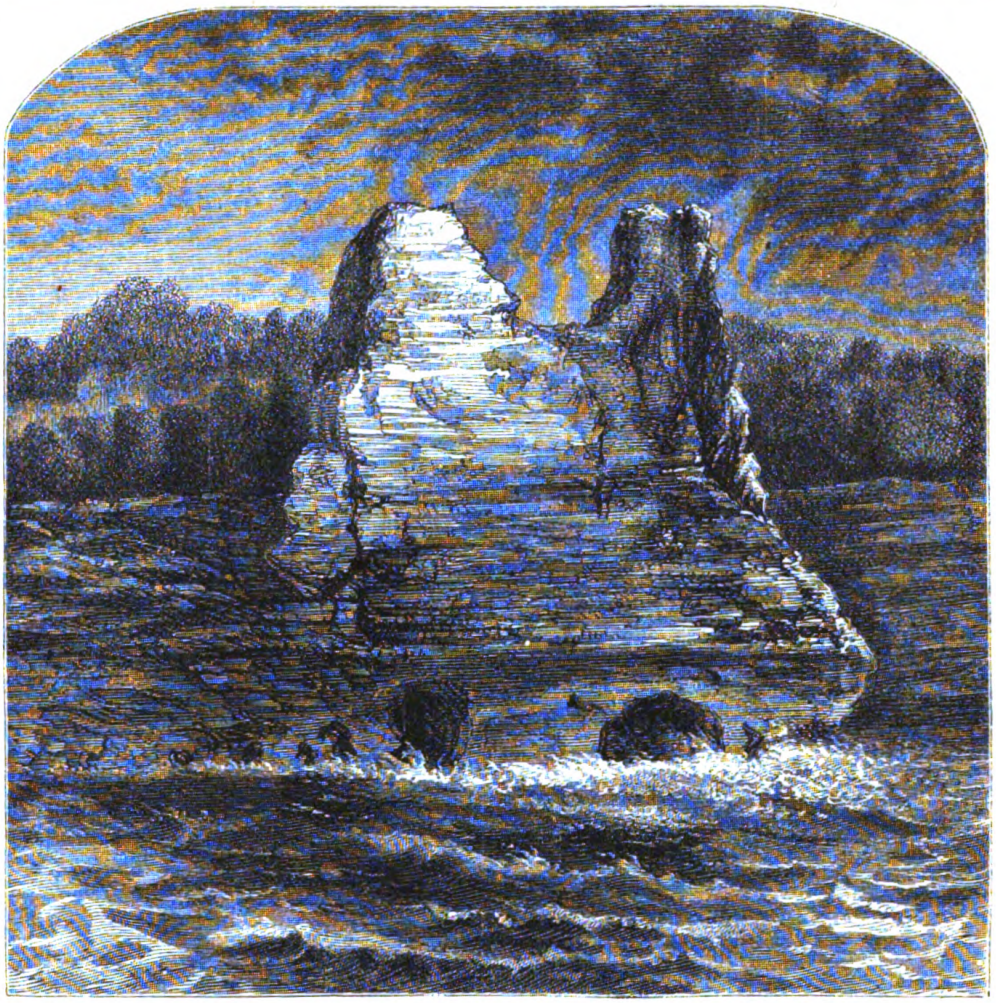
We found Mr. Lemm ready to take us to the rocks "in the best boat on Lake Superior, if he did build it himself;" fifteen feet long by four beam; mast and oars, with a provision-chest, and named after his daughter, *Cora E. Lemm.* (And it may be here remarked in parenthesis, that all this is true even to the name, which was written all over the stern in elegant English text.) Mrs. Lemm, he said, would cook up biscuit, and we could go early next morning. Part of our luggage was taken down to Lemm's house, where we were to sleep that night. How glorious it is to sleep in the country! Please imagine that the biscuit business had been carried on in one of the largest stoves, with fine dry wood, until half past ten, and our bed was spread out on the floor within ten feet of the stove. The time is July, and the mosquitoes have gathered in millions to welcome the strangers. Careful women shut the windows and doors close. Further particulars concerning the comforts of sleeping in the country are unnecessary. Then, again, it does seem impossible to get ready to go to bed. "Early to bed and early to rise" was torn out of the primer they used when young, and Lemm seemed inclined to stay up all night telling us his history, most especially about his gun. "The best gun in the States, sure." Could draw a bead on a deer in the most difficult and unheard-of places. Drew a bead on a buck once; could just see his nose and one horn, perhaps one eye, right by the side of a huge pine-tree; but just as he pulled the trigger the deer bounded off into the woods. "But, you know, he carried that ball away with him! Deer are getting more and more scary every year."

Next morning we were off bright and early, and as we rowed across the bay Lemm recited the Legend of Munising. This was a grand project of the Philadelphians, artfully laid out on paper, with squares, city lots, hotels, and what not. Back of it a little way—a half mile or so—is a pretty waterfall, sixty feet high, in the midst of the woods—a delightful place to



THE FIRST INHABITANT OF MUNISING

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MINER'S CASTLE.

spend summer in. The hotel there, built and furnished in grand style, was occupied one season; but now the furniture is all stored in heaps in one or two rooms, and only one man lives there to keep watch over the things. Indians steal the bed-clothes when they get a chance.

"Splendid site! that Munising. Ought to have had the railroad from Escanaba through to this place instead of to Marquette. But, you see, the iron interest carried the day. It runs now through a swamp most of the way; but this route would a been good land all the way. Besides, and this every one who has lived on the lake knows, Grand Island Harbor is the only real safe harbor on the entire lake. Shut in from the storms in all directions, vessels and steamers put in here for safety when a storm is raging outside. Waves may roll high as a meetin'-house out in the lake, and it will be calm as a mill-pond in this harbor. Bad job carryin' the road to Marquette. We've been through to Green Bay, in winter, by this route, many a time; and Bully has carried mail here for several years when the navigation was closed, always starting into the wilderness for Munising. Back of the town, or where it was laid out to be, the hills rise suddenly about two hundred feet, as you can see from here; and then the country is quite level, all the way to Green Bay, and is heavily timbered."

"Any game in that direction?"

"Deer, panthers, bears, wolves, rabbits, ducks, and a'most any thing you are a mind to shoot, and good trapping all winter. Right here, where the point of Grand Island comes down into the harbor, the water is deep, and the steamers can run close; but on the other side there is half a mile of shallow water, with a hard-pan bottom, and vessels often get aground on it. Pilots and old sailors know it. The harbor seldom freezes over. A little round the shores and up into the bays the storms and winds make a pretty strong current, which keeps it open. That platform, half a mile from shore, was built for a landing, and it was intended to connect it with the shore by a plank-walk and carriage-way; but the whole project went under at once. The railroad to Marquette did

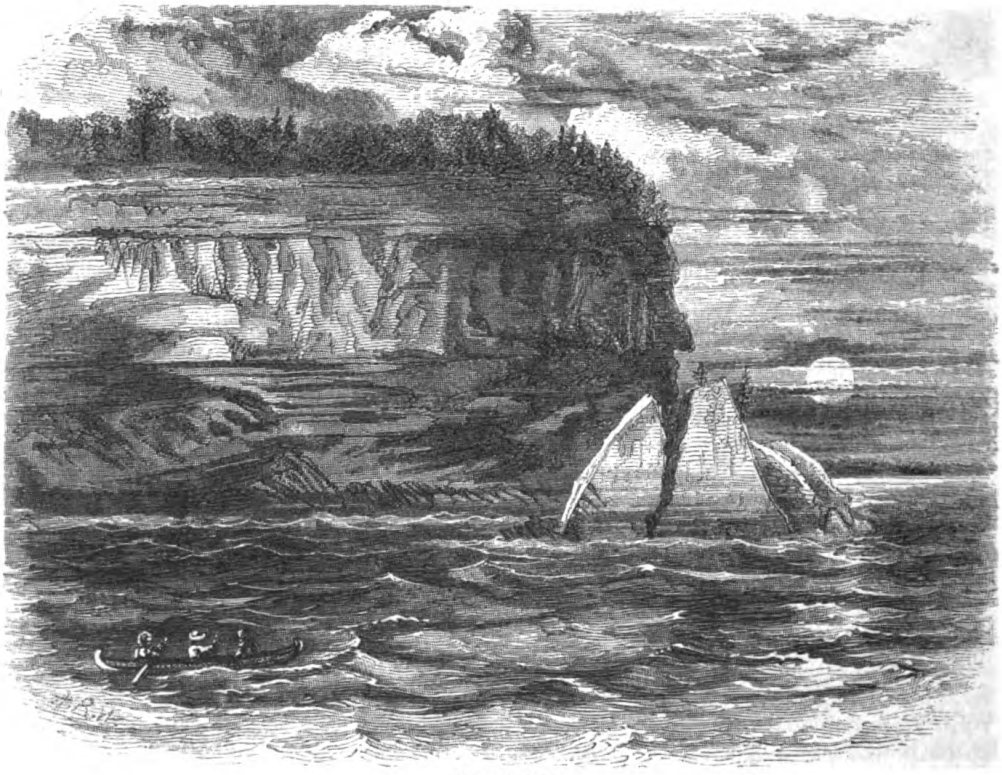
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it. That spoilt Grand Island, or we'd all been rich."

The only inhabitant of this *that was to be* mighty city is a pretty smart man; but then he can't draw a bead with Lemm. It is two miles to the Chimneys—tall, slender columns of rock, among the trees, very much like factory-chimneys, and one expects to see smoke issue from them. A mile or two farther is the Castle—called Miner's Castle, the first of the principal features of the rocks. Tall towers, solid walls, battlements, doorways, loopholes; in general effect, at a proper distance, there is to all appearance a real Norman Castle, and a more solid, impregnable, never was built. Here we go into the great doorway, and our boat sails far in until we lose sight of the entrance. Miner's River enters the lake beside the Castle and is a stream thirty or forty feet wide, and forms quite a safe harbor for small boats in rough weather. Cliff on the west shore of the river and a sand-beach about thirty rods long on the east. Last season Lemm says that a venturesome young lady climbed to the top of the highest point of the Castle, nearly a hundred feet above the water.

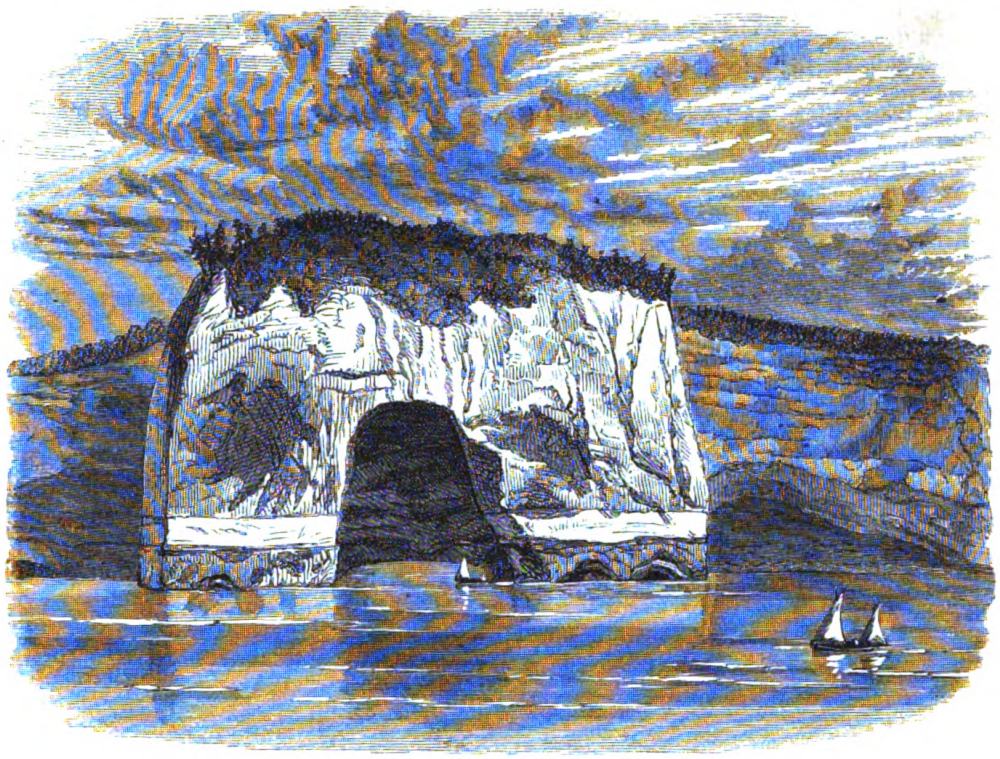
Lemm says this beach is not so good for a camp as the Chapel Beach, so we are to go there to build our hut. Just beyond the Miner's Beach the Pictured Rocks begin to show their wonders. Worn into strange shapes by frost and storm, and stained by a thousand dyes in every possible variety of arrangement, far beyond the power of words to correctly describe, and all this profusion repeated mile after mile, keeping up the interest by some new prospect of sweeping curve, or abrupt angle, or fantastic form.

The first cascade we met was two miles beyond the Castle, where the water falls about twenty-five feet perpendicular, and then slides, at an angle of about forty degrees, a hundred and fifty feet farther. Here the colors are quite monotonous and dull, and arranged in stripes running downward. Lemm said that the next headland but two beyond the cascade was the Sail Rock, and we pulled hard to reach it. Just as we neared it we discovered a profile in the end of the cliff which bore a striking likeness to Franklin. The likeness from the other side was not so recognizable, the features appearing sharper. The Sail Rock is composed of several fallen slabs of sandstone which rise above the water about seventy-five feet, and from the east appear like a schooner with sails set, running in toward the rocks. The illusion is complete. When we saw it from the steamer, a mile or two distant, it was supposed to be a fishing or pleasure party cruising along the rocks. Two headlands intervene between the Sail Rock and the Grand Portal—the Great Door. These headlands are being continually formed and changed by the waves and the elements, and are rounded outward with a convexity of generally one foot in ten; and one is usually connected with another with long or short concave sweeps of cliff—the outline taking the character of a telegraph-line suspended rather slack between poles set at unequal distances. The general direction of the coast



SAIL ROCK.

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GRAND PORTAL—EXTERIOR.

from the Castle to the Door is northeast; and from the Door by a sharp angle nearly due east to the Sable. All along the coast there are heaps of rocks which have fallen from the cliff, and where the waves have not worn them down (and the sandstone, of all the strata, readily disintegrates) still afford a landing-place. Lemm says these avalanches usually happen in the spring.

We were in a hurry to get to the Chapel Beach before dark and put our hut in order, so we made but a few moments' halt in the Great Door. Sublime spectacle, a dome high in the air, vast and impressive — echoing our voices and the splashing of our oars, and alive with flocks of gulls, we reluctantly pulled away from it, resolving to come again, as soon as we should be located, to measure and explore it. But we did not then know the inconceivable attractions that lay beyond, and prevented our return for many days. On the way to the Chapel Beach from the Door you pass by ten or twelve headlands formed very much like each other, and each resembling the stern of a vessel; and this group we named the Stranded Fleet—from its resemblance to a fleet of immense vessels gone ashore bows on.

Here we are at length at the Chapel Beach, and there is the Chapel. Is it not truly named? Like the ruin of some ancient temple, whose roof still rests on a few crumbling columns and is overgrown with trees, carrying its date far into the dim past. The Indians locate a Manitou in the Chapel, and another in the Grand Portal.

Did you ever build a birch hut in the wilderness? No. Well, look on, and see how it is done. Cut a few poles for the frame, and stick them firmly into the sand, and tie them together at the top to form the apex of the roof. Roof! why, it will be all roof and floor like a garret. Now peel birch bark in as broad pieces as you can, and get the inner bark of the cedar for strings, and tie the birch bark pieces on the poles, overlapping to shed the rain. Drive stakes deep into the sand and tie poles over all to anchor against the wind. Make a door, and your hotel is complete. Of course the fire is outside.

See, our friend the Indian is quietly making a fire to boil coffee. How expert these red men are in woodcraft! He stripped two pieces of bark to my one; and did you see how skillfully he doubled up the corners of one large piece which he is now using as a pail to bring water from the spring? Birch bark becomes flexible by warming, and may be bent without breaking. "I wonder if his birch would be as safe in a high wind as your boat, Lemm?" The idea that any craft could be compared with his boat for an instant so dumbfounded Lemm that he stalked silently away, only giving us a pitying look for answer.

Hurrah! now for work! "Come, Doxtater, while Lemm is busy catching some trout for dinner or supper, as we happen to want it, let us cruise along the rocks; and first we will visit the Chapel. But I say, Lemm, did you ever notice the resemblance to a lion's head in the rock at the top of the Chapel?"

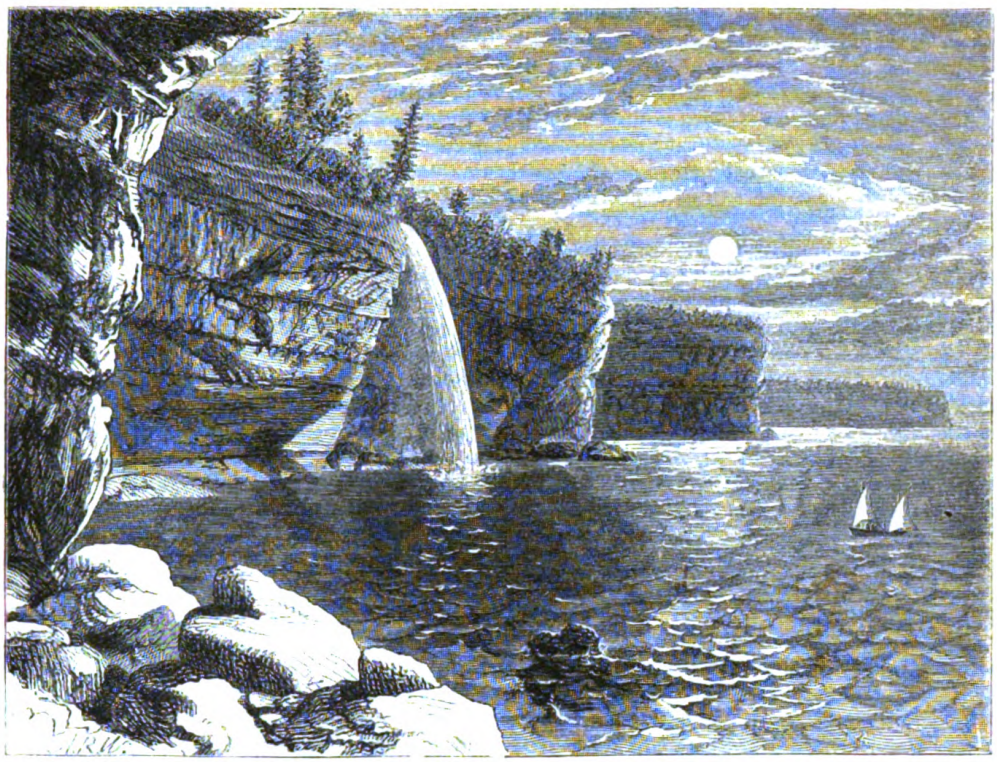
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"Yes, seems as if he was lying down and taking a quiet look at the lake. I could show you many another animal and figure among the rocks. Always finding new ones." Where is my measuring tape? Feet and inches take the romance out of it, do you say? I imagine that my friend the Indian felt more than he could put into words, unless volumes were condensed into the single emotional ejaculation which burst from his very soul as he stood in the dome of the Chapel—a space large enough for several hundred people to assemble, with a ruinous floor, but a very solid roof; a single mass of sandstone one hundred and ninety by sixty feet, supported by the cliff on the east side and rear, and by several columnar masses on the front and west sides. The "pulpit" is formed by one of these columns which has been worn away to a height of only three feet above the floor, and is six feet across a level top. One column stands detached, and ten feet west of the main structure. The height is eighty feet from the water to the top. Viewed from either side, but more especially from the east, the impression received is that it resembles the ruin of some vast church. Those immense columns at Abou Simbel, on the Nile, are more artistical, but not more sublime. Being the work of men's hands gives importance to the Egyptian ruin, and being the handiwork of the Supreme Architect ennobles the American Chapel. There are but few stains of color about the Chapel, and these yellow and brown, and only on the lower strata. Beautiful mosses and lichens cover the sides and roof, in some places concealing the stone. You can climb up the cliff by the waterfall and enter the Chapel by the rear, but if you have a boat the best way is to land on the rocks at the front, where are very regular steps in the sandstone, it having crumbled away leaving plates varying from a few inches to several feet in thickness, each receding behind the last, forming a natural stairway up to the main rooms. The Storm King is janitor here, clearing the temple walls and floor by his wind and waves. There are holes in the rock at the level of the water, some extending ten feet or so into the cliff, and three or four feet wide at the outside, which, when there is a high sea, receive a rushing wave and spout back the water and spray for a hundred feet,



CHAPEL BEACH AND HUT.

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THE CASCADE.

with a roar like cannon at a distance. In a storm a thousand of these holes keep up a continual roar as of artillery in a battle.

One of the cliffs is made memorable by the wreck of the steamer *Superior* in 1857, whose timbers and machinery is still to be seen, when the water is calm, at about twelve to fifteen feet depth. Lemm has fished up many pieces of iron, and is still hovering around it. The steamer broke its rudder and drifted ashore here in a storm, and the water being shallow soon pounded the hull to pieces on the solid rock bottom; and there was no landing possible, the cliff being nearly two hundred feet high and overleaning the water. Half a mile east of this place is the largest cascade of the rocks, a sheet about thirty feet wide falling clear down one hundred and seventy-five feet into the lake. The overhang of the cliff makes a space of twenty or thirty feet between the sheet and the rocks, where you can row in your boat if you are willing to take a shower-bath. There are several headlands visible in one view from near the Cascade, and the colors are bright and varied. All along the rocks east to west they are crowned with trees, mostly evergreens; here and there an oak or birch. As the rocks crumble away, or are split off by the elements, the trees are undermined, lean over the verge, and finally tumble into the lake. Sometimes an avalanche of rock goes down in a compact mass with the trees standing unharmed. Such an event has made a rocky island, covered with foliage, near the Sail Rock. The rock thus left bare shows its natural color, which is yellow, or golden brown, varying in the different strata; some light, others dark, nearly burned sienna tint, and others warm brown or dull orange. A few years covers the bared rock with lichens and stains uniform with the older surface.

Beyond the Cascade eastward the next place of interest is the Grand Amphitheatre. This is the largest of the concave sweeps of cliff line, and is a display of form and color surpassing any other locality in attractiveness, except, of course, the Chapel and Great Door. The cliff is nearly two hundred feet high, overhangs fifteen to fifty feet, wet with the drain of springs in the soil above or from the rains; and colored with the greatest variety of form and hue. In the view engraved some of these stains are represented as far as black lines are capable of doing this. Near the centre of the view there is a heap of rocks recently fallen, last spring probably, for the cliff above shows the clean bright color of the sandstone. Each side of this bare spot the color is strong and varied as usual. The upper strata, about fifty feet thick, are grayer, and lie in thin slabs or plates, and are less stained than those below. The next under them are colored yellow and brown and russet in confused patches; and below these again appear the blue and white and green tints. Some stripes are as white as chalk, others verdigris green, or pale blue, changing gradually as it goes down the rock to green, and finally dark-brown or black. The source of the color seems to be in mineral oxyds carried over the rock by water, besides the usual lichens and crystallizations. There is a stratum of gravel loosely ce-

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mented by sand and clay, varying from two feet thick at the Castle to thirty at the Great Door, and twenty at the Amphitheatre. Most of the strata appear to be thicker at the Great Door, and the cliff is generally elevated fifty to seventy-five feet above the height at five miles' distance each way from that centre. The scene was sketched from the top of a pile of sandstones recently fallen, very similar to that shown in the distance, and where the water from the cliff overhead dripped thirty feet beyond me, affording a cool shade in a hot July day. Perhaps it would be well to say now before I forget it, that in all that trip, except a few hours in the middle of the day, it was very comfortable in a good thick coat and gloves, and morning or evening an over-coat was quite indispensable, while a good blazing fire was desirable, besides being useful for making coffee. The winds are very cold, and when they come over the lake sweep away mosquitoes, gnats, sand-flies, midges, and all the other torments of sultry days, and give you a good night's sleep in peace.

It was our constant amusement to look for shapes among the forms and colors on the cliffs and name them. One would discover a resemblance to a group of horses of various colors, and another see a long procession of boys carrying fish; and of women with expansive skirts, and parasols as large as cavalry tents. Here were elephants grouped with serpents a hundred feet long, seeming to come up out of the water. There a city dimly pictured, with roofs, towers, and spires. There is really no end to this amusement but your own inclination to indulge in it. It was amusing as well as curious to notice the different impressions that the same groups produced on different persons. While the pale faces saw only such objects as were familiar to their common experience, the red man saw the shadows of the past; the history of his race reproduced, written by the Almighty. Where the waves and current make a beach of the sand the gravel from the stratum spoken of is washed quite clean, and among the pebbles are found many fine ones in color and form; agates, jasper, and carnelians. One agate owned by Peter White, of Marquette, and set in a breast-pin, has thirteen hundred lines of differing colors in an inch. We brought home a few pieces of rock and some of the pebbles; the rock very soon fell into sand, and the pebbles are now our only reminiscence of the rocks, except a wide piece of silver birch bark, which was cut near the beaver pond back of Chapel Beach, and the deer-skin which was got in the midst of tribulation.

One evening Lemm said the waves would run too high next day for us to make any attempt at a cruise, and he proposed a tramp in the woods, visiting the beaver ponds, and if we



THE AMPHITHEATRE.

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started early we would be likely to see the beaver at play and perhaps get a crack at a deer. Deer tracks had been seen several mornings on the sand not far from our hut, which encouraged us, and the trip was arranged. So before it was fairly light we were all away, creeping silently as possible toward the ponds. The beaver-dam is a hundred rods long, very strong, and floods thousands of acres, forming two ponds, besides wide marshes, where lilies grow, making feeding-places for deer. High hopes and feverish excitement ruled that morning, and we tried to move through the woods very silently, and it must be that we did, for Dox said he could only hear us half a mile.

After some hunting about we found the very best spot imaginable for a look-out—on a high bank overlooking the island where the beaver-houses are built in the lower pond. There were several beavers busy running about, at work or play, and old and young were very lively. We wondered if some showman would not like to transport that island, with its tenants so full of graceful motion and playful habits, to New York or its vicinity. The First National Beaver-Dam Sample-Room would be the popular resort. We could have enjoyed the scene for hours, and not even Lemm's desire to get a crack at a deer would have moved us; but just as we were whispering our debates a sliding plunge into the water under the bank where we lay attracted our attention. Dox said it was a beaver who had been watching us, and had now gone to give the alarm. Sure enough, in a few moments all the islanders were invisible, and after waiting for a little while we concluded that the curtain was dropped on the show, and left for the upper pond, where we arrived about sunrise.

Lemm went direct to the raft he had used on a previous visit, the year before, and he and I got aboard, while Dox preferred to walk along the shore. We had hardly shoved off before we heard a splashing and snorting the other side of a clump of trees, on a little point of land, and Lemm was frantic to get out far enough to get a sight of the deer. In our haste we broke the rotten withes that bound the raft together, and the lilies and grass pulled the logs apart, spilling us into two feet of water, with a very oozy and uncertain bottom. This humiliation was very rapidly taking the conceit out of two would-be deer-slayers, when the crack of Dox's rifle was heard toward the head of the pond, and that finished the business for them. Lemm's face grew very pale and his voice tragically husky as he said, with a groan, "There! Dox has scared them off! I was afraid he would." We waded back to land, and on coming up with Dox found him loading his gun.

"Scared 'em off?" suggested Lemm.

"Yes," said Dox; "scared one."

And sure enough, there he lay, in the edge of the marsh. Lemm referred to the raft in very classic English, of the heroic school. However, venison, roasted or fried in the wilderness, is an excellent remedy for wounded feelings. And we roasted and ate and chatted, recounting former exploits, and so whiled away the rest of that day, drying our clothes by the fire, and when weary with wagging our tongues, late in the night, arranged ourselves to sleep.

Cowper says, in the "Sofa:"

> "But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,
> And sends thee to thy cabin, well prepared
> To dream all night of what the day denied."

And he has hit it exactly, except that we had *no* dull, although several dusky evenings; and that last line touched our case exactly. And another fine old English poet, Holty, says:

> "Happy the man who has the town escaped!
> To him the whistling trees, the murmuring brooks,
> The shining pebbles, preach
> Virtue's and wisdom's lore."

Splendid lines! With what pleasure can one recall the dulcet strains of the rural poets when in the wilderness. I think it is in the opening of the "Time-Piece" where Cowper says:

> "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade!"

expecting to find there relief from certain ills which civilized men fall heirs to. But who shall sing the joys of sleeping in the woods, or on the Chapel Beach?

Lemm said, one night, soon after we had sandwiched ourselves for sleep, that he knew there was a rat or mouse, or something of that kind, crawling over his legs, and proposed a hunt. Dox and I got pine knots lighted and looked all through the hemlock and pine carpet in the hut, but no living thing was to be found except the aroused Lemm; and again we courted sleep. Early next morning he said he had felt it again, whatever it was, several times during the night. Dox was out at the fire, heaping on wood and getting coffee-water hot, when he called to us to come out and help catch a snake. This was the disturber of Lemm's slumbers—must have been, for Dox saw it crawling out from that side of the tent where Lemm slept. It was a beauty, and three feet long.

"How do you like that sort of bed-fellow, Lemm?"

"Ho! that's nothing. Find one under your head some morning, as I have, and a moccasin to boot."

I wonder if it is not within the possibilities of chemical science to compound an unguent protection against flies, mosquitoes, and most especially midges and sand-flies. It would be a constant companion in all country excursions. Even Long Branch or Coney Island would be more peaceful, especially if the article had an appropriate name and agreeable perfume. Some one has recommended crude petroleum, but it is an open question whether the remedy is not worse than the evil. Sleeping in the woods gives one such a keen appetite. No matter what is prepared to eat that is only wholesome;

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INTERIOR OF GRAND PORTAL.

and you are hungry again so soon that the days seem to stretch out very needlessly.

The beauties of all lands are dull and commonplace to the inhabitants thereof, however much they may be prized by strangers. And the Pictured Rocks are no exception to the rule. "High and rough and stained, and rather curious; still, nothing but rock, after all. Can't see why people come all the way from New York to see nothing but stones. Curious, maybe; but we can see 'em any time when we've nothing else to do. Good place to fish —for some kinds. Where the streams run in, and near the cascades, you are sure to get brook-trout, very fine flavor; and since the steamer was wrecked something can be made fishing up old iron; but no one hereabouts ever feels like wasting time just to look at the rocks. As for the picturs, every one has a notion of their own about them. No two sees 'em alike."

Now for a trip to the Grand Portal. Lemm says he just as lieve go and try his luck at the wreck, fishing for old iron, and be back about sundown; so Dox and I go in the birch. Modestly we enter by the side opening of the cave, and while the sketch is in progress, from the fallen rocks at the back, Dox in the birch goes along the walls, peeping in and out, exploring for pebbles and specimens of rock and lichens and crystallizations.

Imagine yourself in a room four hundred feet long, by one hundred and eighty wide, and one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high to the arched roof, built of yellow sandstone, seamed with decay and dripping with water. Shout, and your voice is multiplied a hundred-fold by echoes that reverberate several seconds, sharp, metallic. Here the stratum of gravel is elevated about fifty feet, while at the Castle it is nearly down to the water-level, and at the Amphitheatre is about twenty feet above. The waters are undermining the foundations, and wearing holes every where in the support of the walls and roof, and in some day—how far into the future it is impossible to guess—the sandstone will be entirely cut through, and the immense roof come down into the waves, to be carried away in sand to make wider the Chapel Beach, or perhaps increase the Grand Sable. The water in the cave increases in depth as you go out toward the lake, from the bare rocks of the back end to about fifty feet at the opening,

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and a few rods from the shore it is a hundred feet or more. The water is much deeper near the rocks at the Great Door, and a mile or two each way, than at any other place along the shore. The cliff on the west, next to the Grand Portal, is hollowing out, forming an immense cave, increasing yearly, being much larger now than it was a year ago. Then we visited it with two photographers from Chicago, and we had one of their views with us as a record. Great blocks had fallen and enormous cavities formed where last year it was apparently solid rock, stained with the accumulation of years. This change impressed us with a feeling of great insecurity, which increased so much that we hastened to finish our sketch and remove to some more secure position less in danger of being ground to powder.

Dox said he had no doubt we could bring down a rock from the roof inside by firing a pistol; so we paddled to the mouth and fired back into the cave. Either our gun was too small, or the rock was not ready to respond and come down, for the only result was some very sonorous echoes which set the flocks of gulls to whirling and screaming, some coming very near and looking fiercely at us as they sailed swiftly by, as much as to say, "Clear out, you meddlesome chaps, and stop trying to disturb our ancient nesting-place!"

Again we paddled into the great cave, and looked along its walls, and followed the flowing waves and the accompanying reflections chasing each other up the sides and dancing in the roof. It is beyond the power of the pencil to represent the effect of the reflected light in the roof as seen from the rear. Especially when the sun is toward the west the bright light is reflected back from the waves into the cavern, and undulates like a sea of light overhead; a picture in living colors, so tender, so quiet—luminous, pearly grays, bright flashes, cool high lights, all warmed by the yellow sandstone, dripping with water, on which the effect is thrown. We tried firing the pistol again at the rear, but with no other result than a series of deafening echoes. This would be an awful place in a storm. There is no rock on which you could climb more than six or ten feet above calm water-level, and waves coming in with a high wind would wash the rocks for a hundred feet in height; and no one could possibly live a single day, much less during a storm of a week.

The fishermen understand the treacherous nature of the storms on Lake Superior, and are generally provided for the weather by carrying several days' provision when going even a few miles from home. The unfortunate man, if trapped on one of the beaches, where he could escape into the wilderness in the rear, could, by making a long circuit, avoiding the bays and creeks, possibly find his way to the shore opposite Grand Island, at Munising. If he lost his way—not at all improbable in a storm—his only salvation would be his gun, and the possibility of reaching Marquette, Escanaba, or some lumber settlement on Green Bay, a good hundred-mile tramp.

Our last glimpse of the Grand Portal was near sunset one day after rain, when the rays of the sun lit up the yellow sandstone with a glory that melted the shining mass into burnished gold.

"Lemm, how far will we have to row to get to the Grand Sable?"

"Wa'al, about ten or fifteen miles to see the high banks; and you'd better be keerful of the weather, for it won't do to be caught there in a storm. No such thing as landing a boat in any safe place."

"Well, Dox, as our provision-chest has nearly given out, and Lemm will have to go home for a new supply, let us take two or three days' rations, and manage to meet him on his return to the Chapel Beach."

The rations we took were ten biscuits, about three pounds of maple-sugar, and a cooked trout of two pounds' weight. The stay at the rocks had been much longer than was calculated upon, and therefore the short allowance. Lemm thought he could return by the next day noon, certain, and away he pulled. Dox and I set out in the birch for new explorations. We passed the Cascade, the Wreck Cliff, Amphitheatre, Cliff of Tombs, End of Rocks, and then five miles along the Sable. Ocean sands are an index of infinity—a type; the desert also is a type, with its limitless expanse of sand. What shall we say of these mountains of sand? Two hundred to three hundred feet elevated against the sky, clothed with a forest; forever crumbling, changing, water-worn, wind-tossed, restless sands. We found a point where several large trees, fallen from the top, had been washed together in a heap by the storm, and packed solid by the sands around them, made a landing. Here we pulled up our canoe and rested. An attempt to climb up the bank was almost reckless, but at it we went, and after two hours of continual climbing succeeded in reaching the top. The sand was very dry and mealy, rolling under our feet, and seriously retarding our progress. I have been in the crater of Ætna and climbed the Pyramids of Ghizeh, but, if both could be combined, the ashes of the one and the steep of the other would not be a more difficult ascent than the Grand Sable.

The forest is pine, hemlock, spruce, birch, and cedar, with a very few oaks and maples. As you go back from the shore hard wood becomes more abundant. We dared not go far away, as it was said that in an hour or two a storm might burst on us, which might carry off our canoe from its landing or prevent our return to the Chapel Beach. We spent some little time hunting for stones to roll down the sands into the lake, but none were to be found; so we tugged at a half-decayed log and an old stump, and sent them tumbling down, bounding from heap to heap, with a final plunge into the water, sending the spray flying about like the big ruff around Queen Elizabeth's neck in

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THE GRAND SABLE.

the authorized version of her portrait. The climate on the Sable is much warmer than on the rocks. It is hot. July asserts his usual prerogative there, and log-rolling is more like work than fun. One old pine that was some three feet diameter, standing on the very edge, with roots hanging in the air, reaching far down the retreating sands, tempted us to work at undermining it, so we might enjoy the event of its mighty plunge. Two hours very hard work with poles, clearing away sand and turf, and with hatchet chopping off roots on the upper side, at length rewarded us, when the immense tree bowed to force of circumstances and went down, its branches singing a death-song as they whizzed through the air; but, as if struggling against its fate, the great mass plowed so deep into the sand as to lodge itself just as it reached the water, only just dipping the top fifty feet or so under the waves.

We were too tired for any more experiments, and debated whether to try to return to Chapel Beach or stay at the Sable all night. Dox voted to stay; and as the fifteen miles of paddling, with a red sunset and prospect of wind from the northwest, just the direction to blow us ashore, was on his side of the question, it was decided to sleep where we were. The canoe being carried up the sand fifty feet or so, and well tied to some stakes driven in below it, we made a nest for ourselves of pine and hemlock boughs, well covered over, as a precaution against rain or wind.

We lay alongside an immense fallen tree, and all night I dreamed of rolling down the Sable into the lake, and started up out of fitful slumbers only to find Dox sleeping very quietly, and to look at the stars, and again to sleep and dream. We hurried back to the Chapel Beach, arriving near sunset the next day, and found Lemm had brought an addition to our party, whom we will call Frederick Wilson, Esquire.

"So you are the artistical gentleman that Mr. Peter White, of Marquette, told me was down at the rocks? You know Peter White, cashier of the First National Bank—he knows you. Says you drew off the entire rocks for him last year, in an album style, very large size, in water-colors, and I have come down to learn the art. Can stay a week or ten days; not longer than ten, as I have engagements in

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F. WILSON, ESQ.

Milwaukee that will take me away then. Mr. White says you know how to finish up photographs also in water-colors, and you get a high price for some of them. Besides, I would like very much to take a few lessons in landscape painting in oils; and I wish you to understand that the cost will make no difference at all to me. All I want is the tricks and the dodges of colors and so on, and any reasonable price is ready."

"My dear Sir," said I, when I could catch my breath, "I have found, after twenty years' application to art, that, after learning a few technicalities, progress in art is the result of accumulated knowledge and information concerning the subjects you are to represent; and your success will be very nearly in a ratio to the sum of what you know, and your ability to represent what you know in your materials, so that others may understand you, and think and feel with you. Then, if you have the genius to think and feel rightly, and use the best means of representation, you may hope to become an artist if you work hard several years."

"But all I want to know is how you sketch 'em off—just the slight way you make those so much admired water-color sketches that you do in an hour or two. And I say again I don't care what it costs."

Again, choking down a disposition to misuse my mother tongue, I replied:

"To be able to sketch well is like ripe fruit on the tree—there is a long life of art study and practice between beginning and sketching. I could not undertake to teach any thing of real value to you in less than a year."

F. W. again, blatant: "I see advertisements nearly every day of those who will teach in ten or twelve lessons the whole art in oil and water-colors, landscape figures and photographs. I think there must be some prejudice you have got against me, or you would let me into your secret."

If this individual had appeared to me in my studio I could have taken my hat and left, or quietly shown him the door; but there was no leaving the beach nor kicking him off, so it became a necessity to bear with his importunities to be "let into the secret for any reasonable price" for nearly a week. He cut my stay short many days. Flies, mosquitoes, snakes, rain, hunger, and thirst, the dangers of the waves, were all swallowed up in this one great visitation. I could only revenge myself by sketching him as he would sit on our wash-tub table, hour after hour, looking over my sketches, with polished hat perched on three hairs, cigar in position, lost in wonder and admiration, and burning with desire to be "let in." It is a standing wonder that any mortal can be so uninformed on art matters. Naturalists spend a whole lifetime, with the most brilliant talents, acquiring a sufficient knowledge of their science to enable them to distinguish, and name, and classify animated nature, and the most capable men have added the experience of their most valuable lives in perfecting the methods of study; and botanists, and geologists, and men in every profession and trade, and every walk of life, find the years too fleeting and few for a perfect mastery of the things brought into their special notice. Even a house carpenter is contented to serve a term of years at the trade; but here is a man whose lofty conceit and profound ignorance drive him frantic because a poor artist will not undertake to "let him into" Nature's world of infinite mysteries in a week.

As a sheet-anchor in this sea of trouble Dox, my Indian friend, whiled away many an hour of twilight or foggy morning with his violin, on which he is an excellent performer. Old Oneida knows the power of his bow, when with my uncle as second he went from dance to dance the county round. Sometimes my flute took up a tune which we both happened to



MR. WILLIAMS.

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DOXTATER.

know, and we together waked melodious echoes in the neighboring cliffs. Lemm too was not always blowing about his gun; he now and then varied his tale by his exploits by land and water, near and far, and with a touch of plain history, accidentally dropped, concerning the earlier and later days on the island, made him, all in all, a very social, companionable man.

We were not favored with a breeze on our return to Grand Island, and having to paddle the whole way, Dox and I took to the canoe, leaving Lemm to bring F. W., Esq., with the other baggage.

At Mr. Williams's house we found a gentleman from Detroit in the last stages of consumption, so his friends kindly said, quite unable to enjoy himself or any body else. He seemed glad of the opportunity of getting to Marquette with us, and we counted him one with our party. Mr. Williams, among other interesting traits, possessed a firm belief in the curative powers of certain Spiritualist doctors. He gave us an account of his experience with several. He never was sick in his life—always been strong and hearty; but some of his children had been sickly, and one daughter had died lately of consumption. Some years since, when she began to fail and he felt alarmed for her, some one recommended her to visit a medicinal spring. Her letters from there during the first few weeks were encouraging, but afterward she failed so rapidly that he had to go and bring her home on a bed. Then a Spiritualist doctor was recommended, and as soon as she was able she went there. Again she improved for a few days, and then again rapidly declined. Another doctor, a trance medium, now discovered that all had gone wrong so far, and took charge of the case. Progress of patient up and down again as before. About this time he received letters from New York from a healing medium, who announced (as if it was a revelation) that he understood that a Mr. Williams, living, etc., etc., had a daughter most grievously afflicted, etc., and offered to restore her to youth and health in a marvelously short time, either at her own home or at his, in the city—which latter would be much more desirable, being under his immediate and personal inspection. And so on, all this time paying very heavy bills unto the end. But why does Mr. Jones believe in Mr. Williams's spiritual doctors? Because he only succeeded in finding a real, true, faithful healing medium, just before his daughter died, who could have cured her if he had been called in the first place, but only knew of the case when it was too late; so into the hands of this last most merciful and kind trance and healing medium was Mr. J. anxious to place himself.

Mr. Williams's eldest son proposed to take us to Marquette in the large sail-boat, as he had a lot of white-fish and trout ready for market; and we therefore made up a party, including Jones and F. W., Lemm and Bully, Williams Junior, Dox, and I.

Bully was son-in-law of an old Chippewa Chief (who was said to be over a hundred years old), and had been a mail carrier during the winter, when navigation was closed, for several years; making the journey to Detroit from Marquette in about two weeks, sleeping on the snow, wading rapid streams—an exceeding perilous task. He dressed just as he could catch it, in clothes new or second-hand, in style or out, military or civil, fits or not; and was a good-hearted fellow at all times. What his other name was besides Bully we did not learn, nor what he was Bully for; but guessed he was considered bully for whisky, as he earned some such title on our way up.

Williams Junior said we had better land on a little island just outside the entrance on the east of Grand Island Harbor, and visit the cave there. He described it as a most curious place, full of columns, rooms, passages up and down, altogether a fairy-like and strange cave. The party seeming inclined to see the sights, we landed, and drank the health of whatever god was dwelling there at the time, and sailed away again. The wind played a fast-and-loose game with our sails, and teased us along a mile or so



"BULLY."

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an hour, just enabling us to go ashore at Laughing-Fish Creek and cook supper, and build a lean-to of poles and boughs, with a bed of pine and hemlock, when the sun set with a glorious display of colors. The color of the water of the lake is a clear blue, and where the sunlight illuminates it with the slanting morning ray near the cliff, or overshadowing forest, it becomes a cool bright green, nearly like lemon yellow shaded with pale blue. The night was bitter cold for July, and we built a rousing fire and fared sumptuously on roasted fish, fried fish, good bread, and coffee, with huge lumps of maple sugar, and good sweet milk.

There joined us for the evening two men who lived near, on a point of rocks, in a snug house with garden and stables for cows and pigs and fowls, and who seemed delighted to find several pairs of fresh ears into which to pour their side-splitting jokes and adventures of summer and winter; giving us in such brilliant brief extracts a complete history of as much of their lives as they cared to have us know. Lemm said next day that they were a curious set. The old one came from the East; had plenty of money and every thing, seldom went to town or any where, fished a little, hunted less, but was always bragging about his rifle, "when he knew so and so," and the like. The reader must imagine Lemm's conclusion to be a very modest reference to his own trusty gun.

We were a merry party and made the forest ring again, late into the night, and after our visitors left stowed ourselves away, some under the roof we had built, others in the bushes, to the windward of the fire, while Jones, the sick man, crept out into the weeds, far away from the fire, slept quietly all night, not coughing, and said in the morning that he had not slept so well for years.

At Marquette our party broke up. Jones took steamer for Detroit, and Dox the cars for Green Bay, where his tribe is located; Lemm Junior and Bully returned to Grand Island, and I to my easel; no more to dream of the Fairy-land of the Great Lake, but to revisit it in the midst of pleasant memories. Not all the wonders of the Grotto of Antiparos, or the splendors of Fingal's Cave in Staffa, or the magnificence of the Rocks of Etretat in Brittany, can compare with the unrivaled and peculiar glories of the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior.



THE GUIDE MARQUETTE.

LAST DAYS.

CHANGE! change!
Another leaf is turned,
And back into the old and strange
Sinks the half-learned.
Out of the quiet ways,
Into the world's broad track
We go forth in the summer days,
And never wander back.

Not death!
We do not call it so;
Yet scarcely more with dying breath
Could we forego.
We cross an unseen line,
And, lo! another zone;
We learn to make a stranger clime
Familiar as our own.

Not one,
But many lives, we hold:
Our Hail to every work begun
Is Farewell to the old.
At every bound we say,
"When will the days be past?"
But start with vain regret some day
In presence of the last.

The last!
Last looks are tenderest;
The sunset light is on the past;
The last wine is the best.
Oh days most sad and sweet!
The old life's fairest wreath—
No record ever is complete
Without that last word—Death.

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THE IMPENDING CHECK-MATE.

My little love, do you remember,
  Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
  Check-mated by each other's eyes?
  Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.
  Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand:
The double Castles guard the wings:
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling, through the fight.
  Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
  And falter; falls your golden hair
  Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field your Queen
Rides slow her soldiery all between,
  And checks me unaware.
  Ah me! the little battle's done,
Dispersed is all its chivalry;
Full many a move since then have we
'Mid Life's perplexing chequers made,
And many a game with Fortune played—
  What is it we have won?
  This, this at least—if this alone:
That never, never, never more,
As in those old, still nights of yore
  (Ere we were grown so sadly wise)
  Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
  And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we played, together!

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THE DODGE CLUB; OR, ITALY IN MDCCCLIX.



THE SPANIARDS!

X.

ON THE WATER, WHERE BUTTONS SEES A LOST IDEA AND GIVES CHASE TO IT, TOGETHER WITH THE HEART-SICKENING RESULTS THEREOF.

ON the following morning Buttons and Dick went a little way out of town, and down the steep cliff toward the shore.

It was a classic spot. Here was no less a place than the cave of Polyphemus, where Homer, at least, may have stood, if Ulysses didn't. And here is the identical stone with which the giant was wont to block up the entrance to his cavern.

The sea rolled before. Away down to the right was Vesuvius, starting from which the eye took in the whole wide sweep of the shore, lined with white cities, with a back-ground of mountains, till the land terminated in bold promontories.

Opposite was the Isle of Capri.

Myriads of white sails flashed across the sea.

One of these arrested the attention of Buttons, and so absorbed him that he stared fixedly at it for half an hour without moving.

At length an exclamation burst from him:

"By Jove! It is! It is!"

"What is? What is?"

"The Spaniards!"

"Where?"

"In that boat."

"Ah!" said Dick, coolly, looking at the object pointed out by Buttons.

It was an English sail-boat, with a small cabin and an immense sail. In the stern were a gentleman and two ladies. Buttons was confident that they were the Spaniards.

"Well," said Dick, "what's the use of getting so excited about it?"

"Why, I'm going back to Naples by water!"

"Are you? Then I'll go too. Shall we leave the others?"

"Certainly not, if they want to come with us."

Upon inquiry they found that the others had a strong objection to going by sea. Mr. Figgs preferred the ease of the carriage. The Doctor thought the sea air injurious. The Senator had the honesty to confess that he was afraid of sea-sickness. They would not listen to persuasion, but were all resolutely bent on keeping to the carriage.

Buttons exhibited a feverish haste in searching after a boat. There was but little to choose from among a crowd of odd-looking fishing-boats that crowded the shore. However, they selected the cleanest from among them, and soon the boat, with her broad sail spread, was darting over the sea.

The boat of which they went in pursuit was far away over near the other shore, taking long tacks across the bay. Buttons headed his boat so as to meet the other on its return tack.

It was a magnificent scene. After exhausting every shore view of Naples, there is nothing like taking to the water. Every thing then appears in a new light. The far, winding cities that surround the shore, the white villages, the purple Apennines, the rocky isles, the frowning volcano.

This is what makes Naples supreme in beauty. The peculiar combinations of scenery that are found there make rivalry impossible. For if you find elsewhere an equally beautiful bay, you will not have so liquid an atmosphere; if you have a shore with equal beauty of outline, and equal grace in its long sweep of towering headland and retreating slope, you will not have so deep a purple on the distant hills. Above all, nowhere else on earth has Nature placed in the very centre of so divine a scene the contrasted terrors of the black volcano.

Watching a chase is exciting; but taking part in it is much more so. Buttons had made the most scientific arrangements. He had calculated that at a certain point on the opposite shore the other boat would turn on a new tack, and that if he steered his boat to a point about half-way over, he would meet them, without appearing to be in pursuit. He accordingly felt so elated at the idea that he burst forth into song.

The other boat at length had passed well over under the shadow of the land. It did not turn. Farther and farther over, and still it did not change its course. Buttons still kept the course which he had first chosen; but finding that he

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was getting far out of the way of the other boat, he was forced to turn the head of his boat closer to the wind, and sail slowly, watching the others.

There was an island immediately ahead of the other boat. What was his dismay at seeing it gracefully pass beyond the outer edge of the island, turn behind it, and vanish. He struck the taffrail furiously with his clenched hand. However, there was no help for it; so, changing his course, he steered in a straight line after the other, to where it had disappeared.

Now that the boat was out of sight Dick did not feel himself called on to watch. So he went forward into the bow, and made himself a snug berth, where he laid down; and lighting his pipe, looked dreamily out through a cloud of smoke upon the charming scene. The tossing of the boat and the lazy flapping of the sails had a soothing influence. His nerves owned the lulling power. His eyelids grew heavy and gently descended.

The wind and waves and islands and sea and sky, all mingled together in a confused mass, came before his mind. He was sailing on clouds, and chasing Spanish ladies through the sky. The drifting currents of the air bore them resistlessly along in wide and never-ending curves upward in spiral movements toward the zenith; and then off in ever-increasing speed, with ever-widening gyrations, toward the sunset, where the clouds grew red, and lazaroni grinned from behind——

A sudden bang of the huge sail struck by the wind, a wild creaking of the boom, and a smart dash of spray over the bows and into his face waked him from his slumber. He started up, half blinded, to look around. Buttons sat gazing over the waters with an expression of bitter vexation. They had passed the outer point of the island, and had caught a swift current, a chopping sea, and a brisk breeze. The other boat was nowhere to be seen. Buttons had already headed back again.

"I don't see the other boat," said Dick.

Buttons without a word pointed to the left. There she was. She had gone quietly around the island, and had taken the channel between it and the shore. All the time that she had been hidden she was steadily increasing the distance between them.

"There's no help for it," said Dick, "but to keep straight after them."

Buttons did not reply, but leaned back with a sweet expression of patience. The two boats kept on in this way for a long time; but the one in which our friends had embarked was no match at all for the one they were pursuing. At every new tack this fact became more painfully evident. The only hope for Buttons was to regain by his superior nautical skill what he might lose. Those in the other boat had but little skill in sailing. These at length became aware that they were followed, and regarded their pursuers with earnest attention. It did not seem to have any effect.

"They know we are after them at last!" said Dick.

"I wonder if they can recognize us?"

"If they do they have sharp eyes. I'll be



"A THOUSAND PARDONS!"

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hanged if I can recognize them! I don't see how you can."

"Instinct, Dick—instinct!" said Buttons, with animation.

"What's that flashing in their boat?"

"That?" said Buttons. "It's a spy-glass. I didn't notice it before."

"I've seen it for the last half-hour."

"Then they must recognize us. How strange that they don't slacken a little! Perhaps we are not in full view. I will sit a little more out of the shade of the sail, so that they can recognize me."

Accordingly Buttons moved out to a more conspicuous place, and Dick allowed himself to be more visible. Again the flashing brass was seen in the boat, and they could plainly perceive that it was passed from one to the other, while each took a long survey.

"They must be able to see us if they have any kind of a glass at all."

"I should think so," said Buttons, dolefully.

"Are you sure they are the Spaniards?"

"Oh! quite."

"Then I must say they might be a little more civil, and not keep us racing after them forever!"

"Oh, I don't know; I suppose they wouldn't like to sail close up to us."

"They needn't sail up to us, but they might give us a chance to hail them."

"I don't think the man they have with them looks like Señor Francia."

"Francia? Is that his name? He certainly looks larger. He is larger."

"Look!"

As Buttons spoke the boat ahead fell rapidly to leeward. The wind had fallen, and a current which they had struck upon bore them away. In the effort to escape from the current the boat headed toward Buttons, and when the wind again arose she continued to sail toward them. As they came nearer Buttons's face exhibited a strange variety of expressions.

They met.

In the other boat sat two English ladies and a tall gentleman, who eyed the two young men fixedly, with a "stony British stare."

"A thousand pardons!" said Buttons, rising and bowing. "I mistook you for some acquaintances."

Whereupon the others smiled in a friendly way, bowed, and said something. A few commonplaces were interchanged, and the boats drifted away out of hearing.

XI.

THE SENATOR HAS SUCH A FANCY FOR SEEKING USEFUL INFORMATION! — CURIOUS POSITION OF A WISE, AND WELL-KNOWN, AND DESERVEDLY-POPULAR LEGISLATOR, AND UNDIGNIFIED MODE OF HIS ESCAPE.

It was not much after ten in the morning when Buttons and Dick returned. On reaching the hotel they found Mr. Figgs and the Doctor, who asked them if they had seen the Senator. To which they replied by putting the same question to their questioners.

He had not been seen since they had all been together last. Where was he?

Of course there was no anxiety felt about him, but still they all wished to have him near at hand, as it was about time for them to leave the town. The vetturino was already grumbling, and it required a pretty strong remonstrance from Buttons to silence him.

They had nothing to do but to wait patiently. Mr. Figgs and the Doctor lounged about the sofas. Buttons and Dick strolled about the town. Hearing strains of music as they passed the cathedral they turned in there to listen to the service. Why there should be service, and full service too, they could not imagine.

"Can it be Sunday, Dick?" said Buttons, gravely.

"Who can tell?" exclaimed Dick, lost in wonder.

The cathedral was a small one, with nave and transept as usual, and in the Italian Gothic style. At the end of the nave stood the high altar, which was now illuminated with wax-candles, while priests officiated before it. At the right extremity of the transept was the organ-loft, a somewhat unusual position; while at the opposite end of the transept was a smaller door. The church was moderately filled. Probably there was as many people there as it ever had. They knelt on the floor with their faces toward the altar. Finding the nave somewhat crowded, Buttons and Dick went around to the door at the end of the transept, and entered there. A large space was empty as far as the junction with the nave. Into this the two young men entered, very reverently, and on coming near to the place where the other worshipers were they knelt down in the midst of them.

While looking before him, with his mind full of thoughts called up by the occasion, and while the grand music of one of Mozart's masses was filling his soul, Buttons suddenly felt his arm twitched. He turned. It was Dick.

Buttons was horrified. In the midst of this solemn scene the young man was convulsed with laughter. His features were working, his lips moving, as he tried to whisper something which his laughter prevented him from saying, and tears were in his eyes. At last he stuck his handkerchief in his mouth and bowed down very low, while his whole frame shook. Some of the worshipers near by looked scandalized, others shocked, others angry. Buttons felt vexed. At last Dick raised his face and rolled his eyes toward the organ-loft, and instantly bowed his head again. Buttons looked up mechanically, following the direction of Dick's glance. The next instant he too fell forward, tore his handkerchief out of his pocket, while his whole frame shook with the most painful convulsion of laughter.

And how dreadful is such a convulsion in a solemn place! In a church, amidst worship-

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ers; perhaps especially amidst worshipers of another creed, for then one is suspected of offering deliberate insult. So it was here. People near saw the two young men, and darted angry looks at them.

Now what was it that had so excited two young men, who were by no means inclined to offer insult to any one, especially in religious matters?

It was this: As they looked up to the organ-loft they saw a figure there.

The organ projected from the wall about six feet; on the left side was the handle worked by the man who blew it, and a space for the choir. On the right was a small narrow space not more than about three feet wide, and it was in this space that they saw the figure which produced such an effect on them.



THE SENATOR.

It was the Senator. He stood there erect, bareheaded of course, with confusion in his face and vexation and bewilderment. The sight of him was enough—the astonishing position of the man, in such a place at such a time. But the Senator was looking eagerly for help. And he had seen them enter, and all his soul was in his eyes, and all his eyes were fixed on those two.

As Dick looked up startled and confounded at the sight the Senator projected his head as far forward as he dared, frowned, nodded, and then began working his lips violently as certain deaf and dumb people do, who converse by such movements, and can understand what words are said by the shape of the mouth in uttering them. But the effect was to make the Senator look like a man who was making grimaces for a wager, like those in Victor Hugo's "Nôtre Dame." As such the apparition was so overpowering that neither Buttons nor Dick dared to look up for some time. What made it worse, each was conscious that the other was laughing, so that self-control was all the more difficult. Worse still, each knew that this figure in the organ-loft was watching them with his hungry glance, ready the moment that they looked up to begin his grimaces once more.

"That poor Senator!" thought Buttons; "how did he get there? Oh, how did he get there?"

Yet how could he be rescued? Could he be? No. He must wait till the service should be over.

Meanwhile the young men mustered sufficient courage to look up again, and after a mighty struggle to gaze upon the Senator for a few seconds at a time at least. There he stood, projecting forward his anxious face, making faces as each one looked up.

Now the people in the immediate vicinity of the two young men had noticed their agitation as has already been stated, and, moreover, they had looked up to see the cause of it. They too saw the Senator. Others again, seeing their neighbors looking up, did the same, until at last all in the transept were staring up at the odd-looking stranger.

As Buttons and Dick looked up, which they could not help doing often, the Senator would repeat his mouthings, and nods, and becks, and looks of entreaty. The consequence was, that the people thought the stranger was making faces at them. Three hundred and forty-seven honest people of Sorrento thus found themselves shamefully insulted in their own church by a barbarous foreigner, probably an Englishman, no doubt a heretic. The other four hundred and thirty-six who knelt in the nave knew nothing about it. They could not see the organ-loft at all. The priests at the high altar could not see it, so that they were uninterrupted in their duties. The singers in the organ-loft saw nothing, for the Senator was concealed from their view. Those therefore who saw him were the people in the transept, who now kept staring fixedly, and with angry eyes, at the man in the loft.

There was no chance of getting him out of that before the service was over, and Buttons saw that there might be a serious tumult when the Senator came down among that wrathful crowd. Every moment made it worse. Those

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in the nave saw the agitation of those in the transept, and got some idea of the cause.

At last the service was ended; the singers departed, the priests retired, but the congregation remained. Seven hundred and eighty-three human beings waiting to take vengeance on the miscreant who had thrown ridicule on the Holy Father by making faces at the faithful as they knelt in prayer. Already a murmur arose on every side.

"A heretic! A heretic! A blasphemer! He has insulted us!"

Buttons saw that a bold stroke alone could save them. He burst into the midst of the throng followed by Dick.

"Fly!" he cried. "Fly for your lives! *It is a madman!* Fly! Fly!"

A loud cry of terror arose. Instantaneous conviction flashed on the minds of all. A madman! Yes. He could be nothing else.

A panic arose. The people recoiled from before that terrible madman. Buttons sprang up to the loft. He seized the Senator's arm and dragged him down. The people fled in horror. As the Senator emerged he saw seven hundred and eighty-three good people of Sorrento scampering away like the wind across the square in front of the cathedral.

On reaching the hotel he told his story. He had been peering about in search of useful information, and had entered the cathedral. After going through every part he went up into the organ-loft. Just then the singers came. Instead of going out like a man, he dodged them from some absurd cause or other, with a half idea that he would get into trouble for intruding. The longer he staid the worse it was for him. At last he saw Buttons and Dick enter, and tried to make signals.

"Well," said Buttons, "we had better leave. The Sorrentonians will be around here soon to see the maniac. They will find out all about him, and make us acquainted with Lynch law."

In a quarter of an hour more they were on their way back to Naples.

XII.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII, AND ALL THAT THE SIGHT OF THOSE FAMOUS PLACES PRODUCED ON THE MINDS OF THE DODGE CLUB.

THEY had already visited Herculaneum, but the only feeling which had been awakened by the sight of that ill-fated city was one of unmitigated disgust. As honesty was the chief characteristic of the whole party they did not hesitate to express themselves with the utmost freedom on this subject. They hoped for better things from Pompeii. At any rate Pompeii was above ground, what might be there would be visible. No fuss with torches. No humbugging with lanterns. No wandering through



VILLA OF DIOMEDES.

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PHEW!

long black passages. No mountains bringing forth mice.

Their expectations were encouraged as they walked up the street of Tombs leading to the Herculaneum Gate. Tombs were all around, any quantity, all sizes, little black vaults full of pigeon-holes. These they narrowly examined, and when the guide wasn't looking they filled their pockets with the ashes of the dead.

"Strange," quoth the Senator, musingly, "that these ancient Pompey fellers should pick out this kind of a way of getting buried. This must be the reason why people speak of urns and ashes when they speak of dead people."

They walked through the Villa of Diomedes. They were somewhat disappointed. From guide-books, and especially from the remarkably well-got-up Pompeian court at Sydenham Palace, Buttons had been led to expect something far grander. But in this, the largest house in the city, what did he find? Mites of rooms, in fact closets, in which even a humble modern would find himself rather crowded. There was scarcely a decent-sized apartment in the whole establishment, as they all indignantly declared. The cellars were more striking. A number of earthen vessels of enormous size were in one corner.

"What are these?" asked the Senator.

"Wine jars."

"What?"

"Wine jars. They didn't use wooden casks."

"The more fools they. Now do you mean to say that wooden casks are not infinitely more convenient than these things that can't stand up without they are leaned against the wall? Pho!"

At one corner the guide stopped, and pointing down, said something.

"What does he say?" asked the Senator.

"He says if you want to know how the Pompeians got choked, stoop down and smell that. Every body who comes here is expected to smell this particular spot, or he can't say that he has seen Pompeii."

So down went the five on their knees, and up again faster than they went down. With one universal shout of: "Phew-w-w-w-w-h-h-h!!!"

It was a torrent of sulphurous vapor that they inhaled.

"Now, I suppose," said the Senator, as soon as he could speak, "that that there comes direct in a bee-line through a subterranean tunnel right straight from old Vesuvius."

"Yes, and it was this that suggested the famous scheme for extinguishing the volcano."

"How? What famous scheme?"

"Why, an English stock-broker came here last year, and smelled this place, as every one must do. An idea struck him. He started up. He ran off without a word. He went straight to London. There he organized a company. They propose to dig a tunnel from the sea to the interior of the mountain. When all is ready they will let in the water. There will be a tremendous hiss. The volcano will belch out steam for about six weeks; but the result will be that the fires will be put out forever."

From the Villa of Diomedes they went to the gate where the guard-house is seen. Buttons told the story of the sentinel who died there on duty, embellishing it with a few new features of an original character.

"Now that may be all very well," said the Senator, "but don't ask me to admire that chap, or the Roman army, or the system. It was all hollow. Why, don't you see the man was a blockhead? He hadn't sense enough to see that when the whole place was going to the dogs, it was no good stopping to guard it. He'd much better have cleared out and saved his precious life for the good of his country. Do you suppose a Yankee would act that way?"

"I should suppose not."

"That man, Sir, was a machine, and nothing more. A soldier must know something else than merely obeying orders."

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By this time they had passed through the gate and stood inside. The street opened before them for a considerable distance with houses on each side. Including the sidewalks it might have been almost twelve feet wide. As only the lower part of the walls of the houses was standing, the show that they made was not imposing. There was no splendor in the architecture or the material, for the style of the buildings was extremely simple, and they were made with brick covered with stucco.

After wandering silently through the streets the Senator at length burst forth:

"I say it's an enormous imposition!"

"What?" inquired Buttons, faintly.

"Why, the whole system of Cyclopedias, Panoramas, Books of Travel, Woodbridge's Geography, Sunday-school Books—"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the descriptions they give of this place. The fellows who write about it get into the heroics, and what with their descriptions, and pictures, and moralizing, you believe it is a second Babylon. It don't seem possible for any of them to tell the truth. Why, there isn't a single decent-sized house in the place. Oh, it's small! it's small!"

"It certainly might be larger."

"I know," continued the Senator, with a majestic wave of his hand—"I know that I'm expected to find this here scene very impressive; but I'll be hanged if I'm satisfied. Why, in the name of Heaven, when they give us pictures of the place, can't they make things of the right size? Why, I've seen a hundred pictures of that gate. They make it look like a triumphant arch; and now that I'm here, durn me if I can't touch the top of it when I stand on tip-toe."

In all his walk the Senator found only one thing that pleased him. This was the celebrated Pompeian institution of a shop under the dwelling-house.

"Whenever I see any signs of any thing like trade among these ancients," said he, "I respect them. And what is more satisfactory than to see a bake-shop or an eating-saloon in the lower story of a palace?"

Their walk was terminated by the theatre



A STREET IN POMPEII.

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and amphitheatre. The sight of these were more satisfactory to the Senator.

"Didn't these fellows come it uncommon strong though in the matter of shows?" he asked, with considerable enthusiasm. "Hey? Why, we haven't got a single traveling circus, menagerie, and all that could come any way near to this. After all, this town might have looked well enough when it was all bran-new and painted up. It might have looked so then; but, by thunder! it looks any thing but that now. What makes me mad is to see every traveler pretend to get into raptures about it now. Raptures be hanged! I ask you, as a sensible man, *is* there any thing here equal to any town of the same population in Massachusetts?"

Although the expectations which he had formed were not quite realized, yet Buttons found much to excite interest after the first disappointment had passed away. Dick excited the Senator's disgust by exhibiting those raptures which the latter had condemned.

The Doctor went by the Guide-book altogether, and regulated his emotions accordingly. Having seen the various places enumerated there, he wished no more. As Buttons and Dick wished to stroll farther among the houses the other three waited for them in the amphitheatre, where the Senator beguiled the time by giving his "idee" of an ancient show.

It was the close of day before the party left. At the outer barrier an official politely examined them. The result of the examination was that the party was compelled to disgorge a number of highly interesting souvenirs, consisting of lava, mosaic stones, ashes, plaster, marble chips, pebbles, bricks, a bronze hinge, a piece of bone, a small rag, a stick, etc.

The official apologized with touching politeness: "It was only a form," he said. "Yet he must do it. For look you, Signori," and here he shrugged up his shoulders, rolled his eyes, and puffed out his lips in a way that was possible to none but an Italian, "were it not thus the entire city would be carried away piecemeal!"

XIII.

VESUVIUS.—WONDERFUL ASCENT OF THE CONE.—WONDERFUL DESCENT INTO THE CRATER.—AND MOST WONDERFUL DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. FIGGS, AFTER WHOM ALL HIS FRIENDS GO, WITH THEIR LIVES IN THEIR HANDS.—GREAT SENSATION AMONG SPECTATORS.

To every visitor to Naples the most prominent object is Vesuvius. The huge form of the volcano forever stands before him. The long pennon of smoke from its crater forever floats out triumphantly in the air. Not in the landscape only, but in all the picture-shops. In these establishments they really seem to deal in nothing but prints and paintings of Vesuvius.

It was a lovely morning when a carriage, filled with Americans, drew up at an inn near the foot of the mountain. There were guides without number waiting, like beasts of prey, to fall on them; and all the horses of the country—a wonderful lot—an amazing lot—a lean, cranky, raw-boned, ill-fed, wall-eyed, ill-natured, sneaking, ungainly, half-foundered, half-starved lot; afflicted with all the diseases that horse-flesh is heir to. There were no others, so but little time was wasted. All were on an equal footing. To have a preference was out of the question, so they amused themselves with picking out the ugliest.

When the horses were first brought out Mr. Figgs looked uneasy, and made some mysterious remarks about walking. He thought such nags were an imposition. He vowed they could go faster on foot. On foot! The others scouted the idea. Absurd! Perhaps he wasn't used to such beasts. Never mind. He mustn't be proud. Mr. Figgs, however, seemed to have reasons which were strictly private, and announced his intention of walking. But the others would not hear of such a thing. They insisted. They forced him to mount. This Mr. Figgs at length accomplished, though he got up on the wrong side, and nearly pulled his horse over backward by pulling at the curb-rein, shouting all the time, in tones of agony, "Who-a!"

At length they all set out, and, with few interruptions, arrived at a place half-way up the mountain called The Hermitage. Here they rested, and leaving their horses behind, walked on over a barren region to the foot of the cone. All around was the abomination of desolation. Craggy rocks, huge, disjointed masses of shattered lava-blocks, cooled off into the most grotesque shapes, mixed with ashes, scoriæ, and pumice-stones. The cone towered frowningly above their heads. Looking up, the aspect was not enticing. A steep slope ran up for an immense distance till it touched the smoky canopy. On one side it was covered with loose sand, but in other places it was all overlaid with masses of lava fragments. The undertaking seemed prodigious.

The Senator looked up with a weary smile, but did not falter; the Doctor thought they would not be able to get up to the top, and proposed returning; the others declined; whereupon the Doctor slowly sauntered back to the Hermitage. Mr. Figgs, whom the ride had considerably shaken, expressed a desire to ascend, but felt doubtful about his wind. Dick assured him that he would find plenty when he got to the top. The guides also came to his relief. Did he want to go? Behold them. They had chairs to carry him up or straps to pull him. Their straps were so made that they could envelop the traveler and allow him to be pulled comfortably up. So Mr. Figgs gracefully resigned himself to the guides, who in a short time had adjusted their straps, and led him to the foot of the cone.

Now for the ascent.

Buttons went first. Like a young chamois this youth bounded up, leaping from rock to

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rock, and steering in a straight line for the summit. Next the Senator, who mounted slowly and perseveringly, as though he had a solemn duty to perform, and was determined to do it thoroughly. Then came Dick. More fitful. A few steps upward; then a rest; then a fresh start; followed by another rest. At length he sat down about one-third of the way up and took a smoke. Behind him Mr. Figgs toiled up, pulled by the panting guides. Three stout men in front—two others boosting from behind.



THE ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

A long description might be given of this remarkable ascent. How Mr. Figgs aggravated the guides almost beyond endurance by mere force of inertia. Having committed himself to them he did it thoroughly, and not by one single act of exertion did he lessen their labor. They pulled, pushed, and shouted; then they rested; then they rose again to pull, to push, to shout, and to rest as before; then they implored him in the most moving terms to do something to help them, to put one foot before the other, to brace himself firmly—in short, to do any thing.

In vain. Mr. Figgs didn't understand a word. He was unmovable. Then they threatened to drop him and leave him half-way. The threat was disregarded. Mr. Figgs sat on a stone while they rested and smiled benignantly at them. At last, maddened by his impassibility, they screamed at him and at one another with furious gesticulations, and then tearing off the straps, they hurried up the slope, leaving him on the middle of the mount to take care of himself.

It might be told how the Senator toiled up slowly but surely, never stopping till he had gained the summit; or how Buttons, who arrived there first, spent the time in exploring the mysteries of this elevated region; or how Dick stopped every twenty paces to rest and smoke; how he consumed much time and much tobacco; and how he did not gain the summit until twenty minutes after the serene face of the Senator had confronted the terrors of the crater.

Before these three there was a wonderful scene. Below them lay the steep sides of the cone, a waste of hideous ruin—

"Rocks, crags, and mounds confusedly hurled,
The fragments of a ruined world."

Before them was the crater, a vast abyss, the bottom of which was hidden from sight by dense clouds of sulphurous smoke which forever ascended. Far away on the other side rose the opposite wall of the abyss—black, rocky cliffs that rose precipitously upward. The side on which they stood sloped down at a steep angle for a few hundred feet, and then went abruptly downward. A mighty wind was blowing and carried all the smoke away to the opposite side of the crater, so that by getting down into the shelter of a rock they were quite comfortable.

The view of the country that lay beneath was superb. There lay Naples with its suburbs, extending for miles along the shore, with Portici, Castellamare, and the vale of Sorrento. There rose the hills of Baiæ, the rock of Ischia, and the Isle of Capri. There lay countless vineyards, fields forever green, groves of orange and fig trees, clusters of palms and cypresses. Mountains ascended all around, with many heights crowned with castles or villages. There lay the glorious Bay of Naples, the type of perfect beauty. Hundreds of white sails dotted the intense blue of its surface. Ships were there at anchor, and in full sail. Over all was a sky such as is seen only in Italy, with a depth of blue, which, when seen in paintings, seems to the inexperienced eye like an exaggeration.

The guides drew their attention from all this beauty to a solid fact. This was the cooking of an egg by merely burying it in the hot sand for a few minutes.

Buttons now proposed to go down into the crater. The guides looked aghast.

"Why not?"

"Impossible, Signor. It's death."

"Death? Nonsense! come along and show us the way."

"The way? There is no way. No one ever dares to go down. Where can we go to? Do you not see that beyond that point where the rock projects it is all a precipice?"

"That point? Well, that is the very spot I wish to go to. Come along."

"Never, Signor."

"Then I'll go."

"Don't. For the sake of Heaven, and in the name of the most Holy Mother, of St.

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Peter in chains, of all the blessed Apostles and Martyrs, the glorious Saints and—"

"Blessed Botheration," cried Buttons, abruptly turning his back and preparing to descend.

"Are you in earnest, Buttons?" asked Dick. "Are you really going down?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, then I'll go too."

Upon this the others warned, rebuked, threatened, remonstrated, and begged. In vain. The Senator interposed the authority of years and wisdom. But to no purpose. With much anxiety he sat on the edge of the crater, looking for the result and expecting a tragedy.

The slope down which they ventured was covered with loose sand. At each step the treacherous soil slid beneath them. It was a mad and highly reprehensible undertaking. Nevertheless down they went—farther and farther. The kind heart of the Senator felt a pang at every step. His voice sounded mournfully through the rolling smoke that burst through a million crevices, and at times hid the adventurers from view. But down they went. Sometimes they slid fearfully. Then they would wait and cautiously look around, sometimes the vapors covered them with such dense folds that they had to cover their faces.

"If they ain't dashed to pieces they'll be suffocated—sure!" cried the Senator, starting up, and unable to control his feelings. "I can't stand this," he muttered, and he too stepped down.

The guides looked on in horror. "Your blood will be on your own heads!" they cried.

As the Senator descended the smoke entered his eyes, mouth, and nostrils, making him cough and sneeze fearfully. The sand slid; the heat under the surface pained his feet; every step made it worse. However, he kept on bravely. At length he reached the spot where the others were standing.

At the foot of the declivity was an angular rock which jutted out for about twelve feet. It was about six feet wide. Its sides went down precipitously. The Senator walked painfully to where they were standing. It was a fearful scene. All around arose the sides of the crater, black and rocky, perpendicular on all sides, except the small slope down which they had just descended — a vast and gloomy circumference. But the most terrific sight lay beneath.

The sides of the crater went sheer down to a great depth inclosing a black abyss which in the first excitement of the scene the startled fancy might well imagine extending to the bowels of the earth from which there came rolling up vast clouds dense black sulphurous which at times completely encirled them shutting out every thing from view filling eyes nose mouth with fumes of brimstone forcing them to hold the tails of their coats or the skirts it's all the same over their faces so as not to be altogether suffocated while again after a while a fierce blast of wind driving downward would hurl the smoke away and dashing it against the other side of the crater gather it up in dense volumes of blackest smoke in thick clouds which rolled up the flinty cliffs and reaching the summit bounded fiercely out into the sky to pass on and be seen from afar as that dread pennant of Ve-



THE DESCENT OF VESUVIUS

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suvius which is the sign and symbol of its mastery over the earth around it and the inhabitants thereof ever changing and in all its changes watched with awe by fearful men who read in those changes their own fate now taking heart as they see it more tenuous in its consistency anon shuddering as they see it gathering in denser folds and finally awe-stricken and all overcome as they see the thick black cloud rise proudly up to heaven in a long straight column at whose upper termination the colossal pillar spreads itself out and shows to the startled gaze the dread symbol of the cypress tree the herald of earthquakes eruptions and——

——There—I flatter myself that in the way of description it would not be easy to beat the above. I just throw it off as my friend Titmarsh, poor fellow, once said, to show what I could do if I tried. I have decided not to put punctuation marks there, but rather to let each reader supply them for himself. They are often in the way, particularly to the writer, when he has to stop in the full flow of a description and insert them—

But—

We left our friends down in the crater of Vesuvius. Of course they hurried out as soon as they could, and mounting the treacherous steep they soon regained the summit, where the guides had stood bawling piteously all the time.

Then came the descent. It was not over the lava blocks, but in another place, which was covered with loose sliding sand. Away they started.

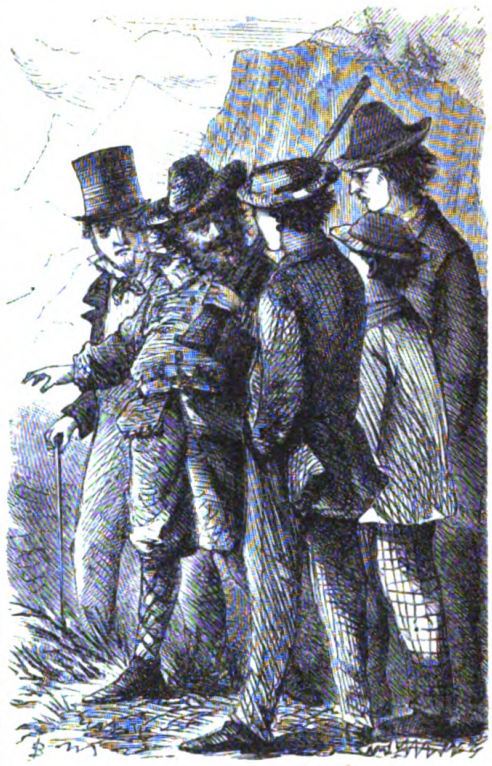
Buttons ahead, went with immense strides down the slope. At every step the sliding sand carried him about ten feet further, so that each step was equal to about twenty feet. It was like flying. But it was attended by so many falls that the descent of Buttons and Dick was accomplished as much by sliding and rolling as by walking.

The Senator was more cautious. Having fallen once or twice, he tried to correct this tendency by walking backward. Whenever he found himself falling he would let himself go, and thus, on his hands and knees, would let himself slide for a considerable distance. This plan gave him immense satisfaction.

"It's quite like coasting," said he, after he had reached the bottom; "only it does come a little hard on the trowsers."

On their arrival at the Hermitage to their surprise they saw nothing of Mr. Figgs. The Doctor had been sleeping all the time, but the landlord said he had not been that way. As they knew that the neighborhood of Vesuvius was not always the safest in the world, they all went back at once to search after him.

Arriving at the foot of the cone they went every where shouting his name. There was no response. They skirted the base of the cone. They walked up to where he had been. They saw nothing. The guides who had thus far been with them now said they had to go. So they received their pay and departed.



WHERE'S FIGGS?

"Of all the mean, useless, chicken-hearted dolts that ever I see," said the Senator, "they are the wust!"

But meanwhile there was no Figgs. They began to feel anxious. At last Buttons, who had been up to where Mr. Figgs was left, thought he saw traces of footsteps in the sand that was nearest. He followed these for some time, and at last shouted to the others. The others went to where he was. They saw an Italian with him—an ill-looking, low-browed rascal, with villain stamped on every feature.

"This fellow says he saw a man who answers the description of Figgs go over in that direction," said Buttons, pointing toward the part of the mountain which is farthest from the sea.

"There? What for?"

"I don't know."

"Is there any danger?"

"I think so—Figgs may have had to go—who knows?"

"Well," said the Senator, "we must go after him."

"What arms have you?" said the Doctor. "Don't show it before this rascal."

"I have a bowie-knife," said Buttons.

"So have I," said Dick.

"And I," said the Senator, "am sorry to say that I have nothing at all."

"Well, I suppose we must go," said the Doctor. "My revolver is something. It is a double revolver, of peculiar shape."

Without any other thought they at once pre-

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pared to venture into a district that for all they knew might swarm with robbers. They had only one thought, and that was to save Figgs.

"Can this man lead us?" asked Dick.

"He says he can take us along where he saw Figgs go, and perhaps we may see some people who can tell us about him."

"Perhaps we can," said the Senator, grimly.

They then started off with the Italian at their head. The sun was by this time within an hour's distance from the horizon, and they had no time to lose. So they walked rapidly. Soon they entered among hills and rocks of lava, where the desolation of the surrounding country began to be modified by vegetation. It was quite difficult to keep their reckoning, so as to know in what direction they were going, but they kept on nevertheless.

All of them knew that the errand was a dangerous one. All of them knew that it would be better if they were armed. But no one said any thing of the kind. In fact, they felt such confidence in their own pluck and resolution that they had no doubt of success.

At length they came to a place where trees were on each side of the rough path. At an opening here three men stood. Buttons at once accosted them and told his errand. They looked at the Americans with a sinister smile.

"Don't be afraid of us," said Buttons, quietly. "We're armed with revolvers, but we won't hurt you. Just show us where our friend is, for we're afraid he has lost his way."

At this strange salutation the Italians looked puzzled. They looked at their guns, and then at the Americans. Two or three other men came out from the woods at the same time, and stood in their rear. At length as many as ten men stood around them.

"What are you staring at?" said Buttons again. "You needn't look so frightened. Americans only use their revolvers against thieves."

The Doctor at this, apparently by accident, took out his revolver. Standing a little on one side, he fired at a large crow on the top of a tree. The bird fell dead. He then fired five other shots just by way of amusement, laughing all the time with the Senator.

"You see," said he—"ha, ha—we're in a fix—ha, ha—and I want to show them what a revolver is?"

"But you're wasting all your shot."

"Not a bit of it. See!"

And saying this he drew a second chamber from his pocket, and taking the first out of the pistol inserted the other. He then fired another shot. All this was the work of a few moments. He then took some cartridges and filled the spare chamber once more.

The Italians looked on this display in great astonishment, exchanging significant glances, particularly when the Doctor changed the chambers. The Americans, on the contrary, took good care to manifest complete indifference. The Italians evidently thought they were all armed like the Doctor. Naturally enough, too, for if not, why should they venture here and talk so loftily to them? So they were puzzled, and in doubt. After a time one who appeared to be their leader stepped aside with two or three of the men, and talked in a low voice, after which he came to Buttons and said:

"Come, then, and we will show you."

"Go on."

The Captain beckoned to his men. Six of them went to the rear. Buttons saw the manœuvre, and burst into roars of laughter. The Italians looked more puzzled than ever.

"Is that to keep us from getting away?" he cried—"ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Well, well!"

"He's putting a guard behind us. Laugh like fury, boys," said Buttons, in English.

Whereupon they all roared, the tremendous laughter of the Senator coming in with fearful effect.

"There's nothing to laugh at," said the man who appeared to be captain, very sulkily.

"It's evident that you Italians don't understand late improvements," said Buttons. "But come, hurry on."

The Captain turned and walked ahead sullenly.

"It's all very well to laugh," said the Doctor, in a cheerful tone; "but suppose those devils behind us shoot us."

"I think if they intended to do that the Captain would not walk in front. No, they want to take us alive, and make us pay a heavy ransom."

After this the Club kept up an incessant chatter. They talked over their situation, but could as yet decide upon nothing. It grew dark at length. The sun went down. The usual rapid twilight came on.

"Dick," said the Doctor, "when it gets dark enough I'll give you my pistol, so that you may show off with it as if it were yours."

"All right, my son," said Dick.

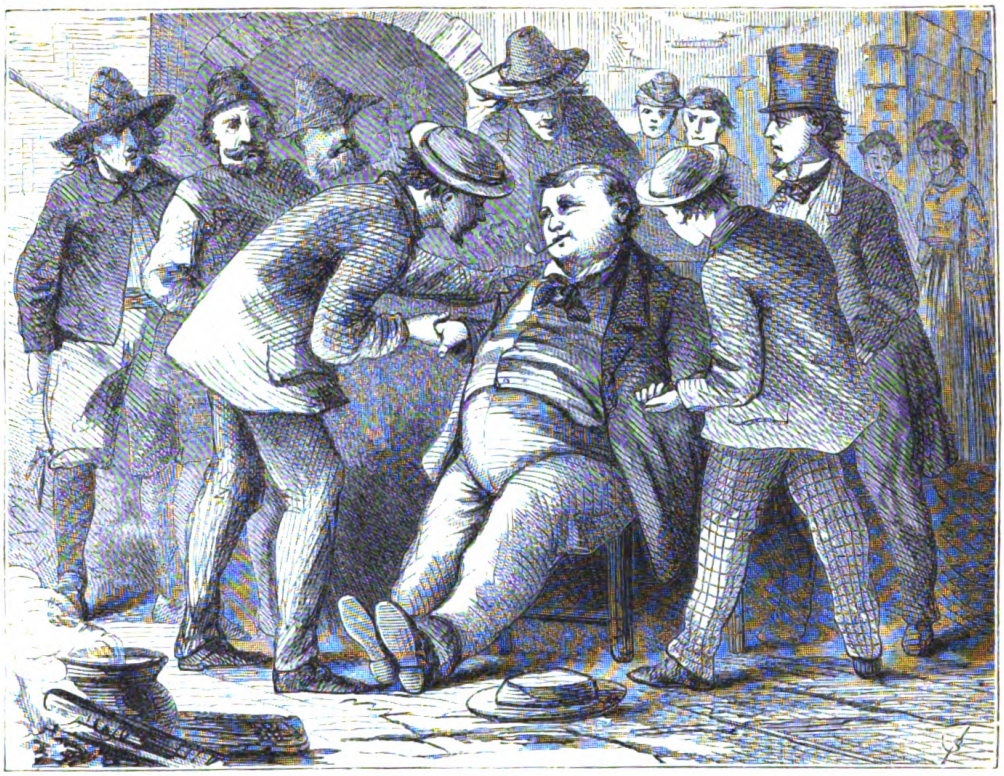
Shortly after, when it was quite dark, the Doctor slipped the pistol into the side-pocket of Dick's coat. At length a light appeared before them. It was an old ruin which stood upon an eminence. Where they were not a soul of them could tell. Dick declared that he smelt salt water.

The light which they saw came from the broken windows of a dilapidated hall belonging to the building. They went up some crumbling steps, and the Captain gave a peculiar knock at the door. A woman opened it. A bright light streamed out. Dick paused for a moment, and took the Doctor's pistol from his pocket. He held it up, and pretended to arrange the chamber. Then he carelessly put it in his pocket again.

"You haven't bound them?" said the woman who opened the door to the Captain.

"Meaning us, my joy?" said Buttons, in Italian. "Not just yet, I believe, and not for some time. But how do you all do?"

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MR. FIGGS.

The woman stared hard at Buttons, and then at the Captain. There were eight or ten women here. It was a large hall, the roof still entire, but with the plaster all gone. A bright fire burned at one end. Torches burned around. On a stool near the fire was a familiar form—a portly, well-fed form—with a merry face—a twinkle in his eye—a pipe in his mouth—calmly smoking—apparently quite at home, though his feet were tied—in short, Mr. Figgs!

"Figgs, my boy!"

One universal shout and the Club surrounded their companion. In an instant Buttons cut his bonds.

"Bless you—bless you, my children!" cried Figgs. "But how the (Principle of Evil) did you get here? These are brigands. I've just been calculating how heavy a bill I would have to foot."

The brigands saw the release of Figgs, and stood looking gloomily at their singular prisoners, not quite knowing whether they were prisoners or not, not knowing what to do. Each member of the Club took the most comfortable seat he could find near the fire, and began talking vehemently. Suddenly Buttons jumped up.

"A thousand pardons—I really forgot that there were ladies present. Will you not sit here and give us the honor of your company?"

He made a profound bow and looked at several of them. They looked puzzled, then pleased; then they all began to titter.

"Signor makes himself very much at home," said one, at length.

"And where could there be a pleasanter place? This old hall, this jolly old fire, and this delightful company!"

Another bow. The Captain looked very sullen still. He was evidently in deep perplexity.

"Come, cheer up there!" said Buttons. "We won't do you any harm; we won't even complain to the authorities that we found our friend here. Cheer up! Have you any thing to eat, most noble Captain?"

The Captain turned away.

Meanwhile Figgs had told the story of his capture. After resting for a while on the slope he prepared to descend, but seeing sand farther away he went over toward it and descended there. Finding it very dangerous or difficult to go down straight he made the descent obliquely, so that when he reached the foot of the cone he was far away from the point at which he had started to make the ascent. Arriving there, he sat down to rest after his exertions. Some men came toward him, but he did not think much about it. Suddenly, before he knew what was up, he found himself a prisoner. He had a weary march, and was just getting comfortable as they came in.

As they sat round the fire they found it very comfortable. Like many evenings in Italy, it was damp and quite chilly. They laughed and talked, and appeared to be any thing but captives in a robber's hold. The Captain had been out for some time, and at length returned. He was now very cheerful. He came laughingly up to the fire.

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THE LADIES.

"Well, Signori Americani, what do you think of your accommodation?"

"Delightful! charming!" cried Buttons and Dick.

"If the ladies would only deign to smile on us—"

"Aha! You are a great man for the ladies!" said the Captain.

"Who is not?" said Buttons, sententiously.

After a few pleasant words the Captain left again.

"He has some scheme in his villainous head," said Buttons.

"To drug us," said the Doctor.

"To send for others," said Dick.

"To wait till we sleep, and then fall on us," said Mr. Figgs.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Senator, drawing himself up, "we're more than a match for them. Why, what are these brigands? Is there a man of them who isn't a poor, miserable, cowardly cuss? Not one. If we are captured by such as these we deserve to be captives all our lives."

"If we don't get off soon we'll have a good round sum to pay," said Mr. Figgs.

"And that I object to," said Buttons; "for I promised my Governor solemnly that I wouldn't spend more than a certain sum in Europe, and I won't."

"For my part," said the Doctor, "I can't afford it."

"And I would rather use the amount which they would ask in some other way," said Dick.

"That's it, boys! You're plucky. Go in! We'll fix their flints. The American eagle is soaring, gentlemen—let him ascend to the zenith. Go it! But mind now—don't be too hasty. Let's wait for a time to see further developments."

"Richard, my boy, will you occupy the time by singing a hymn?" continued the Senator. "I see a guitar there."

Dick quietly got up, took the guitar, and, tuning it, began to sing. The brigands were still in a state of wonder. The women looked shy. Most of the spectators, however, were grinning at the eccentric Americans. Dick played and sang a great quantity of songs, all of a comic character.

The Italians were fond of music, of course. Dick had a good voice. Most of his songs had choruses, and the whole Club joined in. The Italians admired most the nigger songs. "Oh, Susannah!" was greeted with great applause. So was "Doo-dah;" and the Italians themselves joined energetically in the chorus. But the song that they loved best was "Ole Virginny Shore." This they called for over and over, and as they had quick ears they readily caught the tune; so that, finally, when Dick, at their earnest request, sang it for the seventh time, they whistled the air all through, and joined in with a thundering chorus. The Captain came in at the midst of it, and listened with great delight. After Dick had laid down his instrument he approached the Americans.

"Well, old hoss," said the Senator, "won't you take an arm-chair?"

"What is it?" said the Captain to Buttons.

"He wants to know if your Excellency will honor him by sitting near him."

The Captain's eye sparkled. Evidently it met his wishes. The Americans saw his delight.

"I should feel honored by sitting beside the illustrious stranger," said he. "It was what I came to ask. And will you allow the rest of these noble gentlemen to sit here and participate in your amusement?"

"The very thing," said Buttons, "which we have been trying to get them to do, but they won't. Now we are as anxious as ever, but still more anxious for the ladies."

"Oh, the ladies!" said the Captain; "they are timid."

Saying this he made a gesture, and five of his men came up. The whole six then sat with the five Americans. The Senator insisted that the Captain should sit by his side. Yet it was

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singular. Each one of the men still kept his gun. No notice was taken of this, however. The policy of the Americans was to go in for utter jollity. They sat thus:

The Captain.
The Senator.
Bandit Number 1.
Mr. Figgs.
Bandit Number 2.
The Doctor.
Bandit Number 3.
Dick.
Bandit Number 4.
Buttons.
Bandit Number 5.

Five members of the Club. Six bandits. In addition to these, four others stood armed at the door. The women were at a distance.

But the sequel must be left to another chapter.

SUGAR-MAKING.

THE crocus rose from her snowy bed
As she felt the spring's caresses,
And the willow from her graceful head
Shook out her yellow tresses.

Through the crumbling walls of his icy cell
Stole the brook, a happy rover;
And he made a noise like a silver bell
In running under and over.

The earth was pushing the old dead grass
With lily hand from her bosom,
And the sweet brown buds of the sassafras
Could scarcely hide the blossom.

And breaking nature's solitude
Came the axe strokes clearly ringing,
For the chopper was busy in the wood
Ere the early birds were singing.

All day the hardy settler, now
At his tasks, was toiling steady;
His fields were cleared, and his shining plow
Was set by the furrow ready.

And down in the woods, where the sun appeared
Through the naked branches breaking,
His rustic cabin had been reared
For the time of sugar-making.

And now, as about it he came and went,
Cheerfully planning and toiling,
His good child sat there, with eyes intent
On the fire and the kettles boiling.

With the beauty Nature gave as her dower,
And the artless grace she taught her,
The woods could boast no fairer flower
Than Rose, the settler's daughter.

She watched the pleasant fire a-near,
And her father coming and going,
And her thoughts were all as sweet and clear
As the drops from his pail o'erflowing.

For she scarce had dreamed of earthly ills,
And love had never found her;
She lived shut in by the pleasant hills
That stood as a guard around her.

And she might have lived the self-same way
Through all the springs to follow,
But for a youth, who came one day
Across her in the hollow.

He did not look like a wicked man,
And yet, when he saw that blossom,
He said, "I will steal this Rose if I can,
And hide it in my bosom."

That he could be tired you had not guessed
Had you seen him lightly walking;
But he must have been, for he stopped to rest
So long that they fell to talking.

Alas! he was athirst, he said,
Yet he feared there was no slaking
The deep and quenchless thirst he had
For a draught beyond his taking.

Then she filled the cup and gave to him,
The settler's blushing daughter;
And he looked at her across the brim
As he slowly drank the water.

And he sighed as he put the cup away,
For lips and soul were drinking:
But what he drew from her eyes that day
Was the sweetest, to his thinking.

I do not know if her love awoke
Before his words awoke it;
If she guessed at his before he spoke,
Or not till he had spoke it.

But howsoe'er she made it known,
And howsoe'er he told her,
Each unto each the heart had shown
When the year was little older.

For oft he came her voice to hear,
And to taste of the sugar-water;
And she was a settler's wife next year
Who had been the settler's daughter.

And now their days are fair and fleet
As the days of sugar weather,
While they drink the water, clear and sweet,
Of the cup of life together.

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THE MOUNTAINEER.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

[Seventh Paper.]

CONCENTRATION.

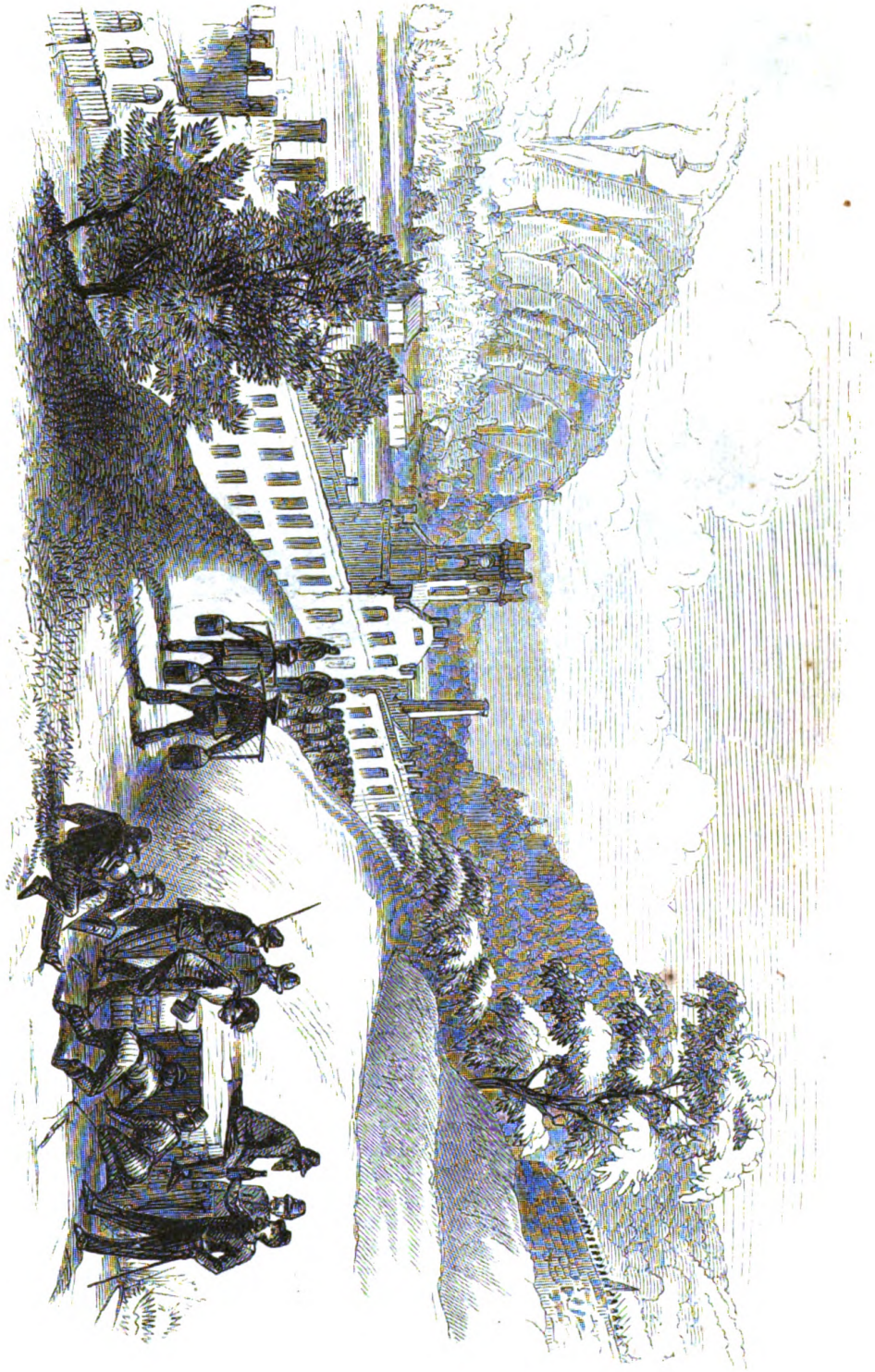
May 26, 1862, *Monday.*—Bright and warm. I arose much refreshed, and feeling stronger than I had done for some time. The streets of Williamsport were alive with the sweepings of yesterday's march—all full of cheerfulness and exhilaration. Passing through the crowd my hand was grasped by many an unknown friend, felicitating me on my safety.

There were inquiries for those who were missing. Captains Abert, of the Engineers, and Collis, of the Body-Guard, had been cut off with the rear-guard and not since heard of. There were many others whose fate was yet a subject of doubt and anxiety among their friends. Mr. Thayer Abert's flying ferry was still working industriously and successfully, while hundreds of wagons and thousands of soldiers and refugees still tarried on the Virginia shore, awaiting their turn. There had

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been no appearance of the enemy this side of Martinsburg, and the crossing had been effected without haste or disturbance.

Hatch's Cavalry had crossed by fording, and was found in the streets of the town. Two batteries were planted on the bluffs commanding the ferry and opposite slopes, while hundreds of weary soldiers lay sleeping in the sun upon the green knolls overlooking the canal. I was gratified to see Adolph, the Staff steward, and Fenelli, our cook, dashing about as usual with their foraging wagon; and also to receive assurance that my own baggage was over safe. My trunk, it seemed, was in one of the wagons



HARPER'S FERRY REVISITED.

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BELOW THE RIDGE.

that swamped in the attempt to ford. It lay on top, and in consequence had only been partially submerged. The water had risen in it as high as the tray, soaking my clothes thoroughly; but my important papers, notes, and sketches, which had been packed in the tray, were unhurt. At the hotel I ascertained that my mare had been stolen during the night and taken as far as Hagerstown, where she was stopped and sent back by some of my friends. The thief was one of our army bummers, who was taking advantage of the retreat to get to his home North.

About mid-day I saw Colonel Clarke mounted and about to start for Harper's Ferry. Feeling anxious to understand the meaning of the enemy's movement, I determined to accompany him, thinking if I could push my way as far up as Charlestown I could communicate with my family there, assure them of my safety, and at the same time obtain some reliable information as to Jackson's force and intentions. We reached Sharpsburg by the river road and there dined. During our halt we saw a number of our stragglers, who had escaped by way of Shepherdstown, and whose adventures in connection with the Sowder's Battery are narrated in a former chapter.

Night overtook us before we reached Harper's Ferry. In passing through a wood near the river we met a large party of men, women, and children on foot, and loaded with bundles and baskets. As it was too dark to distinguish their faces I supposed they were negroes, and inquired where they were from and who they belonged to? A man's voice replied: "We

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are from Jefferson County, Virginia, and have always believed until lately that we were free white men. We are now fugitives from oppression, and seeking a shelter for our wives and children in a free land." I advised them to locate their families, and return with muskets on their shoulders to assist the Government in making Virginia a fit habitation for free men. They promised to do so.

At the point where the road strikes the river we were halted by a guard, and having given a satisfactory account of ourselves, were permitted to pass. From thence to the Railroad Bridge the narrow passage between the cliffs and the canal was so encumbered with sleeping soldiers that we made our way with difficulty. The Railroad Bridge was gone; and we found the means of crossing the river by a rope ferry somewhat awkwardly arranged. After some difficulties and hazards we landed in the town of Harper's Ferry, and immediately reported at head-quarters..

We found General Saxton in command, with about five thousand raw troops, mostly new levies and militia regiments turned out on the spur of the occasion. These were backed by a battery of heavy guns on the Maryland Heights, manned by about three hundred sailors. General Hamilton, recently relieved of command in the Peninsula, was present in citizen's dress, and also Colonel Miles, commander of the post.

May 27, *Tuesday.*—Fair. The fatigues of the three preceding days had begun to tell quite heavily upon me, so that I was glad to find a comfortable room and rest with my friend Kelley of Harper's Ferry. Saxton had information that Jackson's main column was moving on Harper's Ferry, and he was preparing to defend the place with such troops as could be hastily gathered together. He had several batteries of light artillery, and the naval battery before mentioned, in which were included a nine-inch Dahlgren gun, a hundred-pounder rifled piece, and several ship's howitzers of lighter weight. New regiments were coming in which would increase his force to about seven thousand. If Jackson really intended to strike Harper's Ferry, with M'Dowell and Fremont on his flanks and rear, his only chance of success is in moving rapidly; yet, to date, his movements are unaccountably slow. To-morrow General Saxton will order a reconnoitring force to move on the Charlestown and Winchester road. I asked and received permission to accompany it. After dinner I rode to the summit of Smallwood's Hill, or "Bolivar Heights," which commands an extensive view of the Valley southward, but could see no dust-clouds, or any thing that indicated the advance of an enemy.

The excitement at Washington is said to be great. They refused to accept the warnings of the coming storm, given in time to have averted it. Now they are on the other extreme, and have become alarmed. For my own part I can not believe that Jackson will risk himself so far down the Valley as Harper's Ferry.

May 28, *Wednesday.*—Clouds. This morning I rode out to Bolivar Heights, where I found a company of cavalry, awaiting orders to move with the reconnoitring party. It was shortly understood that I was the only officer present who had heard the crack of a hostile gun or had seen the face of an enemy. For the rest, it was their maiden adventure. I was in consequence invited to ride with the Colonel as chief adviser, and on that hint began to assume some authority.

For a while the road was smooth, and the only difficulty experienced was to prevent the cavalry from dispersing in quest of horses with which the surrounding country was supposed to abound. When the head of our column reached the toll-gate near Charlestown it was checked by a sharp fire of musketry from a wooded ridge in front, the site of the fair grounds. This produced a sensation, and a council of war was held in the road, whose proceedings were enlivened by a caterwauling of musket-balls, with which our refractory fellow-citizens in the wood continued to pelt us.

Perceiving the inevitable white horse figuring in front of the enemy's line, I guessed it was Ashby with a portion of his command, and advised the Colonel to deploy two companies of his infantry as skirmishers and order them to drive him out. He preferred forming a neat line of battle on either side of the turnpike, and awaiting the attack. As I guessed there was nothing more than a picket-guard on the hill, and we were too distant for an effective use of the musket, the prospect of a fight was not imminent. As usual the artillery was called on, and the Captain ordered to give them a few shells. I put in a special request that he would deliver his shots low, as our gunners generally wasted their ammunition in the air. Moreover, in the village behind, and in the direct range of his guns, dwelt my wife and daughter. The Captain politely acceded to my recommendation, and I never saw better practice. Every shell raked the crest of the hill and exploded among the enemy.

They immediately scattered into the wood right and left, sheltering themselves behind the heavy timber and peppering away with their small-arms without intermission. Major Cole then sent a squad of twenty men around their right flank, intending to charge them with his squadron as soon as they abandoned their sheltered position. The detachment started off with spirit, fetching a circuit through the open meadows to the right of the hill. As I stood with the Major watching the effect this move would have upon the enemy our artillery, which had been quiescent for some minutes, opened again with great rapidity. To our astonishment we saw our flanking party suddenly dispersing and tumbling off their horses, which galloped riderless over the fields wild with terror. At the same time we observed the shells bursting among them right and left. I at first thought the enemy had opened a battery, but on

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looking back saw our own guns trained upon them and firing as rapidly as they could load. The artillerymen were in ecstasies at their success. At every shot they shouted, "Hurrah! there went twenty more of the darned rascals! Bang! Hurrah! Look at them running and tumbling; we've killed them all in four shots! Bang! Hurrah! come on with your rebels, we're ready for you! Captain, ain't this glorious?" I had to ride in front of the guns to stop them long enough to get in an explanation. At length convinced that they were firing on our own men they stopped, with apparent reluctance, as if more vexed at the loss of their sport than remorseful for the probable mischief they had done. Meanwhile the enemy had mounted, and the rising dust-clouds showed that he had taken to his heels. At the same time, to our great satisfaction, our flankers rose from the dead and went streaking it over the meadows to catch their horses. They were presently remounted to a man, and started in hot pursuit of the enemy. The infantry had been too well and ceremoniously drilled to permit so signal a victory to pass unimproved. Forming around the battery, each officer's name was called in turn and saluted with three roaring cheers.

Growing impatient, Major Cole, at the head of his squadron, dashed into the town as fast as he could drive, leaving his allies to finish their celebration at their leisure. As we rode in at one end of the village the enemy rode out at the other. Our troopers rushing on, yelling like Comanches, and firing their pistols right and left without aim or object. The street as we entered was deserted, the houses all closed, save one, from whence two white handkerchiefs waved joyful salutation in spite of the flying pistol-shots, the dust-clouds, and wild outcries of our troopers. As we dashed past I recognized my wife and daughter at the door. Now, as the enemy seemed gone beyond pursuit, and, from the demonstrations, it appeared as if our men were about to sack the town, I returned to exchange greetings with my family, and give them the protection of my presence.

By this time the infantry and artillery had got up, and I discovered the market-house and hall on fire, and burning at a rate which threatened to destroy the village. I applied to all the officers I met for assistance in extinguishing the flames, but was persistently refused. I then tried to induce some white citizens and negroes to get out the fire-engines; but they were afraid to meddle with it, saying the soldiers had threatened to shoot them if they did so. Espying a young officer at the head of a squad of cavalry, twenty or thirty men, who apparently did not belong to our command, I asked his name and regiment. It was Captain Healy of the Eighth New York Cavalry, who acknowledged that he was here without orders, having followed up the reconnoitring party in the hope of seeing a fight. I requested him to put himself under my orders. He consented with alacrity, glad, no doubt, to be put on duty. I had his troop formed around the burning building with carbines cocked, and ordered to shoot any one who should interfere with the parties extinguishing the fire. With this protection I was enabled to induce a friend to head a working-party, chiefly of women and negroes, who by tearing down fences and some adjacent buildings succeeded in arresting the progress of the flames. The market-house and hall originally fired were already past saving, and burned to the ground.

Shocked and disgusted with this state of things I returned to my mother-in-law's house. Dinner was hastened, and I sat down to partake, inviting an infantry officer and a trooper to join me. When about concluding my meal the boom of a gun was heard. Ah, that's our battery! Another thug—two—three—four—five—in quick succession. "The devil! Good-by, folks—that is what we came up to see about!"

"Stay, won't you wait for coffee?"

"For coffee?—yes; but let us have it without delay!"

The coffee was served with trembling hands and piping hot. Boom—boom—boom! I believe I burned my throat in swallowing, for just at the moment the whole body of our cavalry rushed by at full speed toward Harper's Ferry. Going upon the street to mount I saw the infantry moving after them at a double-quick, reporting the enemy upon them in great force with two batteries.

Wishing to assure myself by ocular demonstration I rode to the farther end of the village, and saw the enemy on a crest in the edge of a wood about half a mile distant. The cannonading still continued, and I counted the smoke of four guns. I had not believed it possible that Jackson would risk himself so far down the Valley; but he was certainly expected in Charlestown, and this was doubtless his advanced-guard. Having satisfied myself on this point I followed the retreating column.

The street and highway were strewed with the débris of plunder and equipments. There were knapsacks, haversacks, and blankets in abundance, all span-new, just as issued from the store-houses of the Government. These were interspersed with plugs of tobacco, dry-goods, and other trumpery, the results of their plundering. I did not observe that any of the troops cast away their arms, although among the leavings were numerous sabres, carbines, and other old pieces, found in the market-house and elsewhere, and appropriated by the men as trophies.

On overtaking the infantry I observed that, notwithstanding its rapid movement, it had kept its organization remarkably well, there being not over a dozen stragglers from the ranks. I prevailed on its commander to reduce its speed to common time, and in a few minutes the battalion was marching as steadily as it had done in the morning.

At the fair grounds we met a squadron of cav-

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alry and a regiment of infantry advanced to support us. As we passed they faced about, and the whole force returned to Harper's Ferry undisturbed, except by a few harmless shells thrown by the enemy at long-range.

On Bolivar Heights we found our whole army—six or seven thousand men, with three batteries—drawn up in order of battle. I met General Hamilton here, and gave him an account of the day's work, from which we concluded the battle would not come off immediately, and so rode back to Harper's Ferry together.

While the reconnoitring party had accomplished every thing required of it, and for raw troops had showed a commendable degree of spirit, yet all might have been accomplished in an orderly and creditable manner had the command been restrained from its miserable plundering. As it was, the cavalry lost ten or a dozen men, killed, wounded, and taken; while the infantry, for the sake of a few plugs of mean tobacco and some cheap store goods, were surprised into a hurried retreat, and threw away not only their pitiful spoils but some thousand dollars' worth of United States blankets and equipments, to say nothing of the strong probability of the capture or destruction of the whole command, but for Trimble's very unnecessary caution in approaching the town.

At night a Yankee woman, just arrived from Winchester, was brought into head-quarters. She had a pass from the rebel authorities there, and professed to have conversed freely with some of their chiefs. She says the people of Winchester were duly apprised of Jackson's coming, and were making hospitable preparations to receive their friends for at least a week in advance. On Thursday or Friday before our retreat she remarked a horseman, unarmed and clad in the gray homespun dress of a farmer, riding through the streets and stopping occasionally to exchange words with eager and anxious-looking citizens. As he passed near the window where she sat she thought his civil costume but ill concealed the air and bearing of a soldier, and from a conversation carried on in suppressed and earnest tones she overheard these detached phrases: "In great force"—"Yes, in a few days." She did not suspect their meaning at the time, but the riddle was soon solved. On Sunday morning she went out to see the battle, and when our troops retreated she says the rebels burst into the town like a flood of dirty water—rugged, ragged, and infinitely varied in the fashion of their rags—but showing entire uniformity of color from top to toe; hats, faces, beards, clothing, equipments, and shoes (where they had them) all smothered in tawny dust. As they marched, the streets were enlivened by their ludicrous antics, their yells, and uncouth war-whoops. They rushed into shops, stores, and private houses, demanding food and drink; there was meeting and greeting of friends and kindred; in short, dull and abject Winchester, as we had been accustomed to see it, was suddenly transformed into a theatre of the wildest joy and savage exultation. The troops seemed half-famished, and lost at least twice as many men as we did in the skirmish on Sunday morning. She had seen a considerable number of their dead and the severely wounded collected at Holliday's stone-mill. There were but few bodies of the Federals visible. One she saw lying in the street, near the Old Union Hotel—a man who had received a slight wound in the head, and who had evidently died of a bayonet-stab in the throat inflicted after he had fallen.

May 29, *Thursday.*—Fair and warm. From Bolivar Heights to-day we could see the enemy's advanced post at Halltown. From hence he pushed a reconnoissance toward Harper's Ferry, using artillery. As they approached within range of our position we opened with all our batteries. Artillerymen, guns, and all are quite new, and from unskillfulness or defective ammunition the firing was wretchedly bad. The shells burst midway in their flight—some immediately after leaving the muzzle of the gun; others tumbled into the fields without exploding. In case of an attack our light artillery will be of little service, I fear.

While this practice was going on we observed dust rising between Charlestown and Halltown, indicating the advance of a large force, for the whole line of the road was marked by a continuous cloud. The horizon to the right, stretching from Charlestown to the Potomac River, was also obscured by rising dust; and another dusky line indicated the movement of a column toward the Shenandoah on our left. Meanwhile our troops had all moved out, and were ranged in order of battle behind the crest of the Ridge. In front of each regiment was a chaplain gesticulating and praying at the top of his voice. Without the slightest inclination to scoff I can not say that I was favorably impressed with the exhibition. Perhaps a double jigger of whisky and a sharp military appeal would have been better calculated to make the men stand up to their work, especially at a time when "the awfulness of a sudden entry into another world and their unpreparedness to face judgment" is too apt to get possession of their minds unsuggested. They were not put to the test, however, for the sun went down in peace, and the Generals, with their Staffs, returned to quarters.

A deserter was brought in and examined. He states that on yesterday the Confederate army was encamped two miles south of Charlestown. To-day they advanced to Halltown, with sixteen thousand men and fifty-eight guns. A brigade, with a battery, had crossed the Shenandoah at Keyes's Ferry with the intention of occupying Loudon Heights. Another strong detachment had moved toward Shepherdstown, with a view of crossing into Maryland, probably at Antietam Ford, thus proposing to cut off and capture our force at Harper's Ferry. After sifting the fellow I became convinced that he was dealing sincerely and intelligently. His

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news was corroborative, and the plan set forth very feasible.

A council of war was held, and it was determined to move all our stores, baggage, and the great body of the troops to the Maryland side of the river. This was effected during the night by a very tedious process. There was a rope ferry, with a single scow, requiring an hour at least to cross, discharge, and return. In addition, the single track of the railroad bridge was floored with rough plank, forming a passage-way, without hand-rails or parapets, a thousand feet long, forty feet above the river, and about seven or eight feet wide. The infantry marched two abreast; the cavalry, dismounted, led their horses in single file; the artillery was pushed over by hand. Several horses got frightened and leaped over into the water; one, falling upon a railroad engine which lay overthrown in the stream, was instantly killed. Strange to say, the others, striking deep water, swam ashore and were saved.

May 30, *Friday*.—Fair and pleasant. I arose at daybreak and mounted my mare, prepared for any emergency. The crossing was still going on, and I found General Hamilton about departing for Washington. I had, on the ground of former acquaintance, been acting as his volunteer aid. His departure left me a waif in the crowd, and free to go where I pleased. Meeting Colonel Miles, he advised me to visit the Naval Battery on Maryland Heights, and I determined to do so. Mounting the steep and rocky road which led up the Heights, I presently reached the battery of heavy guns before named, and manned by a detachment of sailors about three hundred strong. This powerful battery commands the town of Harper's Ferry and all its approaches. Its fire rakes the summit and side of the Loudon Mountain, and sweeps the crest of the Bolivar Ridge most effectually. It is supported by a brigade of infantry on either flank, holding the woods and passes through which it may be assailed on the Maryland side.

Bolivar Ridge, clean shaven and deserted, terminates the view southward. Behind it lies Jackson's army. Saxton is intrenching an inferior and shorter line about a mile this side, and retains twenty-five hundred men and two light batteries to defend it. Should the enemy attempt to cross the Ridge he will be swept by shell and shrapnell from this battery, and get the fire of the intrenched line at the superintendent's house full in his face. I feel some confidence that Jackson will smell brimstone if he attempts Harper's Ferry at this time.

Going down to Sandy Hook I met with some friends, and got an invitation to dinner, which was thankfully accepted. In the afternoon there was quite a rapid cannonading on Bolivar Heights, and I recrossed to Harper's Ferry to see what was going on. Arriving at the intrenched line I ascertained that our light batteries from Bolivar Heights had engaged with the enemy's artillery on a ridge about three-quarters of a mile south. But we were quickly driven off, being outnumbered in guns and excelled in practice.

I then rode forward to the Ridge to reconnoitre. It was entirely abandoned except by a line of pickets, who were obliged to lie concealed while they observed the enemy. I met an officer returning, who warned me that if I appeared on the summit I would draw the fire of the rebel batteries.

Returning to the town I saw men occupying the crest of the Loudon Mountain, and standing in groups upon the old block-houses. This confirms the report of our deserter, yet it seems singular that we don't hear from these people on Loudon Heights. What can they be after?

The military situation is gloomy and perplexing. Jackson seems to have deliberately set about investing this place as if M'Dowell and Fremont were not in existence. As its defenders are chiefly raw and undisciplined troops he might easily take it by a *coup de main*; but he has been dawdling around for several days, and has made no serious attempt as yet. I am in hourly expectancy of hearing of his crossing at Antietam or Shepherdstown. I must acknowledge that I am profoundly mystified.

Crossed over to Sandy Hook, where I got a comfortable bed at Welch's, and retired early, that I might be in good condition to meet the events of to-morrow.

May 31, *Saturday*.—Fair. I arose refreshed in body but troubled in mind. I had been aroused several times during the night by the roar of the heavy guns from the naval battery. Their reverberations through these rocky gorges are sublime, and fully equal to first-class thunder. The firing was still kept up at intervals.

I endeavored to get over to the town to obtain the latest official intelligence, intending to return to General Banks's head-quarters to-day. I found the bridge occupied by railroad trains, the ferry-boat on the other side and deserted, and the ford impassable. The enemy had made a feeble attack during the night on the Bolivar lines, but had been so easily repulsed that it must have been only a feint. There had been no demonstration from the Loudon Mountain, and our sailors were carrying its sides with an occasional discharge of shrapnell. The road to Antietam was open, and finding a detachment of cavalry *en route* for that post, I determined accompanying it.

At Antietam Creek I found Colonel Johnson with the Fifth New York cavalry, and two guns in position to dispute the crossing. No force of the enemy had appeared on the Virginia side, and he had heard of no crossing above. I dined here, and then started for Williamsport with an escort tendered by the Colonel. I reached my destination late in the afternoon, without other incident than a furious thunder-storm, which drenched me thoroughly. I immediately repaired to General Banks's quarters, and found him very easy in regard to the enemy, our cavalry occupying Martinsburg, and a brigade of

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infantry *en route* to join the cavalry. I informed him of the condition of things at Harper's Ferry when I left in the morning, and in consequence a messenger was sent to halt the infantry at Falling Waters until further orders. The next news received was that the enemy had retired from before Harper's Ferry, and was falling back toward Winchester.

June 1, *Sunday.*—Raining and variable. Now that the dust has settled somewhat we are enabled to understand and estimate the events of the last ten days. Our losses, both in men and material, are much less than at first supposed. The Chief Quarter-Master tells me our train has not lost over fifty-five wagons, about one-half of which were overthrown and burned by ourselves, on account of the breaking down of the animals. Some hundreds of our men and several officers whom we had given up for lost have returned, and our column has not lost over fifteen hundred effective, in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

From the best information I can gather I make up the following summary of the late operations: After uniting with Ewell and Edward Johnson in Augusta, Jackson found himself at the head of a force numbering from twenty to twenty-four thousand men and sixty guns. The National forces, aggregating over sixty thousand men, were distributed from Fredericksburg to Moorfield, under different commanders, without intercommunication or unity of purpose; often occupying positions where they were utterly useless, or exposed in bodies of convenient size to be gobbled up in detail, whenever the rebel commander thought proper to do so. Perceiving that affairs at Richmond would presently be brought to a crisis by the advance of M'Dowell, General Joe Johnston ordered Jackson to commence operations so as to create a diversion and prevent the threatened movement. General Millroy, of Fremont's command, was moving on Staunton with his brigade, but I can not understand why he was alone so far in advance of Fremont's main body. Leaving Ewell to watch Banks, Jackson took from ten to twelve thousand men and went after Millroy, expecting to capture or crush him. He found the Federals in position at a place called M'Dowell, and instead of a victim Jackson found he had caught a Tartar.

The shades of night afforded the Federal commanders an opportunity of viewing the situation in a cooler light, and being convinced that they could not hope for ultimate success against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, concluded to fall back on Franklin. This they did during the night, without precipitancy or molestation. Having thus relieved Staunton from immediate danger Jackson again united with Ewell, and moved his whole force against Banks's position. Leaving the open and direct route by the Valley turnpike, he chose a more secluded road by the Luray Valley, which debouches upon Front Royal. This post was held by Colonel John T. Kenley, with the First Maryland Volunteer Infantry and a section of Knapp's Battery. The account of the fight which occurred here is best given in the Colonel's official report, written while he lay wounded and a prisoner in Winchester, and is well worth reading, but I find that my space will not allow me to reproduce it.

While this action was in progress Ashby, with his mounted command, moved around the base of the Massanutten Mountain with the purpose of destroying the railroad bridge over Passage Creek at Buckton Station, thus to cut off the direct communication between Front Royal and Strasburg. The post was successfully defended by Captain Hubbard with two companies, Ashby having met a bloody repulse, losing several valuable officers and a number of men. Perceiving, however, from the general aspect of affairs that the post was no longer tenable, General Banks advanced a regiment and withdrew Hubbard from his dangerous position during the night.

It was doubtless owing to the clouds of cavalry which the enemy threw between Front Royal and Strasburg that none of Colonel Kenley's couriers reached our head-quarters, and not a solitary fugitive even, except the negro mentioned in a previous chapter who left very soon after the fight commenced and could give no satisfactory account of any thing. Thus it seemed almost incredible that, while these events occurred within seven or eight miles of General Banks's head-quarters, he should have had no reliable intelligence of them until he received the telegram from Winchester late in the afternoon.

Every thing, however, was got ready for movement or battle as circumstances should decide. The trains were loaded and took the road, camps were struck, and the troops passed the night with their arms in their hands.

Next morning (24th), telegraphic communication with Winchester being still uninterrupted, the sick and baggage trains were started in that direction. The column commenced moving about eight o'clock, the General and Staff starting between ten and eleven; the reports from our reconnoitring parties satisfactorily establishing the fact that the enemy in considerable force was on the north side of the Shenandoah, apparently moving toward Winchester.

About this time the first demonstration was made upon our line of march near Newtown by a dash of cavalry on our ambulance train, capturing some invalids, and perhaps some ambulance horses. This produced a stampede among the teamsters along the whole line, which was presently checked without other result than the loss of half an hour's time. The column continued to move with the utmost deliberation, the troops taking their usual rests, and the General with his Staff stopping frequently to listen to the complaints of the good people, whose hen-roosts, bee-hives, or stables had been disturbed by his troops.

At Newtown, eight miles from Winchester,

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about two or three hours after mid-day, another rather feeble demonstration was made on our right by a larger body of cavalry under Brigadier-General George Stuart.

About this time the head of the enemy's main column, composed of all arms—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—coming in by the Front Royal road, struck our line of wagons at Middletown. The only troops of ours at that point were a battalion of cavalry under Lieutenant-Colonel De Forest, about two hundred and fifty strong, a battery of light artillery, and a company of light infantry, the Zouave body-guard under Captain Collis, about seventy men. This company, with Captain Abert of the Engineers, had been left to burn the bridge over Cedar Creek after the passage of the army train. This duty having been accomplished, the body-guard had reached Middletown on its way to rejoin head-quarters when the enemy's column came in sight.

The Zouaves, immediately deployed as skirmishers and taking position behind a stone fence, opened fire on a regiment which was advancing, checking its march as well as that of another regiment moving on its flank. They continued to hold their position until they had fired several rounds, then fell back toward Strasburg, maintaining their skirmish line, loading and firing as coolly as if they had been on parade.

The enemy's advance, thus temporarily checked, continued to manœuvre with the greatest caution, pelting the train from a distance with artillery.

One of the wagons, having been accidentally knocked over by a shot, the teamsters within range stampeded as usual; and the abandoned teams, rushing wildly forward, overthrew and crushed each other in the road, thus hopelessly blocking the passage to those behind. The head of De Forest's cavalry column, purposing to push through at all hazards, charged recklessly into the dust-clouds raised by this mêlée of the wagons, and falling upon the obstructions, rolled riders and horses in a bloody and struggling heap. I am told that from twenty to thirty men were lost in this way.

De Forest retired with the remainder of his troop toward Strasburg. Meanwhile Collis, with his company, had fallen back on the battery, which took position, unlimbered, and opened fire on the enemy's columns.

To finish the story of the rear-guard. The cavalry and the Zouaves, with thirty-four wagons of the train, made their way to the mountains, passing through Berkeley Springs, crossing the Potomac at Hancock, and rejoining the command at Williamsport on the 27th. The battery made a circuit by a back road, and rejoining the army at Winchester, took part in the action next morning.

To return to the column at Newtown. The enemy continued to show himself on our flank and rear, feebly demonstrating but easily held in check by our guns until dark, when the "impedimenta" being all safe, the troops resumed their march, Gordon sometimes moving his regiments in squares to secure himself against the cavalry, which was becoming more impudent as it grew darker. The enemy's infantry followed cautiously, suiting its pace to ours, their advance occasionally falling into our ambuscades and getting a rap over their noses which made them still more cautious.

Arrived at Winchester the army lay on its arms on the south side of the town. The trains were parked, the animals fed and rested, and every thing wore an air of easy confidence.

It was midnight before the troops were all located, and from that time until daylight there were occasional collisions between the outposts, but nothing of a serious character. The citizens of Winchester, prisoners taken during the day, and several rebel officers who wandered into our positions (supposing the town was occupied by their own troops), gave information of such a character as to convince General Banks that he was in the presence of a greatly superior force and would be attacked at dawn.

The baggage-trains were started on the Martinsburg road at an early hour, and at daylight the National forces were posted in order of battle between Winchester and the enemy. General Banks, reinforced by the Tenth Maine Infantry, was enabled to show about five thousand men of all arms. Soon after four o'clock the fight opened with artillery, and was then taken up by the infantry, the enemy manœuvring cautiously and demonstrating feebly, several of his regiments suffering repulse with considerable loss.

Jackson, after spending several hours in these slow manœuvres, suddenly displayed his overwhelming force, overlapping and threatening to envelop both flanks of Banks's army. At this exhibition some of the Federal regiments faced about and commenced a retrograde, which was judiciously legitimized by a general order to retreat. The manner of the retreat from this point to Martinsburg and Williamsport has already been described.

Notwithstanding many reports to the contrary, all our escaped and paroled prisoners and returned stragglers unite in giving a good report of their treatment by the enemy and by the people of the country generally. Many fugitives were fed and assisted by the families of those whose male relatives were in the advancing army of the enemy. The gush of human sympathy was unchecked by the reflection that the arm which they strengthened might ere long, at the call of duty, be raised against the life of their best beloved.

Captain Abert, after assisting in the affair of the rear-guard, attempted to rejoin the main column by a circuitous road. Hearing the guns, and seeing the clouds of dust indicating the movement of troops, he was making his way toward the turnpike, when a lady clad in mourning weeds ran out from a house and by her earnest calls induced him to turn back.

"Do not go in that direction, Sir!" she ex-

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AT THE REBELS' GATE.

claimed; "our troops occupy all the roads, and you will certainly be killed or taken!"

The Captain expressed his astonishment at this manifestation of friendly interest in a stranger, and especially one whom she must naturally regard as an enemy of her people. She answered, with deep emotion:

"Alas! Sir, I have lost a husband in this unnatural war, and I would not wish another to suffer as I have. Take the road to the mountains and you will be safe."

He followed her friendly counsel, and rejoined the command at Williamsport. It is pleasant to gather these flowers of courtesy, which spring so rarely from the hot and deadly scoriæ of civil strife.

June 1, *Sunday*.—Raining and variable. A man was brought in by the patrol last night who gave us information of the enemy which possibly contained some truth, but certainly a great deal of absurdity and falsehood.—Ashby occupied Martinsburg with cavalry and infantry; Shields was in Winchester with the advanced division of M'Dowell. On the arrival of this news the rebels were thrown into great confusion, and started off in haste, Ashby having been heard to say, "We have got ourselves in a bad box!"

June 2, *Monday*.—Fair and warm. I accompanied the General on a visit to Hagerstown, traveling in his ambulance. We there heard confused rumors of a battle before Richmond, in which the rebels had suffered a repulse with great loss.

On this side of the town they met De Forest with his cavalry going in.

Shields's advance has struck Front Royal, recapturing every thing there not already destroyed, liberating some of our prisoners, and taking some of the enemy. Artillery was heard all day yesterday, indicating a collision between Jackson and Fremont. Our advance occupies Winchester, and we move forward to-morrow, co-operating with Sigel, who moves in the same direction from Harper's Ferry.



REFUGEES RETURNING.

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UP WITH THE FLAG AGAIN.

June 3, *Tuesday*.—Fair and warm. Wishing to visit some friends in Martinsburg I got permission to start ahead of the Staff and rode forward alone. The road was alive with the fugitive population, now *en route* for home. There were many negroes among them, eminently cheerful at the idea of getting back to their homes. They had had a rough time since they crossed the river, being for the most part without shelter, provisions, or money. They swarmed through the country, encamping in the fields and crowding into barns and outhouses—provisioning themselves as folks usually do who are without friends or money. The proprietors, in self-defense, were obliged to drive them off their premises; and so the poor creatures, gathering up their babies and bundles, wandered from place to place homeless, helpless, and friendless. For several days they have been besieging the Provost Marshal's office for permits to return to Virginia.

In Martinsburg I found a detachment of our troops breaking into stores, pillaging, and misbehaving generally; but as soon as the General and Staff arrived order was restored, and a handsome dress parade with fine music brought out the population in great numbers and filled with joyful enthusiasm. The absent had returned to their families. National flags again fluttered from the housetops, and Martinsburg was free once more. The general joy culminated in a voluntary ovation to the commander as he rode through the town with his Staff and suite. Ladies and children crowded around the cavalcade, frightening the horses with their cambric handkerchiefs and showering smiles and bouquets upon the officers.

June 4, *Wednesday*.—Heavy and continuous rain. The enemy's troops occupying Martinsburg during the last week seized every thing edible they could find, and with as little scruple helped themselves to changes of raiment—a proceeding to which no reasonable person can object who has seen their need. In other respects the citizens give a good report of their behavior. I have observed, indeed, that, after relieving their domineering necessities for food, fuel, and clothes, the soldiers on both sides are usually inclined to treat their mutual fellow-citizens, and especially the women and children, with every consideration.

When the national banner floats from the flag-staff and boys whistle Yankee Doodle in the streets, our fair rebels, meek and plausible, cultivate their Union acquaintances, and through them find means to replenish their empty sugar boxes and flaccid coffee bags, to renew their faded and unfashionable apparel, and to escape the harassing domiciliatory visits of the military police — those hateful pryings into ladies' trunks and wardrobes, where the astonished officer, rummaging among kid slippers, silks and muslins, develops unexpectedly a pair of cavalry boots a mile too big for a lady's delicate feet, and anon a laced jacket with the complementary garment of stout gray jeans, bifurcate and all unmeet for ladies' wear, in the present state of public opinion. When the ragged reb-

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el rules the roast, just in from "The sweet South, stealing and giving odor," as Shakspeare has it, then the star-lit banner goes under, and our Union dames nudge their smiling and triumphant neighbors, delicately reminding them of former friendships and recent favors, which are not always forgotten. The rebels leave their sick and wounded in the care of the Union man's family, and the bitter memory of wrongs and insults is lost in sympathy for the dying stranger. The disabled Yankee sleeps in security beneath the rebel's roof, and enriches the poor man's scanty board with his varied and superfluous rations.

Courage. This war after all is but the distemper of an immature people. We will emerge from it a nation, full-grown and united, respected and self-respecting—a power that no man can measure, with a future that no man can conceive.

At head-quarters every body is looking dreary as the tombs. News had been received that Jackson had escaped scot-free. My judgment from the first comprehended the futility of the movements made to catch him, still I had nurtured a hope of some lucky accident in our favor; but the game was concluded, and I felt the disappointment as keenly as the rest.

A ride to Winchester through a dreary rain, over a road dreary with wreck and ruin, a dreary room in a dreary tavern, and the tag-end of a cold, dreary dinner concluded this dreary day. At table I sat beside a plain and rather boyish-looking man in citizen's dress, and somewhat eccentric in manners. Seeing Colonel De Forest opposite, I opened conversation with him on the military situation. At some remarks indicating a knowledge of the country in front, the stranger pricked his ears, and then with a marked German accent commenced asking questions which showed his familiarity with the "technique" of the military art.

I had begun to suspect who it was, when he rose, and, introducing himself as Major-General Sigel, asked me to accompany him to his room. Here he produced his maps, and continuing his suggestive questions, traced the lines of march and indicated points of occupation with a rapidity and accuracy of comprehension which proved him an adept at Bureau warfare at least, and as he brings from the West some reputation as a commander in the field I have great hopes of him.

June 5, *Thursday*.—Drizzling clouds. I walked out to-day to verify my observations in regard to the firing from private houses during the passage of the army on the 25th. The man who was shot within a few feet of me belonged to Colonel Ruger's regiment, the Third Minnesota. I forgot to note his name, but ascertained that he had been carried to the hospital and died next day. There were some holes in the wooden fence and gate behind from whence the shot was fired. The occupant of the premises was a truculent secessionist, and had fled Southward on the approach of our returning army. I had also seen a soldier fall on the sidewalk, nearly opposite the Taylor Hotel, and was informed that another citizen had left that house following in the wake of Jackson's army.

The Register of the Taylor Hotel significantly records the variations of the political atmosphere. For a long time the current sets steadily from the North, showing unbroken ranks of loyal names and national hieroglyphics. On the morning of the 25th of May the wind suddenly changes, and blows a perfect hurricane



THE UNION MAN'S HOUSE.

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from the other quarter. Page after page of ink-spattered and triumphant flourishes mark the rushing tide from the South: Major-General Jackson and Staff, General Turner Ashby, and a host of other personal acquaintances and quondam friends. The heated term lasts about ten days, and on the 5th of June there is a reflux from the North, which goes on steadily increasing. This same Register will be valuable some day as an historic relic.

June 6, *Friday*. — Clear and cool. The guard has been informed that quantities of commissary stores are concealed in the town, and our troops being short of rations a general search has been ordered. The inhabitants are wild with terror and indignation. The women, so sullenly secluded since our return, are now cackling and flying around like hens when a mink gets into the poultry-yard. I am sure the search will be futile, for Jackson's hungry hordes have not only eaten up all the spoils they took, but have denuded the country besides.

June 7, *Saturday*. — Bright and warm. I visited the Paymaster this morning, and find that I can not draw pay without showing my commission. That document not having come to hand as yet, I am advised to visit Washington to look after it in person. The General cheerfully accords me ten days' leave of absence for the purpose. Leaving my effects in charge of my faithful servant John, of Strasburg, I mounted forthwith and started for Charlestown, riding by the Martinsburg turnpike to Bunker's Hill, and thence by Smithfield, reaching my destination late in the afternoon, and just in time to escape a violent thunder-storm. I found my wife and daughter there, and passed a joyful evening in spite of the lowering sky and our late military disasters.

June 9, *Monday*.—Clear and warm. Went to Baltimore with my family, carrying divers letters, packages, and messages to Southern prisoners in the forts. The blooming and peaceful fields of Maryland presented a delicious contrast to the war-wasted region I had just left, while the savory cuisine and elegant rooms of the Eutaw quite abated my martial spirit, and the lines of Horace rose unbidden to my lips:

"O fortunati mercatores, miles ait."

On looking around I find the secession infatuation worse here than it is in Winchester, where low diet and blood-letting have somewhat lowered the fevered pulse and relieved the surcharged brain of the patients. A great many people here, it seems, are chuckling over the disasters of the National troops, and prophesying, with ill-concealed delight, the speedy downfall of the Government. They remind me of a pleasant story on Patrick and Denis, two hodmen, who were working at a five-story house in New York. Feeling thirsty, Denis offered to bet Patrick a gallon of whisky that he could not carry him to the top of the house in his hod. The wager was promptly accepted, and with Denis in the hod Patrick slowly ascended the dizzy scaffold. At length landing his man safely at the top, Patrick claimed the whisky. "Ye've won it fairly," quoth Denis, looking rather crest-fallen. "Ye've won it dacently, me boy; but, d'ye mind, coming up the fifth ladder nigh the top yez stumbled. I thought I had ye then—I was in great hopes."



I WAS IN HOPES.

Now the cause of the nation has stumbled, and Baltimoreans "are in great hopes." Of what? Of seeing their fertile and prosperous State the theatre of a savage and devastating war, her own citizens slaughtered and pillaged, her banks robbed, the city bombarded perhaps, and a stone fleet sunk in her harbor.

Took the afternoon train for Washington.

June 11, *Wednesday*. — Fair and cool. I went this morning to the war office, and in an interview with Major Garesché ascertained that my commission had been made out long since and sent to the address of a friend in the city. Through the Major's kindness a duplicate was immediately prepared, and my business concluded without the least circumlocution.

In the evening I called at Willard's, to pay my respects to Governor Pierpont, of Virginia. I found him surrounded by a number of his friends, and was warmly welcomed to the circle. I was pleased with this opportunity of meeting face to face the distinguished leader of loyal Virginia, as I had from the commencement been impressed with the importance of the movement which he headed.

When this new ship of state was fairly launched, amidst clouds of prejudice, doubt, and discouragement, and a howling tempest of opposition and menace, a man was needed to take the helm. Francis H. Pierpont had faith in his own work, and did not hesitate to embark in it

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his life, fortune, and sacred honor. He will pilot his vessel through the breakers, for he brings to the work a noble sincerity, unflagging zeal, and undoubted ability.



IS IT CONSTITUTIONAL?

The loyal government of Virginia being now formally, legally, and constitutionally established, it is proposed to divide the State and erect a new and separate government for the division west of the mountains; the line to be drawn by the crest of the Alleghany Ridge, comprehending within the limits of the new State all those counties watered by the streams emptying into the Ohio River. This idea of dividing Virginia is not by any means new, nor does it owe its origin to the recent political convulsions. It has long been cherished by the inhabitants of these trans-Alleghany districts, and is not unfamiliar to the people of the eastern division. In a Gazeteer of the State published in 1835 we see an article describing the resources of Western Virginia, and urging the completion of the James River and Kanawha Canal, in which the following paragraph occurs:

"Among the high considerations that so strongly prompt her to the employment of her resources and credit in achieving this great work those of a political character are important. Its connecting influence upon the States themselves, *and upon the two great divisions of Virginia, now hanging but loosely together*, must be apparent to all; and if the Union is ever destined to crumble, such a line of intercommunication, with the connections and associations to which it must give rise, can not fail to unite in the same destinies the Southern States and those of the great Valley of the Mississippi."

The reasons advanced by the Western Virginians favoring this division are, first, topographical and commercial. They assert that the Alleghany Mountains form a natural boundary and an impassable barrier to all available commercial intercourse between the sections, the Ohio River and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad being the only great lines of trade and travel practicable for the population of the Western counties. Secondly, they ask for divorce on the score of incompatibility of opinion, social, moral, and political. The Western Virginians are practically non-slaveholding, there being not over twelve thousand slaves to a white population of three hundred and thirty thousand in the proposed new State. They are hard-working and thrifty, with the habits, ideas, and modes of living common to the Free States. Their proximity to the free communities of Ohio and Pennsylvania, from whence a portion of their population is immediately derived, has impressed these ideas and opinions upon them, while at the same time it exhibits in striking contrast the progressive prosperity of their neighbors and their own comparative stagnation. They believe that this difference is owing to free labor, on the one hand, and slavery on the other; hence their desire to be relieved of the dead weight which alone prevents their rising to an equality with their neighbors. They complain that for many years the whole policy of the State has been made to centre and turn upon the slaveholding interest to the disadvantage of all others. They denounce the principle of slave representation in the State government, and have made the most determined efforts to break it down, to the end that the political power in the Commonwealth shall be distributed in proportion to the free white population. In brief, the same irrepressible conflict that was waged at Washington between Massachusetts and South Carolina may be distinctly recognized in the sectional jealousy and strife between Eastern and Western Virginia. And in looking to the root of the matter, we may perceive that these antagonisms are of older date and on deeper foundations than the mere accidental jealousies arising from locality or supposed diversity of interests.

Virginia below the Blue Ridge, commonly called Old Virginia, was chiefly settled by English deeply imbued with the dominant prejudices and opinions belonging to the English of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The pride of birth, the inordinate respect for landed estates, deference for the high offices of Church and State, an unconquerable preference for the independence of rural life, the undisguised contempt for the mechanic arts or manual labor of any kind, which characterized a certain class of English in that day and generation, all belong to the Lower Virginian by right of inheritance, not omitting a handsome stock of native ability, courage, and imposing manners.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the high cavalier, Church and State Governor of Virginia, by a wise, but, considering the times, rather surprising act of toleration, encouraged settlements of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians in the Valley of the Shenandoah, which were followed by other dissenters, non-conformists,

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and independents, both in politics and religion, from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and various points in the British Kingdom direct. Among these came a column of Protestant Germans pouring into the Valley from Pennsylvania, settling largely in the counties of Berkeley, Frederick, Shenandoah, and Rockingham, preserving to this day in a great measure their original manners, habits, and language.

Thus we perceive that the two great geographical divisions of Virginia were originally settled by offshoots of the British race, antagonistic in politics, religion, manners, and habits of life, bringing with them the scars of recent civil wars and the bitter memories of mutual hatred and persecution. Time and circumstance did much toward obliterating the traces of these differences, especially in the Valley, where there was a partial intermingling by emigration and intermarriage. But after the great Revolution of 1776, where they fought side by side in a common cause, and joined in establishing a common government based on principles of entire civil and religious liberty, the fusion was to all appearance complete.

The hereditary partisans of political and religious equality had realized in it their most cherished aspirations. The ex-royalist embraced the new system with enthusiasm, and magnanimously sacrificed his ancient idols upon the altar of liberty. All but one. The interests of the lower country were too deeply involved in the question of negro slavery to admit of hasty action, and while its incompatibility with their present professions was very generally acknowledged, its consideration was postponed to a more convenient season. And here was the fatal error which rendered nugatory all which they had achieved and sacrificed in behalf of the great Idea. Where the inequality of man is established by law the fundamental principle of an aristocracy is acknowledged. The mind of the educated Virginian was too logical not to perceive the irreconcilable inconsistency between this institution and his democratic professions, and for a number of years the best men in all parts of the State were sincerely desirous of accomplishing its extinction.

Up to the year 1833 the population west of the Ridge were almost unanimously in favor of abolition; and at that time a distinguished member of the Assembly from Winchester was burned in effigy by his indignant constituents for having voted against a bill providing for the gradual emancipation of the slaves. Meanwhile cotton began to play an important part in the commerce of the world, and in consequence slave property doubled and trebled in value. Popular opinion in one section rose with the market, while in the west the friends of emancipation, disappointed at perceiving the indefinite postponement of their wishes, became more discontented and importunate. The world within their sight and hearing was moving and rejoicing, while they were held in leaden bondage, the victims of a system in whose miserable gains they had no participation, and which effectually debarred them from the greater advantages enjoyed by citizens of the Free States. In this provincial antagonism the ancient lines of the Old World party strife were distinctly visible.

In the Convention for remodeling the State Constitution, held at Richmond in 1850, some of the western and Valley members menaced the lower country with the armed legions of the mountains unless they relaxed their pretentions in the matter of slave representation. In 1859 I heard the probabilities of disunion on the slavery question discussed by certain distinguished Virginians, on which occasion the State was mapped off into reliable and unsound districts with an accuracy which has since proved to have been prophetic. The western counties *en masse*, the Alleghanies, the Valley of the Shenandoah, and the Potomac border counties of Loudon and Fairfax were denounced as "rotten with abolitionism." I had at the time but a vague idea of the significance of this calculation, when at length these vexed questions culminated in armed rebellion. The Lower Virginian, no longer constrained to harmonize incongruities, or reconcile his sham democracy with existing slavery, followed the lead of his hereditary instincts, and shouldering his black burden, with undisguised satisfaction retrograded several centuries into the dim twilight of traditionary opinion, proclaiming to the nineteenth century that popular government is a failure, political equality a delusion; that the great law of nature is inequality and subordination; that negro slavery is a Divine institution; that the Yankee is a serf, and himself an Anglo-Norman gentleman, and can whip him one to five. The hereditary freeman of the western division showed himself equally true to the spirit and opinions of his ancestors, and rallies as promptly under the flag of the nation to defend his personal rights and the great cause of humanity.

Unfortunately in this, as on other questions, the subtlety and audacity of his adversary has obtained an advantage in the division. Through complications arising from the apparent sectional character of the national quarrel, and a perverted use of the machinery of State government, the Richmond party has succeeded in implicating a large portion of the population in their treason, whose feelings, interests, and antecedents would have led them to side with the nation. This is especially true in regard to the population of the Valley of the Shenandoah, where the masses were almost unanimously loyal, but through fraud and violence are now armed in a cause equally abhorrent to their common sense and hereditary instincts. Their favorite military hero of the present hour is a case in point. "Stonewall Jackson" is a West Virginian by birth, lineage, and education. While there are numerous other notable exceptions to this general view on both sides of the Ridge, it will nevertheless be found to exhibit with approximate correctness the real condi-

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tions of the antagonism between Eastern and Western Virginia.

In pursuing our inquiries still further into the adjoining States south we find corroborative and convincing evidence of the reliability of these observations. It is well known that the same stream of emigration which poured from the northward into the fertile valleys and mountain districts of Virginia continued southward, following the valleys and clinging to the mountain slopes of the Alleghanies east and west, populating the western districts of North and South Carolina, Northern Georgia and Alabama, and East Tennessee. These populations have without exception manifested the high spirit of independence and loyalty to free institutions which we see in the Western Virginians. This whole region, as the rebel leaders well understand, is their weakness and danger, and it is fiercely denounced as "the rotten heart of the Confederacy."

Thus are set forth the reasons which, from the earliest settlement of the country, have been tending toward a separation between the great geographical divisions of Virginia, and which have induced the loyal men of the West in the present crisis to demand a separate State organization. Who shall gainsay the justice of their demand? For my own part I favor the division more with a view to national than local advantages. It will create a free and loyal State, wedged in between slaveholding Kentucky and Virginia, and in the rear of slaveholding Maryland, thus securing beyond a peradventure the speedy abolition of slavery in the great Border States. In the second place, it will do much to secure the national cause against the disgrace and ruin of a compromise or an untimely conclusion of the war. Once admitted into the sisterhood of loyal States, West Virginia will never return to her former thralldom while her people can pull a trigger. And once having accepted, the nation can never abandon her, though it may yield all else. On the other hand, I feel equally well assured that rebellious old Virginia will never submit to dismemberment while she can raise a cake of corn-bread and a charge of powder to maintain the contest. This engages us to prosecute the war to a crushing conclusion, the only one compatible with the dignity, safety, and future peace of the country. And now, having considered these local and special questions, we may turn with clearer and more comprehensive understanding to a general view of the great contest.

Here we may see arrayed upon the soil of the New World all the conflicting elements—moral, social, political, and religious—which for so many ages have divided the peoples of Christendom, on the one part battling for the enfranchisement and elevation of the people, on the other for the maintenance of prerogatives, hierarchies, and oppressions. On the side of the nation we find all the sincere and educated Republicanism of this country; those who have accepted in good faith the "self-evident truths" set forth in our Declaration of Independence, who neither desiring nor acknowledging preeminence other than that voluntarily yielded by a free and enlightened people to superior character and achievement—who know of no condition more noble, no title more illustrious than that of an American citizen. We find among them the children and descendants of all those whom oppression and persecution has driven to seek an asylum upon our shores, refugees from the lost battle-fields of freedom of many lands and languages. At the sound of the first gun, even before we clearly understood its significance ourselves, the Liberalism of Europe recognized our cause as its own, and, like the excited spectators in a vast amphitheatre, have risen up with one accord to watch the progress and issue of a conflict so fraught with terrors, doubts, and cherished aspirations.

On the other hand, we see in the ranks of our enemies whatever residuum of ancient despotism in manners, usages, and opinions may have survived the progress of free government in the North, or has been fostered under the shadow of negro slavery in the South. We see in their leaders men corrupted and inflated by too long continuance in place and power until they had begun to consider high office their especial prerogative, and to despise the people who had given it into their hands. Prominent among its friends and sympathizers is that social pretention and its attendant flunkyism which apes the state of decayed aristocracies, and forfeits, by its paltry aspirations, the only true dignity which the citizen of a republic can legitimately claim.

While fortunately there is no Christian sect or denomination which has as a body declared in favor of the hideous programme adopted by the rebellion, we see a numerous clergy supporting it with truculent zeal, circulating pamphlets, instructing their flocks in the propriety of violating oaths of allegiance to the National Government, and claiming, for the cause of licensed oppression, ignorance, and anarchy, the special favor and protection of Divine Providence. We see Right Reverend Major-Generals in the field, recalling the palmiest days of chivalry when sturdy bishops in armor cracked pates alternately with burghers or barons in holy quarrels over lands and revenues—all suggesting a retrospective longing for the days of fat glebes and ecclesiastical establishments. In brief, we see all those elements in State, Church, or society which have exhibited in any manner an itching for domination, prerogative, or the distinctions of caste, siding with the great rebellion against free government.

June 13, *Friday.*—Fair and warm. On my way to the Paymaster's Office I met Captain B——, who told me Jackson had been reinforced, and having defeated both Shields and Fremont, was again marching down the Valley. As my informant was just from head-quarters I was startled, and, hurrying to the War Office,

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called on the Assistant Secretary to ascertain the truth of the report. I here learned that there had been an indecisive action between Fremont and Jackson, both parties claiming the victory, and that Shields's advanced brigade, under Carroll, not over two thousand strong, had been badly cut up, losing from eight hundred to a thousand men, and seven guns, Jackson still retreating toward the Virginia Central Railroad.

Being fresh from the scene of operations in the Valley I was invited to a private interview with the Secretary of War. In describing the campaign I showed how the division of the Federal forces had enabled Jackson to concentrate all his power and to cut up our scattered commands in detail. While the well-planned strategy of his movements and the simple weight of his columns had secured him all the advantages of victory, yet in the dealings with Banks's column and elsewhere, as far as I knew, our troops had exhibited decided superiority over the enemy in steadiness and discipline, and our officers had shown themselves fully able to cope with their adversaries in the tactical conduct of a battle-field. We had every where met their overwhelming numbers with admirable firmness, and had withdrawn our army, guns, and material with a loss which, under the circumstances, was astonishingly small. At the same time it had appeared to me that the enemy's pursuit was conducted with a degree of caution and feebleness which was entirely unaccountable. He seemed afraid to press his overwhelming advantages to any decisive conclusion, and content, for the most part, to follow as we retired, gathering up the superfluous stuff with which our dépôts were stored and our column overloaded. This weakness was especially manifest in front of Harper's Ferry, where they had Saxton at a great disadvantage, but failed to make any serious attempt upon his lines, manned by raw militia only. Doubtless the remembrance of his terrible mistake at Kernstown, the sanguinary obstinacy of Millroy at M'Dowell, the chivalric devotion of Kenley at Front Royal, and the cool, judiciously calculated audacity of Banks at Winchester, all combined to temper the native ardor of the rebel commander, and caused him to lose many of the secondary fruits of the campaign, which his own admirable strategy and the faulty disposition of the Federals ought to have insured to him.

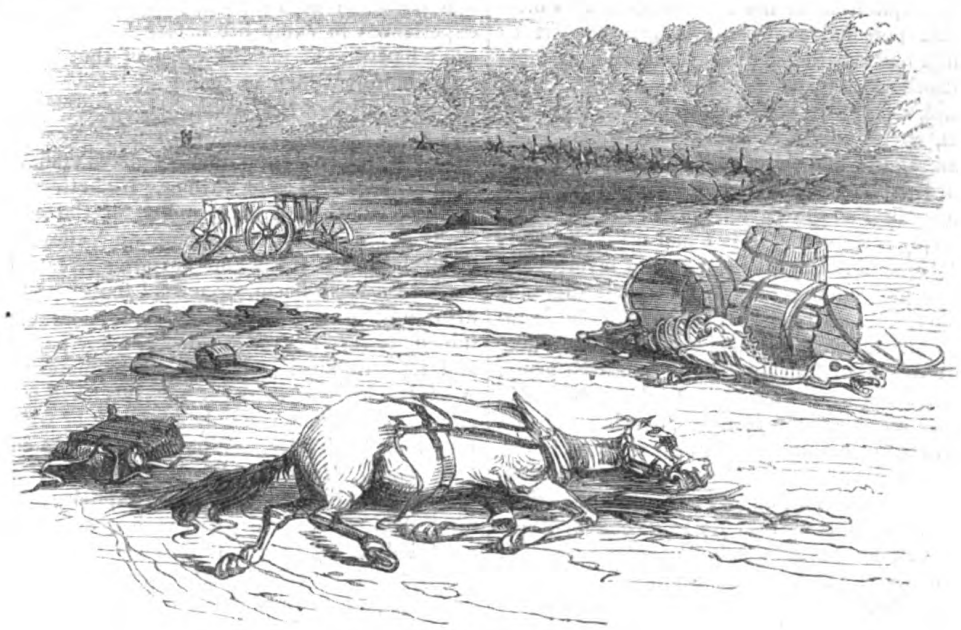
The Secretary then remarked that more artillery had been called for in the Valley—some four or five batteries, which seemed an inordinate quantity. I replied that, as far as my observations extended, we had relied too much on artillery, and especially on the rifled guns. I thought the prevailing habit of pushing forward the artillery on all occasions, instead of clearing out minor obstacles by a dash of cavalry, or feeling an enemy by an advance of skirmishers, had a tendency to injure the efficiency of both cavalry and infantry. I had observed and commented on the disadvantages of this practice, both on our side and that of the enemy, in our alternate advances and retreats. It kept the decisive arms lying idle, while the long-range guns were carrying on a duel as futile as it was interminable, and enabled a contemptible rear-guard to check the movements of a powerful army at its pleasure.

The Secretary then asked what measures I thought should be adopted to check the enemy's successes. I replied, all I had to say on that subject might be comprised in one word—"*Concentration.*" He said it was evident enough, and had already been determined on. After some agreeable general conversation the interview ended.

In the ante-room I met several distinguished Bureau officers, and the relations between the Governmental Departments and the armies in the field were freely discussed. It was insisted that the Government had furnished the Generals with ample means to have accomplished the ends proposed. It had answered all their requirements with unquestioning liberality, and had allowed them full latitude in the use of their resources. They, however, did nothing for themselves, and seemed to think they could not blow their noses without orders. At their own request, and upon their own representations, discretionary orders were sent them, and when they failed Governmental interference was denounced as the cause. Without undertaking to gainsay these statements it was urged that the manifest and fatal error in our general plan had been the division and subdivision of the military command in Northern Virginia, for which the Government was undoubtedly responsible. How far political necessities might be urged in justification we could not know, but from a military point of view it was indefensible. The conduct of the commanders in the field must be judged from a special standpoint, and according to the circumstances by which they were respectively controlled and surrounded. These criticisms were not dictated by a spirit of caviling, but solely with a view to the public good. The country is young in war, and must foot the bill for its high-priced experience with a good grace. All had lost their tails in the same trap, and, having resolved to avoid it hereafter, our forces could be recuperated by another draft on the illimitable faith and resources of the nation.

Having finished my private business in Washington, I returned by way of Baltimore and Harper's Ferry to Charlestown, and from thence, on horseback, to our head-quarters at Winchester. My ten days of peace, civilization, and strawberries, has had the effect of softening my nature, and as I turned from the Opequan hills into the Winchester road at Mill Creek I looked upon the wrecks of war with loathing. The sight of the dead animals, whitening bones, scattered equipments, and broken vehicles, was less disgusting even than the living débris of filthy stragglers, thieving horsemen, and trad-

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THE ROAD TO WINCHESTER.

ing wagons laden with all the shams and counterfeits of food and clothing invented to cheat the poor soldiers.

At head-quarters I was glad to meet my old friends of the division; but every body seemed more or less out of humor, and the general situation decidedly chaotic. Shields is at Front Royal, and Fremont at Woodstock—both divisions said to be sadly disorganized, the officers accusing each other and the troops plundering. Our Union friends have been greatly disconcerted by late events, and seem to have lost all faith in us. Our rebel fellow-citizens, who, won over by the blandishments of Yankee greenbacks and store-goods, had become so hopefully modified in their sentiments and feelings, have had the "sacred fire" rekindled in their hearts, and are now fuming and stewing more than ever. They live in daily and hourly expectancy of Jackson's return, and the slightest movement of our troops or trains is watched with intense anxiety. On Friday, June 20, Banks's command was moved up to Strasburg. As the head-quarter baggage-train passed down the cross street I observed various knots of men on the corners, and women peeping from doors and windows, in a state of the greatest excitement. They were persuaded that it meant another stampede. Rebel faces were beaming with hope, while the loyal were white with terror. When, at the turning, the train took the Strasburg road, "Hope for a season" retired in disgust, and the negroes grinned.

Ashby is certainly dead, having fallen in a skirmish near Harrisonburg, in which the Pennsylvania Bucktails were engaged on our side. The Valley rebels can not make up their minds to believe it, for they regard him as the right arm of their cause. I have always considered him more of a knight-errant than a soldier, and imagine he owes his exaggerated reputation rather to his personal popularity than his military exploits. In the fall of 1861, at the head of fifteen hundred men and three guns, he moved on Harper's Ferry, for the purpose of taking possession of a large quantity of wheat stored in Kerr's Mills, at that place. Colonel Geary, of Pennsylvania, crossed the river with four hundred and fifty men, supported by one gun, and with trifling loss drove Ashby entirely out of the field, capturing one of his guns and routing his command. In the recent affair at Buckton Station he met a bloody repulse from a very small force, and in the retreat the only cavalry we felt was the Second and Sixth Virginia Regiments, Ashby's undisciplined followers being chiefly occupied in pillaging knapsacks and sutlers' wagons. He was, however, complimented and promoted for good conduct in covering the retreat of Jackson's column on several occasions, and distinguished at all times for personal gallantry. His appearance I have described in former chapters—rather below the medium height, light but vigorous frame, with very dark complexion and a heavy black beard. His countenance was saturnine, his manners courteous but reserved, his bearing knightly. A superb horseman, expert in the use of arms, and delighting in personal adventure, he had all the essential characteristics of a popular hero; and the gloomy grief into which he was plunged by the death of his brother (killed near Romney in the beginning of the war) served still more to increase the romantic interest with which the popular imagination had invested his character. The Valley rebels, in spite of his military misadventures, regarded him with unbounded admiration, circulating and believing

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with implicit faith the most marvelous stories of his personal prowess, the greater part of which had not the slightest foundation in fact; and others so extravagantly exaggerated, that Hatch's Cavalry, who had daily dealings with him, could not have recognized them. The most reliable and significant compliment I have heard paid to Ashby's character was from the head-waiter at the Taylor Hotel in Winchester. In reply to some inquiries I had made, he said:

"General Ashby was a universal favorite and a true gentleman; he was sober and dignified always, kind and considerate toward the humblest servant, generous as he was brave. There were not many like him in the Southern army. The officers were often hard drinkers, vulgar in speech and coarse in manners, overbearing and insulting to servants and inferiors. You know, Sir, we servants have the best opportunities of observing and judging. People don't hide their natures from us as they do from one another. We knew he was fighting against our cause and our freedom, but we all liked and admired General Ashby."

This simple and sincere testimony of the slave is, to my mind, worth more than all the overstrained, hate-inspired laudation of him that I have heard since I entered the Valley.

On the way to Strasburg I overtook General Banks traveling in his ambulance, and being invited to join him, gave my horse to an orderly and made the remainder of the journey in the carriage. Approaching Middletown we saw two sentinels posted at the gate of a country house, and, on inquiry, ascertained it was the head-quarters of General Sigel.

General Banks called to pay his respects, and while these two talked together a third Major-General joined them. He was a man of middle age, medium stature, with quiet and rather engaging manners. I was introduced to General Fremont. During the few minutes that he was engaged in conversation I observed the great Path-Finder narrowly. His features were good but much weather-beaten, indicating familiarity with hardships. His beard was short, thin, and grizzled; his eyes keen and alert in their motions, but remarkably close together, which, according to Gall and Spurzheim is accounted a defect. I was, nevertheless, agreeably impressed with the general effect of his appearance and deportment.

When the conference closed we remounted, and in due time reached our head-quarters, near Middletown. The camp was beautifully located on the green-sward in the edge of a park-like forest; the evening air was delicious, and the twilight view from my tent-door charming beyond description.

On the following morning I was dispatched to Harper's Ferry on some military business, and returned to Middletown on the 23d, finding our camp changed to a locality more pleasant even than the former one. Here I found my tent ready, and neatly furnished, through the care and ingenuity of my faithful boy John. My experiences in camp life before I entered the army had taught me the value of that wealth and comfort which is found in "poverty of wants." My bed roll, trunk, horse-equipments, and arms, constituted my whole property in the field. I preferred spreading my couch upon the ground, because I slept warmer. No better seat was needed than a rock, a log, or the ever-ready sward. In the Shenandoah Valley one never lacked a fresh and gurgling stream to serve as a wash-basin, or a cool fountain as a drinking-cup. A small compact trunk contained my very limited wardrobe, army papers, and topographical instruments and materials. Adolph, our Staff mess caterer, furnished food and French coffee, the only stimulant of which I partook habitually. What more does a soldier want? Indeed, old campaigners often complimented me on this wise simplicity; but my "Squire," it seems, was both grieved and mortified at my unostentatious establishment. In my absence he had, with boards, nails, and rustic stakes, constructed a neat bunk for my bed, a table, and wash-stand, duly furnished with a tin wash-basin, water-pitcher, and drinking-cup. My extra cavalry boots were greased and a camp-stool placed beside the table.

"What does all this mean?" I exclaimed. "Whose tent is this?"

John bowed in meekness and confusion: "This is your tent, Captain. I thought I would fix you up a little comfortable."

"Where did you get the camp bedstead, tables, and stand?"

"I made them, Sir."

"And the basin, pitcher, and all that?"

"I bought them from the sutler, Sir."

"And the camp-stool? You didn't manufacture that?"

"I borrowed that from Major Perkins. I hope you'll find it all agreeable, Captain?"

John looked a little dashed and nervous.

"Certainly," I answered. "It is superb; I shall enjoy it immensely."

June 24, *Tuesday.*—We had a heavy thunder-shower last night, and when I awoke it still rained. I slept soundly on my board bed, scarce conscious of the change from the luxurious mattress on which I rested the previous night; but when my eyes wandered over the mildewed canvas that roofed my dwelling, wet and dotted with spiders of all forms and sizes; the carpet of trampled grass, weeds, and sticks; the weather-beaten garments festooned on the picket-rope stretched between the tent-poles; the pistols, spurs, and sabre that lay upon the rough table, I could not repress a sigh for the springy sofas, the velvet carpets, the lace and damask curtained chambers of peace.

Outside the picture was equally disheartening. There was an area of wet grass and dripping trees. A semicircle of closed tents: no one was up. Beyond were groups of lonesome-looking horses, nibbling the grass or barking the trees to which they were tied. Solitary

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sentinels, wrapped in their over-coats crouching like bedraggled roosters under the bushes, or walking their sloppy beats with arms secured. Asthmatic horns and muffled drums attempting the réveille in distant camps; and near at hand the grunting of an adventurous pig, attracted by the pickings, and already doomed to death by the watchful eye of the Zouave sentinel as soon as he is relieved.

The dreary scene only recalls, in more vivid colors, another antithetical picture. The fragrant roses in full bloom, the luscious strawberry-beds, the petted dogs, the cheerful children, the affectionate friends I have so recently taken leave of. But there is a smoke rising from Adolph's kitchen tent, let us see what comforts we may glean from the present hour.

Aha! a cup of *café noir*, strong as laudanum, a real eye-opener, a cobweb sweeper; how soon it develops the romance of our present life and surroundings. If I must follow the trade of war, give me the tented field and wild bivouac fire always in preference to town-quarters in dismantled houses and degraded taverns.

The General is making strenuous, but, I fear, unavailing efforts to check the abominable horse-thieving that is going on in this Valley behind our lines. It is practiced most extensively, it seems, by persons hanging on to the army, frequently having no employment or connection with the service. The troops get all the odium while the rogues carry off the plunder in their name. It is thought that fifteen hundred horses have been thus illegitimately run off beyond the Potomac.

It was in anticipation of this very state of things that I have from the commencement favored the plan of subsisting the army on the country, of seizing by authority all the provisions, forage, and animals that could be taken without starving the inhabitants, and appropriating these supplies to the maintenance of our troops; paying cash in hand to all citizens of well-established loyalty, and giving to others a certificate entitling them to payment at the end of the war, upon their furnishing satisfactory proof of loyalty from the date of certificate. At the same time adopt the most rigorous and summary measures for the suppression of illegitimate plundering. By this plan we would improve and maintain the discipline and efficiency of our troops. The rich resources of this region would contribute to the support of the National armies, and the enemy to that extent be deprived of their use. The inhabitants would be bound by their interest to the maintenance of their loyalty, or at least to scrupulous abstinence from disloyal practices. The land-sharks and bummers would find less opportunity and encouragement to continue their wasteful, irritating, and disgraceful robberies. This plan looks very well on paper; but, after all, if we must have civil wars, I doubt whether any plan can be devised to avoid, or even ameliorate, their inevitable accompaniments of rapine, outrage, and suffering. These evils must find their solution and limit in the general character and civilization of the nation.

June 25, *Wednesday.*—Clear and cold after a blustering night. We have various and startling rumors of the whereabout and intentions of the enemy. Jackson is reinforced, and about attacking us; Ewell is marching on New Creek with ten thousand men. As I have suffered somewhat by my incredulity heretofore, I am not disposed to dogmatize concerning these reports; but I don't believe any of them for all that. Meanwhile we are in a most unsatisfactory condition. We have four armies in the Valley, with four major-generals, fifteen brigadiers, one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery, and not over twenty thousand fighting men all told.

We are lying here awaiting an attack apparently—a most discouraging and ruinous policy. We should be active, and rather initiate the attack. General Crawford, who occupies Front Royal with his brigade, reports a reconnoissance through Milford on the Luray road, and thence across the ridge through Little Washington and Sperryville, meeting no enemy but the Luray road guarded by strong pickets.

June 26, *Thursday.*—Fair and temperate. Crawford does not believe the enemy holds Luray with any considerable force, and desires permission to break through their picket lines in that direction. We have no authentic information of the enemy from any quarter. This silence is always ominous. Affairs have nearly reached a crisis before Richmond, and we may expect startling news of some sort before long.

June 27, *Friday.*—Fair and warm. To-day we have tidings that General Pope has been appointed to chief command in Northern Virginia. I know nothing of the merits of this new commander, but thank God that the military anarchy heretofore existing is about to end.

I hear a good deal of indignation expressed by staff officers of the different Generals supposed to be aggrieved by this order. One asked the direct question, if I did not think General Banks should and would resign rather than submit to the indignity of serving under a junior officer. I replied emphatically that, in my opinion, he should not, and, if I had rightly estimated his character, he would not; but, if necessary, would rather shoulder his musket and march a private in the ranks than abandon the cause of his country in the hour of her greatest need. The nation has its Argus eyes upon its servants and defenders, and will jealously discriminate between the patriotism which is self-seeking and that which is sincere; and, mark my words, the man who, having girded on the sword, now falters or turns back—who leaves the field from personal pique, or shows that he estimates the dignity of his shoulder-knots above the nation's welfare—that man had better have been born a Copperhead, for he will

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sink into oblivion so deep that it will be forgotten that he ever lived.

After tea the General and Staff rode over to Fremont's quarters. These we found established in the Hite House, near Cedar Creek—an old manorial mansion of quaint and characteristic design, built of cut limestone, I believe, by one of the first settlers of the Valley. The Generals conferred together in private, while the officers discussed affairs in the halls and porches. From hence we rode to Sigel's quarters; and, after a brief sojourn, returned to camp and to bed.

June 28, *Saturday*.—Fair and hot. I had risen early this morning, as was my wont, sipped my coffee, and walked to and fro in front of my tent, enjoying the most delicious hours of the day. Presently I saw what I took to be a regiment of cavalry turn from the turnpike into the road which led to our camp. As the column approached I recognized General Fremont at the head of his Staff. He halted, and, with a number of his chief officers, dismounted opposite General Banks's tent. Being the only officer afoot, I went forward to receive him, and then hurried to inform our General of his arrival. He had just risen, and presently came out to meet his distinguished visitor. Fremont wore his usual uniform and a white slouched hat. Many of his Staff indulged in greater luxury of apparel, and shone with gold lace, ribbons, medals, and crosses. Fremont had requested to be relieved of command, and his request had been granted. He came simply to pay his respects and take leave. As the Generals conversed the morning sun lit up the scene with his earliest rays, twinkling and flashing among the arms and trappings of the martial assembly.

In a few moments General Fremont remounted, and, with a graceful parting salute, resumed his journey down the Valley, followed by his long retinue in double files. As the cavalcade disappeared among the rolling hills I turned to the friend with whom I had discoursed on the previous evening, and prophesied: "There sets a star which will never rise again."

JOSEPHINE.

YEARS ago there stood near St. John's Park a tall brick house, with a high stoop, a great brass door-plate, and a heavy knocker. It had a breadth and roominess denied in these days to any thing but a "palace;" trees shaded its strip of sidewalk, and its outlook was into the very heart of the Park greenery. From the front windows you could see the nicely-kept turf, the pretty fan-tail pigeons coquetting about the walks, and old Cisco, the sable genius of the place, pursuing his tutelary labors. The house stands there yet, perhaps, but its air, its dignity, have passed away. At the time of which I write the neighborhood was of the first respectability; the *haute volée* had indeed winged their flight up town, but substantial families still dwelt under their own roofs around St. John's; still took their airings in its bounds, and looked with comfortable exclusiveness through its rails at locked-out passers-by.

One May afternoon a party of three issued from the tall brick house—Katharine Courtenay, with her sisters Mary and Josephine. Every thing about them harmonized with the season; no tint of hair or cheek refused to blend; they had but put on fresh garb to be at one with Nature. Spring is the time for young people; its fitful grace, its loveliness bearing ever the promise of greater loveliness to come, are all for them. To us who are older, Autumn speaks, its swift splendors telling of decay, even at their height. For youth, the buds that prison summer's glory; for us, the boughs that shall be leafless soon.

Of such a time the girls had no foreboding; they loitered about the paths enjoying the soft air, the pale sunshine, the brightening verdure. They talked of their last May in the country; of woods where spring-beauties carpeted the earth with delicate blossom, and every little hollow was fair with groups of up-springing anemone; where tall hemlocks lifted their heads into the sky, and the soft lapse of waters made the whole air drowsy.

"Do you remember the beds of adder-tongue, like plots of sunshine?" asked Katharine.

"Yes; and the strange, spotted leaf that had such a look of guilt and mystery. I used to wish I were Mr. Hawthorne to write a story from it," said Mary.

"And the vine with its dark, glossy leaves and scarlet berries"—here Josephine took up the word—"I wished for it to dress the church at Christmas. And those white flowers of the wake-robin that were so like a lily, how beautiful they would be upon the altar!"

"Never mind the altar now," said Mary, with a shadow of impatience repeated the next minute and atoned for by-and-by.

So, the life of the city surging round, they talked of those far, quiet scenes till the influence of spring days stole over them; that feeling, too ethereal for us to call it sadness; that light haze, as it were, over our joy in the surrounding beauty.

Josephine was the first to arouse from it. "Half past four!" she exclaimed, looking at her watch. "I must go."

"Why?" said Katharine. "It is early."

"You forget that this is the Month of Mary."

"Victor is coming to tea," said Katharine, indolently.

"That happens often, doesn't it? And the service will be over before tea-time."

"Well—but it is so pleasant here—and there's no obligation, you know."

—"If you look at it in that way. Will you come, Mary?"

Mary did not care much to stay longer; besides she felt guilty of the few words just before. So they went home for their prayer-books.

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There is a vast difference in prayer-books. Mary's was nothing but a vade-mecum of small size, containing the ordinary offices. But Josephine's was a ponderous Roman Missal, richly bound, and held every form of service known to the Church. Devotional pictures marked it here and there, and the emblem of salvation was blazoned on either cover. As she walked slowly along the street, her eyes cast down, the gilt cross gleaming through the transparent folds of her handkerchief, all who met her must recognize a devout young Catholic maiden.

It was twilight in the church ere the office ended, though day yet lingered without. Beautiful was the blooming shrine whence the lights gleamed upward on the face of the Virgin Mother with the Hope of the World cradled in her arms. The perfume of flowers mingled with frankincense and myrrh, the heavenly voices of the choir echoed through the darkening aisles. Mary, good Catholic as she was, had seen through it all that Mrs. M'Bride wore her second bonnet instead of that lovely one she came out with on Easter Sunday, and thought how unbecoming apple-green was to Julia Depau's complexion. But Josephine gave no heed to such vanities; her heart swelled within her, a divine exaltation bore her from earth, and she was only recalled by the close of the service and the departure of the worshipers.

The house was aglow with light when the girls reached home, and the family were at tea. Mrs. Courtenay sat behind the urn dispensing the fragrant beverage to her husband and their numerous olive-branches. A life of ample means and quiet heart, unfettered by striving after fashionable display, had left her a handsome woman at the close of five-and-forty years.

"What kept you so late?" she asked, as the two came in.

"Josephine wanted to stop at the French church, mamma, to see the Sepulchre in the Rock; they have left it there from Holy Week."

"Don't you hate French piety?" said Victor to Katharine, at whose side she sat. "Its cut-paper and artificial flowers are enough to drive one straight to Voltaire. No wonder all French *men* are skeptical; you ladies, I suppose, delight in these little prettinesses."

Katharine smiled; Josephine was shocked. "We must let people manifest their devotion as they will," said Mrs. Courtenay. "Different nations will carry their characteristics with them even into their religion. We Americans can not, perhaps, enter with sympathy into all the observances of foreigners, but we can at least respect the faith that prompts them. I am talking as if you were one of us, Victor," she added; "and, indeed, I think you are by right a Catholic."

"I am afraid no church would consider me a great acquisition, Aunt Agnes," responded the young man—and turned the conversation to another theme.

Tea over, they adjourned to the front parlor. There are no rooms of that sort left in New York now, fashion and luxury have been fatal to them. It had neither rosewood doors nor Aubusson carpet, and the chair-covers were not even brocatelle. But it was large and lofty, and pictures hung upon the walls; the furniture was dark and solid, more for service than for show; hyacinths blossomed in their glasses on the mantle, there was a pleasant litter of books and magazines about the tables. Not many elegances or bits of *virtu* could be seen; nothing was too delicate or costly to be used; it was a room where people lived and enjoyed life every day, not one to which they were summoned when the door-bell rang. What friendly morning calls were made there, on what cheerful evenings the plain chandeliers looked down! No special effort was made to entertain the guests; the natural good spirits and kind feeling of the household simply formed an atmosphere in which every one was at ease.

To-night Miss Thieriot and her brother came in; the card-tables were drawn out and whist proposed.

"Will you play, Josephine?" asked Katharine, aside.

"Not unless I am needed; I had rather work on my stole."

"There will be enough without you. Victor and Miss Thieriot, her brother and Mary. John and I can play chess or watch the others. Don't try your eyes too much with that close work."

The players took their seats and Josephine began her pious labors. There was a good deal of jesting over the cards, pretended exultation on the one hand, little groans of despair from the unsuccessful. Victor was in high spirits and great fortune; and how bright Miss Thieriot seemed! No wonder, thought Josephine. It was always pleasant to be Victor's partner; he played so well that you were sure to win; or if you lost it was still pleasant. John and Katharine had postponed their chess and were watching the game. Katharine sat near Victor, who showed her his hand at every fresh deal; she looked the cards over, and nods and glances passed between them.

"Do you call this quite fair?" said Alfred Thieriot to Mary. "We are working two against three."

"Never mind," she responded, laughingly. "Victor plays a great deal better than Katharine, her advice will probably be to our advantage."

Of course, Josephine was sure of that. But how handsome Katharine looked to-night! She was a magnificent girl, her style ample, luxuriant, with great dark eyes, melancholy in repose but lighting up to splendor when she smiled. And she smiled often on Victor. Josephine saw, or fancied that she saw, a new meaning in their manner to each other. There must always be a moment, more or less defined, when the careless heart of childhood is invaded by a sense of deeper things. The moment came to her now. She grew lonely over her velvet

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and gold thread; it seemed as if she were set aside and forgotten. She longed to lay down her work and go forward to the table, to have her share in the jesting and companionship. A week ago she would have done it without hesitation, or had she tarried would have felt a virtuous superiority to such trifling. Now a reserve, hitherto unknown, held her back and left her without compensation. She turned resolutely from the group and gave herself with renewed zeal to her embroidery.

The game was finished. "Will you take my place, John?" asked Victor of his cousin. "I shall retire on my laurels."

He sauntered to Josephine's table. She felt his coming in every nerve, but she looked steadily at her needle.

"What a little recluse you are, off here in your corner!" he said. "A saint in her niche. *Sancta Josephina, ora pro nobis!*"

She shook her head reprovingly at the words. "Now you are shocked! However, I think I see a smile breaking through the holy sternness. Pray what is the meaning of these hermit airs? Why do you forsake us with such scorn?"

"I wanted to get on with my work," she answered, concisely, "and I did not suppose I should be missed among so many."

"As if I should not always miss you, no matter how many there were. What are you making? A pair of braces for me?"

"Indeed no!" she replied, with assumed indignation. "It is a stole for Father Verheyden."

"That is the stout old gentleman, I think, who sometimes officiates at St. Vincent de Paul. Josie, I am terribly jealous of Father Verheyden. I suppose I might beg a week for a pair of slippers, and here you lavish yard after yard of velvet on those broad shoulders of his."

"Oh, Victor! will you never learn a little reverence?"

"My education has been so neglected in that line. But I'll try—if you will be my teacher."

Josephine felt the color rising to her cheeks at the glance that accompanied these words.

"Shall I read to you a while?" he continued. "Or are you tired? Would you like to join them at cards?"

"No, I am not tired. You may read if it is not too much trouble." He took up a volume of Byron that lay near and began,

> "'The lamp must be replenished, but even then
> It will not burn so long as I must watch.'"

He read well, and was not averse to a display of the accomplishment, nor is seventeen a severe critic when it is a dear voice that speaks. As, turning the pages, he gave here and there a scene, the thrilling tones more than the verse perhaps absorbed the young girl's attention, her work slid from her hands, she listened with fixed attitude and earnest gaze.

"'One word for mercy! Say thou lovest me!'" pronounced Victor, with despairing intensity; and his eyes met Josephine's. He had been carried away by the passion of the poem and his own dramatic fervor; his cousin had for the moment represented Astarté to his mind. If she had understood this, he thought, if he could have explained it to her, she would not have colored so deeply. As it was, perhaps he had gone a little too far.

"I am wearying you," he said, laying down the book and pretending to repress a yawn. "It is stupid business this reading poetry; I ought to have chosen something livelier." He walked slowly away while Josephine remained overcome by chagrin. She had been so happy, she had forgotten even the presence of the others; and while she felt thus Victor had found the reading stupid. She did not know how his heart throbbed as he moved so carelessly about the room, how he saw every where before him the listening face, the gaze of innocent devotion. Lacking such knowledge, the rest of the evening was like a painful dream, and she went to rest with a heavy heart.

She awoke next morning abashed at her folly, yet reassured. In the calm prosaic daylight it was difficult to credit the reality of those exaggerated feelings. It was all a mistake, a passing fancy. Victor was her cousin, just as he was John's or Mary's. She liked him, as they did, only she feared that hers was perhaps a jealous disposition. She remembered crying bitterly, years ago, because one of her brothers, in some childish game, chose her less often than he did the other girls. Here was a fault to be atoned for and prayed against.

Victor had staid all night, and they would meet at breakfast. Therefore she was rigorous with herself, and gave less care than usual to her toilet. Yet, only that such thoughts were sinful, she would have wished that the face reflected in her mirror were more like Katharine's. Josephine was the least pretty of the girls. Her figure was too small and slight; the irregularity of her features would have been conspicuous but that they were so delicate. Still nobody had ever called her plain; her sweet eyes, beautiful complexion, and graceful manner forbade the verdict.

Certainly Victor did not think her plain as she came into the breakfast-room. With a half-glance—for he would not look—he saw her girlish charms: the sea-shell tints, the slim fairness of her hands, the soft contrasts of hair and brow. No, he would not look; he was determined. He had other things to think of than such nonsense. Poor and in debt, loving ease and loving luxuries, he was not going to put a climax to his fate by loving one of his cousins too. They were nice girls, all of them, and the house a delightful one to visit; but not one of them should tempt him. Not Katharine's gorgeousness, nor Mary's bright and glancing beauty; resistance was easy enough so far, since neither of these had ever tempted him; no, nor even dear little Josie's shy and tender ways. What was the child thinking of last night? he wondered. Was that blush a mere chance, or had the graceless cousin un-

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wittingly gained a lodgment in her heart? Pshaw! here he was wandering off into danger again. He began to talk vigorously with Aunt Agnes of Turkish and Parisian coffee, each of which he had tried in its own locality.

Josephine had soon a little struggle with herself. There was a service of some sort, I know not what, and she would not neglect it, hard as it was to leave the cheerful group. Her self-denial had a speedy reward. Coming down stairs, bonneted and shawled, she found Victor awaiting her in the hall.

"We may as well have each other's company as far as our way lies together," he said.

"But I go up town, you know."

He hesitated a moment; then inclination triumphed.

"Very well. I will go too. Business will not suffer by half an hour's delay."

They walked on. Victor, angry at his own want of self-control, would talk of no themes but the most commonplace. Josephine, all ignorant of his feelings, was happy enough in having him beside her. The fresh air, the sunshine, the roar of the great city awaking to its daily life, stirred and revived her spirit; all these morning influences blent imperceptibly with her gladness. The walk was too short; she was sorry to see the door of the church.

"Will you not come in?" she asked.

"Not to-day, thank you. You must be devotional for both of us. Good-by." He was going down the steps, but turned. "And mind, Josie," he said, taking her hand one instant in his own, "that you are not carried off in a holy ecstasy, for I should not like to lose you."

If the words were trifling his eyes were earnest. Josephine went in, blessed yet bewildered. She passed the basin of holy water without remembering to cross herself, and had to turn back half-way up the aisle. In the sacred place she strove to banish earthly feeling, but the young love tinged every thought, mingled with every aspiration.

As for Victor he could have stamped with vexation. "Am I more fool or knave?" he asked himself. "But this is the end—the very last of it."

Josephine foreboded no such sudden finis. The volume was but opened; she had just begun to turn its eloquent leaves; dreaming over the story of to-day she beholds new enchantments in the pages yet unread. Should we not warn her? Shut up the book, child. It is a silly tale, worn out and vapid. Or were it beautiful and wondrous, as you say, it belongs to some one else; it is not meant for you.

The day's happiness was unclouded; in her content of heart the girl marveled at the restless trouble of the previous night. She did not think of love; she only felt how kind was Victor, how pleasant every thing became when he was near. There was a shade of disappointment when he did not come that evening, nor the next.

The third night it rained in torrents; it was useless to expect him. Having said this to herself she listened to every step upon the pavement, hoping that it might be his. Eight o'clock by the little time-piece on the mantle; but then that always is too fast; and nine even would not be very late. Her father read his newspaper by the drop-light. Mrs. Courtenay was busied with some master-piece of fancy knitting. Katharine sat at the piano and sung from "Norma." How mournful her voice sounded! The long swells, the lingering cadences, seemed a farewell to Hope.

Suddenly the door-bell pealed above the singing. Every one paused and looked up.

"Who can that be this rainy night?" said Katharine.

"John, I presume," said Mary. "He is always forgetting his latch-key."

Josephine made no such tame conjectures; her heart leaped to the hope that *he* had come. There was a brief, sharp pause of doubt while he took off his wrappings in the hall; then the door opened and the world grew bright again; but not for long.

"Don't let me interrupt your music," he said, going to the piano when the first greetings were over. "'Norma!' How I wish you could hear it as I have done, with Grisi for prima donna! But they say we shall actually have the Opera in New York next winter; at least some friends of mine, who know about these things, assure me that the attempt will be made."

"If it only would succeed!" said Katharine, warmly. "I would give any thing to hear an Opera! But we have always been told that it was too costly an enterprise for this country."

"I don't see why. We have a good deal of wealth and taste; we lack culture, but that comes with time, if indeed it is necessary in this case. Half the people, knowing the thing is fashionable and patronized abroad, will flock to it if they do not understand a note. Come, songstress, begin your melodies. What will you give us? Casta Diva?"

"I am not so presumptuous. But you should hear Miss Haydon sing it."

"She has a wonderful voice, even now," said Victor.

"Yes, indeed. When Malibran was in this country—when she was Garcia—she and Miss Haydon were intimate. Malibran used to say that Miss Haydon's voice was better than her own by nature; that with equal cultivation she would have been the greater singer."

"She had enough of cultivation herself, poor thing!" said Mrs. Courtenay. "Garcia was a cruel tyrant; he stood over her with a whip while she practiced, and if any thing went wrong he did not spare her. You needn't look incredulous; it is true. She led a life of public splendor and private wretchedness. How well I remember her eyes! They were the saddest I ever saw in any face."

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"Begin, our Malibran," said Victor, turning to a favorite air. Katharine was in excellent voice; she sang without apparent effort, and there was a power, a softness in her tones, rare and delicious. Why did skill in music suddenly become to Josephine the one great and desirable attainment? Her own voice, a sweet, slim little pipe, had not been thought worth cultivating; she sang sometimes, but as a child does, careless of effect; nor had it once occurred to her that pains-taking and study were worth while in her own case, familiar as they were in Katharine's. Now she pondered the possibility of patient labor and great achievements by-and-by; something that Victor could praise as he was praising her sister. When he called for song after song, and hung entranced upon the notes, that new, strange trouble came upon the young girl; combat it as she would it still prevailed.

"I am tired," said Katharine, at last, "and I dare say the audience sympathizes with me." She left the piano and walked about the room, a little excited by the music and the images of beauty it evoked; perhaps, too, a little elated by consciousness of her own powers.

Victor watched her admiringly. "You would be a splendid Norma," he said; "of the real Grisi style. And we haven't even a bouquet for you after the feast you have given us."

He crossed to the mantle, and breaking a creamy hyacinth from its stem, placed it in Katharine's raven braids.

"A stolen tribute!" she laughed. "The hyacinths belong to Josie."

"Ah?" he said, carelessly. "I will send one to-morrow to replace it."

Josephine was amazed at the storm of feeling that swept over her at this simple act. It seemed the crown of all the evening's cruelties. Was it not enough that she had sat unheeded, longing for a word or look, while all was lavished on another? Must even her poor blossoms go, plucked by his hand, to adorn that rival? Escaping to her own room she tried to still the tumult. Grief and jealousy thrilled and tormented her by turns. Frightened at her own emotions, she fell on her knees, beseeching a higher aid to exorcise this evil spirit.

The little room had been a sanctuary hitherto; the other girls smiled sometimes, half kindly, half amused, at its religious character. The numerous pictures were all devotional; the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and many another well-known subject; over one arm of the large crucifix hung a rosary, ebon and gold, blessed by the Holy Father himself. In this haven had Josephine found refuge from the slight troubles that disturbed her tranquil life; here had been always peace and consolation. Now she gazed long upon the Mater Dolorosa; that image of holy sorrow rebuked but did not still her own selfish grief. She looked at the Marriage of St. Catherine, remembering how often she had dreamed of giving herself one day to the same Mystic Bridegroom. Unworthy aspirant! caught so soon in the meshes of an earthly passion!

The promised flowers came next morning, not hyacinths alone, but balmy heliotrope and blue, pathetic violets, and roses, their fair, odorous petals tinged with a faint bloom. Clustered in an alabaster vase they made a poem eloquent of May.

Josephine began her penance. Just glancing at them, enough to feel their beauty, she devoted them to her atoning purpose. Katharine was going out that evening; when her toilet was nearly finished her sister came into the room.

"Here is your bouquet," she said, holding out the handful of beauty and fragrance. "Sit still while I fasten these roses in your hair; I have saved the prettiest for that."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Katharine; "but it is a shame to rob you so."

"They would be faded in a day or two, at any rate;" and she secured the roses in their place. Katharine was gone a minute later, the flowers with her. How Josephine would have loved to hang over them, study their beauty, drink in their odor; when they were faded, to keep their sere remains among her treasures! They had served a better use, she thought.

Days grew into weeks. Josephine was often absent from the evening circle. "What a little saint it is!" thought Mary, knowing how those hours were spent which the rest of them gave up to gayety. The father was disquieted.

"I don't like this excessive devotedness," he said to his wife. "I wish she cared for the natural pleasures of her age instead."

"I see what you are afraid of," returned Mrs. Courtenay. "Josephine has always been different from other girls; from her earliest childhood she delighted in those acts of piety which to most people are unwelcome duties. Still I am not alarmed, though I should be as sorry as you for any such result. I don't want any nuns or priests in the family. I hope my children will get to heaven in some easier way."

"But suppose she should have a true vocation?"

"It would be sacrilege to oppose her then, of course; but I don't think it will prove so. Romantic girls have often a fancy for a convent; I had myself when I was young."

"You, Agnes!"

"To be sure. And here are my husband and seven children in spite of it. Doesn't that encourage you? Let the child meet some one she can like, and this romance will take an earthly turn. She will give up a few masses and confessions, and settle down into a good wife and mother."

Those who loved her best knew little of her. If Josephine thought sometimes of a convent it was no longer because her soul aspired to an entirer consecration—it only seemed a possible refuge from her griefs. Her accustomed peace had fled. Often the sound of music or of laugh-

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ter broke on her retirement, often she found herself pausing in her prayers to listen for the dearest voice. Then she longed to go down and taste life with the rest; the room seemed so lonely, a cell, a burial-place. If she yielded all her sweets were dashed with bitter; there was the spectacle, wearily-familiar, yet ever freshly painful, of Victor's devotion, Katharine's graciousness. Or did it fail, did she fancy for a moment that she had been mistaken, that he did not love her sister, his indifference to herself was yet more certain. Only at times.

This was the worst. Would Victor but have left her alone, had she convinced herself that she was nothing to him, pride and delicacy would have aided her. But this he would not do. Resolutely prudent, he had no thought of marrying for love; he looked forward to far other nuptials where an ample fortune and a willing bride awaited him. Meanwhile, if Josephine appeared preoccupied or distant, if any thing, however slight, led him to imagine that his power grew weaker, love or vanity awoke. Gentle words and acts of tender meaning made her restless, hopeful, till the next interview brought fresh disappointment and fresh misery. Foolish child! wasting the brightness of youth upon this tinsel dream! Poor heart! to which dark eyes and gayety and grace represented all that was noble or desirable in life.

She bore it till she could bear no longer. She must escape, must go away from this constant trial and temptation.

"Mamma," she said, when they were alone one day, "there is something I wish so much to do. I hope you will not refuse permission."

"Something reasonable, I trust."

"May I spend a few weeks at the Sacred Heart? It will do me good, I am sure, and the Sisters will be glad to have me. Sister Constance used to say I would come back to them."

The mother was startled and looked grave.

"You know a retreat is not unusual," continued Josephine, pleadingly. "It is very common before confirmation, and many people make one in their own homes from time to time."

"Can not you do so, too?"

"Our family is so large, mamma; we have so many comers and goers. There every thing is arranged for quiet and seclusion. Do consent."

"I can not till I have seen your father."

Mr. Courtenay shook his head at the proposal; it seemed to him that his fears were hurrying to fulfillment. His wife, after a little, thought it wisest to indulge the fancy—a brief experience of recluse life might be the best cure for any *penchant* toward it. With some misgivings he yielded to her views, and Josephine received the consent she so desired. Victor, inquiring for her at his next visit, learned whither she had gone. The news filled him with disquiet. What if this absence foreboded a perpetual one? and what would life be like if her share in it were finally and forever withdrawn? Our own selfishness is certainly a safe thing to trust to, only we should be careful not to overrate its strength in any one direction. Victor began to fear lest he had not exercised this care.

In the quiet cloister the unquiet heart implored for peace. There was a sweetness in this life, given to good works, measured by devotion, that would once have drawn the young girl with a resistless charm. She felt it now, but with the consciousness that it could no longer satisfy her. Earthly memories vexed the sacred calm; as the days passed they gained in power. She yearned to return, even to the troubles from which she had fled. "The world," that great vortex of vanity and danger, was dearer than this seclusion, hallowed though it were. It was a sad lapse from early fervor; she felt it so, but the truth remained.

They made it a feast-day when she came home again. There was a little banquet, seasoned with great rejoicing. All had missed her, missed her gentle ways, her soft companionship, yes, and even the little sanctities at which they sometimes smiled.

"I hope you haven't set your heart upon returning," said John, "because I for one shall never give consent."

"No," she replied, "I have no wish to do so." How genial, how happy seemed the dear home-life, how bright all the beloved faces! Only one was missing, and that she would not think of now.

"Oh, Josie," exclaimed Katharine, suddenly, "we've such a piece of news for you—about Victor! Guess."

"Is he going to be married?" she asked, while a dull, dead certainty weighed down her heart.

"Pretty well, upon my word," said John. "Here's a young lady just out of a convent, and her first thought is of matrimony!"

"How could you guess so soon?" said Katharine. "I should have thought of his going abroad again, or having a fortune left him, or any thing sooner than that. We had not the least idea of it; I only heard it yesterday at the Depaus. It is that Miss Romaine—don't you remember seeing her last winter at Mrs. Sutton's concert?—a tall, striking-looking girl with black eyes. She is an heiress, they say, which will make her none the worse match for Victor."

Here it was then. She had so longed for news of him, and now it met her at the very threshold.

"No great compliment to you girls," observed John. "Here are three of you, not so bad-looking, and the youth breaks away from your united charms to bestow himself elsewhere."

"What an idea!" said Katharine. "One would as soon think of marrying a brother as a cousin." At these words Josephine hid her poor little secret yet deeper in her heart.

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"I think Victor has behaved very badly to us," said Mary. "We had a right to hear such news from himself, not to get the first word of it from our acquaintances."

"For that matter," said Katharine, carelessly, "I suppose that we and our claims are the last things he has troubled himself about; he has had more interesting things to think of. He has hardly been in the house since you went away," she continued, turning to Josephine; "but of course we never guessed how he was occupied."

All these weeks she had been dreaming of him, seeing him in his accustomed place, hoping that he missed her sometimes; while he, absorbed in the new love, had never once thought of her!

"Well, you may take it so quietly if you like," said Mary, in answer to Katharine's explanation; "but I shall let him know what I think the very first time he comes here."

She had soon an opportunity. Before the evening ended Victor appeared.

Josephine was the first object of attention, naturally. He shook hands with her in a cousinly manner, asked after her health, and pronounced that she was thinner than before her absence.

"Yes," growled John, "the good sisters have fasted her down to a mere shadow. I hope they made it up to her in spiritual food."

Then Mary opened her complaint; the others offered congratulations. Victor said little in acknowledgment or self-defense; seemed, indeed, unwilling to admit the charge. The girls rallied him upon his lack of candor.

"You needn't pretend to deny it," said Katharine. "Julia Depau says it has been going on for months."

"She has probably sources of information superior to mine."

"Now, Victor, this is very shabby behavior. It is a poor compliment to the lady, too."

"It is her doing, you may depend," said Mary. "She is ashamed of him, and wants to keep it still as long as possible."

While this bantering went on Josephine slipped into the front parlor. Standing at the window she stared steadily forth, neither knowing nor caring what she saw. A voice close at hand made her start.

"What a charming prospect!" it said; "two sidewalks and a lamp-post. But ain't you rather selfish in keeping it for your own benefit? And why do you run away from us all, after such an absence?"

As if he had cared about her absence! But she could not allude to that.

"You were so occupied in talking," she began—and paused.

"On a subject that did not interest you. You are quite right; it affects me in the same way. A precious piece of news, isn't it?"

She looked up surprised, and met Victor's smiling eyes. "Josie," he said, "you didn't believe it! I thought you knew me better—and *liked* me better, dear, than to credit such a thing!"

Then the skies opened, and Paradise was let down into the young girl's life.

All this was five-and-twenty years ago—years that have changed the city almost beyond recognition, and dispersed our family from its old roof to various homes.

Going down the Avenue any morning when people are in town you may see Victor descend the broad steps of his handsome house. He keeps the old grace of manner, the smile that used to be so winning; time has taken but little from his dark, manly beauty. No child follows him to the door; no face of blooming maidenhood watches him from the window. Perhaps a stately woman, no longer young, may pause there a moment, and look after the receding form. Can our little Josie have developed thus? No. This tall shape, these striking traits, belong to the former Miss Romaine.

Where, then, is Josephine? We shall look for her in vain. Long years ago her mortal part was given to the keeping of our common mother. A brief period of bliss, of faith that saw nothing, foreboded nothing that could grieve—and the fatal work began. Softly and slowly she faded out of life, sustained by all that was dear in love and holy in religion.

A year only had been lost, and Victor was free again. No more haunting doubts and rebellious inclinations; no more strife of love and prudence. The dream had been dreamed out to its close, and he could turn unhindered to the absolute and practical in life.

It is long since she left him, and the atmosphere he dwells in is not favorable to sentiment. But sometimes the sight of a lily, the perfume from a bunch of violets, brings up her memory, tender as if it were only yesterday she died. And he wonders what she has been doing all these years, and if she loves him still.

RISTORI.

WHEN Campbell attempted the Life of his friend Mrs. Siddons, he grew sadly puzzled over his subject. "There is nothing to say," he despairingly exclaimed. Pure English prose had been the even tenor of her way, and there was little to write saving that she had been a good woman and a great actress. Ristori's future biographer will chant a different refrain, for Romance seems to have presided over her birth, and to have strewn her path with as many incidents as flowers. Good fortune having given me the key to much of this romance, I now string the pearls together, that others besides myself may know what generous impulses and fine principles make up the character of that incomparable actress who has brought Myrrha, Camma, Medea, Lady Macbeth, Elizabeth, and Mary Stuart back to life. "An ower true tale," wherein truth shames fic-

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tion, is of no such common growth that we can pass it by without comment.

Propensities in parents often become genius in their children. Had not Antonio Ristori and his wife, Maddalena Pomatelli, been very mediocre actors in Cavicchi's wandering company, probably the Adelaide Ristori, who was born in the little Venetian city of Cividale del Friule, would not now be the one great living tragedienne. "Link follows link by necessary consequence," and what in itself may be of little benefit to humanity, is as indispensable to the attainment of great ends as the acorn is the required precedent of the oak.

Born a dramatic gipsy, Adelaide Ristori made her first appearance on the stage when two months old, in the comedy entitled *Il Regalo del primo Giorno dell' Anno*—"The New-Year's Gift." Introduced in a basket, the unconscious infant did not on this occasion give any evidence of dramatic ability. Four years later, however, when *la piccola Ristori* became a regular member of the company, large audiences greeted her whenever she appeared in a child's part, *La Giovannina dei bei cavalli e della bella carrazza*, being her leading part at that early period. Even then Ristori's salary was greater than that of her parents. But despite her success Adelaide was very unwilling to act. She showed much greater love for music, and there is little doubt that Ristori would have made a prima donna had she not been an actress, for nature endowed her with a magnificent mezzo-soprano voice, which of course has since been ruined by incessant speaking. As a girl, she was wont to introduce songs in certain comedies, accompanying herself upon the piano-forte, singing and playing entirely by ear, not knowing one note of music from another, yet producing more effect and throwing more feeling into her *canzoncine* than many a trained artist. The old passion still remains, and Ristori will go to the piano and sing the Italian popular songs with admirable expression. This musical taste was inherited from her father, who possessed so wonderful an ear that he played upon several instruments without the slightest knowledge of any, and so well as to have performed in public in the place of artists who failed to keep their engagements.

Teresa Ristori, Adelaide's grandmother and first teacher—who had been a fine actress in her day—looked with no favor upon the old guitar which her little pupil preferred thrumming to memorizing parts, and as a punishment for not studying, would put her granddaughter in an open trunk during meal-times. This seemed to produce the desired effect. Exceptional in her talents, "the little Ristori" was equally exceptional in her pleasures. When other children were dressing and undressing dolls, she was laying them out, surrounding them with candles, and "playing dead!" This peculiar propensity developed later into an almost passionate sympathy with burying-grounds; and more than once, when driven to desperation by circumstances of a private nature, Ristori has sought temporary refuge and quiet in the poetical and beautiful "holy fields" of Italy. If any thing can bring peace and humility to the soul, if any thing can teach the utter nothingness of human passion and ambition, it is those arched and silent cloisters with their cold, colorless mural inscriptions to the memory of the dry bones crumbling behind them.

Possessed of much religious fervor, Ristori, while performing at Faenza in 1841, became an object of veneration to its imaginative and superstitious people. Always dressed very simply in black, with a black veil thrown over her head—a covering at that time customary in Romagna—the young actress, accompanied by her maid, was in the habit of attending mass daily at five o'clock in the morning, that she might avoid observation. Knowing her reason for coming at this early hour, a priest was always in waiting, and began the service as soon as she entered the church. This unusual conduct, taken in connection with Ristori's quiet demeanor and equally quiet life—which away from the theatre was passed at home in reading, writing, and embroidering; the last of which occupations she indulged in to such an extent as to have impaired her sight—led the simple Faenzesi to look upon Ristori as a creature little lower than the angels, a saint in embryo. So intense grew the interest in her movements that the windows of her room became a target for the town's eyes; and when it was noticed that her light was left burning very late, public curiosity one night actually perched itself on top of a ladder, and in the character of "peeping Tom" watched Ristori's midnight vigils. She read, she wrote, she embroidered, and then throwing herself on the bed in her street dress, accidentally went to sleep without extinguishing the light. This was the only report that "peeping Tom" could make—the expected visitation of angels not having taken place. Yet the Faenzesi still put faith in Ristori's future canonization; and when she bade farewell to their city, scattered flowers and prints of herself in her path. Moreover, an article of dress which she left behind her was divided among the good people and kept as a holy relic.

Leaving the nomadic manager Cavicchi for the equally nomadic Giuseppe Moncalvo, Ristori at the age of twelve acted *soubrettes*. At fourteen she undertook the very important *rôle* of Francesca da Rimini, but was so tall and thin that it required every possible artifice to convert the undeveloped girl into a woman. Notwithstanding the great encouragement given her whenever she appeared in a tragic part, her father, who seems to have possessed much theatrical wisdom, insisted that his daughter's *repertoire* should be limited to the *ingénues*. For this discipline Ristori has ever been most grateful. From that time forward the young actress not only supported her parents but also her six brothers and sisters, who being younger than herself, were educated by her; none, however,

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with the exception of Cesare, evincing any positive dramatic ability.

It was at this period that Ristori became a member of the Royal Sardinian Company, directed most ably by Gaetano Bazzi, and located for six months of the year at Turin. Those were the palmy days of the Italian Drama, when talent was concentrated, and Carlotta Marchioni, Antonietta Robotti, Rosina Romagnoli, Luigi Vestris, and many another whose light would now shine as of a star of the first magnitude, were seen together on the same night. This was the company into which Ristori was ushered as *ingéune* and *amorosetta;* and here she took her first lessons in real art.

What Sanson was to Rachel Carlotta Marchioni was to Ristori. The accredited equal of Mademoiselle Mars, generous as she was great, enamored of her art and anxious that the Italian stage should be nobly upheld, La Marchioni watched with a jealous care all young actresses who came within the range of her observation. To her, then, Ristori's advent was the promise of the dawn. Hers was the greeting of the setting to the rising sun. She saw in Adelaide one to whom might be bequeathed her crown, and took the young girl to her heart. *Adelaide farà una grande carriera*—"Adelaide will have a great career!" La Marchioni would exclaim, with satisfaction; and when asked if there were not others of equal ability, would shake her head incredulously.

Ristori made so much progress during three years of constant intercourse with her teacher that La Marchioni, on retiring from the stage in 1840, wished her pupil to assume her *rôles*. "But, Signora, I can not," Ristori pleaded; at which want of confidence the *maestra* became greatly enraged. But sanguine as La Marchioni was in Ristori's ultimate greatness, her criticisms were terribly severe. Having a country house near Turin, she would invite her protégée to make long visits, but always set aside certain hours for study. Whenever Ristori had an important part to act, La Marchioni was sure to be found in her box in the theatre sitting in judgment on her youthful successor; and at the conclusion of the performance she would go behind the scenes for the purpose of delivering her verdict to the aspiring actress, who awaited it with fear and trembling.

"Well, *maestra*, how did I act to-night?" Ristori would falteringly ask.

"Like an imbecile! You had better go and wash dishes! Don't flatter yourself that people applaud your acting. It is your beauty. Their *bravas* are worth nothing. *I* tell you that you are an idiot."

This was when Ristori had done something which La Marchioni did not like. At other times, when satisfied, she would fold her arms, and endeavoring to hide her content under a look of assumed displeasure, would mutter: "I'll have nothing more to do with you! You act too much as I would have you!" Then Ristori was radiant with delight.

Remaining with the Sardinian Company until her sixteenth year, being one year after La Marchioni's retirement, Ristori, upon being offered better terms, accepted a seven years' engagement with Romualdo Mascherpa, Director of the Ducal Company of Parma.

Working incessantly, acting seven nights a week, Ristori's health, which during her girlhood was never robust, began to fail. She was threatened with consumption, physicians declaring that she would most certainly die if she did not temporarily withdraw from the stage. In despair at this news, knowing how dependent her family were upon her, Ristori, having no other alternative, applied to her *impressario* for leave of absence, but was cruelly refused. Obliged then to break her engagement, she retired to a friend's villa near Bologna, and there remained, having no other companion than a cousin, and seeing her father but once a week. Removed from every species of excitement and annoyance, Ristori was so far recovered at the end of four months as to be able to return to her profession.

In 1842 Ristori first began to *create*, from which time to 1848 she sustained a brilliant reputation as a comedienne and as a delineator of the romantic drama. Her reputation was then based upon Goldoni's three master-pieces—*La Locandiera*, *Gli Innamorati*, *Zelinda e Lindoro;* upon *La Lusinghera* and *La Fiera* of Nota; upon Leone Forti's admirable play of *Cuores ed Arte;* upon the younger Marenco's tragedy of *Piccarda Donati*, Martini's comedy of *La Donna di Quarant' Anni*, and the many plays of Gherardi del Testa, author of a charming little comedy, *Il Regno d'Adelaide*, written expressly for Ristori.

Destiny willed that the comedienne should be gradually fitted for the grandest tragic *rôles* by such dramatic situations in real life as fall to the lot of few mortals. The year 1846, which was so memorable to Italy, was no less vital an epoch to Adelaide Ristori. Rome, which witnessed her artistic triumphs, witnessed also the dawning of a passion whose course ran no smoother than that of many another true love. The heroine of fictitious sufferings became a heroine in her own right. For to love and be loved by Giuliano del Grillo, a son of the Marchese Capranica, and heir to the del Grillo estates, was an outrage upon the *convenances* of society not to be tolerated by one of Rome's oldest ducal families.

To own theatres was legitimate, but however willing that one should bear their name, the Capranicas were not willing that the glory of all theatres should be equally privileged. Though Ristori—like her own beautiful creation, Mary Stuart—wore a triple crown; though virtue, beauty, and genius were her title-deeds to the only true nobility, such trifles mattered little to the jealous defenders of an ancient name. Adelaide Ristori was of humble origin, and worse, an actress. With all the terrible parental power which Italians possess, and know so well

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how to exert, the father of Giuliano del Grillo left no means unturned to alienate from her the affections of his son. He labored in vain. Necessity, however, brought about a separation which the Marchese Capranica hoped to make eternal.

Obliged to leave Rome in order to fulfill an engagement in Florence, Ristori bade a tearful adieu to del Grillo, who, having been deprived of a passport through the representations of his father, found himself utterly powerless in the hands of fate. Owing to the espionage to which the young Marchese was subjected, even letter-writing became well-nigh impossible; but as love has defied obstacles ever since the world began, del Grillo mastered the situation. To buy the secrecy and services of a poor man, to hire a room for his accommodation, to which the lover could speed in order to write and to receive letters, all of which should pass through the hands of this accomplice, were ideas that were no sooner conceived than they were carried into effect.

Receiving at last the intelligence that Ristori was suffering greatly from a bronchial affection, and unnecessarily torturing himself with suppositions of her death, del Grillo implored Ristori to meet him at Civita Vecchia, which city being within the Papal jurisdiction he was able to visit without a passport. Regardless of consequences Ristori set out for Civita Vecchia, accompanied by her father and maid, and after a terrible passage, during which shipwreck stared them in the face, they arrived at the appointed rendezvous. Fearing to meet inside the walls of Civita Vecchia, where spies are as thick as the vermin of that dirtiest of Italian towns, del Grillo had taken up his temporary abode in the old castle of Santa Severa, which stood lonely and gloomy in the neighboring Campagna. This hiding-place had been procured through the devotion of his friend Camillo, a nephew of Cardinal Pacca. There the lovers had a stolen interview of an hour's length.

Fortune had favored the brave. No less a dignitary than Pio Nono himself being the unconscious instrument of their deliverance from parental thralldom. Charged by his Holiness with an embassy to Cesena, the young del Grillo saw in this journey the opportunity of accompanying Ristori the greater part of the way to Florence; but how to obtain transport for La Ristori, her father, and maid without being discovered by that lynx-eyed, aristocratic father who would have detained his son in Rome had he dared to dispute Papal authority, was a matter requiring the greatest finesse. For Ristori to have entered Rome would have given rise to all manner of suspicion. At that time, too, Rome was beside itself with revolutionary ideas, and every sort of conveyance was in requisition for very different purposes than those of love. Nevertheless, having the will, del Grillo found the way. Engaging three places in different parts of a diligence, Ristori made the circuit of the Roman walls, stopped at the first post-town on the road to Florence and there took the diligence; the young papal emissary pursuing the same route at the same time, and of course meeting her at every stopping-place. But the journey could not last forever.

Arrived at a little post-town within a short distance of Cesena, del Grillo, desperate at the idea of separating from Ristori without being able to claim her as his own, exclaimed, *Adelaide, vuol essere mia moglie?*—"Adelaide, will you be my wife?" The tide was at its flood and must be taken. "Yes," replied Ristori.

Moments were precious, for the horses would soon be changed and the diligence *en route*. But how was the marriage to be consummated? Entering a church near by where mass was being celebrated, Ristori, her father, and del Grillo knelt down before the altar, and at the conclusion of the services, in the presence of the priest and his audience the lovers proclaimed themselves man and wife, after the manner of Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*. In the Romagna a marriage of this kind is, in default of any other, considered valid; but as a reparation to society and law, the bride and bridegroom are shut up in prison for a few days before being permitted to enjoy matrimonial felicity. On this occasion imprisonment was dispensed with, and the young couple parted at the church-door. Ristori continued on her journey to Florence, and del Grillo betook himself to Cesena.

Correspondence was impossible, and del Grillo found little satisfaction in a honey-moon of such exceeding bitterness, and determined, in spite of all obstacles, to join his wife. A passport was an absolute necessity. Buying one of a *ballerino* for eight hundred dollars, disguised in the garb of a peasant, del Grillo journeyed over the Apennines in an open mule-cart, entered Florence trembling with fear lest the custom-house officers should, upon opening his trunk, recognize the cipher wrought upon his linen. Having successfully run this gauntlet, and not daring to go to a hotel, chilled and weary, del Grillo made his way to Ristori's apartment, where, upon returning from the theatre laden with flowers which were the trophies of her night's triumphs, the young wife found a Leander, who, if he had not swum the Hellespont to embrace his Hero, had braved as much in defying gens d'armes, bleak winds, and jagged mountain roads.

The die was cast. From that time forth Ristori and her husband were inseparable. The Capranica family still remained inexorable, nor did strange incident cease to follow Ristori's fortunes.

Being in Bologna not many months after her singular marriage, and having purchased a very valuable set of stage jewels from an *artiste* who was about to marry Prince Lichtenstein, Ristori became an object of interest to a band of brigands, who, supposing that the jewels were real, determined to capture them. The opportunity for which they waited arrived when Ristori and

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family set out for Florence in two coaches—herself, mother, father, and maid being in one, and her husband and brother in the other. Eleven miles from Bologna Ristori's carriage, which happened to be some distance in advance, was suddenly stopped by these gentlemanly Fra Diavolos, who demanded their money or their lives, suiting the action to the word by presenting arms. Helping themselves to the contents of Signor Ristori's pockets they then proceeded to lay violent hands on his wife, whereupon Adelaide poured out the vials of her wrath so fearlessly and with such effect that the brigands, overcome with surprise at seeing a woman exhibit so much courage under such circumstances, abstained from further spoliation in that direction. Attempting to take Ristori's purse from her, which contained the key to her jewel-box, she resisted in such vigorous Italian that the robbers finally gave up the effort and betook themselves to overhauling the baggage. At this Ristori jumped out of the coach, and running rapidly in the direction of the second carriage, so frightened the brigands by her calls that they, thinking a strong party might be approaching, fled with comparatively little plunder. No harm having been done, laughter succeeded fear; the idea of a band of desperadoes being awed out of their usual professional etiquette by the denunciations and cries of a woman striking them as exceedingly funny.

Though the young couple returned to Rome the hearts of the Capranicas still remained obdurate, nor did the birth of their first child soften the Marchese. Del Grillo's mother, however, a good and noble woman, could no longer withhold her consent, and, visiting her grandchild surreptitiously, soon learned to love the object of so much family hate. Then it happened that, by advice of Cardinal Pacca, who shook his head dubiously when questioned regarding the legality of Ristori's union with del Grillo, a second marriage was celebrated with all due solemnity. This ceremony occurred in 1847, on the day of that happy saint, Fattibuoni. Del Grillo's father persisted in refusing to recognize what he considered a *mésalliance;* and it was not until the death of Ristori's first child and the birth of her second that he allowed himself to be taken to his son's house when his indignation melted into a benediction.

"*Noblesse oblige!*" exclaimed the Capranica family, and Ristori retired from the stage, nothing loth at the time, as she was disgusted with the audiences of Turin, the press of that inartistic city declaring, even as late as 1852, that Ristori with her new school put people to sleep. They had of late been accustomed to rant, and consequently did not take kindly to Nature. But Art has its laws, which are as unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians. Once an artist always an artist. Miserable pride may rob the stage of its brightest jewels; but the day of reckoning comes surely if not always swiftly. As the heart pants after the water-brooks so does the actress of genius hunger and thirst for expression; and it is as impossible for aristocratic edicts to stifle this innate passion as it is for human will to stay the sun's course. Society has no more right to deprive the actress of her stage than it has the right to rob the poet of his pen or the painter of his brush. Every gifted intellect has its appointed work which no other can do as well, and for which it was created. Society would shudder at the idea of deliberately cutting off a human arm or leg, yet will not hesitate to cut off brains. Its victim suffers an endless craving for natural food; 'the world is so much the poorer for this waste of divine material; and Art stands and waits for its revenge. Nobility claimed Sontag; and twenty years after the ruined nobleman who was her husband hastened to retrieve his losses at the gaming-table by the exertions of his beautiful wife. Nobility claimed Ristori, and the actress yielded—for one year.

During her retirement, which was in the stormy times of 1848, when French bombs sought to lay the Eternal City low, and one of these devilish emissaries burst into Ristori's bedroom, the young Marchesa never lost sight of her old professional comrades. Learning one day that Pisenti, one of her former managers, had been imprisoned for debt, the Marchesa del Grillo determined to give three representations for his benefit. Rome besieged the theatre, stormed the entrance, broke the windows, shouted, "Brava! Bravissima!" and demanded the rendering unto Cæsar of those things that were Cæsar's. The stern father saw and acknowledged the greatness of his daughter-in-law, forgot his prejudices in his enthusiasm, and withdrew his objections to her pursuing the career for which she had been born. So, too, did her husband's heart relent, and the Marchesa del Grillo became once more and forever Adelaide Ristori.

More earnest, more serious in her art than before her marriage, Ristori listened to the advice of Madame Caroline Internari, the Mademoiselle George of the Italian theatre, and determined to give herself up to the study of high tragedy. She made her début in Alfieri's master-piece of *Myrrha*, but being physically incapacitated at the time, did not achieve a success. Disgusted with what she called a complete failure, it was not until 1850 that she again took up the part at the urgent request of Madame Internari, who promised to support her in the character of the old nurse Euryclea. Thus did Ristori create that *Myrrha* which no other living actress has dared to attempt.

The one great need of genius is recognition—not the recognition of the unthinking but that of intellect, beyond which there is no appeal. Triumphant throughout all Italy, Ristori wished to put her talents to the test, not knowing her real value, and never dreaming of the great fame and equally great fortune which two hemispheres have since accorded to her. Paris became the goal of her desires; for in Paris sits

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the world's tribunal. An artist may be great and never have seen Paris, but no artist is really great that can not stand the test of Parisian criticism. France is the centre of art; all other countries are provincial. There lies the *Ultima Thule* of artistic aspiration, and there Ristori looked for her letters of credit. In 1852 Rachel had visited Italy. Why then was it not fitting that Ristori should visit France? But Riquetti, the manager of the Royal Sardinian Company, of which Ristori was the prima donna, trembled at the daring of the enterprise. To transport an entire dramatic company to Paris, to attempt to act before Frenchmen who are themselves born actors, and who are most intolerant of foreign languages, to brave Rachel on her own impregnable ground, passed the understanding of the timid impressario. The Marchese del Grillo and Ristori alone remained resolute. Both had confidence in the ability of the company, both had a national pride in the undertaking. The Marchese assumed all the risks, and on the 22d of May, 1855, when Paris was going wild over its first Universal Exposition, the Royal Sardinian Company made their first appearance at the Italian Opera-House in Silvio Pellico's tragedy of *Francesca da Rimini*.

The character of Francesca is not all-important. Paolo more than divides the honors, and on this occasion was admirably rendered by Ernesto Rossi. But critical Paris saw no one but Ristori. Some had gone to scoff, they remained to bring Francesca back to life by recalling her three times before the curtain. The audience was not large, for an Italian fame meant nothing to France; but that audience made haste to proclaim the coming of a new prophet to whom they gave papers of naturalization and called "*Nôtre Ristori.*"

Dumas *père*, the greatest gamin of the age, made haste to write: "Last night I was at the representation of *Francesca da Rimini* at the Salle Vendatour. I looked around the theatre, but did not see Rachel. I beg that she will go and see how the death scene is performed." Rachel would not play Dumas. Here was the author's terrible vengeance—unkind and undeserved, but none the less cutting to the great tragedienne, who for fifteen years had undisputed worn her crown.

Scribe paid court to the new favorite, and Jules Janin, the clever "Figaro" of the *Journal des Debats*, and Fiorentino sealed her fate by their enthusiastic criticisms.

The Royal Sardinian Company being composed, for the most part, of really excellent comedians, several comedies were given in succession after the début of Ristori in *Francesca da Rimini*, but the Parisians failed to grow ecstatic. Even the best of Italian actors could teach them nothing new in comedy, which is the strong point of the French stage. They would go to see no one but Ristori; and on the 29th of May, one week after her début, she made her *entrée* in *Myrrha*. *Francesca da Rimini* was forgotten. The farthing rush-light went out in the presence of the sun. Ristori was "*la sublime actrice*," the stage was carpeted with flowers, critics laid their offerings at the shrine of the Italian muse, artists and authors celebrated her triumph on canvas, in marble, in prose, and in verse.

The Italy of 1855 was not the Italy of to-day. French *littérateurs* wrote of it contemptuously as the land of the dead; and it was no easy matter for them to believe in the good that came out of Nazareth. "Who would have suspected," exclaimed Alexander Dumas, "that Italy, which has applauded the scum of our theatres, possessed such actors!" It was difficult, too, for Janin to realize Alfieri's excellence as a dramatic poet; but of Ristori's *Myrrha* there was—very much to her surprise—but one opinion. "How very singular it is," she said one day, "the Parisians spend ten francs a night to see me perform, and even then all can not obtain admission; while at Turin, where I could be heard in *Myrrha* for eighty centimes, no one came!" The honor of the Italian drama was redeemed, and Ristori's success opened the way to that of Salvini—the greatest Othello and Hamlet of the contemporary stage.

The most flattering triumph was yet to come. Before knowing that there was a Ristori in the world Rachel resigned her position as a *sociétaire* of the Théâtre Français, and the throne thus abdicated was officially offered to her rival by the director, Arsène Houssaye. It was a terrible temptation, one that few artists would have been strong enough to resist. France encouraged the idea; but Méry, loving Art more than his language, attempted to stem the current of popular advice in words that are worthy of remembrance:

"Report says that Ristori will throw herself into the arms of our Tragedy, that she will desert to the camp of the Greeks.—*Nulla fides.*—Madame Ristori belongs to the country of the Trojans. Let her remain a Trojan. Her ruin would date from the moment in which she heard the words: '*Madame on vient en ces lieux*'—because she would descend. By an imprudent invasion of the Alexandrine she would lose all her auxiliaries, and would suffer by inevitable comparison. It is true that her stupendous pantomime must ever remain the same, but this advantage would not suffice. There would then be exacted precisely what she could not give; what she possesses would not be asked for; Paris would demand that she spoke her beautiful Italian language in French.....Oh, noble Arethusa! make the passage of this Parisian ocean, keeping a jealous watch over the purity of thy name. Leave French Tragedy alone, and force Paris to study Italian."

Adelaide Ristori refused the offer; but the Théâtre Français would not acknowledge itself vanquished. What Arsène Houssaye did not succeed in M. Fould, Minister of State, attempted to accomplish, sending for Ristori and speaking to her in the name of Napoleon. Imperial persuasion availed naught. Ristori was first an Italian, and then an artist. To have forsaken *la lingua del sì* would have been no less criminal in her eyes than for Garibaldi to have deserted his flag. Alfieri, not Racine,

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was her star. True to her country and her art, Ristori plead for both when M. Fould endeavored to convert her to the worship of new gods.

"Paris gladly welcomes Italian singing and dancing," she said; "let the Italian drama enjoy equal privileges. If Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi can obtain a hearing for six months during the year, surely Paris should accord the rights of citizenship to the masterpieces of the Italian Theatre."

M. Fould was a faithful embassador. The Emperor lent a friendly ear to Ristori's impulsive petition; and the next day the brave actress was gratified by the reception of an Imperial decree authorizing her to give dramatic performances at the Théâtre Italiens during the months of February, March, and April for the space of three years!

After the production of *Myrrha* it was useless for other members of the Sardinian Company to expect to obtain a hearing. Even the *Orestes* of Rossi did not succeed in attracting attention. *Myrrha* was repeated; and on the 26th of June Ristori made her entrée in *Maria Stuarda*, a part in which Rachel was justly celebrated. The critical ordeal through which the Italian passed was fiery; yet she escaped unscathed. Paris was enthusiastic; and Rachel, not willing that the field should be entirely left to her rival, gave one representation of the captive queen at the Théâtre Français on the same night that Ristori performed the part at the Italiens.

The Reverend Father Veuillot, editor of the ultramontane journal *L'Univers*, so far forgot his clerical propriety as to witness Ristori's rendering of a character which has very great interest to every Catholic. Not content with seeing, the reverend Father wrote an ardent criticism thereupon, confessing at the same time that he had committed a great indiscretion in going to the theatre.

The drama of *Maria Stuarda* has brought incident as well as fortune to Ristori. "In writing Mary Stuart our Schiller never thought to find so admirable an interpreter," said the fastidious Viennese; and in 1856 Verona selected the night of its performance—February 8—for the rendering of such homage as no other living artiste has received. At the conclusion of the third act, when Ristori had electrified her audience by her denunciation of Elizabeth, when her proud exclamation, "*Questa è un' ora di vendetta e di trionfo*," still rang in the ears of every one, the curtain rose, in answer to enthusiastic applause, disclosing not only Ristori but the inscription, "*Teatro Adelaide Ristori*," which, surrounded by a garland of roses, was seen at the back of the stage. This baptism was repeated in front of the theatre in illuminated letters; and after being escorted to her hotel by a torch-light procession, the heroine of the night was presented with a beautiful album surmounted by her cipher and crown in silver, while beneath her windows a military band played fragments from Donizetti's opera of *Maria Stuarda*. It was indeed "an hour of triumph!"

On another occasion, when performing the same character at Pavia to an audience composed for the most part of students who had renounced their bottle of wine for that night in order to see Ristori, one of their number became so interested in the fate of the beautiful Queen of Scots as to lose sight of the fiction, and when, in the fourth act, Elizabeth seized her pen to sign the death warrant of her hated rival, the young fellow rose from his seat and screamed out: "*No, no, per Dio!*"—"No, no, for God's sake!" Yet the imperturbable Queen of England was not moved from her resolve, and the student sat down amidst universal laughter.

Ristori's first season in Paris terminated on the 10th of September, realizing the round sum of half a million of francs. *Francesca da Rimini*, *Myrrha*, *Maria Stuarda*, and *Pia de' Tolomei* had made for her a fame by which she could henceforth command audiences throughout the world. She had given three performances of *Francesca*, seventeen of *Myrrha*, twenty-two of *Maria Stuarda*, and seven of *Pia*. She had acquired the friendship of such men as Lamartine, Legouvé, and Alfred de Vigny; and on the day of her benefit she had been presented with a medal struck in her honor by the Italian residents of Paris, containing an epigraph written by Joseph Montanelli. She had had her portrait painted by Ary Scheffer, and had been the recipient of such imperial approbation as France had extended to no artist since the days of Talma. Through the medium of Moquard, his private secretary, Napoleon sent to Ristori a beautiful bracelet in the form of a serpent, the head sparkling with diamonds, to which was attached the following note:

"L'Empereur sera charmé de vous entendre avant votre départ; mais en consentant de recevoir vos adieux, S. M., comme le public parisien, compte sur une courte absence; et dans les applaudissements qu' elle vous réserve, se trouveront, n'en doutez pas, et l'invitation de revenir et l'espérance de vous revoir bientôt. Je suis heureux, Madame, d'être l'interprète de l'Empereur auprès de la grande artiste italienne devenue française, et je vous prie d'agréer," etc.

Diamonds were not the only gifts awaiting Ristori in all the Courts of Europe. In 1858 the King of Prussia was so delighted with her noble conception of Mosenthal's *Deborah* that he decorated her with the Order of Merit, an honor never before or since extended to a woman. More's the pity!

Upon Ristori's first visit to Spain, which took place in September, 1857, there occurred one of the most remarkable incidents of her life, which I will endeavor to relate in her own words so far as memory and translation permit. Ristori's manner and animation in narration of course defy description. Seated with her one day, very early in the morning, she in her morning-gown expecting the arrival of her English teacher, I said:

"Do tell me about that extraordinary adven-

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ture of yours in Spain by which you saved the life of a poor soldier?"

"Ah, what a romance was that!" replied Ristori. "It is a long story, and can not now receive just treatment; but had you been in Madrid at the time you could have made something fine out of it. It is one of many singular things that have happened to me without the least seeking on my part. *Andiamo.* It was on the third night of my first season. *Medea* was the heroine of the evening. Before dressing for the part, I was seated in the little salon into which my dressing-room opened, talking, according to custom, with many of the actors who were in the habit of congregating there before the performance and during the *entr'actes.* On this particular occasion the subject of conversation was, naturally, Madrid and the customs of a country which we saw for the first time. 'By-the-by,' said one of the company, 'did you hear that bell to-day?'

"'What bell?'

"'Why, the bell of the *Misèricordia*, to be sure. It appears that in Spain, whenever any one is condemned to death, the *Fratelli di San Giovanni* go from house to house on the day preceding the execution, asking alms in behalf of the criminal. The money thus collected is divided into three parts: One goes to the Church, that masses may be said for the unhappy creature's soul; one is given to the condemned to dispose of as best pleases him, and one is handed to his family. To-day the alms obtained were unusually large, for public opinion is opposed to an execution which is declared to be unjust.'

"'But who is the man?' I asked.

"'One Nicolas Chapado, a soldier in Her Majesty's army. For no offense whatever he was slapped in the face by an officer, and in a moment of exasperation attempted to shoot his superior, but was pinioned before any injury was done. To-morrow, at eight o'clock, he dies.'

"'*O mio Dio!*' I exclaimed; 'is it possible that such things are permitted in this world? Here am I, happy, contented. In a few moments I shall go upon the stage; receive honors, applause, money; I shall go home to my family to sleep in peace; while not far from me one of God's creatures will be watching, praying, awaiting the coming of a day that will hurl him into eternity, and his family into misery. *Signori*, tell me no more of this sad story, or I shall not be able to act.' Fearing to become still further interested in a tragedy which I could not help, I retired to the inner cabinet to dress, little dreaming of the part I was destined to play in it.

"It appears that a Society which was in the habit of meeting at a certain café, and which was the centre of revolutionary movements generally, had determined to prevent, if possible, this slaughter of Chapado. Discussing the surest means of obtaining a pardon, they resolved to make me their instrument. The Queen was to be present at the theatre that night. She had already given me proofs of her esteem. At the end of the first act I should throw myself at Her Majesty's feet, and all would be accomplished. Thus decided, a committee came to the theatre, waited upon my husband, and stated the object of their visit.

"'But, gentlemen,' he replied, 'it is impossible. You can not see my wife. She is now dressing for *Medea*, and, moreover, has no power with the Queen.'

"They persisted, however. They must see Madame Ristori; and finally Giuliano came to me in despair, to ask whether I would give them audience.

"I was dressed. I saw them. They urged. I argued: 'Gentlemen, I am a stranger; this is but my third appearance in Madrid, and only the second time that Her Majesty will have seen me on the stage. To enter her box, to plead for the life of one of her subjects condemned by the highest officers of the crown, seems to me so extraordinary and at the same time so impertinent an action that I should expect to bring disgrace upon myself as well as increased vengeance upon the unfortunate man whom you are endeavoring to serve. Sympathy I give with all my heart; more than that is not in my power.'

"It was useless. They would not listen to a refusal; and so wrought upon my feelings that I promised to exert myself to the utmost, and take the consequences, whatever they might be. To have it on my conscience that I might have saved the life of a human being and did not, was an insupportable thought. Rather than suffer remorse I resolved to suffer the royal displeasure. 'Leave all to me, then,' I said. 'I will first send for Maréchal Narvaez.'

"This intention the committee attempted to combat. As Narvaez had been most prominent in advocating Chapado's sentence, and had great influence with the Queen, the committee wished me to act *sub rosa*, to take Her Majesty entirely by surprise, and before her minister could counteract the effect of what they were pleased to call my eloquence. 'No,' I answered. 'I will do nothing without the knowledge of the Maréchal. I am incapable of treachery.' For you see I had known Narvaez well in Paris; and no sooner had I arrived in Madrid than he came to me, saying: 'I am, as you are well aware, a man of affairs. My time belongs to my country; but believe me when I state that I am always at your disposition. Make use of me whenever so inclined, and accept the services of a soldier who is yours as long as you remain in Madrid.'

"Rest assured that I did not make any demands upon Narvaez; but the soldier came, remained posted at my door night and day until his presence got to be such a bore (*seccatura*) that I dismissed him. Narvaez, you perceive, had been friendly to me, consequently it was impossible to act disloyally toward him. Contrary to the wishes of Chapado's friends I sent

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a messenger to his box (for he, too, was at the theatre), imploring him to come immediately to my dressing-room as I had something of great importance to communicate.

"Narvaez arrived *en grande tenue*, accompanied by his aide-de-camp. Leaving all the attendants in the ante-room, ushering the Minister into my *camerino*, out of which I even expelled my own husband, I turned the key upon my prisoner, who looked at me in amazement. 'What does this mean?' he asked. Then I spoke. 'Your Excellency has desired me to call upon you whenever I required your aid. Now is the time of my need, and now I ask what it is in your power to give.'

"'You have but to state the nature of your request, Signora, to have it granted,' replied Narvaez, little dreaming of what was to come.

"'To-morrow morning at eight o'clock a poor soldier is to be executed. I ask you to annul the decree.'

"You should have seen the expression of Narvaez's face. A thunder-bolt from heaven would not have produced a look of greater consternation.

"'Signora,' he gasped, 'what do you mean?'

"'I wish the pardon of Nicolas Chapado.'

"'Impossible! It can not be. Ask any thing but that.'

"'Oh, grant it, Maréchal! It is the one boon I beg of you. In the name of pity, in the name of mercy spare the life of this unfortunate man.'

"'But do you know the nature of your demand, Signora? My name, my honor are pledged to the execution of this sentence. It is I who have been most prominent in the matter—it is I who have urged the necessity of this execution upon the Queen. How can I retract? The salvation of the army depends upon summary punishment. It is not the first case of insubordination that has occurred recently. Such a precedent would be fatal to discipline. The decree is just, and must be fulfilled.'

"'It is *not* just, Maréchal. All Madrid pronounces against it. The man is *not* a criminal. His pardon in no way imperils the discipline of the army. Chapado's antecedents have been excellent; the Queen has not a more faithful soldier, a more loyal subject. What is his offense? The helpless victim of a superior's unmerited antipathy; he endured slight after slight until at last slapped in the face without provocation, insulted pride roused him to retaliation, and he drew his weapon upon the real offender, but did no hurt whatever.'

"'There was the intent to kill,' replied Narvaez.

"'Ah, but Maréchal, you have a heart; you are a man as well as a statesman. Think whether you would not have done the same had you been in Chapado's position. Is self-respect an affair of rank? Would you not look with contempt upon any Spaniard who brooked insult with impunity? Remember the indignity, remember the passion of hot blood, and forgive, as you would be forgiven. Think of that unhappy man bowed down with grief now making his last confession. Think of his wretched family that never in this world will know a moment's peace or happiness. Be merciful. Yours is the hand to bless or curse them. Listen to the pleading of your heart, Maréchal, and let it bless.'

"What more I said I can not now repeat. The occasion gave me the power to be something more than I am; and at last the inflexible Narvaez yielded to my supplications. Yes, he, Narvaez, Cabinet Minister, cried like a child.

"'What would you have me do, Signora? My consent is not all that is necessary. The Queen's pardon must be obtained; and how can I, who have urged this act upon her, now argue against it? Where for the future will be my reputation for consistency?'

"Then I replied: 'Maréchal, those gentlemen in the other room constitute a committee who have waited upon me for the purpose of obtaining Chapado's pardon. I have been implored to go to the Queen at the end of the first act, for they declared that Her Majesty could not resist my prayers. They besought me to do this thing; but they likewise besought me to do it unknown to you. I refused to act without your knowledge. I determined to obtain your consent before appealing to a higher power.'

"Then it was arranged that Narvaez should go to the Queen and tell her that at the conclusion of the first act of *Medea* an extraordinary interview would be solicited for an extraordinary purpose. After this note of preparation he was to retire to his box, and remain there until sent for by me.

"Imagine if you can my sensations during this terrible ordeal. There sat the Queen in the state box magnificently dressed; beside her sat the King. I said to myself, 'The life of a human being depends upon your acting.' And I know that I acted *Medea* as never before or since. The enthusiasm of the audience was great, no one being more demonstrative than the Queen herself, at which I took more and more courage. 'That is right, dear woman; continue to be moved; let your heart be softened for the prayer that is to come,' I said to myself whenever the Queen applauded. Finally the curtain fell, and I nerved myself for the battle.

"Here, however, comes in an episode wherein I played no part, and of which I was totally ignorant at the time, but which is necessary for the rounding out of the drama. It appears that other emissaries, bent upon the same mission, had been at work in different quarters, and had obtained the co-operation of a member of the Cabinet who, from the first, had been opposed to Chapado's execution, and who on this evening was attached to Her Majesty's suite. The old and homely saying that too many cooks spoil the broth came very near being realized on this occasion; for no sooner had the curtain

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fallen upon the first act than the door of the Queen's box was flung wide open, the sister of Chapado entered, threw herself at Her Majesty's feet, and entreated the Queen to grant her brother's pardon. The girl wept, prayed—her sovereign became more and more agitated. Being in delicate health at the time, and fearing the consequences of so much excitement, the Queen finally exclaimed, without however having given the unhappy girl any hope whatever, 'You make me ill; you make me ill! I can bear this no longer!'

"Meanwhile I had entered an ante-room connected with the royal box, which, fortunately for me, was attained from the stage by means of a flight of stairs; and in the midst of this stormy situation my name was announced to Her Majesty. 'Yes, yes, I wish to see Madame Ristori,' joyfully replied the Queen. 'Let her enter! let her enter! I can have no more of this.'

"Thus summarily dismissed, Chapado's sister fainted, and as I entered was being borne away. What do you think the Queen's sensations must have been when I began where the wretched girl left off? I too threw myself at her feet, I too pleaded for clemency. I addressed her as a woman. Urged on by the inspiration of the moment, I appealed to every human feeling of which she was susceptible. At least I know that I found the way to her heart, that she listened, that she cried like a poor creature (*piangeva come una povera creatura*), and that Ristori the actress reigned long enough to rescue a man from eternity.

"'But what will Narvaez say?' finally asked the Queen.

"There stood Narvaez. It had been arranged between us, as you remember, that he should not appear until sent for by me, and this anticipated question of his sovereign—as, of course, she would naturally revert to the Minister who had insisted most strenuously upon the execution—was to have been my cue; but Narvaez had become so nervous at the delay occasioned by the unexpected scene just referred to, that, fearful of the consequence of my daring, he arrived some time before he was needed, vouchsafing, however, not a word. But when the Queen thus submitted the decision to her Minister, I turned to him, saying, 'Maréchal Narvaez has too great a respect for Your Majesty's goodness of heart to wish to thwart so generous an impulse.' At which little speech Narvaez made a profound bow of assent.

"I had obtained Chapado's pardon. Already the *entr'acte* had been immensely long, and the audience, ignorant of what was going on in front of the curtain, began to be impatient. Blessing the Queen, I rushed from her presence to deliver the good news to the Committee that still awaited me behind the scenes. How I got down those stairs I do not know. I believe I flew; my blue mantle gave me wings. Ah, and you should have witnessed my reception from those anxious men! Well, it is something to have lived for. By the time the curtain rose on the second act the granting of the pardon was no longer a secret to the audience, and my entrance was the signal for such applause and acclamation as will never be accorded to me again.

"Wishing it understood that the Queen, and not myself, was the proper person upon whom to shower regard, I turned and pointed to the royal box, whereupon Her Majesty shook her head very vigorously, and pointing to me, said, 'No, no! It is you! it is you!" And the more I attempted to give her credit for the deed the more she dissented. I thought the excitement never would come to an end, but at last the play went on. When Chapado's pardon was taken to him the poor fellow was confessing to a priest, and fainted at the news.

"I did not see Chapado during this visit to Madrid—his sentence was commuted to twenty years in the galleys; but I received letters from him which would have melted a heart of stone, and so beautifully expressed as to denote an intellect far superior to the rank of a common soldier. To him I was a Providence.

"Our correspondence continued, and when in Spain five years later, I found myself in the vicinity of Chapado's prison and determined to see him. Permission being granted I went to his cell early one morning, accompanied by Borghi—an old and very clever actor—and my two children, Bianca and Giorgio. Chapado, a tall, fine-looking man of about thirty-six years of age, was so overcome as to be well-nigh speechless. Kneeling, he kissed my hand, looking the while as though, were it in his power, he would lay all the treasures of the earth at my feet; and then feeling that with the children he could be more demonstrative, he turned and embraced them again and again. The time at length arriving for us to depart, I took Chapado's arm: Borghi followed, leading the two children.

"Descending in this manner the main stairs what do you suppose I saw? All the convicts of the prison ranged on both sides of the court by which we were to leave gazing at me respectfully and with uncovered heads! They knew Chapado's story, and had expressed a strong desire to see me. It was thus granted by the commander. What a picture it made, and how I wished that Borghi had been a painter to have perpetuated it! The massive, winding staircase, the gloomy, picturesque court, those expressive, sorrow-stricken faces with a gleam of gratitude in their eyes for the sympathy that had been accorded to one of their band, the noble figure of Chapado, and then the strange bit of color caused by the presence of Borghi, my children, and myself, formed a tableau worthy of an artist."

"And pray what became of Chapado?" I asked when Ristori had concluded her narrative.

"He was released soon after our interview, prior to which time the officer whose life he

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had threatened died. Before breathing his last, however, he sent for Chapado, to whom he gave his hand and his forgiveness—a tardy act of justice on the part of the real culprit. Since regaining his liberty Chapado has put himself at my service, saying he would go to the ends of the earth with me. Latterly I have not written, being so engrossed in business; but I shall not forget my *spagnuolo liberato* nor his willingness to enter my employ. Come to Paris, and I will show you all his letters, which are very precious to me, being the rare expression of a truly grateful soul."

Such is the truth of one of the most romantic stories in real life, the main incident of which Legouvé introduces in his novel of "*Béatrix, ou la Madonne de l'art*," as happening to the heroine.

That Ristori had a strange fascination over the Queen of Spain is undoubted. She went to the palace daily at Isabella's urgent request, and, having innocently gained the Queen's affections, hoped to *liberalize* her mind with regard to State reform. Ristori had begun to make some little headway in this direction when Spain's evil genius, the Church, grew suspicious of the intimacy, and put it out of her power to be of political use. She maintains that at heart Isabella is a kind, affectionate woman who errs through ignorance. Terribly superstitious, she has been ruined by the priests, who surround her, in whom she places implicit faith, and who mould her to their wishes as they would a huge lump of animated putty.

This is not the only occasion upon which Ristori's powers of persuasion have been employed for political purposes, Cavour having intrusted her with a secret diplomatic mission to St. Petersburg, when called there to fulfill a professional engagement in December, 1860. Several of Cavour's letters to Ristori are to be found in his General Correspondence, in one of which the great statesman writes in reference to this mission:

"If you have not converted the Prince Gortchakoff, I must say that he is an impenitent sinner, since the arguments that you know how to employ with so much ability, in order to sustain our cause, appear to me irresistible. But if the Prince, in your presence, does not wish to acknowledge himself conquered, your words will have left in his mind a germ that will develop itself and produce good fruit. I applaud in you not only the first artist in Europe, but the most skillful co-operator in diplomatic negotiations."

This letter was written a very short time before Cavour's death, the news of which reached Ristori while she was acting in Paris. Grieved at the death of her friend, and desirous of paying all the respect in her power to the memory of so great a man and patriot, Ristori announced a suspension of her performances. For "reasons of State" this deference to Italy's regenerator did not receive Imperial approbation, and the actress was forced by the police to remove her notice from the vestibule of the theatre. Incensed at this act of tyranny Ristori declared she would not perform again in Paris that season, and removed her company to Versailles.

Prior to this Ristori had made her début in the French play of *Béatrix* at the Odéon. To undertake a creation in a foreign language she knew to be exceedingly hazardous; but grateful to France for what her alliance had accomplished for Italy in 1859, and wishing to carry out Legouvé's intentions, he having written *Béatrix* for her, Ristori consented to risk her reputation as an artist.

During the rehearsals she did not fully appreciate the singularity of her position, although the actors about her, who were, of course, French, seemed to think she was putting her head into the lion's mouth. It was not until the first night's performance that Ristori realized what she was about to do. Then, overcome by the applause that greeted her entrance, and knowing how much was expected of her, stage-fright obtained the mastery, and she was obliged to sit down in order to gain sufficient self-control to proceed with the part. But *Beatrix* proved a very great success, being performed eighty nights in 1861, and twenty-one nights in 1865, besides meeting with equal favor throughout the provincial cities of France. At one time Ristori traveled with two distinct companies, French and Italian, the former being engaged expressly and solely for Legouvé's comedy.

It was with still greater diffidence that Ristori assumed the rôle of *Elizabeth* in London. "I had much rather not," she said, to Giacommetti the author. "Do it by all means," was his reply. "London is the place of all others that I would have my drama performed, for there will its historic truthfulness to character be best appreciated." Giacommetti's prediction was more than verified. When, too, it was first suggested that Macbeth should be translated, and so cut down as to give additional prominence to Lady Macbeth, it being, of course, impossible to find an actor in her company to do justice to the hero, Ristori exclaimed, "What, *cut* Shakspeare? God forbid that I should commit such a sacrilege!"

But urged to the deed by Shakspeare's own countrymen, the proposed adaptation was made by Giulio Carcano, and we in consequence have lived to see a second Siddons. How great Ristori is in the sleeping scene Americans need not be told, yet on first rendering it she acted in opposition to all advice.

"Your interpretation will not answer," said the judges. "I must follow out my own inspirations," responded the actress. The public agreed with the latter. "What! act the sleeping scene without holding the lamp in your hand?" cried Sheridan, rushing into Mrs. Siddon's dressing-room the night of her début in Lady Macbeth. "Go in direct opposition to Mrs. Pritchard, the greatest Lady Macbeth we ever had? Impossible! It must not be." It was, however. The audience that should have hissed applauded the innovation, and Sheridan

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saw his error. Whether Mrs. Siddons dressed Lady Macbeth as finely as Ristori is doubtful. It required the picturesqueness of an Italian mind to conceive of a night-dress fashioned after the style of the Spanish *poncho*. "*Se non è vero è ben trovato*," and for the other costumes no one can complain of historical transgression, the first having been taken from a picture of Lady Macbeth exposed at the Manchester Exhibition some years since, and the second from a painting at Edinburgh of Lady Macbeth, Macduff, and Banquo.

Having gathered laurels in almost every capital in Europe, from Moscow to Dublin, Ristori turned her thoughts to the East, and in the autumn of 1864 sailed for Egypt. There, where Rachel went in search of that lost treasure, health, her rival found new honors and additional fame. It is no little glory to have carried the Italian drama to the land of the Pharaohs, to have spoken Dante's language to the children of the Nile, to have interpreted Alfieri beneath the shadow of the Pyramids. What other artist can claim to have held the interest of an Egyptian audience for thirty-seven nights by the charms of pantomime and facial expression alone?

Smyrna too, and Constantinople were the scenes of other triumphs. Nineteen representations were given in the city of the Bosphorus, and upon Ristori's departure a tablet commemorative of her visit was inserted in the façade of the Théâtre Rossini.

At Athens, though only able to perform there five nights, her success was immense. The furore was for Greek pieces, and from her repertoire Ristori selected *Medea*, *Giuditta*, *Fedra*, and *Myrrha* as best suited to the classic ground of the Parthenon. Poor as the Athenians are, they yet paid an entrance fee of eight francs. Students sold their books, and others still lower in the scale of fortune sold their clothes in order to catch a glimpse of the wonderful priestess who breathed the breath of life into the mythology of Greece. The theatre was thronged nightly, and the doors suffered severe treatment in the struggling for admittance.

Still greater enthusiasm awaited Ristori in Holland. Receiving a letter from the students of Utrecht begging her to visit their city, the actress replied that it was almost impossible; but yet, in gratitude for the compliment to her art, she would give one performance. This was on the 9th of November, 1865. Arriving at Utrecht, Ristori and her family were received by the entire University, the students being dressed in a riding costume of white cloth breeches, top boots, spurs, and jackets ornamented with the Holland cockade. After listening to a speech of welcome that was made to her in the saloon of the railroad station, Ristori and her daughter were conducted by a committee of ladies to a carriage drawn by four white horses, the Marquis and his son occupying a similar equipage. Preceded by a band, escorted by all the students, who were mounted on horseback, the cortége drove through the town, Ristori being showered with flowers all along the route. Upon returning to her hotel after the performance—*Medea*—Ristori found a beautiful silver vase filled with flowers which had been left for her in the name of the students, who feared to give their *diva* jewelry lest the token be indicative of less respect than they desired to express.

Because a blaze of glory now surrounds the name of Ristori let it not be thought that her genius has been sufficient unto itself; for though the actress stands on the top round of the ladder, every step upward has been the fruit of time and hard work. Ristori is what she is because her life has been consecrated to her Art—because she has not trusted entirely to inspiration, but made experience and unending study the broad foundation on which to build her creations.

Before assuming a new *rôle* every accessible library is ransacked, that costume and manner may be in accordance with facts, and the minutest detail is investigated with passionate interest. In order to properly delineate the last act of *Pia de' Tolomei* Ristori studied death by malaria from nature. Cases of poisoning being rare, and so sudden as to seldom give the medical or art-student opportunity for investigation, Ristori consulted many physicians on the subject before attempting the character of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. From their descriptions she conceived Adrienne's dying scene, the truthfulness of which was once strongly confirmed by a physician in Bologna, who, after the performance, said to Ristori: "Within a few hours I have seen two deaths by poison—one in real life and the other on the stage. The illusion of the latter was so great that I beheld a repetition of the former."

When asked recently why she did not change her dress in *Mary Stuart*, Schiller having specified white for the last scene, Ristori replied: "Because Schiller is wrong. Such a dress would be contrary to history." Then bringing forth an album containing photographs of all the portraits of Scotland's Queen that ever were painted, she pointed to one representing Mary on the way to the block, taken from a full-length portrait attributed to Daniel Mytens, and now at Windsor Castle. "You see I am right," Ristori continued. "I make but one change. Instead of a white veil embroidered in gold, I substitute black for the sake of better effect. There, you observe, is the gold rosary from which mine is copied, and which was sent to the Earl Arundel before the execution. The steel pin you have remarked upon is a fac-simile of one that was constantly worn by the Queen. It was presented to me by a Scottish nobleman."

So strong is the maternal instinct in Ristori that, when Legouvé first suggested that *Medea* should be added to her repertoire, she refused, declaring that she could understand all passion but such as led to the murder of one's own off-

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spring. Medea killed her children in the presence of the audience, consequently the character transcended her possibilities. Not until Legouvé altered the situation, so that the murder was implied rather than consummated, was Ristori persuaded to revoke her decision. To such as know the tenderness of Ristori's heart it is amusing to be told by critics how the actress is best adapted by nature to the delineation of *rôles* where "the tiger element" predominates.

No rehearsal goes on without Ristori's superintendence. Anxious for the smoothness of the *ensemble*, as well as for that of her own scenes, she takes great pains to make the most out of the material about her. Nor does she mumble over the words, as is the custom with most actors. "How are you to know what the effect will be at night unless the scenes are given with full voice in the morning?" she argues, as did Macready before her, who was always very much in earnest. She goes through her part, and that of every member of the company if necessary, with an intelligence and an intention which makes you realize the difference between an Artist and an Actor. If any one is at a loss for a word or a cue it is Ristori who comes to the rescue.

Few persons are earlier risers than Ristori. No matter at what hour she goes to bed, seven o'clock in the morning will find her awake and up, busily engaged in exploring the contents of her burdensome mails, writing letters, reading Italian and French newspapers, putting in order her theatrical wardrobe—of which she takes almost the entire charge—or taking an English lesson. From seven until ten o'clock are her hours of quiet. After breakfast the excitement of the day begins, from which there is no escape until midnight. Yet this excitement is reduced to a system, and Ristori, with her profession and consequent interruptions, does an amount of outside work that would astonish even a New England woman. Her order keeps pace with her energy: the practical is not swallowed up in the ideal. Ask Madame Ristori for a needle, and putting her hand in her pocket she will bring forth a needle-case, out of which you can make your own selection. Sometimes, too, you will find her handkerchief tied into several knots, and her morning-gown adorned with scraps of paper pinned down the front, all of which a tale unfold of engagements, commissions, orders, etc., too important to be forgotten, too numerous to carry in the memory, and hence this way of bringing them to mind.

Has it not been said that enough is as good as a feast, and have I not written enough? To do more than faintly sketch a few salient points in Ristori's life would require the broad margin of a book.

THE POND.

It lies in a far-off sphere of light,
Where the land dips down beyond my sight;

And the arid years stand thick between
Me and its shadowy shores of green.

But I pass each day the league-long space
To look once more on its changeless face.

And the hot years part and let me through
To brush by its side the morning dew;

And when I am back the burning street
Grows cool to the tread of my dampened feet.

The pond is cradled from wind and storm
By many a great hill's burly form.

They kneel by its side, and lift on high
Their emerald chalices to the sky—

Kneel with a dumb but answered prayer
To God for the pure, bright sleeper there.

A slope of hemlocks on one side keeps
An odorous silence within its deeps.

To the east the fiery autumn crest
Of a maple grove burns in its breast.

Northward a forest of fir-trees comes
To drop o'er the brink its amber gums.

To the west a mile of tangled swamp
Quakes to the hollow margin damp—

A thicket of alders, roses sweet,
With dark, soft trails for familiar feet.

And sloping between are pasture lots,
With sheep paths winding to shady spots;

And sentinel trees of tough old stock,
And a berry bush beside each rock.

The reaches of pebbles below the groves
Are broken by dark and lilied coves.

Lithe rushes bend on the shallow bars
Over blooms that twinkle like mid-day stars.

Every spot in its wide, green round
To a boy's free heart is enchanted ground.

The turtles sunning on half-sunk logs—
The basso profundo of the frogs—

The wary ducks, and the lonely loons,
The cooling baths in the summer noons—

The musk-rat houses with hidden store,
And the hollow runways 'neath the shore—

The raft of rails, and the oarless boat,
With the straw-hat bail scarce kept afloat—

The wealth of fishes, pike, perch, and trout,
And the mustached, daggered, dangerous pout—

The still, bright smile of its heaven-lit face,
The thrilling touch of its soft embrace—

The spirit of joy in its peaceful flood
All run in my boy-life's quickened blood.

I have floated all day upon its breast
Swinging between two heavens in rest.

I have rowed around it in the night
Under the torch-fire's spectral light.

I have dreamed beside it in sunny days,
And drank the calm of its autumn haze:

It is one with my soul; I can but feel
It is life of my life for woe or weal—

My hope of the dim things yet to be,
My dream, my poem, my prophecy.

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DISRAELI.

MONDAY, February 11, 1867, will ever remain a memorable day to those who were in London. On that day Reform vindicated in a very literal manner the claim of its friend that it "stops the way." Innumerable had been the efforts of the Conservative papers and of the Ministry to induce the leaders of the Reform League to forego the mammoth demonstration, but all the more did placards appear bidding the people rise like lions from their slumbers—rise in unvanquishable numbers—and rise they did, as the writer hereof can testify. Assuming a democratic position on the top of an omnibus that had to go, at whatever cost to the limbs of earth-bound mortals, by way of Charing Cross and through Trafalgar Square, where the various Trades' Companies were to assemble, and at the hour when they were to assemble, I had the satisfaction of finding Oxford Circus and aristocratic Regent Street thronged with men and women, and at the foot of Haymarket of encountering the procession itself, and with it a thick crowd of people, which forbade our vehicle to move at more than a snail's pace, so that it took us nearly an hour to go over the two or three hundred yards intervening between us and St. Martin's Church. The crowd that assembled there but a week before, when the Queen went in state to open Parliament: the crowd that I once saw there as the body of Lord Palmerston was borne to its rest in Westminster Abbey, and many another gathering at that great centre of London, were but small groups beside this, which represented the growing determination of the people to have their will represented in the House of Commons; and I can only recall the event of Garibaldi's entrance into London as furnishing any thing like a similar crowd.

It was, like all the London crowds that I have seen, good-humored; no uproar, but a vast deal of "chaff," greeted the mounted policemen, the riders on the tops of omnibuses, or any one else that furnished a good target. Now and then a popular favorite was discerned and greeted by prolonged cheering. As the crowd slowly streamed past the clubs it was plain that it was for them that the demonstration was chiefly intended, the popular impression—superstition, some call it—being that the Carlton and the Reform clubs are the two places where the Conservatives and the Liberals mature and settle, over wine and cigars, the policies that are announced in Parliaments. The Carlton folks seemed rather amused at the groans it caught, and the Reform received its cheers graciously. One of the heartiest cheers was given at the residence of Minister Adams. The flags and devices of the procession were amusing enough. The bakers carried a roll of bread, elegantly decked with ribbons, on the top of a staff, marked "The staff of life," and each other trade had a similarly appropriate emblem. The political symbols were numerous: among others, there was "The Moon-Raking M.P.," a man mounted on a high wagon with a telescope, with which he swept the smiling face of a huge pasteboard moon, which rep-

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resented Mr. Lowe making his lunar discoveries about the working-classes. The man occasionally diverted his telescope, and also the crowd, by taking a view of Nelson on the top of the monument. The people were not permitted by the police to mount the new lions with which Sir Edwin Landseer has just graced the pedestal of the Nelson monument. These four gigantic crouching lions seemed to me, as they rose above the heads of the multitude, to be symbolical of the still crouching strength of the people; while the little but very conspicuous ornamental lion on the top of Northumberland House turned up its tail and its nose in manifest disgust with the hordes below, and in supreme satisfaction at its altitude above them. Some of the wagons bore bands of minstrels—men and women—singing Reform songs. The finest band sang to delighted listeners a song of which I obtained these verses:

"The time shall come, and even now
There's more than Mill believes:
A government of landlords is
A government of thieves.
And since they've called us ugly names,
Through Bob and Ben, their chief,
They can't complain should we explain
What constitutes a thief.

"Who robs me of my civil right,
My power of self-defense,
Is he not more a thief than he
Who steals alone my pence?—
Than they who thus purloin our rights,
Of whatsoever stamp,
The earth no baser scoundrel knows,
Nor hell a viler scamp."

On the very spot where, if archæologists say truly, the body of Queen Eleanor rested, and left when it moved on to Westminster the *chèr Reine*, which has now got to be Charing Cross, there stood a group of singers whose ballad was even more personal, as the following specimens of it will show:

"Fellow-workmen, let them know
We won't have such men as Lowe,
Who treat the working-classes all with scorn;
Let them try with all their might,
For the working-men are right,
And they'll get what they are working for—Reform.

"Then banish care and pain,
Never mind old Dicky Mayne,
He says this time he'll not interfere;
He remembers it quite well
How the Hyde Park railings fell—
We his noble staff of poleaxes don't fear."

It may be well to remind the reader that Sir Richard Mayne is the much-despised Chief of the Police, or those who are here called "poleaxes." The song concluded with the following, which was taken up by the crowd and shouted magnificently:

"Then shout with all your might,
God save Gladstone, Beales, and Bright!
Wave our banners, let your ranks closer form,
And let your watch-word be:
'Old England! Liberty!
Manhood Suffrage! Vote by Ballot! and Reform!'"

Then I parted from the crowd; it wended its slow way to the great Agricultural Hall, where the people were to announce for the ten thousandth time their Reform Bill; and I went to a House where the Conservative Ministry were that evening to announce theirs. What a difference in the scene going on amidst these quiet old halls from that surging demonstration outside! And yet there is the feeling of a coming storm all through these soft lights and shimmering frescoes. The Puritans on the wall there, just about to embark from a land torn with convulsions such as may yet return, seemed to look down upon some of the members passing by with significant glances, as who should say: "You are our children; you are the Robinsons and Standishes of to-day; you are voyaging rough seas, but you shall reach *your* Plymouth Rock also, and found a New England!"

It was hard to believe that the company of fine-looking and well-dressed people on whom one looked in the House of Commons was what the combing and washing and filtration of centuries had brought out of just such a crowd as we had just scrambled through in Trafalgar Square. Yet so it was; and in every voice to-night there is an undertone that reminds the attentive ear of the origin of the body, and also that the cord which binds it to the people of England has not been and can not be cut. Every evasion confesses it as plainly as every frank popular word utters it. The rule of popular opinion in England is to-day a fact, though for a time it is powerful through the fear it inspires rather than by direct influence.

The attendance in the House to hear Disraeli's announcement of the purpose of the Ministry with reference to reform was greater than I have ever seen. The room is, as has been often said, absurdly small, and the presence of the entire Parliament to-night—a thing very unusual—compels a hundred members to sit in the galleries. There is a buzzing conversation going on, but it is always lower when a great occasion is at hand, and to-night the House is openly silent. At length all is quiet; the members rise as one man when the Speaker's ludicrous white wig is seen at the door, preceded by an officer in old knee-breeches, and with gray hair gathered in a queue, who bears the mace, and followed by one just like the mace-bearer, who holds up the tail of Mr. Speaker's gown. Then the parson mumbles through his dead prayer, and the members sit down; and for a few minutes, sitting with their hats on, the Commons need only some ladies in caps and mouse-color to be an ordinary Quaker meeting.

When at length, amidst the most profound silence, Disraeli takes his stand near the table, it is impossible not to be struck with the historic impressiveness of the scene. He is such an intensified Jew that one can not help reflecting for a moment on the many struggles which it has cost ere a Jew could enter Parliament, and then how many more ere he could become

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the leader of the Conservative English party, and stand forth as the Chancellor of the English Exchequer. But there is also written all over Disraeli's face and manner an interesting personal history, which one who listens to him can not dissociate from him even for a moment. Lately an artist showed me a sketch of the man made about thirty-five years ago, when his literary fame was just budding, and when he had just returned from his Eastern travels, the trophies of which were scattered in the room around him as he stood, a glowing and even beautiful young man, a little under thirty years of age. "Vivian Grey," "The Young Duke," "Henrietta Temple," "Contarini Fleming," "Venetia," "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy" were the laurels which in those days the enthusiastic world of fashion saw twined about his brow wherever he went; but above all there was written deep upon his brow *Ambition*. In England all high ambition lies in the direction of the House of Commons. It may be, and probably is, true, as Disraeli has himself said, that so soon as it became finally understood that the Commons held the taxing power it held the eye, ear, and heart of England, and that then and thenceforth all classes rushed to get place and power in it. Certainly it has become the goal of every youth's ambition. Looking on the picture of the young Disraeli to which I have referred, one can imagine the sensation when that queer combination of dandy, actor, and man of genius first leaped on the political stage. He naturally took to political jugglery; and though his dress was of the latest Western fashion, there was a certain wild, dark look about him, and a strange Orientalism of manner that assisted him in the work of bewildering and fascinating the prosaic English people.

He at once began with the trick of keeping in the air at an equal height all the various and antagonistic measures of the day—the ballot, triennial parliaments, agricultural preponderance in government—and rode the ring with one foot on plain economical Joseph Hume, and the other on the Tory Duke of Buckingham. At length his dexterity triumphed, and, with all his spangles on, he appeared in the House of Commons. This was in 1837. He had told O'Connell that he would meet him at Philippi, and here he was. On the evening when he was to make his *début* there was a tremendous muster of Conservatives, and the agitation of the Whigs was extreme, the impression being general that it was a Saladin who was about to appear, whose sword could part the falling veil, while that of Sir Robert Peel was cleaving iron bars. What was the joyful surprise on one side, and the rigid horror on the other, at the famous result of Disraeli's first speech! Sir Robert Peel fairly shouted out his cheers as the speaker began, but in vain. The orator began by assuming the most ludicrously affected attitude, and the flourishes and flowers of his language were in such contrast with the paucity of his ideas that the members began to titter, and as he went on there arose such shouts of uncontainable laughter all over the House that Disraeli began to stammer, and presently broke down completely. As he took his seat he said, in words which show the confusion and embarrassment under which he labored, but also the power that was in him: "I have begun many things several times, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." Thenceforth for over two years Disraeli sat in the House with no more sign of life in him than was exhibited by one of its carved griffins. Cold, moody, with brow lowering over eyes ever bent downward, the clangor of party war and the fierce encounters of splendid combatants went on around him, but he sits like one under a spell. Nevertheless, "Young England" still read his marvelously eloquent tales, and still worshiped him; and at length he feels that the time has come when the door of opportunity is again open to him.

When next Disraeli rose to his feet it was plain that the man of wood had been for three or four years all eyes and ears; that he had scented out, like an Indian, every man's position and every man's weakness. Long before 1841 the House was aware that a new power had entered it, but not until then was it manifested what kind of power it was. In that year Sir Robert Peel began to develop his Free Trade policy, and at him Disraeli struck his first blow. From that time the most memorable invectives known to parliamentary annals were poured forth against Peel by the new orator—for orator he plainly was. All the flowers of his early effort had become now the rhetorical sheath of a Damascus blade; his butterflies had changed to wasps; under their stings Peel's eyes visibly started from his head. At last, after six years of this, he drove the great Tory chief from power forever, and took his place. No cruelties of vivisection ever surpassed those maddening attacks, and yet the reader of those wonderful debates in Hansard, ranging from 1841 to 1846—and few things are so well worth looking up—is struck by nothing more than the artistic courtesy, the ingenious display of anæsthetic mitigation where the victim is to receive only poisoned knives, and each on a nerve. Every word seems a solemn and painful necessity of the State; every word is, when the gilt is rubbed off, discovered to be a bullet aimed at a man with purely murderous intent. Why did Disraeli hate Peel? He stood between him and the leadership of the great historic party of England.

When at length the tomb of Peel became his pedestal it was shown that Disraeli's success had defined his *habitat*. He did not again make a great mark in Parliament until Lord John Russell was being overhauled for his diplomatic proceedings in Vienna during the Crimean war. Some one said that Dante never imagined such a hell as Lord John had to endure on one occasion for two hours. Disraeli, leaning on the table, poured forth a withering sirocco of scorn

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under which the poor little nobleman shrank gradually to such a mere point that it seemed he would vanish altogether. He did not now as in Sir Robert's case veil his dagger, but let its light flash through every part of the House ere he finally plunged it through his victim's heart. For it did go through his heart, and Russell, though he has received every attention in the sick wards of the House of Lords, to which he was removed in 1861, has never recovered, and never can recover.

In estimating Disraeli's success, and deciding whether or not it is creditable to the House of Commons—resting as it did on no great capacity to deal with principles, but solely upon the power of eloquent denunciation—it must be remembered that Parliament had become in the last generation formal to the extent of commonplace and polite to the verge of dullness. The time for a reaction had come, and Disraeli had the acumen to see it. The *blasé* gentlemen pined for a new spice, and here was a traveler who brought back the most stinging curry ever known. But man can not live on mustard alone. Parliamentary palates wearied of the dish. They looked to the last successful caterer for a new one; and this he tried hard to supply in 1852, when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Derby, he began his *rôle* as a Reformer. But now he appeared helpless. A wading bird on a mountain, a yacht on the great desert, could not be more helpless than the Right Hon. B. Disraeli with work called for which no amount of oratory or political vivisection could do. His Reform speeches—they have lately been all, except the last, printed in a volume—bear witness that he had studied up the subject completely; but they still more prove that he had no heart for it. Nothing could be more affected than this talk; he warns England against permitting the working-classes to preponderate in her Parliament, while it is evident that he has not the slightest fear of such preponderance; his deprecation of the subversive tendencies of the age is so mock as to be funny. The unreality of these speeches is sublime. The people felt it. In comparing the popular phrases that used to express the general feeling with regard to Disraeli's earlier efforts with those that one finds in every penny paper now, one may discern a fresh reason to trust the critical instinct of the crowd.

Mr. Ewing Ritchie, an old *habitué* of the Stranger's Gallery, wrote of Disraeli: "We do not read that he was eloquent, argumentative, pathetic, or patriotic. You speak of him as you would of Tom Sayers. His admirers tell you that he was 'in good condition'—that he 'showed fight'—that he was 'plucky as usual'—that he 'hit right and left'—that he was 'up to the mark,'" etc. But now for years—certainly ever since his Reform bill of 1859—the metaphors of the street concerning him have been histrionic. He does the "country gentleman trick"—he "takes his benefit"—he "came out in the third act"—he "did the indignation well." There can be no question that a man of whom the people habitually speak thus must lose his power just as fast as questions become imminent and the times earnest. The growth of popular intelligence in England has seriously outgrown the antique forms upon which the privileged class rests; for fifteen years or more the line was becoming sharper between those who would defend the old and those who will have the new, insomuch that those who would sit on the fence have been generally cut in twain by it. But here was a nimble fellow who showed that he could dance hornpipes on the dangerous edge, leaning now to one, and now to the other side; and for a time this was amusing, but the people have become weary of it.

Under these circumstances the artist promises a new trick, and his friends whisper about that it will end in distributing from his hat to the crowd all the measures that the people demand. It was plain that the old reformers knew better, for they had distributed a printed resolution to be adopted at their meeting in Agricultural Hall declaring that the Reform measures introduced by the Tory Ministry were deceptive and unsatisfactory; which, of course, was printed beforehand, for when the curtain rose in Parliament there was no Reform bill, but some vague resolutions.

Nevertheless the rank and file of the people hoped for something — they have always believed that Disraeli has a revolutionary heart, and if he had any heart they would be right—and so they assembled at Islington, and made arrangements to have the proceedings in Westminster Hall telegraphed to them point for point as the Chancellor of the Exchequer should develop them. Disraeli knew all this. He heard the distant roar of the multitude as he drove in his coach to the House. He felt the dismal silence as he passed through the crowd at the door, and felt its contrast with the cheers that echoed far into the lobbies as Gladstone or Bright alighted and entered. All this made the impressive scenery amidst which the old actor again came forward before the lights. How changed is he now from the handsome youth of the picture which I have before described! The raven locks have grown thin, and of them one remains in front that might have been once a curl, but is now the coil of a serpent, on the centre of his forehead; the fine aquiline nose has become hooked and thin; every rapier whose edge an adversary has felt, it now seems, had left its scar in the deep lines of his own face also. And yet the grace of the form is still there, and power has not deserted its throne on his marble brow. Shall we see the man to-night? All feel that he is there for a purpose not his own; he has been assigned by the manager a part, which is to hold a spangled veil to amuse the eye with fine mottoes about England and the Constitution, and what not, and try and induce the people to believe that it is a solid cube, and the gems on it real

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gold and diamonds, while it is all rag and paste, behind which Reform is spirited away.

The thing that chiefly struck me at the outset was, that a Ministry—and one claiming particularly to represent old and historic England—should put up this man to respond to that great roar of the lion outside. He is the most un-English man I ever saw. Of those who sat near me in the Speaker's gallery one remarked what a superb *Il Diavolo* he would make for a manager; another ventured the theory that "Dizzy was really the Wandering Jew;" and others made their several criticisms—for his appearance always evokes a personal comment—but all assumed that he was as a strange, foreign bird that had come from some alien land and alighted among a wondering world of English rooks, robins, and the like. It seemed to me, all through this speech, and through others that I have heard from him, that the feeling of this want of relation to the English people of any class is the constant and pressing trouble in Disraeli's breast; and I have observed that the journals here, like the *Saturday Review*, which hate him most put their bitterest gall into some such phrase as—"Mr. Disraeli, with his usual" (or "natural" they often write it) "inability to understand the feelings of Englishmen," etc. I have observed something of the same look of isolation in the one or two speeches which I have heard Mr. Benjamin make in the United States Senate; and in that case as in this the feeling in the man was no doubt largely reflected from the members around him, who looked upon him as a political gipsy.

During this speech of Disraeli's there was a passage in which he referred to the opposition with which the Derby Reform bill of 1859 had been met, and said: "With the greatest respect—without the slightest desire to give offense to any member of the House, which would be foreign to my nature—I must at once say that the country upon this question can not bear a repetition of the manœuvres of 1859." I was at this moment looking through an opera-glass at Gladstone, who was sitting in his slouchy way with his hat bent over his eyes, but as Disraeli said these words the Liberal leader raised his head and leveled at the speaker a look full of scorn—a look which said as plainly as if he had thundered it through the House, "*You* pretend to speak for this country and say what it will or will not bear!" Disraeli's eyes fell on the instant as they met those of Gladstone—he shrank back a moment, and for the only time in the course of his speech stammered in the next sentence. Adventurer he felt himself to be in the eyes even of the party he led, to say nothing of the eyes of Russell and of the aged reformer Earl Grey, which also glared on him.

In the present condition of the struggle which absorbs attention in England it is almost impossible for any journal or public man to do justice to this last effort of Disraeli as a work of art—for a great oration is perhaps the consummate work of art. The rule of a political battle in England is: Concede nothing; Deny every thing; and so the marvelous ability, the undeniable genius, shown in this oration have not in any paper that I have seen been truly stated. Doubtless to English ears there was a hollow ring, which, to one listening from a literary standpoint, did not mar the effect. Certainly there are not three men living who could have made so powerful and so brilliant an oration as that which Disraeli made on this occasion. He had not the calm, frank simplicity of Wendell Phillips; he has not the fiery force of Bright; he has not the almost poetic felicity of Mr Lowe. But he is in no sense inferior to these in subtlety, and he has a philosophical comprehensiveness, and a grace of diction equal to that of Gladstone, which is saying a great deal, and he has much of the various characteristics of all the orators I have just named. In epigrammatic statement no English and few French statesmen can compete with him, and his manner of making such statements is vivid in the extreme. Instances of this abounded in this last speech. Every mind felt the strength of his words when he said, roundly, looking straight at John Bright as he spoke, "Do gentlemen mean to reconstruct this House on the principles of the English Constitution or on the principles of the Constitution of another country?" In this sentence was concentrated every charge made against the Bright school of preferring America to England. In speaking of the rush of all classes to gain strength in the House of Commons because of its supremacy as the power of England, he said, "People complain of the influence, the undue influence, of the Peerage in the House of Commons. Why, Sir, the influence of the Peerage in this House is not a usurpation of our rights; it is a deference to our authority." And again: "Every class and every interest has sought, and to a great degree has obtained, representation in this House. That is the cause of the variety of our character. But it is the variety of our character that has given us our deliberative power. It is our deliberative power that has given us our hold upon the executive; and it is this hold upon the executive which is the best, ay, the only security for the freedom we enjoy." The clearness and quietness with which these generalizations of the historic development of England were given could not fail to kindle a company of cultivated Englishmen, and the orator was rewarded by the only round of hearty cheers which he received during the evening.

But it was in his peroration that Disraeli's particular quality as a parliamentary orator was shown. Standing a little back from the table, leaning one hand on the box which held the seals of his office, he lowered his voice, and in slow, even stately periods, said, in reply to the criticisms upon the past faults and present inadequacy of the House of Commons: "I do not doubt that this human institution is not free from the imperfections of humanity. It

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is possible that there may have been periods when even the integrity of the House of Commons might successfully have been impugned. I know well—we all know—that there have been times when its conduct has been unjust, violent, even tyrannical. If you search our records unquestionably you will find conclusions on many subjects that are at variance with those doctrines which are the happier appanage of our more enlightened times. But, Sir, there is no greater error than to judge the morals of one age by the manners of a subsequent one. There is no greater error than to decide upon the passions of perilous times with the philosophic calmness of assured security. There is no greater error than to gauge the intellect of the past by its deficiencies, not by the slow progress of human systems. Those who take a larger and nobler view of human affairs will, I think, recognize that, alone in the countries of Europe, England now for almost countless generations has by her Parliament exhibited the fair example of free government; and that in the course of the vicissitudes of her heroic history she has, chiefly by this House of Commons, maintained and cherished that public spirit which is the soul of commonwealths, without which empire has no glory, and the wealth of nations is a source of corruption and decay."

Had these words been uttered by an unknown man—by a man not standing upon a platform which the English people have marked as that of political atheism—I am persuaded that their substance and tone would have electrified any intelligent public assembly. Studied they are, but the best things are generally studied. Nevertheless, to those who listened, their art was artifice, their perfection theatrical. John Bright turned his head as if in weariness. Gladstone affected sleepiness. But Mill, I saw, listened with respect, for he finds too much difficulty in thinking hardly of any man to do it often. The solemn tones had hardly died away, as the speaker sat down, when I heard a distinguished politician, who sat just before me, turn and say to another by his side, "Which hat is the joker under, think you?" "Re-distribution of seats," was the dry reply. So far, I am persuaded, and only so far, did the fine speech go in the ear of the country; and that must be taken as measure of the depth from which it came.

When Gladstone rose, and from his gathering brow the first flashes of the coming storm darted across the table, Disraeli had already hardened to stone. But he must have felt that the steps of Fate were in the air. There was a strange anger in Gladstone's eye, and his very nose — it was in the nose that Winkelmann found the wrath of Apollo slaying the Python—had a horny expression. It was evident that he had not forgiven the foul blow under which he had fallen last year on his first trial as leader of the House. If I am not mistaken, the greater power of sarcasm is with Gladstone; and, though the duel will be long and terrible, the probabilities are that Disraeli will yet discover all the agonies which Peel suffered twenty years ago under his own remorseless pursuit. He has climbed high, and that by extraordinary faculties, and despite unfavorable circumstances; for in nature there is no luck, but it takes an ounce to balance an ounce. But as is his height, such must be the ruin of his fall, if he does fall.

CRETE.

THE Island of Crete requires no aid from contemporary events to arouse the interest of the intelligent reader. There is much in her past history to attract and entertain. "Beautiful of situation," with a glorious climate and noble scenery abounding in stirring landscapes, her mountains became the scene of legend and romance from the earliest period. Jove in his infancy was cradled on the snowy summits of her Idæan crags; Homer sang of her hundred cities, and her hundred prores plowing their way to the Sigean shores, and her hero, Idomeneus, battling "far on the ringing plains of windy Troy." In remote antiquity the Cretans formed a confederacy of miniature democracies, living in tolerable concord, and governed by a code said to have been introduced by Minos, and copied in many of its features by Lycurgus at a later period. But, like the Swiss, the Cretans, although sturdy republicans, did not disdain to serve as mercenaries in most of the wars of ancient Greece, while they rarely felt enough Hellenism to side with the other Greeks as allies. Their triremes scoured the seas the corsairs of old, plundering merchant galleys laden with Tyrian stuffs, the gems of the East, and the grain of the Nile. The legionaries of Rome marched through the gorges of Crete, but failed to reduce the island until after their first army had ignominiously perished.

From the first the islanders developed a love of independence, which has clung to them as a distinguishing and ennobling trait among many vices and through long ages of oppression. The Byzantines, the Saracens, the Latins, and the Ottomans have successively held possession of Crete. A band of roving Saracens from Spain touched on the island, and were so captivated by its charms that they returned with forty galleys and plundered the villages; but in seeking the coast to re-embark, lo! their vessels were in flames. Abu Caab, their leader, had anticipated the famous feat of Cortéz; he had covertly set the fleet on fire with a purpose of remaining, and to the clamors of his followers replied: "Of what do you complain? Here is your true country; repose from your toils, and forget the barren place of your nativity." They listened and obeyed, married their female captives, and established a city which they called Candax, a name since corrupted to Candia and applied to the whole island. For one hundred and thirty years their rovers swept the seas, and revived the ill repu-

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tation of Crete as a nest of pirates. With the exception of the inhabitants of Kydonia, the Cretans at this period embraced Islamism, the creed of their conquerors.

In 960 Nikephorus Phokas, one of the few military heroes who relieved the decline of the Byzantine throne from its disgraceful inefficiency, laid siege to Candia; seven months were consumed before the walls of a city destined in a later age to sustain the most protracted siege known in history; and even after the storming of the defenses a hand-to-hand conflict was maintained in the streets before the place fell into the hands of the Greeks, and with it the whole island. All the Cretans were now baptized into the Greek Church, and Nikephorus was rewarded with a triumph in Constantinople and the purple.

Baldwin, the crusader, was the successor of the Byzantines in Crete; then came the Genoese and the Count of Montferrat, who sold Candia to the Venetians for 10,000 marks. For three centuries the Queen City of the Sea had undisturbed sway over the valleys of Crete, one of the brighest gems in her diadem. But in an evil hour the Sultana Kœsem, the mother of Ibrahim Sultan, who, by her genius, ruled both her son and the Ottoman Empire, conceived the scheme of subjugating Crete. She was seconded in her project by the Grand-Vizier Yousouf Pasha. A Dalmatian by birth, he was a natural enemy of Venice. While still a barefoot urchin running about the streets of Vrania, his native place, he attracted the attention of a Turkish official riding through the town, who carried him off to Constantinople. With good looks and ready tact and talent at his command, he mounted the successive steps so often trod by those who rise from the lowest grades of society to eminence in the courts of the East, and in due time became Grand-Vizier or Prime Minister, and second in power only to the Sultan himself. When he had reached this perilous height he still cherished his hereditary hatred toward the Venetians, and gave a willing ear to the plans of the Queen-Mother. To conquer Crete would be to ravish from Venice one of her principal sources of revenue and prestige, and overthrow one of the bulwarks of Christendom. Appointed Generalissimo of the land and naval forces of the expedition, and married to the Sultan's daughter before his departure, Yousouf landed on the shores of Crete with a hundred thousand men. The island was speedily overrun, and Canéa, the capital, captured after a three months' siege, and Yousouf Pasha then returned to Constantinople for supplies and to refit his armament for the reduction of the strong-hold of Candia. His enemies chose to make the Sultan believe in his unfaithfulness to his command.

"Return to Crete at once or die!" were the words with which the capricious monarch welcomed his triumphant General.

"My liege," responded Yousouf, astonished at his master's unreasonable demands, "you are unversed in naval affairs; our galleys have no rowers, and ships can not put to sea without oars."

"Wretch!" cried Ibrahim, "do you presume to teach me!" Then turning to an attendant, said: "Bring me his head!"

The fate of Yousouf was but the lot of half the Grand-Viziers of Turkey, some of them men of commanding intellect and magnanimous character. His career is only one of many instances in her history of men who from low degree have soared to the second place in the realm, poised on that dizzy eminence a month, a year, perhaps a decade, and then fallen in an hour like an eagle gazing on the sun, pierced to the heart by the fatal arrow, and in a moment dropping lifeless to the depths below.

For many years longer the war in Crete and the siege of Candia lingered without reaching a decisive result, until the accession of Mohammed IV. His favorite wife Gulneish was a Cretan by birth, and desired the island as an appanage whose revenues should swell her allowance of pin-money. Achmed Kuprili, the second of that name and the greatest of Turkey's Grand-Viziers, having added a large slice of Christian territory to the Ottoman Empire, notwithstanding a defeat at St. Gothard, was desirous of giving the finishing touch to his administration by the conquest of Candia.

Morosini, one of the best soldiers of the time, held the place with the flower of the Christian chivalry; and during the siege the garrison was reinforced by frequent arrivals of heroes from all parts of Christendom, anxious to break a lance in this apparently final grapple with the Antichrist. Vauban, the great engineer, and many others of scarcely less note, fought behind the seemingly impregnable battlements of Candia, and repelled the oft-repeated assaults of the janizaries, the most redoubtable warriors of those bloody times.

On one occasion the Duke de Beaufort arrived from France with many gentlemen and powerful reinforcements. Hardly were they landed when, rash and enthusiastic, and disdaining the advice of the experienced Morosini, they sallied out against the janizaries. But few ever returned. The Duke de Beaufort never reappeared. Kuprili made search for his body, but in vain. As, on the defeat of Don Roderic, legends were long floating about the island that, humiliated by his reverse, the lost Duke had escaped to the mountains and was seen at intervals dwelling in the caves, a hermit devoted to penitence and prayer, until sight and memory of him alike passed away.

In September, 1629, two years and three months after Kuprili opened the trenches, the city fell, the blockade of the place having been maintained for twenty-three years. Over 30,000 Christians and 120,000 Turks were sacrificed during the siege, and the defense has been a model in the conduct of many a subsequent defense. The conquest of Candia was the last great triumph of the Ottoman arms, and it has

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remained in the hands of the Turks to this day, a period of 238 years.

The Turks divided the island into three pashalics or satrapies, and would seem to have taken stronger root there than in most of their Christian possessions. They have intermarried with the Greeks, and, by reason of religious oppression, many of the Christians have, during the lapse of ages, nominally embraced Islamism; although, as a general thing, these proselytes have practiced their old rites in secret, and transmitted the observance of this double religion to their posterity. The reader will be reminded by this circumstance of those Moors of Spain who became outwardly Catholics after the fall of Grenada, but who practiced Mohammedanism in private; instances existing even to our time. So intermixed had races and religions become in some parts of Crete that it gave rise to a proverb long current in the Archipelago, when reference was made to the Cretans: *Τοῦρκος εἶσε Μουσταφά; Τοῦρκος εἶμαι μά τήν Παναγιά*, which is, by interpretation, "Are you a Turk, Moustapha? I swear by the Holy Virgin I am a Turk." As religion in the Levant has more to do with nationality than race, to be a Turk is to be a Mussulman, and for a Mussulman to swear by the Virgin Mary is an impossibility any where but in Crete, where many of the nominal Turks are secret Christians.

Notwithstanding this mixing of races, the Christians of Crete have been treated with an oppression rare even under the Ottoman rule, and it has rather tended to stimulate the vices inherent in the Cretan character—impatience of law, venality, cunning, and treachery. It has taught them also their mode of bush-fighting common with most of the modern Greeks, and so like Indian warfare—hiding behind a thicket or a rock, and thence blazing away at the foe. The narrow gorges of the Cretan mountains afford excellent facilities for this kind of tactics, which is by no means incompatible with genuine valor; but in the case of the modern Greek it has become such an inborn characteristic, that he is liable to lose his presence of mind if he can not rest his musket on the edge of an earth-work or the crotch of an old olive-tree.

On the southern side of Crete is a small canton called Sphakia, whose inhabitants differ in some respects from the other Cretans. They are supposed to represent the Pelasgic aborigines who peopled the island before the Hellenes appeared on the stage of history. Mostly shepherds, and only a few thousand in number, they have always maintained a semi-independence of the Turkish yoke, like the Maniotes, the descendants of the ancient Spartans, and the sturdy Armenian mountaineers of Zeitun, in Asia Minor—subdued only within a few years, after centuries of stubborn resistance. Often defeated, the Sphakiotes as often escaped to the mountains, to return to their villages on the departure of the invader, and resisted payment of tribute to the time of the Greek Revolution.

When that war broke out the Greek cruisers appeared off the island; but after the first panic was over the Turks became so exasperated that they began to massacre the Christians. The Sphakiotes having scoffed at a summons to give up their arms—being encouraged to such a course by their hero Melidori—the Turks prepared to go against them; but as they waited for the conclusion of the annual festivities of Bairám, the Sphakiotes collected a force of 1200 muskets, and defeated the Turks at Loulo. Another check received at the hands of the brothers Kormouli so enraged the Moslems that they massacred over a thousand of both sexes in the city of Candia and elsewhere, including the ten bishops of Crete.

During the summer many combats took place, in which Antonio Melidori was conspicuous on account of his patriotism and unwavering courage. Before the breaking out of the Revolution he had spent some months traveling through Asia Minor and the Archipelago, preparing the Greeks for the approaching revolt. On the 18th of July the Turks were routed with great loss at Askoupi, near Retymo, leaving their baggage and artillery on the field. But the Sphakiotes, after plundering the plains on the northern side of the Idæan slope, returned to Sphakia to divide the booty, which movement enabled the Turks to storm the intrenchments of Therison; and in the September following an army of about 10,000 janizaries, guided by a treacherous priest, entered the Sphakiote canton, burned the villages, and drove the people of that and the neighboring districts into the mountains or on board of their coasters. Lack of provisions, however, soon compelled the invaders to retreat to their fortified towns, where the Christians, who had been hitherto spared, were now put to the sword. During this period of the insurrection an enthusiasm pervaded the Cretans which, had it continued, might have enabled them to hush the clamors of discord and achieve their freedom. During an attack on Therison the Greek women animated their defenders by their presence, and supplied them with fruits and drink. A peasant girl, carrying a jar of water on her shoulder, had it broken by a ball; but, undaunted, she went on to the Greek lines with a basket of grapes.

At this time Melidori and Zervas were dispatched to the Morea to procure reinforcements and ammunition, and a military leader to assume general command of the Cretan forces. It was but a small supply of powder that they could obtain, but Michael Comnenus Affendouli was appointed to the Cretan department, and arrived at Loutro in November. In the mean time the insurgents had reappeared and laid siege to Canea, and after cutting the water-pipes that led into the city, reduced the garrison to great straits. But, with the inconstancy so characteristic of irregular soldiery, and particularly of Greek *palikars*, when the rainy season set in the besiegers fell back.

Affendouli was well received by all classes,

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and seems to have been a man of fair administrative capacity; but, whatever might have been his military talents, he certainly was but ill qualified to conduct the partisan warfare of Crete, and control the rude, unstable spirits under his command. The Sphakiotes—brave, but treacherous, and despising the other Cretans, or Lowlanders, as they called them—required a leader of consummate skill and iron hand.

During the winter considerable supplies and reinforcements arrived, and the Cretans took the field early in the year with a force of near 7000 men—2400, under General Papadaki, in the western part of the island; 3000, under Rousso and other chieftains, near the centre; while Antonio Melidori guarded the defiles of Mount Ida with a partisan band varying in number from 200 to 1000, but making its mark wherever it struck, until the fame of Melidori rang from one end of Crete to the other—a name to kindle the courage of his fellow-countrymen, and fill the heart of the Turk with terror.

But to oppose the Candiote forces the Ottomans had from 20,000 to 25,000 men well provided with all the munitions of war, besides twenty-seven strong-holds, and the neutrality of a good portion of the islanders—for many of the Cretans remained indifferent to the cause for which their brethren were in arms; so that the contest from the outset had a very one-sided appearance, by no means reassuring to the insurgents. However, the blockade of Canea, for siege it could not be called, was resumed with some prospect of success, and the city would have fallen if there had been more concert in the disposal of the Cretan army. But Affendouli was more skillful in wording proclamations than manœuvring battalions, and the Cretans themselves, by their own misconduct, brought matters for a time to a crisis unfavorable to their independence.

Antonio Melidori, by his many exploits and disinterested patriotism—patriotic where genuine patriotism was so rarely a dominant principle—had won the friendship of the commander-in-chief, and had been promoted. This gave umbrage to the turbulent Sphakiotes, whose little souls regarded the contest as only a question whether the Sphakiote or the Ottoman should be tyrant of Crete. A band of Sphakiotes in the command of Melidori sacked the hovel of a defenseless old woman, and their captain compelled the robbers to restore the spoil; but as they did so they exclaimed "that his tomb was open," which means, in the figurative language of the East, that his doom was sealed. A plot to assassinate him was concocted by the Sphakiotes, Melidori's own brother-in-law, Anaguosti, and Captain Rousso being the principals in this iniquitous scheme. Antonio having crowned his previous exploits by capturing a Turkish village and exterminating the garrison, was invited to a feast by Rousso and Anagnosti, where he was to receive the congratulations of his countrymen for his victory. As the roasted lamb disappeared and the wine began to circulate Rousso sought to pick a quarrel with his guest; but failing in this, attempted to slay him, on which Melidori mounted and departed; but his brother-in-law followed and besought him to return, offering to bring about a reconciliation. In the act of embracing him Rousso plunged a dagger into his bosom.

The Turks fired a salute on learning of the fall of their great enemy; Melidori's friends quit the camp in great indignation; and Rousso being cashiered, all his adherents also left; and the insurgent army was so much reduced that all operations in the pashalic of Candia were brought to a stand. Melidori was one of the few heroes of the Greek Revolution whose fame is untarnished by the imputation of sordid ends: the purity of his aims, the breadth of his views, the noble simplicity of his character, and the valor he displayed during his brief military career remind us of Aristomenes, Leonidas, and other heroes of ancient Greece. He was worthy of a wider influence and a longer life, crowned by deeds more lasting in their consequences to posterity than any he was allowed to achieve. Miss Mulock, now Mrs. Craik, in a volume of romantic sketches written long years ago, has a spirited tale founded on the exploits of the Cretan hero, although it is not entirely reliable as a historic narrative.

In April Colonel Balesto arrived in Candia with a band of Samians, and was ordered to the command of the district of Retymo. Instead of the army promised him, he found at Kogsare a paltry 800, but succeeded in raising the force to 1200; but on attempting a reconnoissance his men began to fall away, and the approach of Easter rather tended to encourage desertion. (N.B.—When the Greeks begin to think less of their 150 holy days, and attach more value to matters of importance, there will be some hope of their progress and success as a nation.) In the mean time the Ottoman forces opposing Balesto were increased, but notwithstanding were worsted in an engagement on the plain of Castello. As the days went by, and it became more and more apparent that the increasing scarcity of provisions would leave him without a man, Balesto resolved to hazard an attack on the Turkish intrenchments. The Turks were about 4000 strong; and by great effort Balesto contrived to collect about the same number of men for the emergency; for the irregular Cretan soldiery are in the habit of collecting and dispersing rapidly. At the last moment he was informed that his men had only six cartridges apiece. To attack under the circumstances was folly; and messengers were dispatched to Sphakia for ammunition. At this juncture the Turks quit their works and fell on the Greeks; for three-quarters of an hour the combat was evenly balanced, but was finally decided by the treachery of the Sphakiote contingent, who had taken a prejudice to Balesto, and, as is asserted, had sworn his destruction. In the heat of the fight they fled; and Balesto fell into the hands of the Turks, who cut off his head and

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right arm. The preceding narrative will give the reader some notion of the way in which the Cretan rebellion was conducted, and how hopeless was the contest from the outset unless foreign intervention could solve the problem, which it was beyond the capacity of the natives to grapple successfully.

To go into the details of the campaign of 1822 and 1823 would be a thankless task. It is sufficient to say that Affendouli was obliged to resign his command, and Admiral Tombazi, a noted seaman of Hydra, was chosen to succeed him. Alternate victories and defeats and equal cruelty and bad faith characterized the fortunes of both sides, until the perpetual quarrels of the Cretans were taken advantage of by Mustafa Bey, who gave them a notable defeat at Amourgeli, from which they never recovered. Before going into winter-quarters the Ottomans ravaged the island, and either put to the sword or sold into slavery over 10,000 Cretans. All but the Sphakiotes laid down their arms, multitudes of the Christians emigrated to other islands, and the insurrection was apparently at an end. In the spring the Ottomans swept the island with 20,000 men; and the Sphakiotes, out of hatred to the "Lowlanders," who would not submit to their leadership, entered into private terms of capitulation. While many burrowed in the caves of the mountains or fled to the neighboring isles, thousands met with slavery or death, and the chains of Crete were forged stronger than ever. It is some consolation to our notions of justice to know that the Sphakiote captains were rewarded for their treason with a dungeon, among them Rousso, the murderer of Melidori.

Off the western coast of Crete is a small islet named Karabusa, crowned by an impregnable fortress, and this was surprised by a band of Cretans in 1825, and many of those who had fled from Candia returned and settled on this castellated rock; but so thickly were they collected there that starvation carried them off by thousands, and many of the survivors left. But the strength of the fortress and the difficulty of blockading it suggested to two clever Cretans, named Antoniades and Economos, the feasibility of turning it into a piratical rendezvous. The Cretans, as has been before observed, have always taken kindly to this infamous craft. The aforementioned brace of knaves purchased a schooner, which made a very successful voyage; and, stimulated by this interesting result, a number of Sphakiotes living there fitted out another vessel, and the example was speedily followed by exiles connected with the first families of Crete. A quasi government was established, assuming to represent the four divisions of Crete, and dignified by loud-sounding titles, the whole under the direction of Economos and Antoniades, who, however, took good care to keep behind the scenes while they pulled the wires. In order to mask their knavery a band occasionally landed on the coast of Crete, and returned with a great flourish of trumpets after worrying the life out of a few poor Turks, all of which was carefully reported, whereby Philhellenic benevolence was imposed upon and amerced in considerable sums for the support of the war of independence in Crete! In the mean time affairs went on swimmingly with our picarooning adventurers. Their success attracted shoals of villains from all parts of the archipelago, every person on the rock becoming a shareholder in a joint-stock company organized to plunder the commerce of all nations, including that of the Greeks themselves. Some hundred dwellings arose within the castle, and the company owned, as part of its stock, a force of forty-eight brigs and schooners. Warehouses were erected for storing the captured goods, and the wine-shops rang with the revelry of the roystering crews. The isle swarmed with brokers purchasing the stolen property, and the buccaneers of the Spanish Main seemed to have come to life again in the Ægean; although it is doubtful whether such a complete system of piracy was ever before organized, for the Greeks are shrewd beyond the shrewdest in business matters, the chief difficulty being that they are often so shrewd as to practice dishonesty when there is no occasion for it, and thereby in the end overreach themselves. It is not our purpose, nor do our limits allow us, to dwell longer on this disgraceful episode in the Greek Revolution. Impelled by the threats of the European admirals in those seas, and by other reasons, the freebooters finally gave themselves seriously to the work of reviving the insurrection in Crete. Two thousand mercenaries were procured, and, with about as many from Karabusa, were landed at St. Nicholas. After various fortunes this, like previous attempts, failed, on account of the feuds existing between the Christians recruited from different portions of Crete. In the interval a squadron of English and French men-of-war, comprising nine sail, and with a detachment of infantry on board, appeared off Karabusa. The artful negotiations that now occurred, the burning of that part of the piratical fleet which had not absconded in time, the loss of the *Cambria* frigate, the final capture of the place by stratagem, and the utter uprooting of this piratical nest, form a curious narrative. That the overthrow of Karabusa was not an easy task may be inferred from the fact that there were at least 2500 desperate fighting men behind the fortifications.

After the fall of Karabusa Hadji Mihali, a cavalry officer of some note in the Greek Revolution, who had stopped at Karabusa on his way to Crete with a corps of Roumeliotes, landed on the Sphakiote coast, but received assistance neither in the way of provisions nor men. Reduced to great distress, he finally surprised a Turkish detachment, routed them, and captured among other items 20,000 sheep, with which he returned to his strong-hold of Franco Castello, an old Venetian fortress on the coast. On this the Turkish general, Mustafa Pasha, marched on Franco Castello with over 5000 men

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and two pieces of artillery. As the captured sheep filled the court-yard of the castle, Hadji Mihali posted all his force, numbering about 700 men, behind low earth-works called *tambouries*. One redoubt was held by Captain Kyriakouli with 100 picked men, who tied their legs together in a chain with their girdles, and swore to hold the spot or die. They all fell at their posts but one who fled; and long after a row of skeletons could be seen bleaching there, bound with shreds of weather-worn girdles. Hadji Mihali was cut to pieces; 270 Roumeliotes escaped into the castle, where they found themselves with meat enough and to spare, but no water. They were forced to surrender, and on giving their parole not again to serve against the Sultan in Crete, were provided with provisions, their wounded were carefully tended, and they were allowed to sail away. The whole affair, so heroic on the part of the vanquished, so generous on the part of the victor, is the most interesting episode of the kind in the Greek Revolution.

As if to give the other side of the picture, the Sphakiotes—who would not fight when others were ready, but fought when their valor could be of little use—now turned out, and held the passes by which Mustafa Pasha must return. Without heeding the amnesty he proclaimed, they persisted until they reduced him to great extremity. At this crisis, when the consummation of Cretan independence hung in the balance, Mustafa, aware of Sphakiote cupidity, summoned a council of war, in which it was decided to abandon all the baggage to the enemy. The bait took. Dazzled by the sight of so much plunder, the Sphakiotes seized the spoil before them, but allowed the Ottoman army to escape, and with it their freedom fled from their grasp for indefinite ages. They were unworthy of the immortal gift of liberty which was offered to them, and it was withdrawn.

Enough has been written in the above narrative to prove that at that period Crete and the Cretans were not prepared for independence. Whether they are now prepared to receive and value and guard the priceless gift with "sleepless vigilance," is a question to be decided by their own conduct. Our knowledge of the Greek and of the Cretan justifies us in entertaining reasonable doubts as to their present fitness for self-government. But as the poor islanders can hardly be more miserable than they are under the cruel domination of the Turks, and may improve their condition if they can once attain the independence for which they have so often fought in vain, it is highly proper that they should receive all the assistance that can be extended to them.

The Cretans were not in good repute in ancient times. Epimenides, as quoted by St. Paul, said "the Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." They have not outlived their disreputable character. In the Levant to this day to say that a man is a Cretan or an Ionian Islander is by no means a compliment. The present enthusiasm for Cretan independence which has aroused the Kingdom of Greece is not wholly out of disinterested love for Crete. It arises from a sort of Panhellenic frenzy or desire to unite in one government all who speak the Greek language or belong to the Greek Church, however inharmonious the various elements. This tendency to assemble the different branches of a race into one powerful and coherent mass seems to be a phenomenon peculiar to this period of the world's progress. We have the Panslavic movement, the struggle for a united Italy, the yearnings for a consolidation of the Germanic nations. Old Father Time is welding the races on his mighty anvil into stronger and more fitting weapons for the advancement of mankind to new battle-fields and new victories over the hosts of superstition and sin. The forward movement may be slow, but it is sure.

This is called a war of the Cross against the Crescent, as in contradistinction to most wars, and to a certain extent it is true. Greek Christianity is not of a high order, but it is several degrees above Islamism; and, like the Papacy in former ages, the Greek Church has had a mission to perform. This has been to furnish a bond of union to the scattered members of a race that long periods of servitude have kept without any distinct nationality, except as sympathy for one creed kept alive the yearning for reunion under a government of their own. It was religious fanaticism which has prevented the Greeks from abjuring their articles of faith, and with them their Hellenism when the Latin or the Turk has planted his foot on the neck of the Greek; and it was their Church that finally stimulated the people to rise in 1821 and assert their independence. So much credit is fairly due to the Greek Church, but more it has not done. It has tended rather to lower than to elevate the moral standard of the Greek race. Since her independence Greece has made some progress—grant, if you will, that the advance on her previous condition has been considerable—but the melancholy fact remains that Greece has not progressed in proportion with other nations during the same period, scarcely so far even as Turkey; and for this the Greek Church is responsible. The Church desires Hellenic unity not for the sake of permitting, but rather to prevent, greater liberty of conscience.

There are some among us not devoid of common-sense in ordinary matters, who allow their judgment to be warped when they dream of the union of the Eastern and Western churches. Those who are best informed about the Greek Church, its clergy, its disciples, and its dogmas, not as they might be but as they are, not *in posse* but *in esse*, perceive most clearly the absurdity of the whole scheme. It is a vision fit only for the cobwebbed intellects of those antediluvian dreamers who see no impropriety in putting new wine into old bottles, in throwing the world back fifteen centuries, in binding again the adamantine gyves of superstition over the

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emancipated soul of the nineteenth century; they are first cousins to Rip Van Winkle.

It was recently observed by one of the most learned men of Russia, in speaking of the Greek Church in that country, that "The Church is the great obstacle to the development of the nation. With all their wealth the priesthood have not produced one work for humanity, nor done one thing for the elevation of the people." This is true to a still greater degree in Greece. The Greeks have inherited the beauty, and, to a certain extent, the heroism and genius of their immortal ancestors; they are acute, genial, and courtly in their manners; the humblest barefooted peasant-girl of Attica, holding her rude distaff under her arm and spinning by the roadside exactly as described by Homer, has a profile as perfect, a form as graceful, and an address as courteous and yet as unaffected as if she were some princess in disguise—another Perdita scarcely concealed by the picturesque costume of a shepherdess. Many of the vices of the Greeks are the growth of long ages of slavery and superstition, and it is to be hoped will give place to nobler traits. Their country, essentially poetic on account of the peerless splendor of its mountain crags lit by the superb sunsets of the Ægean, the magnificent ruins which crown its hoary steeps, the loveliness of its clustering isles, and the historic associations that hallow every sod and throw an aureole of glory over the land, will be an object to arouse the better emotions of our nature to the end of time.

But it must be confessed that there is little hope of the rapid progress of the Greek race toward a nobler destiny unless the Greek Church undergoes a radical change. The Church must either keep pace with the onward march of mankind or the Greeks must shake themselves free from their clerical bondage and think and act for themselves; and in either case the conditions of their social advancement must be a total separation of Church and State. It is their own Æsop, I think, who tells the story of a hawk that entangled its claws in the woolly back of a sheep and then sought to fly up with his prey, but found, instead, that the sheep was too much for him, and he was thus kept down until the shepherds came up and caught him. Not to speak irreverently, the shape of Greece is exactly that of the hawk. She is trammeled by the weight of an inert, gross, material hierarchy, and seeks in vain to soar into higher regions. Without abandoning the truths of the Scriptures or the tenets of the early Fathers, let her liberate herself from the corrupt system which has prostituted those Scriptures and those dogmas to its own ends; let her emulate the noble example of Italy; let no dungeons be kept in readiness for those who question the purity of the national faith; and the sons of Greece will gradually become possessors of those inestimable virtues without which no people can flourish—truth, honesty, moral courage, order, and freedom; the Muses of Parnassus will awake again from their trance of ages, art and science will thrive as never before, the nation will not require the aid of foreign bayonets, and Greece will again become a power in the world. This may be rather a rose-colored vision; but when we consider what tremendous moral and social revolutions have recently occurred in Italy, Germany, and the United States, such as ten years ago not even the wildest enthusiast would have predicted, we feel less skepticism than might otherwise be the case when we contemplate the future of the great Panhellenic movement. But it must be confessed that until the Greek Church radically changes its present character we entertain fears concerning the rapid progress of Greece toward a nobler destiny.

ANTIPODES.

THE violets, O the violets!
  They are dripping with the dew,
The lark is singing in the sky,
  And the sky is bright and blue;
But my heart is aching, aching—
  Aching through and through!

The daisies, O the daisies!
  They are round and fair of face,
And the daffodil has bribed the sun
  To lie in her embrace;
But my heart is crying, dying
  Like a soul that lacketh grace!

The roses, O the roses!
  They have pledged and plighted faith
To the winds that kiss and kiss them
  Till they faint and fail for breath;
But my heart is bleeding, bleeding—
  Bleeding slowly into death!

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THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMONG THE INDIANS.

VENABLE was not killed on the spot by the Indians for two reasons. They often prefer taking boys and girls prisoners to killing them. Besides, they had many spare horses along which they had stampeded and stolen, and they needed the assistance of the boy and a slave to drive these. Between being taken a prisoner and being killed outright, the latter—as a general rule—is preferable in such cases. As it was, the boy was badly wounded in his knee and through one arm. Almost at the instant his foes were upon him; before he had time to think he had been lifted upon a mustang and was galloped off between two of the tribe; for having the Rangers on their trail they had no time to stop. Before he had gone very far he heard the crack of rifles behind him, and knew that Francisco and his uncle were in the fight. It flashed upon him as a sudden hope that they might be taken prisoners also, so that he might have them with him; but he well knew that all the probabilities were that they would both be killed and scalped. Even in that moment of terror he noticed, and with a sort of pride too, that one Indian had thought his antelope worth bringing, and now rode with it slung on the horse behind him. After dashing on for a time over the prairie the Indians slackened their pace a little at a gruff word from one of them. Venable had read, and had been told also by his uncle, that the only way to propitiate Indians when in their power is to be as fearless of them as possible; so he raised his drooping head and assumed as bold a port as he possibly could, and for the first time looked full at the Indians between whom he rode in front, while the rest of the band came after, some fifty in all. The Indian who rode upon his left was almost as black as a negro. His hair was cut square off over his eyes, and hung down behind almost to the stirrup as he rode—all platted and mingled in with all sorts of coins, gold and silver; it was a wonder to the boy how his head could sustain the strain of such a load. Buckskin and blankets made up the rest of his dress; but his face—it was that which puzzled Venable. He had imagined that Indians always had a ferocious aspect, but this Indian had a fat, grave, even benignant face. It reminded Venable strongly of the pictures he had seen of Franklin. A more serious, composed, sanctimonious face even, could not be seen any where. Apart from his hue and his costume, he looked like some respectable Deacon riding on his way to church—one who had scarce ever harmed even a fly all his life. And yet that Indian had murdered, cruelly tortured, and butchered many a human being; and would have put Venable to the most terrible suffering, and then killed him without moving a muscle of his benevolent countenance. However, Venable was greatly encouraged, and now glanced at the Indian on his right. This was a tall, lean, haughty-looking warrior, who reminded Venable as much of pictures he had seen of Don Quixote as the other did of Franklin. But the most striking thing about him was his armor. This consisted of a coat of mail covering him down to the thighs, and formed of innumerable small steel rings woven curiously into each other with consummate skill. Each Indian was supplied with leathern shields painted over with various emblems, with bows and arrows in cowskin quivers. As he looked at the arrows projecting from the quiver hanging under the arm of the right-hand Indian he read in them that it was Comanches in whose hands he was. Every tribe grooves its arrows, so that when they have penetrated the body of a victim the blood may trickle out and drop upon the ground, leaving a trail by which the victim can be followed. The arrows of other tribes are grooved spirally, or otherwise irregularly, while those of the Comanches have a straight groove from the barbed end to the other. And Venable knew, too, that it was Iron-Jacket who rode by him, a renowned chief named after the mail he wore, of whom he had often heard. Iron-Jacket! Known over all the West, among the Indians especially, as the owner and constant wearer of a coat which rendered him perfectly invulnerable to arrow or bullet. In some way it had come down from Cortéz—or some follower of Cortéz—into the hands of this chief, who was a chief in consequence of owning it, and who would not have exchanged it for all the cattle on the prairies.

And now Venable began to wonder how he was going to escape; and then imagined how interesting it would be, when at home again, to tell Bessie and Will and all of them about it. His wounds began to smart severely; yet by a strange reaction, from sudden terror his spirits began also to rise wonderfully. Hope and even joy filled his bosom as he rode. And then he breathed a fervent prayer to God to help him. And then he wondered whether they had captured Francisco and his uncle yet, and would soon bring them along. And then it occurred to him that the same Heavenly Father whom he worshiped at the family altar at home was as near to him, and as powerful and willing to help him now as then; and this was a consolation to him inexpressible. Then another thought rose in his mind. His hands were not tied, and he quietly slipped them in his pockets as they trotted rapidly along. Gathering up the contents of his pocket in his hand, with his forefinger he managed to punch a hole through the seam in the pocket, and then cautiously pushed his knife through. It gradually worked its way down his leg and fell out upon the ground. He dreaded lest the Indians clatter-

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ing behind should see it; but they were too busy looking around and talking to notice it. By this time it was becoming dark; still they rode on without a halt. Scarce a word had been uttered by any one since the last Indian had galloped up after sending from his bow the arrow which bore death to the Mexican. As it became darker Venable dropped through the hole in his pocket every thing he had—two half-dollars, three Mexican dollars, his pocket-comb. Then, out of the other pocket, a fishing line rolled on its cork, a brass buckle, a bunch of buckskin tied up, a box of caps, a charger made out of a boar's tooth. All these; not at once, but scattered along a mile or so apart. His object was to help any persons who might endeavor to trail him; and it answered the purpose admirably afterward. He would have had all these things taken from him; but the Indians had not yet had time, dreading to stop lest the Rangers should catch up with them. All night they rode, the boy almost falling from his horse with hunger and loss of sleep; a sense of utter wretchedness and despair, too, began to creep upon him. And so the next morning dawned upon him, the benignant Franklin still riding on one side, and Iron-Jacket on the other, as composed as if just started on a little pleasure excursion. The horses, however, could hardly walk even; and at full sunrise Iron-Jacket called a halt upon a little stream. The animals were allowed to graze to recover strength; for an Indian cares for his horse only for the present use it is to him, having no idea even of affection for it. Venable fell heavily on the grass, and lay there sound asleep, the Indians paying no attention to him whatever. When he woke the sun was high, and the savages preparing to start. A fragment of jerked beef was thrown to him by Iron-Jacket, like a bone to a dog; but so ravenously hungry was the boy that he ate it greedily. And so on, and on, over the prairie the whole of that long day, the boy being forced to assist in driving the loose horses along, among which he recognized his brother's pony Slow, which Francisco had ridden. It was consolation even to have this old acquaintance along. Once when a young Indian drove his spear into Slow to make him go faster, Venable shouted at him fiercely, and the whole band broke into a loud laugh. In fact, the boy began to feel at home with his captors, weighed down occasionally by heavy thoughts of the fate of Francisco and his uncle, and his own destiny. And so night came—a fragment of beef, a sound sleep on the grass, and up again by day, and off on the wearisome march. Thus passed a whole week; though it seemed to the boy like a year. He was now naked except half a blanket tied by him around his waist, every thing having long ago been appropriated by the Indians. His hat, too, had long decked the head of the young Indian that had speared Slow. From head to foot Venable was dirty and blistered by the sun, his naked feet bleeding from the rocks, his wounds exceedingly painful. He almost began to doubt his identity; he felt as if he was rapidly becoming an Indian himself, almost imagined that he had always been what he now was. Still, morning and evening he ceased not to pray to God, often remembering his deliverance, when escape seemed impossible, from the prairie fire. As he rode during the day, or lay awake at night, all the verses of Scripture and hymns he had ever learned passed through his mind; he loved to repeat all he knew, and was astonished how many he remembered. Home, too—that dearest spot on earth, under the live-oaks by the San Hieronymo—it was before his eyes all the time, clad in a kind of glory to him. He wondered he had never prized it more. Oh, if he ever was there again, how he would love the very rocks and earth there! And his father, mother, Will, Bessie, Hark, Rohamma, Duke, Snap—how keenly he appreciated and loved them now! It seemed now to him like Paradise with its angels, if he ever was there again! Plans of escape, too, had often crossed his mind—such a whirl, a current, a cataract of things had rushed through his mind since he had been taken!

It was the tenth day after he had been taken captive. The Indians had now reached their camp on the Colorado—rude skin tents with any quantity of squaws and children. All his romantic notions of such things vanished before the reality. The filth was unutterable; not a spark of kindliness or gentleness had he yet witnessed. It was a den of wild animals with their cubs—nothing more. He was continually employed in bringing wood or water, a miserable slave as squalid in appearance as any of them almost. His long black hair all tangled about his eyes, his naked body blistered by the sun, grimed with dirt, a great sore on his knee, another on his arm; he could scarce have been told from the Indians. He had thought best not to wash himself when at the river for water, but to seem as much at home with the savages as possible. But under all his miserable outward appearance he was his uncle's own Venable still, as the young Indian who had wounded Slow found to his cost. In passing Venable once he spat at him. It was on the top of a high bank of the river, and the next instant the Indian had been knocked down the bank into the river with a splash. All the Indians near ran to see, and laughed heartily. Venable waited for the discomfited savage to rush up the bank and kill him. And he did come up the slope, but with his brown face all in a good-humored grin and to shake hands with the captive. Ever after Venable had in him a stanch friend. It illustrated the fact that with Indians treaties and tribute only encourage them to insolence. Fear is the only means to keep them in order. The tenth, eleventh, and twelfth days of his captivity were spent by Venable in the camp. The Indians occupied themselves in dressing hides, broiling beef on the coals, and eating, smoking, quarreling, sleeping, going out hunting or returning with game, making

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baskets, moccasins, and bows. The filth was abominable; it seemed to the boy that he was rather among a species of monkeys than human beings. The fat, grave Indian whom he thought of as Franklin, sat all day on a log smoking solemnly, absorbed in unutterable meditation. Iron-Jacket stalked haughtily about, never removing the armor in which he trusted. It was to him his confidence, his glory, the one thing that elevated and separated him above all the world besides. No monarch could be prouder of his crown and kingdom; and all the rest of the tribe rendered him the homage due as owner of an invulnerable coat, creating him justly and rightfully their superior. Kept clean and bright, covering his entire person to the waist, glittering in the sun, he moved about the Ajax, the Achilles of the camp. As to the captive, he kept up as stout a heart as possible. Occasionally he would steal down to the river to weep, for he could not help it. He thought how its waters flowed by his father's door so many miles below, and he would even kiss the surface, sending his love thus, to that spot which now seemed to him to hold in itself all repose and joy in the world, and yet as far away as if in another planet, from which he had fallen ages ago. Whenever he dared he would loiter to where Slow was staked on the prairie, and hug and kiss him and whisper his hopes. "What do you think of things, old fellow?" he would say, and Slow would shake his head despondingly, and resume his grass with a sigh of despair, only making the best of circumstances. As Venable would turn from Slow to the miserable camp again, it was like coming down from human companionship to that of brutes. If there had been any thing womanly even in the squaws it would not have been so bad; but they were all of them hideously ugly, dirtier than the men, and always squabbling with each other or the little rats of children—rats small but with keen, quick, eyes, malicious and wicked. "What does make all the vast difference between these creatures and white people?" he often asked himself. "If they lived in a different planet they could not be more unlike us." As his father might have told him, that which made all the difference between the savages and civilized people was one thing, and just the same thing as would make the immense and eternal difference too between those in heaven and those without hereafter—that is, the possession and use of the Bible.

The morning of the thirteenth day since he was taken had arrived. The Indians were eating their breakfast, their mustangs grazing around as usual. Suddenly a single naked savage was seen running toward the camp from the prairie, yelling and brandishing his arms. In an instant the whole camp was in a whirlwind of confusion. Each squaw dropped every thing and pounced upon her own children like a hawk, carrying the youngest in her arms, the elder running closely at her heels, and making for the bottom timber as fast as they could run. The men, in a minute's flash, were on their mustangs armed for the foe—the solemn Benjamin Franklin seated on his animal as composed and serious and benevolent in his aspect as ever. But Iron-Jacket was the hero of the hour—on the most spirited horse, fully armed, resplendent in his coat of mail, he rallied his warriors around him with a yell and a wave of his hand. However it fared with the rest he knew no bullet could harm him, and he was composed and confident accordingly. And the savages had little time to spare. Close at the heels of the Indian that gave the alarm came tearing on for the camp a company of Rangers outyelling the Indians. And a motley crew they were. Some with broad wool hats—some with handkerchiefs tied around their heads—some with coats—some in their shirt-sleeves—old, white-headed frontiersmen with a long score of outrages to settle up—bronzed middle-aged men—youths not twenty. Not a man there but had lost a father, brother, mother, sister, whose scalps they knew were at that moment drying in possession of the Indians before them, or at least had lost cattle and horses by the Indians. No line of battle at all—helter-skelter on they came as hard as their mustangs could bear them under incessant spurring—Ford, their captain, at their head. The in-running warrior fell with a dozen balls in him, and lay dead far behind in a short time; and then came the fight in good earnest. In the very first surprise, however, an Indian had snatched Venable up from the ground, lifted him on a horse—it happened to be Slow, to which Venable always kept as close as possible—leaped on another, and was off with him in a twinkling, the contest raging louder and louder behind them as they fled. They had gone a mile or more before Venable recovered his presence of mind. He was almost stunned with anguish—so near rescue, and to be thus carried off as from the very grasp of his friends into captivity, hopeless captivity! He would rather be killed on the spot! He was becoming desperate. Suddenly a thought struck him. Right ahead were several openings in the ground like deserted wells. In carrying out the horses to graze, with the Indians, he had often noticed them, and wondered what they were—even sounded one or two of them with a rock. As he approached them he laid his hands upon the neck of his horse; as he passed them he suddenly sprang off and ran for his life. An arrow from the Indian whizzed through the very place in which he had been the moment before, when he disappeared in one desperate jump down the well, crashing through the brush that almost covered its mouth, and followed in his descent by a shower of dirt and pebbles from the banks. Almost as soon as he had disappeared the Indians had ridden his shying horse as near the mouth as possible; but the sound of battle waxed louder and louder behind, mixed with the rush of coming hoofs. How to get the boy out puzzled the savage. There was

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only one remedy; and, leaning over the mouth of the opening, he sent arrow after arrow from his bow down into the darkness. Then, as the fight rolled up upon the spot, he sprang again upon his horse and with a yell mingled in it.

The fight had been from the first a retreat on the part of the Indians; the bravest of the warriors plying their arrows upon the Rangers, giving way before them all the time, but as slowly as possible, to give chance for the rest to make good their escape. First among the Rangers was a Texan in his shirt-sleeves, pale and calm, while all the rest seemed frenzied with excitement; silent, while all the rest were cursing and swearing as if their oaths were bullets. An arrow was sticking in his clothes, but he rode steadily on; another passed between his arm and his side, but his object seemed only to be to get among the Indians, while his quick glance ran like lightning rapidly around in search of the prisoner. Benjamin Franklin spurred upon him only to receive a ball in his benevolent face. Sliding slowly and decorously from his horse, as the fight rolled by him, he lay at length upon the earth dead, but with countenance as composed and dignified in death as in life. But Iron-Jacket was the most active and desperate foe, and the most conspicuous mark for every Ranger. Their assaults, however, he treated with contempt, confident in his invulnerable armor. Suddenly, however, in the thickest of the fight, and in the height of his confidence, a loud "Waugh!" burst from his lips. He had been hit. Instantly all his courage gave place to consternation. Who can tell the agony of the man at the sudden destruction of the faith and reliance of his whole life. And as he turned another ball struck him full in the breast. With mortal anguish, and disappointment even more agonizing, he fell headlong from his mustang and soon expired under the hoofs of the Rangers. At the sight the rest of the Indians ceased to make even a show of battle, and fled for their lives, the Rangers spurring after them and picking the scattered and flying foes off their horses with rifle and revolver as they got the chance, keeping up all the time unceasing yells. Not a plume, not an epaulet, not an inch of gold facing, not a brass button, not even a sword, or any other show whatever of martial splendor, there are no superior troops to the Texan Rangers in the world. There is not even a fife, a drum, or a bugle often; rarely any thing resembling discipline or drill. Yet for defending a frontier they out-Indian the Indians. Each man "fights on his own hook." A Ranger with the least white feather about him is a bird never yet heard of in Texas. Even in a regular fight, as at Buena Vista, they are exceedingly inconvenient to an enemy. While these lines are being written these gallant Rangers are waging a war whose line of battle is the entire northern and western boundary of Texas, and years will roll by before their rifles can become cold again.

Spurring at full speed through and through the abandoned camp in every direction, around and around it, again and again, rode Uncle Frank, shooting the Indians only when they got in his way. Venable! Venable! where was he? Not a trace of him! Suddenly he dashed ahead of the rest of the Rangers after the flying Indians. Outriding them all he rode hard upon a young Indian wearing a wool hat which he recognized as his nephew's. One shot from his revolver brought down the Indian's horse, and, before the savage could rise, the Texan was on him and had plucked the hat from his head, crushed it up in his hands, and stuck it in his belt.

"Where is he?" he shouted to the Indian in Spanish, choking him so at the same instant as to render reply impossible. The Indian pointed ahead, and indicated as much by gestures as words that the prisoner had just been carried on. Hurling him to one side out of his way, the Texan sprang on his horse again and spurred on.

"Throw away an Indian!" exclaimed a voice behind him. "What a miserable waste! Here, you mister, take *that* with my compliments!" and as the Indian fell at the shot the red-shirted Ranger added his scalp to his collection, already very large. "Never saw a man as careless about collecting his scalps in all my days as that fellow," he said, as he tied the last knot in the buckskin strings of his saddle to the bloody hair and remounted his horse in search of more.

By this time the Texan was far ahead among the leading Rangers. Still no sign of the boy. Riding suddenly aside to the top of a prairie knob he could see the flying Indians, all of them racing for life. Swiftly arranging his spy-glass he scanned eagerly their disordered ranks —again—yet again. No white-skin among them. Overwhelmed with distress he rode down again, not knowing what to do. Suddenly his eye caught sight of a familiar pony—Slow standing and whinnying off to one side. But he could not stop for him now, and dashed on almost hopelessly after the Rangers.

Seven long hours afterward the Texans came trooping back from pursuit, eagerly discussing, as they walked their worn-out horses along, the events of the day. One only among them rode silent, and oh, how sad! Where—how—what possible chance was there now of trailing the prisoner? As he passed along he noticed Slow grazing about the same spot. Jumping off his horse he walked up to him with the half purpose of questioning him for his master. Slow recognized him evidently, and trotting off before him stood at the opening of a sort of well, whinnying and pawing. The Texan glanced at the mouth of the well; the bushes were disarranged; there were breaks in the gravelly sides as if of soil lately knocked away.

"By—!" an oath rose to his lips and almost escaped, but was kept down by a sudden emotion, a new resolve.

"Here—I say, Mac—one of you boys—a lariat—quick as you can!" And all the Rangers

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pressed eagerly around the opening. Swift as thought Uncle Frank had tied the end of a lariat around his revolver, and riding "straddle" of this he pushed himself off down the opening, while a dozen willing hands held the end.

"I'll bet my life only an Indian down there," said a Ranger. "Anyhow let him go down—it's a pity to lose the scalp. *My* scalp, if you please, old hoss!" he shouted down into the darkness.

"Hold!" cried the Texan from below. "Send down another lariat—another still. Now pull!" he again shouted, after a few moments, during which a hundred questions were poured down upon him without a reply. A hard pull it was, but it brought up the Texan bearing a body, evidently a dead body, in his arms. When near enough the surface a dozen hands lifted Venable out of his uncle's arms, and laid him gently on the grass, almost dropping the Texan back again into the hole in their forgetfulness of him. There was not a dry eye among those rude but gallant men as they gathered around the body—naked, grimed doubly with dirt and blood, a wound in his side, in which an arrow was still sticking. The Texan sat down on the grass and wept silently, the men standing around in hushed silence, most of them having taken their hats from their heads. At last one of them knelt down, laid his ear to the naked bosom of the boy, then placed his finger upon his pulse.

"Gen-tle-men," said he, looking up with an air of grave importance, "calomel is pisen. Any man that'll give minerals to a feller-creeter is a murderer any day. I'm what you call a steam doctor. Thompsonian-Bo-tanic is my sort of doctoring. But this boy ain't dead. Stunned he is—see that bruise on his head?—fainted, too, from loss of blood. A han'kerchief, any of you? Some whisky, too, if you hain't drunk it all up."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RETURN.

"It's twice now you've made a goose of me, my boy. I want you to stop it."

It was the uncle who spoke, and to his nephew lying pale and exhausted upon a buffalo-robe beneath a mesquit. Borne in the arms of his uncle into the camp so recently occupied by the Indians, attended by all the Rangers with an eager sympathy, every means had been used for his restoration by the steam doctor, who had thus suddenly soared above all his fellow-Rangers into an importance absolutely sublime.

Sure enough, the boy had only fainted from loss of blood. The close air, too, of the pit had aided to prolong his stupefaction. Very soon the pit would have been his grave also had he not been rescued in time. As it was, there he lay naked, except the blanket around his waist; very dirty, too, from the pit except where water had been dashed over his face to restore him. Browned by the sun, too, and his black hair hopelessly tangled together, he looked much more like an Indian than a white man. He had already, as well as he could, told his uncle and the Rangers crowding around the whole story of his captivity. It was now past midnight. Around their camp-fires the Rangers had sauced their suppers—made up in large part from the larders of the defeated Indians—with narrations of each man's share in the adventures of the day. After this several uproarious songs had been sung, not a voice failing in the chorus. After that a dozen or so of them had farther refreshed themselves after the fatigues of the day by joining in a double-shuffle dance for an hour or so with the hearty approval of all the rest. A guard had been stationed around the camp, outside of the grazing horses; and by two o'clock in the morning the moon shone, only less clear than the sun, upon the Rangers lying about soundly asleep upon the grass in every direction and attitude, some with their heads on their saddles, some upon buffalo-robes, some on saddle-blankets, some flat on the grass.

The steam doctor was the last asleep, no one remaining awake to the story of his manifold cures, which he had continued to tell without the pause of an instant from the moment Venable had been extricated from the pit—all through his restoration, through supper, through the song and dance—and had ceased only when the snore of his last companion awake left him without a listener. Not far from him lay the scalp-collector. Never had miser counted over his gold more eagerly, carefully than he had his scalps before sleeping; and now, wrapped together in his coat, they made a pillow upon which he slept as sweetly as an infant. Little undressing was there for the repose of the Rangers. One good war-whoop near them would have placed in one second every man of them upon his feet wide awake, armed to the teeth, and more than willing for a fight. Now, however, they slept—scattered about over the prairie upon the grass by their smoking fires—deeply, leaving the uncle and nephew to their own secrets.

"There's one thing more I wanted to tell you, uncle," said Venable, at length, "before we go to sleep, and while we are all quiet here by ourselves. There it is." And he drew out a corner of the blanket around him, which had been tucked in securely, and, unrolling it, he produced a bar of white metal, square, some four inches long by one thick.

"Why, this is silver," said his uncle, holding it up in the moonlight, turning it round and round, and examining it closely. "Where on earth did you pick it up?"

"Nowhere—*under* the earth, uncle. When I first fell, or rather jumped into the hole, I was so stunned and bruised I did not know any thing—even that I was wounded by the arrow. After a while I came to myself a little. I could hardly move, and it was so dark I could not see. I began to feel around a little with my hands

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on the ground, expecting to touch a snake or a centipede every instant, when I felt that bar among the trash with a number of others lying beside it. I didn't know what it was—iron, I thought—till I held it up a little in the light. Then I thought I might dig out steps in the sides of the well with it to climb out by, so I rolled it up in a flap of my blanket, and tucked it in carefully not to lose it, for I felt I was getting sick, as if I was going fast asleep. I never thought of it again till this moment. That's all."

"And a plenty," added his uncle, eagerly, who had listened with deepest interest to the narration. "Don't say a syllable about it to any one, Venable. I'll keep the bar safely for you. We'll talk about it more after a while. You go to sleep now fast as you can."

In fact his nephew was asleep already before he had finished. Not so the elder of the two. Lying down beside the boy, with his hands so that no one could see, the Texan rubbed the bar well with his sleeve, first moistening it with his lips, and then examined it carefully for an hour. It was a bar of silver, nothing more, nothing less, no stamp or mark upon it whatever. The Texan understood it none the less. He had often heard from Americans, and more especially from Mexicans, wonderful stories of the old silver mines throughout the northwestern part of Texas, extending through Chihuahua and Sonora and Lower California, and so on up into California. On several occasions when among Indians he had made careful and cunningly-worded inquiry of them in regard to these mines, from curiosity more than any thing else. They had uniformly denied any knowledge of any such mines, but always in such a manner as confirmed him in his belief that there were such mines. The more loud and positive their denials, the more satisfied he had become that they knew of such mines, and carefully concealed the location. In fact, for days before the fight, in trailing the Indians with the Rangers, the Texan had observed that upon almost every eminence in the prairie were heaps of rocks evidently piled by hand. On one or two occasions, having ascended to such piles, he had observed a something he never would have observed but for a hint he had once got from an old white-headed Mexican woman. This was that on the top of such a pile there always was one long rock pointing in a certain direction. Noticing this once or twice, he had taken the direction in which the index-rock pointed with his pocket compass. Ever after, during every day's ride, he had made a point of ascending every such elevation on either side of the trail, as if to scan the country for Indians, and in every case there was the same pile of rocks, with the same sort of finger-rock pointing in the same direction. Laboring under a feverish anxiety in regard to his nephew, as well as full of thought only less painful in regard to Dolores, he had found a kind of relief in doing this while he urged on the pursuit, which continued in the direction of the rocks. He had forgotten all about the matter during the fight and since, and now it all came back to him in the bar of silver. Sure enough! sure enough! And so Venable had pitched down head-foremost into one of the old silver mines.

"Pointed right, that's a fact," said the Texan to himself—"pointed exactly to the spot where I was to find the silver—and the gold," he added, glancing at his slumbering nephew. "If chance is God of this world," he continued to himself, "then chance is infinitely wise and infinitely good. Things go crashing and smashing and ruining along right hand and left, just when they are working out—like a mill sluice on an overshot wheel—just the best results. My opinion is, we've most to fear when every thing seems going right. But Providence! Providence! as Brother Morton says. And it shall be *my* religion, too, from this day out."

Concealing the bar of silver carefully in his bosom, the Texan breathed a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to that Being whom he had now taken as his chief friend forever, and with a supplication for future guidance he composed himself to sleep.

It was three days before Venable was strong enough to go any distance. It was not till the morning of the fourth day that he ventured down to the river, and there took a thorough washing for the first time in weeks. In one of the tents had been found a suit of buckskin, which Venable remembered to have seen a squaw at work on for the Indian whom he had knocked into the river, and who had robbed him of his hat. It was new, but far from complete. However, his uncle managed to eke it out from other spoils found in the camp, so that by the end of the week after his rescue Venable was clothed from head to foot—enough of an Indian in appearance to have frightened Bessie out of her wits had she seen him. The coat of mail and a complete equipment of bow, arrows, and quiver was gladly allowed him by the Rangers—who regarded him as rather the owner of the camp, residuary legatee of his dear departed friends the Indians—and kept by him to carry home, as well as a skin paint-bag and a few other mementoes of his short but eventful experience of Indian life. During all the week of his recovery the Rangers were far from idle. Not a day but scouting parties were going out and coming in, with little success, however. Indians do not invade the frontier in an army, but in squads of from three or four to fifty. To fight them is like keeping off mosquitoes—when you are chasing them off in one direction they are coming in in another. When it is remembered that the frontier of Texas is many hundred miles long, the difficulty of the task can be somewhat appreciated. As it is, Rangers—*i. e.*, men perpetually *ranging* along the frontier—are the only ones to defend it; the pomp and cumbrous machinery of the regular service is totally out of place under such circumstances. To while away the hours around the camp-fires by night every expedient was put in play. Gambling is forbid-

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den by strict rule; horse-racing also. Drinking is also forbidden, as well as impossible from lack of whisky. As it was, every man told his story of frontier adventure with Indians and all sorts of game. The steam doctor was always a great deal more than ready with *his* experiences; the scalp-hunter had a tale an hour long for each of his scalps. Not a man, too, but could sing. "When I can read my title clear" was the favorite, sung in the longest possible metre, although in singular juxtaposition with many other melodies exceedingly unlike it. One would suddenly lead off, and the song would close with every voice on the ground joined in. Dancing, too—such dances as would have appalled a French dancing-master by their peculiar figures and the extensive area essential to their performance. A wild, jovial, whole-souled, reckless set they were, kind as women to the sick or suffering among them, more desperate than Indians in an affray. The discipline of their officers was that of good fellowship and personal popularity rather than of drill and routine and arrest. It was far, very far from being the place for a youth to learn life in; and it would have been far worse for Venable than it was had it not been for the unusual respect had by all for his uncle. As to Venable himself, what was yielded to him first from pity was more than confirmed as he moved among the men in his moccasins and buckskin apparel, straight as an arrow, with a ready smile on his brown, frank, intelligent face; he became the hero of the camp. Young as he was, he already possessed, unconsciously to himself, the magical influence of a youthful Napoleon, in virtue of his fearless, sincere, pure-minded intelligence, more the result of his pious training than any thing else.

It was ten days after his capture before the march homeward was begun. And greatly to the joy of both uncle and nephew. Both knew the sickening anxiety under which the family at home must be suffering in regard to them, but they had found no way of communicating with the family since they left home. The morning after his rescue Venable had heard from his uncle of the death of the Mexican—heard it with deep sorrow. Though to Venable—and to all except the Texan himself—that Mexican continued ever after to be only the boy Francisco, the girl Dolores slept in the depths of the prairie bayou and in the deep, serene memory of the Texan too, more as a dream than a reality. For all it was well it should have happened as it did.

It was six days' steady travel before Venable and his uncle parted with the Rangers at the base of Mount Hoogenboom, the Rangers going on to Austin to be mustered out of service, the boy and his uncle to hasten toward the dearly-loved home on the San Hieronymo.

"We won't say any thing to any one except your father and mother about the bar of silver just yet," said the elder as they rode along. "Nobody knows certainly who the old silver hunters were. They may have been Spaniards hundreds of years ago; they may have been Mexicans hunting for silver only some fifty years ago; they may have been the old original, mysterious aborigines of the country whole centuries ago. Nobody knows, and nobody ever will know, I suppose. I took many a look at the wells near the camp. They are all alike—old silver mines abandoned long ago. It might be because no silver could be found, if it were not for the bar you picked up in one."

"I've been thinking, uncle," said Venable, "that it might be in this way: perhaps the miners, whoever they were, had works there long, long ago for refining and rolling out the silver, and perhaps suddenly some savages of some sort came upon them, killed them all—"

"And burned up their works," interrupted his uncle. "Just what I thought possible; and in groping about there one day—I had to be careful lest the Rangers should suspect something—I came upon two things, each of which told its own separate secret. One was a stick of charred wood almost overgrown by grass and brush—*that* whispered of a fire. The other was a skull with a hole—a hole on its *left* side, mark, made in a *fight* therefore."

"How? Why, uncle? I don't see that."

"Suppose an Indian was face to face with you fighting. He raises his hatchet in his right hand and strikes your head."

"Oh yes, it would be on the left side, sure enough."

"Well," continued the Texan, "we've guessed the history so far right. Careful search would be sure to reveal more. Why, if we only found, say, a spoon, or a button, or a coin, or—"

"Even a buckle or a bridle-bit or a stirrup, uncle," interrupted his nephew.

"Yes, almost any relic would tell the whole tale."

"Some of these days we must go there for a good search, uncle."

"Yes, *Sir!*" replied the Texan, with emphasis. "We might get silver enough, Venable, to buy you three or four thousand head of cattle to begin to raise stock with. Besides the curiosity of the thing there's no telling what we might come across there. And then, too—"

"Oh, yonder is father and Will in the field!" exclaimed his nephew, interrupting him; and, putting spurs to Slow, Venable dashed to the fence, bounded off his pony, cleared the fence at a leap like a deer, he hardly knew how. Now, when a wandering son returns home in rags a father always knows exactly what to do. But in this case, at a shriek from Will, Mr. McRobert had looked up in time to see an Indian jump the fence and make full at him. It was too far to see the brown face distinctly; but buckskin, moccasins, bow, quiver, every thing—it was an Indian! Mr. McRobert took for granted that all the rest of the tribe would come streaming after the first over the fence in an instant; for the country had been full of them, he knew. Will had picked up a clod of earth and

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jumped behind his father, already slaughtered, scalped, and eaten up in imagination. As to his father, he had been plugging water-melons in the field, and had the butcher-knife in his hand. This he grasped firmly; then dropped and almost sank on the ground as the ferocious Indian came bounding along among the green corn, exclaiming, "Oh, father, father!"

Who can describe the father's joy, and Will's too, as his brother seized him in turn in his arms and lifted him from his feet and held him high in the air, and dropped him on the ground and ran on down the row between the standing corn toward the house. But the voice of his father arrested him.

"Stop, Venable, you will frighten your mother—wait!"

By this time Uncle Frank had come up, and received an ardent welcome. On account of his dress it was agreed that Venable should wait, while the rest went on to tell of the safe arrival. As soon as they were gone—I have never known whether it was only thoughtlessness, or sheer mischief—but Venable turned aside toward the negro cabin. He ought not to have done, but he pushed open the door and stepped in upon Rohamma, Indian as he was, without a word of warning. Stooping over the fire, she was toasting coffee for supper. One half-glance, and, dropping her spoon, she rolled over helplessly among the pots and pans beside her, an easy victim for the tomahawk and scalping-knife. There was only one word on her pallid lips, and that was one which held ample meaning with her—"Texas!" But now the air rang with cries of "Venable! Venable!" There was the sound of light but swift-coming footsteps along the ground without, and the boy stepped out to receive his mother—his dear, dear mother, in his arms, upon his bosom, in a gush of silent tears, and kisses more silent still. And Bessie—for a week after she complained how her brother had hugged her. And there was Hark too, and Scip, as glad as the rest. No tongue can tell the joy with which the boy, only just now a captive among the Indians, walked along toward the house as well as he could for loved ones clinging about him, clasping, and kissing him at every step. And Duke and Snap too. Oh, home! home! It seemed heaven itself to Venable; he could have hugged the very gate-posts as he passed them. He felt as if he had been gone for years—long years. It was not until he had laid aside his Indian attire for one of his own suits that he could sit still even for a moment in the joyful confusion.

"Ah! it's mighty plain nobody cares a cent for me," said Uncle Frank at length. He was seated on the front step of the long porch in front of the house, his back against one of the pillars, Bessie in his arms.

"Oh, Uncle Frank!" exclaimed Bessie, with a hug and a kiss, "how can you thay tho? Didn't we all hug you tho? and didn't ma and me kith you tho?" Another embrace and a kiss upon his bearded lip by the little witch, so rosy with affection.

"Yes; but nobody cared for me while I was gone," said her uncle, taking her little hands in his.

"Oh yeth we did!" replied Bessie, eagerly. "Pa prayed for you tho every day at prayers, and brother Will and I prayed for you by the bed every morning and night; and Mr. Roland prayed *tho* for you. And oh yeth, yeth, Mith Agneth!"

"Hush, Bessie!" interrupted her mother.

"Oh yeth, ma; yeth, uncle," persisted Bessie; "I didn't *thee* Mith Agneth cry any, or pray any; but oh! she *looked* tho thorry, thorry for you; and it wa'n't for brother Venable, I know, because—"

Here Miss Agnes herself, who had drawn near unperceived, stepped upon the porch, her sweet face glowing remarkably—from exercise, probably; but not more so than that of Uncle Frank as he rose to greet her, his face glowing—from sitting still, probably.

"Oh, Mith Agneth!" burst out Bessie, "poor, poor Franthitheo dead, killed—poor Franthitheo! ain't you thorry?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COMMUNION SABBATH.

Two weeks, happy weeks, have passed—happy to all the family on the San Hieronymo because the fountains of affection toward each other are now flowing with a deeper stream as from fountains enlarged. It is the Sabbath morning, and the month of June lies like a charm upon prairie and forest and silent-flowing Colorado. The fervent labors of Mr. Roland have been greatly successful in that secluded region, away from the distractions of business and fashion. Yesterday a church was organized by the minister God has so wonderfully sent them. Besides many of the neighbors living around, and of whom I would have greatly liked to have said something, only I am so afraid of making my story too long, there was Hoogenboom and his wife, Christians before in the old country, "Sectarians" as they styled it, glad to be members again of a visible church. Yes, Hoogenboom had united in the organization with a profusion of red pocket-handkerchief, and his wife in an extraordinary bonnet, never worn before since she left Germany. Then there were Miss Agnes, and Mr. and Mrs. Morton McRobert, who had also been members of the church before. Rohamma and Hark, too, had both been consistent members of the church for years before leaving Virginia, and their names also were enrolled. But there were two who united with the church now for the first time, Uncle Frank and Venable. Alike they had received an early training in piety; alike they had been the special objects of prayer and effort on the part of all their pious friends for a year

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now past; alike had they in the last few months passed through scenes which had awakened deep reflection and new resolves. The joy of the angels above in the event found an echo, if possible, deeper and sweeter still in the bosoms of those who looked on below. Uncle Frank, so bearded and bronzed and nobly rough in his way, yet so grave and calm and resolved and happy, even Bessie could not but exclaim upon the new beauty that sat upon the face of her darling uncle; it would have been a blind man who could not have observed it. And beside him now, as in sport and danger, his nephew. The loving eyes of father and mother fairly devoured him as he sat that day in Uncle Frank's ranch, where the organization was accomplished. Just turning, as on a sudden, from the boy into the man, modest and yet manly, humble and yet resolved, happy and yet calm, no wonder he had become the pride and prayer and joy of his father and mother. Even Will felt as if his brother had, in the last few weeks, somehow risen higher above him, and felt for him a new reverence as well as a more relying affection. Words can not utter the joy with which these two were welcomed into the church of God. Mr. and Mrs. McRobert grasped the glowing hand of their brother, feeling that he was now doubly their brother, and held Venable to their hearts as trebly their son. And Hark and Rohamma, none the less sincere was the hard hand with which each grasped that, first of "Mass Frank" and then of "Mass Venable," and welcomed them into the new relationship with them in that body in which all are one whether bond or free.

"May de good Lord bless you, massa, an' bring you to glory at las'!" Ah! nobody could doubt the sincerity of *their* tearful eyes and white teeth glittering through the hearty smile. The organization of a group of Christians thrown together in the wild West into a church is to the individuals themselves, minister and all, one of those rare luxuries which are reserved among manifold privations for settlers upon the frontier; and never were Christians gathered together into one body with feelings and hopes deeper or sweeter than on that Saturday in the log ranch.

But it is now the Sabbath morning. The whole neighborhood have assembled at the ranch. Already steps have been taken to build a neat church on a spot near by; but until then the ranch is still used, as it long has been, for public worship. Let us stand just inside the door and look on. It is the largest room in the ranch, of logs, and not twenty feet square—none the less a true temple of God. There are six or eight rows of seats, made of plank laid on hide-bottomed chairs, and covered with bedquilts, and every inch of space is occupied by—apparently, at least—a devout worshiper. There, on the front seat, sitting, like the rest, with their backs to the door, is Hoogenboom and his wife, with several white-headed children clustered about their knees or sitting on the floor at their feet. On the same seat are Mr. and Mrs. Morton McRobert, with Will and Bessie. Venable next his mother, and Uncle Frank next him, fill out that plank. Not three feet before them is the little pine table, covered with a gorgeous Mexican blanket, which is the pulpit, and behind it against the wall is Mr. Roland. On chairs to his right and left are seated Hark, Rohamma, and a few other pious negroes of the neighborhood. The service is just completed. The singing has been of old familiar hymns; the prayers and the sermon have been delightfully adapted to the occasion; the bread and the wine of the Sacrament have been distributed; and the plates and glasses, half emptied, are now again on the little table, with the Bible and the hymn-book, before Mr. Roland. He has just engaged in prayer, thanking God, with streaming eyes and the hearts of all there on his tongue, for the feast they have just enjoyed, and for employing him as a minister, "so unworthy, unworthy," in the blessed work. He has now extended his hands, and all rise to receive the Benediction, which seems visibly to flow from his outstretched hands upon the bowed heads before him. As we, standing against the clap-board door, bow our heads with the rest, we are conscious that some one has ridden on his horse near behind us. Almost at the same instant there is uttered behind us, in a low, coarse voice, a deep curse, followed by the sharp crack of a rifle not a foot apparently from our ears. Instantly we are outside, in time to see the back of a man as he rides off at full speed. Confusion, cries, shrieks, a whirlwind of uproar from within the crowded cabin, out of which comes Frank McRobert, his rifle in his hand, which he has snatched, as in the flash of a second, from its wooden pins on the wall. We are appalled even then by the whiteness of his face as he speeds, or rather leaps, along after the horseman. He surely can not expect to catch the man! He runs like a deer; but by the time he has reached the edge of the timber in which the ranch is built the horseman is sixty yards from him on the prairie, and will soon be over the ridge and out of sight. The Texan falls on one knee as he catches sight of the fugitive, and, as in the same instant, the horse falls, struck by a ball from his rifle, which has broken its hind-leg just above the hoof. Before the fallen rider, blaspheming like a fiend, can disentangle himself from under his horse he is in the grasp of his pursuer, his red hair and crimson face in strong contrast with the rigid pallor of the man who holds him. And the Texan seems to be in a sort of dream; he is not looking at the captive, paying no attention to his struggles and curses. He is talking aloud to himself.

"Oh no, no, don't! don't! for your life—for your soul don't do it! don't! don't!" he continues earnestly, incessantly. It is with himself that he is struggling and entreating. It is but for a minute longer that he has to hold down

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the ruffian without him and the devil within himself; and then twenty men are around him, and as many hard hands have hold of the captive as can find space to grasp.

"Thank God! thank God!" says the Texan, silently to himself as he steps back, "*my* hands are free from your blood; it was a narrow—a narrow—"

It seems not ten minutes since profound peace reigned in and around the ranch, and now all is confusion and terror. The captive has been brought into the yard, and has been actually woven into a net-work of all the lariats to be had on the place. The man seems to be more astonished than any thing else; with volumes of oaths he exclaims,

"Why, surely I couldn't have killed the wrong man. Why, men—you fools—gentlemen—it was only the *preacher* I shot—the *preacher*, I say. I've got nothing agin none of you. You ain't such fools as to care for him, *I* know. Killed my brother two years ago and a little over in Alabam. I was bound to get him. Come, you let me go. I've done nothin to none of you, hev I?"

"Killed your brother?" say several in a breath.

"Yes, gen-tle-men, my own dear brother. The smartest chap you ever seed; we have ate all our lives out of the same trough. My own brother, gen-tle-men. I was bound to kill him certain, and I done it."

"Gentlemen," exclaims Uncle Frank, in a loud, clear voice, high above all, "I happen to know the whole story. Mr. Roland *did* kill his brother. But it was because his brother grossly insulted his wife. Mr. Roland was often from home preaching. Once or twice this man's brother, Bob Dyson, a notorious scoundrel, had insulted Mr. Roland publicly, because of his hate for religion and any thing like a preacher. Roland bore with it for months patient as a lamb, never gave the man the least cause. Bob Dyson only got madder at him, determined to drive him away, bring on a fight, kill him. One day Roland came home from preaching somewhere off. He found Dyson in his house—actually *in* his house, men; insulting his wife, men—a poor sickly woman, men—*insulting* her, men! In a moment Roland had picked up the tongs—it was in winter—and had knocked the man down—killed him at one blow. I know all about it from his own lips, and from twenty people—I wrote back—living around! Hold on! hear the rest. Mrs. Roland died in consequence of it all. Roland fled out here. *We* can't understand it—remember he's a *preacher*—but somehow his conscience troubled him. He was acquitted on trial right away; but that he, a minister, had killed a man he couldn't bear to think of it—he couldn't bear to look any body in the face. He was around here for months, starving, before we found him out. Hush, men! one word more. Natchez under the Hill never saw two worse men than Bob and Buck Dyson. It's Bob Dyson Mr. Roland killed, men; that man there is Buck Dyson you've all read about. Killed his father, you remember. Buck Dyson!"

"Yes, and I'll tell you what it is, men," said the ruffian, with oaths. "This here Buck Dyson will settle accounts with some of *you*, sure! You let me loose, it's only a preacher I've killed. I wish I could shoot down the whole raft of them! I'll mark every man of you; and as soon as I'm loose I'll not leave a man of you that ain't richer by an ounce of cold lead. Texas? Eh! Texas! you can manage yellow Mexicans—you can't manage Alabamy boys. Come, now, I want to loose!"

There was not a syllable of reply. Hoogenboom was slowly winding round and round the ruffian an ox-chain which he had taken off the oxen that had dragged his family to meeting, regardless of the curses of his victim. The rest stood around in silence—not a whisper even among them. As the Texan walked away toward the house one of the neighbors followed him quietly and laid his hand upon him; he turned almost fiercely upon him:

"No!" he exclaimed, "I won't, won't! Don't you say one word to me, Lem Johnson. You mind your own business. I tell you what it is. I won't stir a finger, and I won't hear one word;" and he disappeared in the house and suddenly came out again.

"Hoogenboom," he said, "Hark here! you two put that man in the ox-wagon and pack him up to your cabin—take more lariats if he needs it. I'll be along to-morrow;" and he again entered the house. In accordance with his command Hark yoked in the oxen, tethered near by under a mesquit, peacefully chewing the cud, indifferent to the passions raging so near them, drove up the wagon, and, with the assistance of the silent Dutchman, lifted up the ruffian and laid him, all bound hand and foot, in the bottom of the wagon. At a word from the Dutchman his wife, accompanied by her children, climbed in beside him—shrinking to the front as far as possible from their passenger—and so drove slowly off. The yard was full of men, yet not a word was spoken. Some were whittling sticks, others were getting up their horses or buggies; none paid any attention to the wagon as it rolled away out of the yard and along the road leading up into the brake. The profound indifference manifested seemed to appall the ruffian—at least he lay silent, saying not a word. Hark walked behind all the way, and it was late in the afternoon when they reached the door of the Dutchman's cabin, far away up among the rocks on the side of the mountain. As they lifted the ruffian out he made a violent effort to escape; but it was hopeless, the knots had been tied too tightly. It was a heavy load for the two as they bore him, ox-chain and all, into the cabin and laid him down like some loathsome red reptile, filthy and dangerous, on the bed on one side of the room. In answer to his request Hark then gave him a gourd of water, holding it to his lips as he sat up to drink.

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"Fifty dollars in gold," he whispered to the negro, "if you'll only cut one place in the rope. Nobody will see. One hundred, two hundred, three hundred!"

The negro, deaf as a post, carried the gourd back to the water-bucket. He did not even look once into the eager face and hungry eyes, but silently took his leave. The ruffian turned on his side with a curse and looked at the Dutchman. He had first taken off his Sabbath coat and hung it carefully behind a calico curtain on the wall. With his huge wool hat well drawn over his head he then sat down in his old arm-chair with his side to the prisoner and his meerschaum in his hand. The captive watched him as he slowly and methodically filled his pipe, raked a coal out of the ashes on the hearth, lighted it, and began to smoke, his dog Schlick, yellow and hairless, lying beside him with its eye on the stranger. The wife had gone into the little shed adjoining with the children to change her best clothes and to prepare supper. The eyes of the prisoner brightened.

"Mister, I beg your pardon, I haven't hearn your name yet," he said, in a conciliatory manner.

"Hoogenboom," said his host, removing the pipe from his lips and replacing it immediately.

"Hoogenboom!" said his guest—"you don't mean Hoogenboom? Why, I've a cousin of that name. A cousin? Why, that was my *wife's* maiden name. Why, we are relations. I'm glad to make your acquaintance!"

The Dutchman smoked placidly on in silent attention.

"Yes," continued the man, "a Hoogenboom she was. She has told me five hundred times of a brother she had in Texas—let's see—a brother? I think, or an uncle, was it? A cousin—something. She used to be talking about you forever."

The Dutchman listened with grave countenance.

"I say, you, look here," continued the man, after a long pause, "I wish you would just loosen this rope a little—it hurts a fellow. I can't talk."

A silent puff of smoke was the only reply.

"You're a steady-going, business man; I can see that with half an eye," continued the ruffian, after another and longer silence still. "A solid, substantial business man, and no mistake. You're not very rich, I know. I'm a plain, straightforward fellow. You let me go, and I've got three hundred dollars in a belt here around me—they are yours. Heh?"

Not a syllable of reply.

"You can get it off me yourself, and lock it up in your chest there before you loose me—man. I'll tell you what—you won't believe me, perhaps, but there's five hundred—five *hundred* did I say? I mean five *thousand* dollars in gold in my saddle-bags down where my horse fell;" and here he broke into a torrent of curses upon the Texan who had disabled his horse. "You let me go, and you may have them every cent."

Had Hoogenboom been sitting for his portrait he could not have been more dignified and severe in his repose of manner.

"Five thousand *dollars*, man," said his prisoner. "What do you care for that pale-faced preacher? Who would have dreamed that you people out here would have cared so much for a *preacher?* I never was more disappointed in a set of men in my life!" This with strong disgust.

The Dutchman here filled his pipe afresh, and resumed his repose of manner.

"Look here, man," said his prisoner, after another silence, with the sudden ferocity of a wolf at bay—"you let me go, now, straight away. You'd better. As sure as you don't I'll murder you and every child you have! I'm Buck Dyson. 'Tain't the first time I've been a prisoner and got off. I've plenty of dimes to pay the lawyers—plenty of friends to slip a file in through the bars. It isn't wholesome—it's worst sort for your health to keep me here!" and he wound up with a perfect fury of execrations. But Mount Hoogenboom itself was not more unmoved under the blowing of a Norther than the placid Dutchman. He seemed rather to be listening to hear something from without, and smoked silently on. And so for an hour the prisoner wasted threatening, entreaty, bribery alternately—used every art known to him in a long experience—only paused from exhaustion—it was all wind against granite.

As the shades of night darkened the wife of the Dutchman came in, set the table, spread the supper of bread, fried bacon, and buttermilk upon it. The father, mother, and children then gathered around. The Dutchman, laying aside his hat and pipe, asked a blessing in German, and the family proceeded silently with their supper.

"You surely won't let a man lay under your roof a-starving to death, and you eating before his very eyes, Madame?" said the prisoner. "Jest loose one arm enough to eat a bite; I haven't had any thing for six days—nine at least. I'll pay you for it."

The woman stole a glance at her husband. He replied in one syllable, and the family proceeded with their meal—finished it. The table was removed, the hearth swept, the father again resumed his chair, his pipe, his placid repose—listening, though, all the time, as for something.

"Won't you come here, little buddy—come here, sis—come here a moment, and I'll give you a pretty?" whispered the man to the children. But at a half-word from the mother the children only clustered more closely about their parents near the empty fire-place. All the family seemed to be expecting something or somebody. At every sound without there was a perceptible start in all, except the father, who sat immovable, with his eye upon the door, enveloped in the smoke from his pipe. Suddenly a new

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thought seemed to flash upon the Dutchman. At a quick word from him his wife laid a large book in his lap, and lighted a bit of cotton floating in a tin cup of lard, for it was now quite dark.

"Mine friend, mine friend," said the Dutchman, putting on his spectacles eagerly, and addressing his captive for the first time, "dis is de goot Book; let me read you one, two, dree lines about Christ and your soul. You in great danger—let me read, let me bray wid you." And he spoke in an earnest and hurried way, in singular contrast with his manner before. The man regarded him at first with astonishment, and then repelled the offer with a paroxysm of oaths. Again and again, with greater and greater earnestness, and as if in a hurry to do it as soon as possible—listening as if to the door—the German urged the matter, but in vain. He even attempted to read and then to pray, in spite of the man's resistance, but it was impossible. The ruffian broke out into a vile song, at the top of his voice, as he lay, drowning every other sound. Silently, at last, the Dutchman resumed his chair and his pipe, more phlegmatic, if possible, than before—his children and wife seated beside him before the fire-place, their backs to the bed — waiting, listening. As there came a sound of footsteps without the woman drew up her wondering children about her, and bowed her head down among them weeping and praying; her husband gave no sign of intelligence. He well knew that there were no jails in fifty miles to hold the man; plenty of friends to rescue him if they had time to hear of his arrest; in any case, plenty of lawyers to quibble and put off trial. In a word, the man knew that if the legal course were followed the escape of the desperado, and his unchecked, exasperated course of future crime was a certainty. In any case he was helpless to defend his prisoner without bloodshed, and he sat and smoked in silence, awaiting what he knew was coming, though not a syllable or a gesture from any one had intimated it. As his wife bowed down her head, one blow on the door and the little cabin was full of men. Only the children stared in terror, the yellow dog cowering under their feet, snarling and barking; neither the Dutchman nor his wife even looked around. Without a word spoken, or a sound, save the yells and curses of the prisoner, twenty hands were in an instant on the man, and twenty arms lifted him off the bed and hurried him out. It seemed but a moment more, and the woman was weeping convulsively aloud on her knees beside her husband, and the sound of many rapid footsteps had died away outside, leaving the cabin in a silence and solitude appalling from the suddenness thereof. All night long the family sat cowering about the cold hearth-stone, the father smoking steadily and silently in the centre. When the morning sun dawned its beams fell upon a stunted live-oak, miles away from any home, in an obscure ravine among the mountains; and the beams, flickering through its scanty foliage, fell upon a new-made grave beneath its largest limb. The mesquit grass had been trampled down around, as by the tread of many feet, and a close observer might have detected the bark rubbed away in places upon the limb overhead, as by the friction of a rope. At least never again was the desperado seen by man in Texas, Alabama, or elsewhere. Very rarely was his name even mentioned in the neighborhood, and soon the whole event lapsed into the misty Past in the current of fresher things.

CHAPTER XIX.

AND LAST.

"When I have become immensely rich, and have ten or twenty thousand head of cattle grazing in the prairies around, and a magnificent mansion where my ranch now stands, and a splendid coach and four, and a side-board loaded down with silver plate, I was just deciding what I would have as my coat of arms to paint upon the carriage-panels, and stamp upon the plate, and have worked upon all the linen, and embossed upon all the letter-paper." It was Uncle Frank who spoke, rocking at ease, in the capacious rocking-chair out upon the front porch of the house on the San Hieronymo, with all the family grouped around.

"It must be this delicious moonlight which makes you so romantic, Frank," said his sister. "But do let us hear what you have selected as your coat of arms. Two revolvers crossed? or a bear and a hunter rampant? or what?"

"No, I would have a Spanish dagger-tree in full bloom, with the motto, 'Joy after Sorrow.' It's an idea that struck me the first time we visited this spot together a day or two after your arrival. Yonder is the very plant that I then pointed out to you when I made the remark. The plant, you see, is found only, or mainly, in Texas, that would show that I'm a Texan, heart and soul. It's an evergreen, needs no rain, seems to enjoy perpetual summer, and defies the bitterest blast of winter—that, too, would be emblematic of Texas and a genuine Texan. There, it is a perfect mass, from the hardy root up, of bristling spikes, not to be trampled down, even touched safely, by any thing, beast or man. But the magnificent bloom, the whole bristling tree ending in, and crowned by, the towering, fragrant, splendid bloom. Yes, Joy after Sorrow—joy growing out of sorrow: trouble, pain, anguish, trial, all ending superbly in Happiness. It's a splendid crest, a noble emblem!"

"Yes," replied his sister. "But you should let *us* have it. Remember all our great trouble in Virginia ending in the happiness we—as a family—possess this night on the San Hieronymo."

"No, Madam, you must hunt up your own coat of arms," said the Texan, smiling. "You forget that I was a good-for-nothing runaway

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youth from Virginia. You do not know half the troubles and trials out here in Texas I have seen, long before you came even, and since, too, if you only knew them. It was that Communion Sabbath I began to flower—sterile, barren; rough, dangerous backwoodsman that I was—not a more worthless plant rooted in a prairie, six weeks ago, from that Communion Sabbath I began, in my poor way, to flower, and just out of the darkest of moments."

"Let me decide the dispute," said Agnes, who sat beside him tearfully yet joyfully. "You surely will both of you yield to *me*. Think of my long and bitter sorrow before coming to Texas. And think of that hour father fell, shot down before my eyes. Only remember that dreadful, dreadful day I sat there on the floor, in the confusion of shrieking women and children, his dear head on my lap, his dear life all flowing swiftly away. *Me* in one hour deprived of my home, my father, even, it almost seemed to me, of my God. And then in that same hour—of all the hours of my life—to find all restored to me in Frank—that darkest hour the beginning of the happiest days I have ever known. At least, not your coat of arms alone, Frank, *our* coat of arms, say." And she laid her little, soft hand in his.

"I never rode so fast in my life," said Venable, speaking rapidly as if to relieve his uncle. "When you hurried out to me from the house, told me I was the only one there you could trust, and how important it was I should go and return as soon as possible, I felt as if I had wings. And I was not very long in getting to the county court-house I know. The clerk had lost the office key and wanted to stop and look for it! I gave one jump against the door and stood, or rather lay, on the floor in the centre of the office. Then I got an old newspaper ready, and the instant the old clerk had written out and stamped the license I had pressed it on the newspaper so as to dry it. I had folded it up, put it in my breast pocket, paid the clerk for it and the broken lock, and was on my horse again in double quick time. 'You'll do for Texas, do for Texas!' said the white-haired old clerk, and he came out. I was sorry, for I had no time for it, to shake hands with me and tell me good-by as I mounted. Do all I could, it was midnight before I got back."

"I remember so well," said Agnes, in a low, soft voice, "all that father said as he lay there so calm and happy, even. 'It was an angry blow—*one* angry blow Moses gave the rock that offended God,' he said. 'For that one blow, after all his long, weary wandering in the desert, he was not permitted to enter the promised land—only saw it at a distance and died. I was just entering on success in this wide, rich field of labor,' he said, 'and now I die, for that one wicked, wicked blow.' And yet how serene, submissive, willing he was to die! 'Since my great sin God has in mercy permitted me to do some good in Texas,' he said. 'But oh how I would like, if it pleased God, to live a few years—only a few Sabbaths, even—longer to preach the Gospel! I never knew how to preach at all before my great sorrow. Now I am just beginning to learn. Heaven is a bright and happy place, but if I only could stay here a little longer, to do a little more good—only to make up in some degree for the reproach I have brought on the Gospel!'"

"'Tis strange," said the Texan. "That night I carried him over to the ranch from Hark's cabin, and a hundred times since, I've reasoned with him about killing Bob Dyson. It was no use. 'I needn't have *killed* him,' he would always say. 'I might have entreated him; or I might have taken him in my arms and put him out of the house. It's the death of his *soul* I look at. To see my wife pale and all trembling there was the sight that maddened me. But the instant after, to see that man lying stone-dead on the carpet by the fire-place, so red and bloated and brutal, gone in the very instant of blasphemy and violence and desperate wickedness to the bar of God, not a moment for thought and repentance allowed him—it was the ghastly dead *soul* lying at my feet, and I a minister of the Gospel, whose business is to *save* souls, and to be an example of all meekness; it was this that overwhelmed me.'"

"And you remember," said Mrs. Morton McRobert, her eyes filling with tears as she spoke, "what he said about saving little Will's life. 'It was God,' he said, 'who ordered it that I should be on the river-bank just at the right instant. And when I snatched the little fellow out of the very jaws of death, and had him warm and living again in my arms, it was the first flash of light on my darkness. I took a life,' he said, 'and now God has so wonderfully permitted me to save a life. Surely it is a token of forgiveness from my Father in heaven. And who knows, dear Madam,' he said to me, 'but that I then saved from death a life that is to be of great use to the world? I do believe so! Train him for it, Madam,' he said." And as she spoke the mother drew her boy nearer to her side, her arm around him.

"His great consolation, however," said her husband, "was in the souls converted under his preaching here. He told me that afternoon that if God had permitted him to destroy one soul, He had also shown his love in permitting him to be the means of saving many souls."

"There was one thing that strikes me now with awe as I think of it," said Agnes, sinking her voice still lower in the hushed silence of the group around. "It was half an hour before Venable got back that night. He had been talking of other things. Suddenly he thought for the first time of his murderer. He had said nothing about him—supposed him to have escaped safely. Yet suddenly he began to pray for him as he lay. His eyes were shut, his face so deadly pale, but he clasped his hands together over the wound in his side, and seemed in an agony of prayer. 'Father, forgive him, he knew not what he did!' he said.

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'Spare me, spare me this soul. Open his eyes now, now. Let him not die in sin!' He prayed as if by the bedside of a dying sinner, it must have been near half an hour. And then he opened his eyes and smiled upon me as if he felt entirely relieved. 'I do believe, Agnes,' he said, his face full of joy—'I do believe that my prayer for Dyson is heard.' Was it not strange?"

"Ah, that may account for what Lem Johnson told me," said the Texan, in a tone that thrilled every heart there in the solemn moonlight. "I don't like to refer to the thing but for this. All the way from Hoogenboom's he was struggling and yelling and blaspheming like a fiend. But just before he got to the spot he became still, on a sudden, as death. When they laid him on the ground under the tree he begged them, in tones altogether changed, to wait with him a moment. It wasn't fright either, nor fawning, for he knew his men too well for that. The men halted from their work while he confessed all he had ever done; it was a terrible tale of crime—ten times worse than any one had ever suspected. Lem told me it made his blood curdle there in the moonlight to hear that man, sitting on the ground in the centre of them, telling the whole story like an humble little child. He seemed sorry from his very heart—and Lem isn't a man to be easily deceived, he's been present at too many such things. 'I don't know why it is, men,' Dyson said, 'but up to a few moments ago I was still Buck Dyson to the core. Now a something has come over me—a power, a force, a something awful, men, and I ain't the same man. I've been as near death as this before,' he said; ''tain't that. A something has got at, got *into* my heart. Now, from my soul I'm sorry for what I've done. God sees it; you can't. God sees it, and that's enough for me. Sorry, sorry, all through and through and through. I've heard Roland—the man I killed to-day—say that a man must repent—that means be sorry for his rascalities—and believe in Christ, who died to save sinners. Now I *do* repent. I *know* that certain, sure. And I'm a trying now, men, to believe in Christ *hard!* I hearn tell once of a rough that was crucified next Christ, and *he* believed in Christ there. If *he* could, I'll try.' Lem told me he never heard such a prayer as that man prayed then and there, kneeling among the rocks, so low—not loud-like—so fervent, catching hold on God with desperate hands, pleading for mercy. Some of the men actually cried, he said. 'Suppose we let him go,' said Lem; 'at least let's hold on to him till he can be tried and hung all regular.' Dyson stood straight up on his feet at that. 'No, men,' he said—'no, not at all, not a bit of it. I've deserved to die just this death fifty times. Better die now, here this quiet night, off alone here by ourselves. And I do hope, trust, ac'lly believe I'm *a pardoned man!* I've got God's pardon, men; yours is no account—that is, in comparison. Let me die, gentlemen. I've got a poor crippled sister at home; father threw her out of the window when he was drunk, and I killed him for it. Please send her what I leave in this belt and the saddle-bags.' And he told them where to send. 'Write her I died repentant,' he said. Lem said he stood there that midnight another man from Buck Dyson altogether; it almost seemed wrong to hang *him*. But they did it. I never would have told all this but for what you said about Mr. Roland's praying just exactly at that same hour for him."

There was a long silence after this. No one on the porch seemed inclined to speak or even move. At last, and to give a turn to the tide of thought, Mrs. Morton McRobert said:

"Next to that belief in his prayer being answered I believe it was your marriage, Agnes, that did most to soothe his dying hour."

"And it was so strange," said Agnes. "Not a word or a look even, had ever passed between Frank and myself about even the possibility of such a thing. I didn't know, that is, I was not sure, that he even loved me. At least—well, I knew well enough that I loved *him*," she added, smiling.

"It was the boldest, coolest thing, I *do* think, I ever did," said the Texan. "I whispered to you to come out for one moment—only one. I don't know what I said to you when I tried to ask you about it. I haven't the least recollection what you said to me—I don't really believe you said any thing at all. But Venable was off and back again with the license, and sister here prepared your father for it, and he married us as we knelt down beside his pallet on the floor. It was just after his prayer for Dyson. This, taken with that, seemed to fill the measure of his peace, and he was gone."

Another long and happy silence. A deep and holy calm had settled upon all. The breeze sighed gently among the trees, the moonbeams sparkled brightly upon the San Hieronymo, and the Colorado rippled audibly in the distance.

"How much we all have learned since we have been in Texas!" said Mr. Morton McRobert, at last. "The old prophets, and John the Baptist, and our Saviour taught their most precious lessons to people who came out to them, away from the cities and villages, into the wilderness to learn. I think *I* at least have learned something since I reached this spot. To do the best I can through the darkest hour, trusting quietly in God."

"And I hope I have shared the lesson with you," said his wife, laying her hand in his; "and this in addition—to think of our Father not only as in the house of worship but as abiding under our own roof; not only as during the Sabbath, but as during each of the six days also. How many dangers and privations have we been threatened with, and yet how happy, happy our home has been all the time!"

"I ought to have learned the same too," said Venable, "that night out on the burning prairie, and at the springs when Dyson had hold of me,

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and up among the Indians. I've got that quiver, bow, arrows, paint-bag, Iron-Jacket's armor, and that powder-horn that burst by me in the fire that night, all hanging up in a row against the wall of my room, as reminders of it all. I need them, for I'm very apt to forget."

"As to us," said the Texan, drawing the head of his wife upon his bosom, "till Agnes and I get rich enough to have the coat of arms on our silver and carriage we'll plant a perfect hedge of the yuca—the dagger-plant—about our ranch to remind *us* of the same thing. We have all learned the same lesson in common, being here in the same school together."

"I don't think I have half done learning all Texas has got to teach *me* yet," said Venable. "There's a great deal to be seen and to be done here yet."

"Oh yes," said Will, who had been silent in his chair so long all supposed him asleep. "Plenty to do: there's the bathing-house to build on the spring, and that splendid pleasure-boat to build too, we've all been intending so long. And I've got to finish my collection of bugs and reptiles and things—petrifactions and the like. I find something new for it every day. And there's budding and grafting of choice grapes on mustang grape stock; and apples on the haws; and a collection of cactus to make; and a honey-palace for the bees to build; and —oh yes! a hundred thousand things to do."

"Oh, as to that," said his brother, "you haven't mentioned half! There's a fish-trap to build in the spring, and a seine to knit for the river. And there's New Braunsfels, the wonderful German town, to visit; and San Antonio, the wonderful Mexican city, with the ruins of grand old monasteries around it, to see. Yes, I want to visit the Enchanted Rock I've heard so much about, that glitters like a mountain of diamonds—it's not two hundred miles from here. And, then, I've heard of wonderful caves all around. Then there's that one-eyed panther uncle has fought so often—*he* has to be shot!"

"And there's the new church to build," suggested the father; "and a nice one it shall be. And Frank and myself must both build new and better houses of rock soon, and take in a great deal more prairie under fence."

"Yes, father," said Venable; "and I've set my heart on going out on a buffalo hunt with uncle. And I want to learn German of Hoogenboom, and how to draw of Aunt Agnes."

"And there's the silver mines we've got to visit," added Uncle Frank, in a lower tone, to Venable. "Oh, Texas is a grand country!" he continued, in a louder tone—"it's so tremendously large—old Virginia multiplied by five, I believe—that it'll take years to hunt out all there is to see in it. A geologist might spend his lifetime collecting its fossils and petrifactions and minerals, and such things. Any body fond of botany could spend a hundred years collecting its various plants. And so of its birds, and of its fishes, and of its reptiles: as to its insects, a thousand years would hardly do to make a collection of them. I do believe new insects and flowers and the rest are created every year—new kinds, I mean. There isn't a week hardly but what I come upon something bran-new to me. As to adventures of all kinds, they spring up, like every thing else on Texas soil, abundant, innumerable. We haven't learned more than the A B C of Texas yet—only made a little start in knowing about it."

"And then there's Mexico next door to us; and all the wonderful things there I hope to visit," said Venable.

"Yes," added his uncle; "and there are events about taking place in Mexico, too, well worth witnessing—hearing about at least, witnessing most like. But it's time for us, Agnes, darling, to be walking over home," he said, rising from his seat. "I'll tell what we'll do. Will, you go ahead collecting for your museum as fast as you can: we'll all add to it every thing we happen upon. Hark and Hoogenboom will do what they can to help us. So will all the rest. Next time I'm in Austin I'll buy Venable a large writing-desk, several reams of the best paper I can find, a huge bottle of ink, and a gold pen, and let him keep a history of every thing for us. He can make a fair, even start from the first of next month, and by the end of a year I'll be bound his book will be worth reading. All in favor of my proposition will please to say Ay!" And, with the laughing and unanimous assent that followed, the group separated for the night.

[Here closes the story of "The Virginians in Texas," as written eight years ago, and accepted for *Harper's Magazine*. The Great Rebellion burst out, like a flash of lightning from a clear sky, just as the publication of the story was to have been commenced. During these years the manuscript has been in our hands. It is reproduced precisely as written, so that the reader may know how Texas appeared then. The author remained in Texas through the war. What a change came over the State during those long years he has told in his tale—"Inside: a Chronicle of Secession"—which is more history than fiction. A few weeks since he sent us a chapter, by way of "Envoi," narrating the fortunes of these Virginians during that time. This will be given in our next Number, and with it will be concluded the story of "The Virginians in Texas."—Ed. Harper's Mag.]

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AT BAY.

[I had intended to tell the story myself; but the young woman's account is so much more to the point than another could be that I send her MS. just as it fell into my hands, only premising that it seems to me worth the reading.—E.]

I WILL tell you about it as well as I can, since you ask me to; though it frightens me to think of showing it to any one who knows how to write books; and I do hope you will excuse all mistakes, and remember that I can't tell things in a fine way, but only just as they happened. Of course you will not have it printed as it is, but will write it out yourself, and fix it up in some pretty way.

I do not wonder so much at your wanting to make a story out of Martie. It used to seem like a story to me as it went along. I often think when I have finished a novel, or a story in a magazine or newspaper—and I have read a good many this winter that Dan has brought home—that it is strange why the people who make them up can not find something *real* to say. It seems to me as if I knew a good many lives that I could put right into a book, if I only had the words, and make somebody feel glad or sorry, or help them or track them. But then, you know, I don't know any thing about it. I read a story once—it was a good while ago—called "Paul Blecker." I saw in a paper that it was written by a lady who had written something called "Life in the Iron Mills." I never saw that, nor any thing more of hers, and I don't know who she is. I wish I could find her out and thank her for having written that story. It made you feel as if she knew all about you, and were sorry for you; and as if she thought nobody was too poor, or too uneducated, or too worn-out with washing-days, and all the things that do not sound a bit grand in books, to be written about. I think of it often now, since I have had the care and worry of the children here at home. It makes me love her, and it makes me respect her—stranger as she is, and so very far above and beyond any thing that I can ever be in this world or another.

To think that I have troubled you with all this, when I ought to have begun at once with Martie!

It is nothing of a story after all, when you come to it; so very simple and short. I suppose it means more to me because she *was* Martie. But I can not help hoping that, after you have altered it all over, so that it is fit to print, it may make somebody think a little about us poor country girls who go into the cities, homesick and unprotected, to find work. Perhaps they could make it a bit easier or safer for us; and then very likely they couldn't. But it does you good—at least it does me—just to *be* thought about. Sometimes I used to see it in a lady's eyes in the street, or in a horse-car—just a look, and she would go, and I would never see her again; but when I was in bed at night I remembered it. I have heard Martie say the same.

You see, one does feel so lonely! I remember just how hard it was, leaving home; and Dan had already found me my place at Inkman, Tipes, & Co.'s, so that the way was smoothed out for me at the beginning better than ever it was for Martie. But all that Dan could do never made it an easy way. I suppose I am one of hundreds like me, who turn to the cities for work; we start all about alike; we end terribly unlike.

You know how large the family is, and that father and Dan, though they were two as industrious and steady men as could be found at Long Meadow, had hard work of it making the two ends meet. In fact, they didn't always meet; and it was when I found that out that I began to think a little for myself at night, when we were in bed and Mary Ann had gone to sleep; Mary Ann always did go to sleep first.

I had been well educated for a farmer's daughter, as we counted education in Long Meadow. They had a hard pull to get me through the High School, for it was after the war had begun, and hard times; but mother was determined I should do it; so I graduated, and read my composition with the rest, and came home for father and Dan to support. Not that I was by any means idle, for I took the heaviest baking and dairy-work right off mother's hands, and helped about the children's sewing. If she could not have got along without me it would have been all very well, and I should have felt, and so would father, that I was fairly contributing to the household expenses. But Mary Ann was growing large enough to help her about the churning after school, and to mend the boys' mittens very well; so I felt as if I should be better away. I respected myself more and I felt happier as soon as I had made up my mind to go.

I always learn a new thing easily. I had no trouble with type-setting after the first week or two, and never repented my decision. It is not so respectable, as the world goes, to work in a printing-office as to teach, and mother wanted me to take the district school. But I had rather go into a factory or do washing than to drudge in a hot school-room for three hundred a year. As to respectability, I told mother I would make my own, independently of my business, or I would go without.

But after all it was a little rough when the time came to say good-by. Mother *would* cry behind her apron, and father coughed, and Dan winked, and the children pulled hold of my dress so, and looked so pink and pretty! Then the old sitting-room and the kitchen, and the cat and the cows, and the horses, and the sunshine through the window-glass, and the dahlias nodding out in the front-yard with the frost on them—why, I don't suppose I could tell you how leaving them seemed like leaving a part of myself, nor how I cried after Dan had put me into the car and given me my check and gone off.

I don't suppose you would care to hear if I did tell you—not about that long, lonesome

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journey, and how long and lonesome the city seemed when I stepped out into the rattling streets, in the strange noise and hurry and dirt, nor how long and lonesome the time that I must stay in it, shut out from the red maples, and the sky, and the great wide fields of snow, and May-flowers, and clover-smells, and stillness, and sweetness, and home, and mother. I only speak of it because it made me feel, remembering all about it, so sorry for Martie.

I was a great deal more sorry for her than I was for myself, just because she hadn't what I had to brave. The night that she came to our house—I boarded with Mrs. M'Cracken—I thought that she had the most homesick face I ever saw. The room which she had engaged would not be vacant for three days—it was Josie Sewell's, and Josie was going home sick; so Mrs. M'Cracken asked, Would I let her sleep with me for a night or two? I don't generally like to sleep with strangers, but I had the queerest feeling about her, as if I wanted to talk away or kiss away that homesickness out of her face; so I said Yes most willingly. Though, to be sure, it would not have made much difference if I hadn't been willing, for Mrs. M'Cracken scolded so if she did not have her way that the boarders all gave in to her.

I took Martie up stairs with me to take off her bonnet, and she thanked me, but did not say any more, so I came down again. She looked so shy and uncomfortable when she came in to supper that I wished I had waited for her. The table was full too—printers we were almost all of us, except two seamstresses, two machine-girls, and one young stone-mason, David Bent. We used to call him Davie, because he was such a pleasant-spoken fellow, and willing to do a good turn for every body. It was a pretty name, and it seemed to suit him, though he was a great stoutly-built man over six feet.

I remember that Job Rice happened to be punctual to supper that night, and that he passed Martie the butter (Mrs. M'Cracken, by-the-way, did manage to get the worst butter that ever I tasted in my life).

Sue Cummings whispered to me, looking over at Martie as we sat down, that she was as homely as a hedge-fence. Now I don't think that any body but Sue would ever have thought of calling Martha Saunders homely. She was not exactly pretty either, but she certainly was prettier, it seemed to me, than Sue. Sue had black hair and bright cheeks too, and was called a very good-looking girl.

Martie was the palest woman that I ever saw, I believe—just cut like a little sad statue out of marble. I never saw a tinge of color in her face but twice in all the years I've known her. Her hair grew low on her forehead, and she had large eyes—they were gray eyes, set far apart. She had large hands, even larger than mine—for she had done rougher work—but white, like her face, and warm. She took up things in a strong, firm way, like a man. I never saw her hold her tea-cup with her little finger sticking out, like Sue. I noticed these things when she sat down opposite me full in the light. It gives me a cold, uncomfortable feeling looking back so far. I wish I had been the only one that noticed; yet not exactly that either, come to think of it.

I went up stairs with her after supper, and helped her put away her things, and presently got up the courage to ask her if she were coming in at Inkman & Tipes's. She said yes; that they had just given her Josie Sewell's place; that she hoped she should not be slow at learning the trade; and was it very hard to understand? I offered to teach her a little at nooning, and she turned her sweet gray eyes on me to thank me in such a way—nobody but Martie ever had such a way. I believe I loved her from that minute.

"You came from the country?" I said by-and-by.

"Yes."

"Far?"

"About twenty miles."

"I wonder if you are as homesick as I was," I said as gently as I knew how. "You have a home, I suppose?"

She was standing by the pine wardrobe, hanging up one of her black dresses. She hung it up and buttoned the wardrobe door, and began to fold her shawl. I thought she was not going to answer me.

"I *had* a home," she said at last.

She began to undress very fast without looking at me, and I felt that I had better not ask her any more questions. I sat up after she was in bed to read a chapter—mother made me promise always to read my chapter—and the light, where I had put it on the wash-stand, shone down against her face. I was reading somewhere in the genealogies, and it *wasn't* very interesting, and I could not keep my eyes off from her. I have seen little children often since I have been in New York lost in the streets at twilight on a rainy day. Martie's face that night reminded me of them. I wanted to throw down my Bible and comfort her up and cry with her; but I did not dare to.

I hope you will not laugh at me for making so much fuss over a homesick girl—as Sue did. At any rate I believe you would have done just what I did if you had been there. And I'm sure I didn't do very much. I only kissed her, that was all. After I was in bed and the lamp was out, and we had lain still a while, I only stooped over and kissed her softly on both her eyes.

I was afraid she would be angry with me, but I really could not help it. And instead of being angry with me what do you suppose she did? Why, she threw her arms about my neck and broke out crying in the strangest way:

"It's so long," she said, "it's so long since any body kissed me!"

She sobbed the words over and over in her odd, dry way without any tears as if she would

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never catch her breath; and I was so taken by surprise, and I didn't know what to do, so I just held her there and let her say it over, "It's so long—so long!"

Well, I suppose you know how short a time it takes for girls to get acquainted when they like each other. One hour is just as good as one year. So you will not be surprised nor laugh—I shouldn't wonder if you *did* laugh a little though—to hear that before we went to sleep she knew all about me, and I knew all about her; and I felt almost as much at home with her as I did with Mary Ann. When the time came for her to take Josie's room I wouldn't hear of it, so we arranged with Mrs. M'Cracken to keep her with me.

She told me all about the home that *had* been, and how it was broken up—"buried," she called it now. Her mother had been dead a great many years, and then two little brothers went next—there was consumption, I believe, both sides of the family—and last of all her father. He had been a shoemaker, comfortably off and kind-hearted, and he had sent her to school, and done every thing for her, and been every thing to her. She kept house for him till he was sick; then she used to bind shoes all day and half the night, sitting by his bed and watching to see if he wanted any thing. He had a little laid up, but it soon went for doctor's bills, and so she supported them both and kept him in comforts to the last; and he died while he was kissing her good-night—died with his lips on her cheek.

After that the place grew so lonely to her—and the grave was right in sight every day as she went to work—and she said it seemed as if she *must* get away. But she did not know where to go, and she had nobody to tell her; so she staid on, till one week, all of a sudden, the Corporation failed. They had been crowding on hands at very high wages—eight dollars a week to good workers—running a venture against a rival Company, and, without any warning, the whole thing fell flat, turning five hundred hands out of work.

Martie took the next train for New York. She came in in the dark and cold as I did, only she had not a place provided in which to lay her head, and she did not know a face in all the great, strange city. She wandered about for two or three days trying to find work, and sleeping at a miserable little lodging-house that she came across—a place, she said afterward, to which she felt that no respectable girl ought to go. But what could she do? Money to board at a hotel she had not, and apply to the police she dared not; she said she was afraid that they would arrest her as a vagrant. Martie always had dreadful notions of the police; and so had I for that matter. They act, and I don't know but they must act, so different to a poor girl in a calico dress from what they do to the ladies who want to be helped across the mud in Broadway.

Perhaps there may be a place somewhere in the city where they take care of country girls until they can take care of themselves—I'm sure there ought to be—but if there is, I don't know where; nor did Martie. Dan told me that there is such a place in Boston, under the charge of some Catholic women. I think they must be very good women, and I don't say any thing against them; but I suppose Protestant people must know how much more girls think about saying their prayers and every thing good, when they are homesick and lonely, and how easily they can be turned and guided. I believe that any body who had cared for and been kind to Martie those first few days might have made—why, might have made a Buddhist of her without any trouble at all.

But at last, when she was all worn out and discouraged, she happened to come across Inkman & Tipes; and so Mr. Inkman, who said she looked like a smart girl, took her on trial, and the foreman told her about Josie Sewell and Mrs. M'Cracken, and that was the way she came to me, and—to so much else.

And if I don't hurry I shall never come to it.

The first day—I think it was the very first day—that Martie went to work, Job Rice came up when the foreman was looking the other way, and asked me to introduce him to the new girl. Now I never did like Job Rice—not from the first minute I saw him. I did not know much about him, nor had I any thing against him but his swearing and his face. All the fellows at our table swore though, except Davie Bent, and I shouldn't have thought so much of that but for his face. I can't explain what was the matter with that either, except that I did not like it. So I did not want him to speak to Martie, and I said so. Then he said he would get somebody else to do it, and that I was the rudest and most unreasonable girl he ever had seen at Inkman's. So I thought perhaps it was rude and unreasonable, and I took him over to Martie at the window. I used to blame myself for it afterward; but Martie said that was foolish, for it would have made no difference in the end. He walked home with her that day to dinner.

The next noon she begged me to wait for her; and when we were in the street she walked on so fast that I could hardly keep up. But Job could walk faster than we, and he gained upon us, and fell into step beside her.

"Just what she meant he should do!" said Sue from behind, in her spiteful way. Of course the other girl heard her.

The next day Martie said she wanted to see Mary Bailey about her sack-pattern, so Mary walked the other side. But where there's a will there's a way, they say, and Job Rice's wicked will found ways enough. He would come upon her suddenly as she waited after breakfast for me upon the stairs. He joined us at night, because he said it was too dark for us to come back alone. He waited about after supper when she staid to help Mrs. M'Cracken with the dishes—that went a little way toward

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her board, and she could not earn much, you know, till she had fairly learned her trade. He went to church whenever Martie did. He went to Sabbath-school just to sit in a class opposite and watch her. He was always asking her at the table to go with him to the theatre, or evening-school, or negro minstrels, or something, till he worried the poor child half sick.

Before long they were the talk of the house, and Sue Cummings did her best to see that they should be. The fact was, that Sue had been used to having things her own way among the boys, and especially with Job Rice, till Martie came.

One night Davie Bent met me and walked home with me. Davie didn't often walk home with me. Just as we came to the slope he asked me—we had been talking about Martie—if this was true that they said about her and Rice? He supposed she *did* like him, didn't she?

I was thinking of something else—some thought of my own that it was silly to waste time over—and I did not say much to Martie when I first went up stairs. Presently I told her what Davie said. She turned just as quick, with a little stamp of her foot.

"And you? What did you say to him?"

So I told her what I said: that I knew she didn't like Job, and that he worried and dogged her.

"Well, I should like to tell you something else to tell him. No, I suppose it would make it the worse for me though. I wish Job would let me alone. I *wish* he would let me alone!"

I noticed then how her eyes burned—just like coals at white heat; I never had seen them look so before.

"Martie," said I, beginning to wonder, "what is the matter? What did you wish you could tell Davie? What has happened?"

She was brushing out her hair, and she stopped and threw down her brush with a childish burst of vehemence as if her nerves were strung to their tightest:

"Job Rice told me to-night he wanted to marry me, that's what he did! He might have known what I would say, and he might have known what an insult it was after I've shown him and shown him how hateful he is to me. He said—I wouldn't even tell you what he said. It seems as if I couldn't bear it!"

"You told him?"

"I told him," she said, slowly—"I told him I would rather be cut to pieces inch by inch! Explicit, wasn't it, dear?"

She broke out laughing, but it sounded as if she would much rather cry; and by-and-by she hid her face in the pillows a while, and I shouldn't wonder if she did cry.

"You see he said such things!" she said presently, her voice smothered up in the pillows. "He said such things to me! Father wouldn't have let him, father wouldn't! Oh, Sarah, Sarah!"

I was very sorry for her, though I had to be sorry without half understanding why. But after that I always felt that Martie was afraid of Job Rice. Sometimes it used to seem as if she let him go with her just to hush up words that were on his lips. One day when he had said something that displeased her, she flashed up a little, and told him before us all that he was a miserable cowardly villain to treat a girl so. I saw him go to his case, set up something quick in type, strike it off on a slip of paper, and toss it over to her. A gust from an open window blew it toward me, and I saw the three words: "*We will see.*"

They did not sound so very dreadful, to be sure; but when Martie read them that curious look, like a lost child, crept all over her face, and never went out of it all day, nor could I kiss it away at night, though I tried as hard as I could.

It was the next week, I believe, that we had our little week's vacation that we had waited for so long. Business was dull just then, and Mr. Inkman was glad to let us off. I took Martie up to Long Meadow with me, and I verily believe that was one of the happiest weeks the poor girl ever spent in her life. Mother took her in as if she had been one of us, and kissed her, and cured her neuralgia, and made her flannel petticoats, and treated her just as she did me; and father used to pat her on the head when she had read the Almanac to him evenings. Poor little Martie! Her eyelids used to tremble a little at that. The children petted her to death, and as for Dan—well, well! poor fellow!—I don't mind telling *you*—I am afraid Dan thought a great deal of Martie; but I saw, and he saw, that it never could be; she would never care for him—in that way, I mean. I could not understand then why, Dan was so good and handsome. Poor Dan! I thought this winter that he might take a fancy to Jinny Coles; at least I hoped so; but he says he does not care to marry just yet, and Jinny calls him an old bachelor, and so do all the Long Meadow girls.

Well, Martie went out with me into the sweet spring days—there seemed to be a great many days to that week—and fed the cows, and looked at the horses, and played with the chickens, and hunted for May-flowers, and filled her carpet-bag with sea-weed moss to carry back; she liked it because it was cool, she said; she used to bury up her face in it and sit thinking.

"Sarah," she said, the night before we went back, "I have felt so *safe* here. Just think if one could feel safe all the time!"

So to-morrow came, and we had to bid good-by to all the sweetness, and dearness, and safety; and the long, lonesome city looked longer and lonesomer than ever.

When we got back, all drabbled and cold and tired, Mrs. M'Cracken met me at the door.

"How do you do, Sarah?" said she, in a very high key. "You'll find your room ready; and you'll better take your bag and run right up, and not stand here lettin' the draught in.—

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Marthy Saunders, I'm sorry to say I haven't got any room for *you*."

"Not any room for me!"

Martie turned about and looked at her. It was growing dark fast, and the dreary wind blew up from the street against her.

"No, I hain't; and, I'm sorry to say, I never expect to. I'm a respectable widow, *I* am, and this 'ere's a respectable house. I've no place for the likes of you!"

Martie just stood and looked at her—looked at her with her great, wide-open eyes. I don't believe any of those little lost children could have been slower to take in the shameful words.

I must have said something dreadful to Mrs. M'Cracken—I believe I told her she lied; then it occurred to me that that wasn't polite, so I told her I should like to know what she was talking about, and whom she was talking about.

"I'm talkin' about Marthy Saunders," says she; "and I say girls as behaves shameful and loses their virtoous name, and then begs young men to marry 'em, ain't fit company for me, nor my boarders! So, Marthy Saunders, I'll be obleeged to you if you'll jest step out of the way, for it's cold, and I want the door shet!"

Then, for once of the two times, I saw the hot color go shooting all over Martie's face, up to her forehead, down to her neck. It blazed for a minute like a jet of fire, and then died down. I never saw her look so white—I never saw her look so pure and white as she looked when it had gone.

She opened her lips to speak, but Mrs. M'Cracken had slammed the door; slammed it so close upon her that her shawl was caught in the hinge.

The girls were laughing out in the dining-room, where they were playing forfeits with Davie Bent. The light twinkled out warmly through the side-glass, and shone down warmly from our own room where they had just made things ready for me. The dreary wind blew up from the street; the dust whirled about in clouds; two or three people went by in the dark, hurrying home. Poor little Martie!

Dear me! dear me! To think that I can't write about it after all this time without crying!

I broke out into something about Job Rice, and the landlady, and what should we do? And had it all in a jumble of anger and grief and bewilderment; but noticed at last that Martie stood yet, with her shawl shut in the door, perfectly still. I noticed, too, that her hand was lifted solemnly up above her head.

"Martie! Martie! what are you doing?"

"Praying God to settle accounts with him," she said in a very quiet voice; but a voice no more like Martie's than it was like Job's. "Well, Sarah, good-by. You'd better go in."

"He just did it for revenge!" I cried out, sobbing. "Poor Martie! poor Martie! And not a place for you to sleep this night!"

"You'd better go in," she repeated, in the same strange, quiet way. "You will take cold. I suppose I can find a place. At least there's the station-house always for such as us," with a laugh. "Good-night, dear!"

But I never could have let her go in that way all alone; and though she did her best to send me back, I went out with her into the dreary wind to find a shelter for her head. Something in her face, as we passed the street-lamp at the corner, set me to thinking how it must choke and stifle one to walk on gasping in the cruel wind, leaving one's good name further behind at every step. Then I thought of the warm light in our window, and the girls and Davie. Then I thought of the good, strong father—she had often told me how good and strong he was—and of the grave away in the country, and I wondered how he could bear it to be lying there, and she *here*, his only little daughter; and she said he had sheltered her in so with his love. Poor, poor little Martie! Why, I thought till it seemed as if my heart would break for her.

I looked up, I remember, into people's faces as we passed, wondering why there wasn't anybody in all the city to help her. I knew there were many good men and women who would have trusted and cared for her, but we did not know where to find them, and Martie was so shy of strangers. I remember how the lamps flitted and whirled, and how bright the shop windows looked, as we walked on, still watching the people, face after face, for one kind look; one kind look would have given me courage to speak. It did seem to me strange that they could *help* noticing us. But nobody did notice, and we did not dare to speak. I went once into a jeweler's, where I saw through the great plate-glass a pleasant-faced gentleman with gray hair, and I asked him could he tell me where a poor girl could get a respectable lodging for the night? He answered very pleasantly that the police would tell me best, and I ran out frightened, and did not try that again.

There were our employers, you say. Yes, but they did not know nor care much about the hands out of working hours. Mr. Inkman was a good sort of man, but he would not be likely to trouble himself that time of night about Martie. Besides, he would probably take Mrs. M'Cracken's word for the truth, and it might cost Martie her place for him to hear the story. As for her Sunday-school teacher, why, she would about as soon have thought of going to the police, for she had never spoken with her except to give her name and answer the Bible-questions. Besides, we did not know where she lived. So Martie must help herself.

We went to boarding-houses till we were tired out. Nobody would take a strange girl in at night. Where had she been last? Mrs. M'Cracken's. Had she a recommendation? No. They were sorry, but the house was full. Good-evening.

I don't suppose they can be exactly blamed; but it seemed hard. Just such a night as that

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was to Martie has sent many of us poor girls right straight to destruction. It did seem hard.

Pretty soon, worn out and in a sort of desperation, she said that she should go back to the place where she spent her first few days in the city. I thought the police would be better than that; but she said no; what could she do in the hands of the police, with the character that she had brought away with her from the door-steps back there? She would go back to the old place and take her chance. It was safe enough, probably, only she was foolish and fanciful. It would be better than to run the risk of worse. So we went, and they took her in.

I would have staid with her, I could not bear to have her there alone, but she would not listen to it. She said I should not lose my home and my good name with hers. She begged me so for her sake to go back that I had to go. She walked a little way with me till I would let her go no farther. Then I watched her going back alone.

I gave Job Rice a piece of my mind that night, and I stood up for Martie against Mrs. M'Cracken and the girls. But it was of no use. Sue had been before me to echo every word of Job's and a little more. Sue said it was just what she had always expected of her. When I looked at Sue's bold, bad face, and thought of that pure white look of Martie's, I wondered how God could *let* any body believe one against the other. But I suppose, after all, we do our own believing; we can not blame Him for it.

Davie Bent came up to me a minute as I stood apart by the window; Sue and Job had been talking so that I could not stand it.

"Davie," said I, between my teeth, "I hope God *will* 'settle accounts' with him fair and square, for it's a fiendish lie! It's a fiendish lie, Davie!"

He opened his kindly, honest eyes wide on me, and a color like a girl's went over his face.

"Did you think," said he, "*could* you think that I—"

Sue came up just then, in her inquisitive way, and he broke off and went out of the room.

I did not think to tell Martie of this for several days. It occurred to me when I did speak of it, and she looked up, that perhaps she would have liked to hear it before.

"You see, Martie," said I, "it is plain what he was going to say, though he didn't finish his sentence. He believes in you, and I knew he would."

But she shook her head drearily.

"You don't know that. He did not say so. He would have said something quite different. Nobody believes in me. Why should *he?*"

With that she turned away to look into a shop-window and said no more the rest of the way home.

"Davie wouldn't be so mean," I argued. "Davie is true, and fair, and good." But she would not talk about it.

She spent two weeks at that place. I never knew till it was all over, not till long after it was all over, just what she lived through there. How there was a rum-shop on the first-floor; how late the hooting and singing used to last; how she sat up night after night till two or three o'clock, unable to sleep for the noise and fear, and trying to muffle her windows, and the crack under the door, so that she should not hear the words they said and sung.

Her story came to Mr. Inkman's ears, too, soon enough, and there was talk of dismissing her; but it finally blew over; she was a valuable compositor, quick as a thought, and very accurate; and Inkman & Tipes did not care so much as they might have done about the morals of their hands.

But, take it altogether, those two were as miserable weeks as ever a poor girl lived. That lost look, I noticed, settled down into her face, and before they were over became her only look.

One night—it is a little thing to tell, but it hurt me at the time—it chanced that she had to carry proof to some editor—I've forgotten his name, but he was connected with a Magazine which Inkman & Tipes printed. The boy whose business it was to carry proof and copy was sick, and as the errand was right on Martie's way the foreman asked her to attend to it.

The editor was at dinner—she told me about it afterward—and she had to wait for him a few moments in the hall. She was tired and faint, and the jets of gas-light dazzled her. She leaned up against the balusters for support, looking around at the carpeted hall and stairs, and in at the open door of the parlors, where glimpses of mirrors and crimson curtains, of pictures, and books, and flameless, hot coal fires showed through. I know just how she must have looked, standing there, homeless and outcast, in the midst of it all.

While she was waiting a young girl about her own age—a pretty, delicate creature, with a rich dress and soft, ringed hands—came from somewhere and fluttered into the parlors, looking like a picture cut out against the flameless fires, and fluttered out again, softly humming a tune. Her father met her at the further end of the hall, and Martie, who had shrunk out of sight at the foot of the stairs, heard him say, the words broken up with a laughing kiss:

"Well, Empress Nell! So you insist on dragging your old father out to the concert to-night? The carriage will be punctual, and I hope you will be likewise. Your hair? Oh no, that doesn't need to be frizzed over. You look pretty enough already. Be sure and wrap up warmly, dear; it is a chilly night. Jane, where did you leave the young woman? Is she waiting? Oh yes."

It doesn't seem so much to tell of, but it came over Martie so—this other girl, sheltered in by the light and elegance and warmth and love, so watched and protected, so pleased and petted through her happy days and nights—and she to be shut out into the cold and dark of the streets, shut back into her wretched room, home

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and help and good name gone—and the grave lying out far away in the night—it came over her so for the minute that she staggered up against the balusters, a sick faintness creeping all over her. I believe she might have had courage to tell the gentleman all about it had he asked her; and I suppose he would have asked her had he thought of it, for she said he had a pleasant face. But he was a busy man and hurried, so he took the proofs and opened the door politely for her, and she went slowly out. He must have been struck by her look, for she heard him say to his pretty daughter as he latched the door,

"That poor girl is very pale. Consumptive, probably. Come, Nell, fly away and get ready!"

At the end of the fortnight Martie had a dress to be cut at little Miss Tripp's. And little Miss Tripp—God bless her for it!—no sooner had questioned the story all out of her than she said: "Martha Saunders, *I'll* stand by you. You just leave that dreadful place and come board with me."

So Martie went to little Miss Tripp's, and I insisted on her letting me go with her. As to its "hurting my character," which she argued in her dear, unselfish love, I said, as I had said about my respectability, I would make my own or I would go without.

We had been at Miss Tripp's just a week when the most astounding thing happened. Martie came in one night with very bright eyes, and said:

"I am going to be married to Job Rice."

I do not know what I did or said. I am sure I never was so bewildered and confounded in my life.

"We shall be married in three weeks," she said, quietly drawing the curtain and beginning to take down her hair. "That is about as soon as I can get ready. You needn't look so at me, Sarah. Continual dropping wears away the hardest stone, you know. Come, I am tired and want to go to bed."

I don't know what it was, but something in her eyes stopped me from reasoning with her. I tried it once, and after that I gave it up. So, still bewildered and confounded, shocked and worried and grieved, I yielded silently to Martie's plans for this horrible wedding. I cut out and basted and sewed; I bought patterns and tucked muslin; I went about and looked at her and touched her as if I had been in a nightmare.

Davie Bent had been home to see his mother, and had not heard. The first night that he came back—it was a warm, light spring night—he and Martie went to walk. I was sitting at my window thinking about them, when they came home and stopped by the steps a minute to talk. I remember how warm the air was sweeping up against my cheeks, and I remember how Davie's voice sounded so manly and low and still. I did not mean to hear, and I shrank back; but I had caught one word, and I knew—what I ought to have known long before; but it is very hard for us to find things out sometimes.

I did not notice Martie when she first came up; but presently she called me, and turning round I wondered what had happened.

"Sarah," she said. She waited a minute after that, and then I saw for the second and last time the color in her face—sweet, faint color, like a happy child's. It made her very pretty. "Sarah, he *did* believe in me. He told me that he believed in me all through."

"Martie," said I, very low, "he told you something more than that."

"Yes." She turned her head away quickly.

"I wonder what you told him."

"What should I tell him?" said she, turning back in a sharp way. "I have promised to marry Job Rice."

So we neither of us said any more about it.

Martie's wedding-day came on very fast, and we were very busy. She had spent all her money over her little outfit; and she could not have taken more pains over her white muslin dress if she had been going to be Job's very happy wife; I never *could* think that. It did seem to me as if I must stop it, and the nearer the time came the more terrible it seemed. But she never called it terrible. One of the last nights I broke out crying, and asked her if she had not a word to say to me about it.

"No," said she. "Why should I have?"

She had sent a special invitation to Mrs. M'Cracken, and the girls there, and Sue; and, strange as it seemed, they all came. We did not have many weddings, and it gave them something to talk about. We were all there waiting in Miss Tripp's little parlor—waiting in the nightmare, it seemed to me—when Martie came in with Job. She did not blush or look shy, as most girls do; she was pretty and white and quiet. I did not see what made her so quiet. There was an odd light in her eyes. It reminded me somehow of a look I have seen in pictures in the eyes of hunted creatures that had been driven till they could be driven no further.

Davie Bent was there, trying to flirt a little with Sue. He was very white. I felt sorry for Davie; sorrier than I did for Martie, or for—well, no matter who!

The minister was a little late, and we were talking when he came in, but hushed up at sight of him. He was a tall, fine-looking gentleman, who treated Miss Tripp and Martie very politely—almost as politely as if they had been rich and educated ladies; and looked around the room with very keen eyes. Martie sent for him because she liked his sermons. She had been to his church several times; she did not go regularly, because it was a grand church, and she did not feel at home there.

Dear me, how I trembled when he began the Marriage Service! And how still the room was! And how that hunted look in Martie's eyes grew and brightened into another look—and that look was stranger yet!

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The minister was through with what he had to say to Job; and Job, with his complacent, evil smile, had made his responses; and it came Martie's turn, and you could have heard a pin drop. I remember how solemnly the words sounded:

"Do you take this man who stands beside you to be your wedded husband?"

He waited for her answer, and it came:

"*No! and I never will!*" and she flung off Job's hand as if it had been a serpent, and stood there quivering.

In an instant every thing was in a hubbub. I'm sure I never saw a minister's face look blanker than that minister's face looked.

"Madam," said he, with a low bow, "I consider that you have insulted me, and insulted my profession beyond hope of apology. I wish you good-evening!" and he walked right out of the room.

Miss Tripp screamed; Sue Cummings tried to faint; Job, purple with passion, gasped for breath to speak, and every thing was in an uproar. Above it I saw Martie standing still and triumphant; and above it I was conscious of Davie's face with a sudden light striking it through and through.

Job found his voice at last, and he stood and swore at Martie, oath after oath; I never heard such swearing. She just stood there perfectly still and smiled. Then he turned upon her and raised his hand. I believe, woman though she was, he would have struck her to the floor, but there was a spring at the other end of the room; the girls made way screaming, and Davie just caught her out of Job's reach in his great, strong arms, and held her—held her there, before us all—and she never struggled nor blushed; but the lost look faded out of her face in that minute, and I never saw it again.

So it was all explained now. She had not meant it so much for revenge, though it was revenge enough, and Job deserved it, and I'm glad he had it; but she took it as the only way possible to her to defend herself, and give the lie to his foul slanders. And to think how she had kept it from every human soul, and planned it so well, and done all her sewing, that Davie never suspected the truth till it came; and, stranger than that, that she had never hinted a breath of it to me, and I rooming with her all along! I wonder how many girls could have done it! Nobody need tell me that a woman can't keep a secret again!

She sent for Dr. —— the next day, and explained to him, before Miss Tripp and me, the whole story. She apologized for the rudeness done to him yesterday; and said that the chief thing that troubled her about the plan was the insult to a clergyman which it involved, but she was driven to it, and she begged his pardon, and hoped he would not judge her harshly. He received her apology kindly, and said he wished that he had known how she had been situated before; he should have been glad to help her if he could in silencing the cruel scandal. I think he believed, when he saw her face, that she spoke simple truth. I think he was a good man.

Well, and so later in the summer there was another wedding-day. It came away from the hot city and Sue's gossipy tongue, and away from Job, who was always vowing vengeance, but has never found his way to wreak it yet. It came with Long Meadow sunlight and flowers, at home, in our little front-parlor—it seemed so strange, you know, that Davie should ever be in my home—and he looked so proud of Martie, and Martie so content with him! I think it was the sweetest, stillest wedding that I ever saw. I think it made me very happy—at least—yes, I think it did. It was so pleasant to know that I never should have to call her Poor Martie any more. Happy little Martie!

By-the-way, you may be sure that we sent for little Miss Tripp to come out, and that she came.

Now, since mother died, and I have been at home keeping house—since there has been so much to do, and I get tired and cry a little sometimes by myself when the children have been naughty or sick—sometimes, when life looks very different from what I used to think it would be—from what I suppose all girls think it will be at some time or other—I believe it does me good—I'm sure it ought to—to think of Davie's wife——

[There were one or two words more, but so blotted and blurred by a large round mark that I struck them out as unintelligible.]

THE JIM-JIMS.

"HAVE you ever had the Jim-Jims, my young friend?—The *Jim-Jims?*" he repeated, in reply to my questioning look.

John Brinsley was seated in his rooms, reading the price-current in the evening paper. I had dropped in upon him to inquire what were the prospects, not of our common country, but of cheese. He was preparing himself for the delivery of an elaborate opinion when he suddenly started from his chair and, grasping me by the arm, cried: "For Heaven's sake, tell me, was that a fly?"

I supposed he meant to inquire whether I had bought a few tons of cheese "just for a fly"—speculators will understand the phrase—or whether I intended to add another branch to my business, and replied accordingly.

"I mean, *was* that—*is* that—a fly?" he cried, making a wild sweep at a blue-bottle whose wings just then brushed his nose.

"Of course it is," I returned. "What did you think it was—a guinea-hen or a turkey-buzzard?"

He seated himself, and began stirring the fire thoughtfully.

Mr. John Brinsley, let me explain, is a well-to-do and rather portly commission merchant, whose acquaintance I had lately made. Naturally a very sensible fellow, he had the advant-

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age or disadvantage on starting in life of a collegiate education, graduating either as a bacchanalian or a baccalaureate—I do not exactly remember which. Of his former habits I knew nothing, but he was then one of the stanchest teetotalers going, refusing even that delicious phase of the grape—Tokay, to which I always yield myself a ready victim.

Suddenly he wheeled round in his chair and propounded the queries with which this article begins. I replied in the negative—that I had never had the Jim-Jims, and did not even know what they were.

"Eh? No?" he said, squaring himself in his seat. "Well, I sincerely hope you never will. As it is, let me tell you something about them."

I listened; there is no stopping John Brinsley when he once gets talking; and he went on as follows:

For about thirty years of my life I was addicted to—to—permit me a periphrasis—the use of stimulants. Never a hard drinker in the common acceptation of that term, I was still what may be called a steady drinker. I drank, as people vote in the less respectable wards, early and often. In short, I would as soon have thought of going through the day without breathing as without bibbing. My nose may have acquired a slightly coppery color in consequence, yet no one ever saw me under the influence of liquor, and the charge of intemperance was never brought against me. Shutters and gutters were alike strange to me.

Right here let me ask how the sin of drunkenness is to be estimated and measured? Is it the quantity drunk or the effect produced which we are to consider when sitting in judgment upon a man's habits and character? For while one man can drink all day without manifesting any symptom of inebriation, another, who should undertake or be persuaded to undergo a similar course of discipline, would probably find himself carried home in a most ignominious way upon an uncomfortable and hastily improvised litter, long before the sun was at its zenith; those who witnessed the informal procession would undoubtedly blazon the horizontal hero as a drunkard of the most eminent type; and solemn tracts with startling titles would be showered upon him in lieu of the ivy-leaves wherewith the brows of Bacchus of old were bound. All this while the other man, who carried off his more frequent indulgences with an air of unconscious grace, standing up under his potations like a three-decker to only a moderate breeze, would very likely be lauded for his temperate habits, and held up as a model of sobriety to his less fortunate neighbor. But whether the iniquity of imbibition is to be measured by the amount drunk or by the capacity of the drinker to withstand the subtle spell which bewilders the brain and confuses the powers of locomotion, I can not undertake to determine, nor will I now discuss; but one thing is certain, a fourth part of the liquor which I every day consumed without fear and without reproach would have sent half my acquaintance reeling to their beds, and won for them, in a very short time, most unenviable reputations.

It was only some six months since that I experienced any ill effects of my habit. Gout gradually set in, which was by no means pleasant to a man fond of dancing. Besides, I developed an apoplectic tendency, which acquaintances remarked upon; like the elder Mr. Weller, I swelled visibly; sudden rushes of blood to my head rendered me at times nearly blind. Often on entering or leaving a room I was obliged to put out my hands and grope my way—and blindman's-buff is an amusement for which I never had any partiality. Consulting my physician—not a hydropathist, understand—he at once ordered me to "cease the use of stimulants"—the technical way of saying "Stop drinking." I remonstrated; but he was peremptory. I said: "Not too suddenly;" but he replied: "At once!" To my mild urging that it would be best to "taper off" he made answer that a taper was burning at my vitals, and that spirits were the oils which fed the flame. He said: "Snuff it out at once; cut off the fuel!" To my representations that I could not live he replied that I might as well die one way as another; that if I continued to drink, my death was certain; that if I stopped, there was a chance for me. And he clapped a stop on further objections by refusing to treat my case at all unless I abandoned drinking before coming under his hands. Ale was worse than whisky, because more bulky; wine more dangerous than any thing else, because so insidious and seductive.

He had been the physician of myself and of my father's family—I have no family of my own—since first the family was founded, and there was none other in the city to whose hands I could commit myself with confidence. So I yielded to his ultimatum, converted my demijohns into yet more fragmentary divisions, and became a water-drinker on the spot.

The first day of my new experience I suffered; slightly, but still I suffered—nor was I strong. My hand was shaky in the morning; and I said to myself: "This comes of temperance." Through the day I felt singularly strange; my voice was tremulous; I planted my foot upon the pavement in an uncertain way, and had a general impression that I had lost something. At my regular dinner-hour I was appetiteless. I retired to bed wretched. My dreams were unpleasant; and the next morning I woke with an uncomfortable sense of unrefreshedness. My hands were hot, and my face, though pale, was burning. In making my toilet several attempts were necessary to enable me to part my hair in a line any thing like an approach to straightness; for my hand, in its manipulations of the comb, dotted up and down like a dairy-maid's in printing butter. As for breakfast, I was conscious of no fast to

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break. Mechanically, however, I appeared at table. But toast, tea, muffins, eggs had lost their power of fascination. Hot and tempting though they were, I looked upon them coldly. So tremulous and uncertain was my hand that in attempting to drink my tea I nearly poured it into my ear. While being shaved, subsequently, I found it next to impossible to sit still. Several times in my nervous starts the barber gashed my face and chin.

A blank, horrible day seemed before me. Time, like a leaden weight, hung upon my soul. To some simple business calculation which the cashier of our house tried to present to me, I found it impossible to listen. The figures were before my eyes, and I attempted to grasp them. They danced and jostled each other like puppets at a booth—the nines wagging their heads at me mockingly, and the sevens curling up their tails in derision. The cashier, noticing my bewildered air and look, attempted to explain; his tones fell upon my ear as monotonously and meaninglessly as rain upon a cottage thatch. As he proceeded droning out his details a singular rage took possession of me; and I believe I should have throttled him where he stood had I not seized my hat and abruptly quitted the office.

It seemed to me that the open air would bring relief; but it did not. I walked not with my accustomed firmness of tread, but with a jerkiness, as a jumping-jack might if endowed with automatic motion. Somehow I scarcely knew when my feet touched the ground; it seemed that I was stepping upon air. A friend met me, and, with a familiar slap upon the back, asked me to take a drink. I started, and shrank as his hand fell upon me as though from a thunder-bolt—it seemed a trip-hammer delivered between my shoulders. His face was familiar to me as my own, but I looked into it with a frightened expression which prompted the inquiry, "What the devil ails you?"

"A little under the weather," I replied.

"A drink will set you all right," he returned, and then I explained to him that I was forbidden stimulants.

"Devilish dangerous," he said, "quitting so suddenly; you can't stop a horse at full speed without flinging him flat on his haunches. I wouldn't dare go back on my whisky in that style nohow. It would bring on a spell of the Jim-Jims sure!"

But I was true to my pledge and my physician, and my friend left me with a pitying look. "Rats in your boots to-morrow morning," he said, "and no mistake. I'm betting on it."

Feeling it useless to make any attempt at dinner, and fully assured that I would cut but a sorry figure in the after-talk, I made my way to my rooms, remarking to myself in a patronizing way that a good night's sleep would restore me to my normal self.

I was utterly prostrated, mentally and physically. In the course of the evening a number of friends dropped in; I was reclining on the sofa. Requesting them to excuse me from rising, on the plea that I was thoroughly tired out by the duties of the day, I retained my position, but it was useless to endeavor to take part in the conversation. And very soon, in spite of my endeavors, I dropped off to sleep, if sleep it could be called, for at intervals of every few minutes I awoke with a sudden start and clutch, the impression upon my mind being that I was falling from some place. So busily engaged were my friends in discussing an absorbing topic of the day that they did not notice my nervousness, but seeing that I was indeed fatigued they each and all took early leave.

I went to bed. So thoroughly exhausted was I, for I had slept very fitfully the two preceding nights, that I dropped into a heavy slumber as soon as my head touched the pillow. In the dream which came to me I found myself on a very steep roof. It was impossible to stand up, so sharp was the incline, and I threw myself flat on my face, clutching at the shingles. But all was useless; slowly but surely I slipped toward the eaves. I dug my nails into the wood in a fierce endeavor to avert the fate which threatened me; but all effort was in vain. Occasionally a protruding nail-head afforded me a momentary respite, but the hold was insufficient, and soon I was again slipping down, down toward the eaves. It seemed hours—hours of agony and apprehension. At last the eaves were reached and the end seemed immediate. My legs dangled in air; my hands clutched the tin water-spout which ran along the edge of the roof in one last, wild effort at self-preservation; it gave way under my weight—and with all the breath gone out from my body I awoke. At least ten hours seemed to have been consumed.

Looking at my watch I found it was precisely seven minutes since I had got into bed.

Thankful, most thankful, that it was all a dream, and that I had not indeed fallen from the roof of a four-story frame-house, with a tin water-spout clattering about my ears, I closed my eyes and endeavored to again compose myself to slumber. To my surprise my eyelids seemed lined with blue, and they were as transparent as flame. This scarcely seemed in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, and I popped my head under the bed-clothes to secure opaqueness; but still my eyelids, lined with blue flames, flickered and glowed as queerly as ever. And I thought of what my friend had said about the Jim-Jims.

Very soon again, however, I was asleep. How long I slept I do not know. But I was awakened with a boom in my ear like the tolling of a mighty bell. Boom-boom-boom—every stroke smote on my aural sense, echoing and vibrating through my brain until I was nearly deafened. I sprang up instinctively and the sound ceased; I laid my head down again and it recommenced. Wishing to time the hour of the unusual disturbance I touched the stop of the watch, which lay under my pil-

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low. All was quiet at once. Here was a clew to the mystery. I released the stop and again the bell thundered in my ears. Each nerve strained to a tension like that of a harp-string, the ticking of the watch under my head was sonorous as the tones of the great bell Roland. And so it was with every sound of the night. I never was subject to physical fear, but now I started at a breath. A mouse gnawing at the door made a noise as though a legion of burglars, with a full equipment of carpenters' saws, were attempting to cut their way into the apartment. I propped myself up in bed, revolver in hand, ready to deliver a volley at the first man who crossed the threshold. My movements alarmed the mouse, probably—at least I heard no more of burglars.

Again I fell asleep. My dreams were all of violence and blood, but strangely vivid. After a prolonged battle with bearded ruffians I thought one stole upon me in my sleep and was filling my mouth with pitch.

I awoke nearly stifled, and tearing black *gobs* from my mouth, with an impression that a man was standing over me. And indeed in the darkness I distinctly saw the outline of a man a few feet distant from my bedside. Quietly grasping the pistol which always lay ready to my hand, I cocked it quickly and noiselessly, when it occurred to me that perhaps it was my chum, who, sleeping in an adjoining room, had occasion to come into mine for something. As I gazed the figure assumed a new shape—that of a grinning skeleton. And while I looked a whole procession of skeletons filed in and marched in solemn procession through the room. The bars of moonlight upon the walls, shining through the lattice-work of the blinds, began to dance and burn in vari-colored flames. And I said to myself, "Here are the Jim-Jims!"

The first idea which occurred to me was that a pistol, under the circumstances, was scarcely the thing to have within convenient and ready reach. So I deposited it safely in the wash-bowl. Then I sat up in bed and prepared to enjoy myself as much as could be expected under such strangely abnormal conditions. There were more flames and burning wheels, spiral rockets and scintillations and corruscations of all kinds than I ever saw on any Fourth of July day. Dragons flew and aerial toads hopped through the air. My skeleton friends ranged themselves for the Lancers and went through that dance in grand style, butting their bare skulls together in the courtliness of their bows, and shaking their fleshless shins in the wild ecstasy of convolution and involution till they rattled like castanets.

I was fully conscious the while that the scene was unreal, that all was an illusion. But still the figures and flames were as plain to me as the sun is at this moment. The only alarm which I felt arose from an apprehension that this might be the beginning of a really serious attack; that I might lose the control of myself which I then possessed, and come to regard the shapes as real—become, in short, a "demnition maniac." As it was I had no other fear. That one apprehension aside, the whole thing seemed an entertainment, gotten up for my special amusement, and I was sitting apart in a private box. Indeed, I decidedly enjoyed it rather than otherwise. The walls burned with all the colors of the rainbow, and the monsters, dragons, griffins, and such things were more gorgeous in their attire than lizards, let alone lilies of the valley.

I had a pet monster in the collection—nothing less than the sea-serpent. The next morning I attempted to sketch the ophidian for the benefit of Nantucket people, but without success. If any artist would like to reproduce the animal, I can at present only suggest green scales and a gaping mouth as the leading features, for I am not good at remembering details. It was quite a pretty monster, however, and I gazed at it that long night through with feelings more akin to admiration than fear.

I forgot to say that at an early stage of the proceedings I had arisen and lighted the gas, the better to see what was going on. Letting light on the scene made no difference at all—indeed, it rather multiplied the phantoms. Every thing about the room underwent a strange sea-change. The figures of the carpet became snakes, which wound and lashed themselves together in a perfect wilderness of contortions; it was impossible to follow their motions, so rapid were they. The faces carven upon the panels and the bedposts transformed themselves into first-class fiends, and I thought what a good thing it would have been could Doré have had a slight acquaintance with the Jim-Jims before he undertook to illustrate Milton's "Paradise Lost." Even at this lapse of time I think I could furnish him some valuable suggestions from my own experience.

How or when I fell asleep I do not know, but I woke about ten o'clock the next morning flushed and fevered. My eyes were sore and swollen as though they had been beaten, simply with the staring they did during the show. First, on awaking, I expected to renew my acquaintances of the night; but no, there was not so much as a tadpole in the room. The figures of the carpet lay straight and orderly; the skeletons were all buried from sight; the blue, green, and red flames had faded into the pale light of day, and the fiends all were fled. Nor can I say that I regretted the disappearance. For to have found them again at my elbow might have persuaded me that they were real, and instead of writing I might now be raving. That was all and the last of the Jim-Jims.

For a month after I was as nervous as a school-girl in the green and yellow melancholy of her first love. I started when persons spoke to me, and lived in constant terror of being run over by omnibuses—so much so that I scarcely dared attempt to cross the street if one was

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coming or going within a block of me. But now I should quite have forgotten the Jim-Jims had it not been for a little incident the other evening, similar to the one which provoked this story.

A party of us were sitting after dinner, when a large fly came buzzing about my ears. I clutched at it instinctively, and started to my feet in horror: "A fly in mid-winter? It can not be," thought I, "the Jim-Jims again."

But it was a fly, nevertheless, and I had the satisfaction of catching it. And so grateful was I at finding it palpable to the touch—a real fly, and not a fancy fly born of delirium—that I gave the creature its liberty; the first time, perhaps, that ever I did the Uncle Toby business to a similar extent. I still rise at flies, you see, but otherwise am pretty well and progressing under the doctor's hands. I have lost flesh, it is true, but I have not thought it worth while to advertise the loss, and I have not heard of any body's finding any. "Of no use to any one but the owner"—the owner, in this case, is not anxious to retrieve his loss. The gout is gradually subsiding, and I am not quite so apoplectic as I was. I am less lively in society, and more irritable, my friends say, but my general health is much improved. I am glad, on the whole, that I left off drinking; but I often think how true is the saying: *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* My "first step" toward sobriety nearly cost me my reason indeed; and sometimes I ask myself: Was it not a dangerous step to take? Was not my good doctor a little too arbitrary in his requirements? What think you, my friend?

I made no answer, for medicine is not my forte. Whether the doctor in this case was wrong or not let the doctors decide. But I mentally thanked my stars that my temperate habits and cold-water proclivities could never make me nearer acquainted with the Jim-Jims than I was by John Brinsley's story.

GOOD-MANNERS.

"MANNERS make the man," says the apophthegm. We might add—the woman also; for there is nothing more attractive than grace of manner, nothing more winning than good-manners. We do not refer now to *etiquette*, or the arbitrary customs of society, which differ with every nation, and sometimes differ in different parts of the same nation; though *etiquette* and good-manners are frequently nearly allied. Nor do we refer to what Mr. Turveydrop calls "deportment;" nor yet to "courtesy." Deportment comprehends the whole external expression of the individual, while courtesy involves refinement. To have a good deportment one must have good-manners; but one will have a higher deportment who has courtesy. Every one may have good-manners; only the refined can have courtesy. Courtesy was born of chivalry. It is a generous virtue, and can not live in an ignoble atmosphere. The strength of man and the gentleness of woman begat courtesy, which since that day has lived upon earth to elevate and refine the relations of both.

The real basis of good-manners is a kind and sympathizing heart, by means of which we are enabled to feel with and appreciate others. This explains why there is such difference in people in regard to "innate refinement." Some people are better constituted naturally than others; are more susceptible of development. We all like to be appreciated; there is no exception to the rule; and we all experience a sensation of mortification when we feel that we have been neglected or treated with indifference. Nothing sooner arouses the spirit of jealousy, which is so prodominant a feature in human nature, than a sense of non-appreciation, especially in persons who are gifted with a sensitive nature. It is a common failing with all of us to fancy that we are not adequately appreciated; but not to be appreciated at all is more than philosophy can endure. Some persons are so dull by nature that they are incapable of appreciating with any niceness the feelings of others. Such persons are generally rude, and their wit, if they have any, is always of the offensive kind. Graham one evening, rattling away to Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith, exclaimed: "*Doctor*, I should be happy to see you at Eton." "I shall be glad to wait on you," answered Goldsmith. "No," said Graham, "'tis not you I mean, Dr. *Minor;* 'tis Dr. *Major* there." "What effect this had on Goldsmith, who was as irascible as a hornet," Dr. Johnson used to add, says Boswell, "may easily be conceived." Graham was drunk—not an uncommon thing in those days; even Bozzy got drunk—and for this reason may be excused for his rudeness; but Dr. Johnson's enjoyment of the scene shows the rugged, coarse nature which marked him quite as much as his intellectual ability and broad culture. It is a clear evidence how remarkable the latter qualities must have been that people could have endured the former. We do not wonder that Mrs. Boswell entertained so poor an opinion of her husband's "governor," particularly when the Doctor tipped up the candle intentionally and let the grease run down upon the carpet. Yet the rough old royal brute was in the main a good man, and did many kind things. He only wanted to be appreciated up to the point demanded by his vanity.

There are people who are not stupid but malicious, and therefore take pleasure in wounding the feelings of others, or in gratifying themselves at the expense of others. Such persons indulge in the vulgarity of endeavoring to make butts of others, or in the meanness of talking *at* people, or in introducing subjects which must be *malapropos*.

The two classes we have referred to—the stupidly rude and the maliciously rude—both need to be regenerated and renewed. Nothing less will enable them either to appreciate or acquire good-manners.

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In conversation we often hear good-breeding and politeness used interchangeably with good-manners as phrases of the same import. Yet there is a difference in these words. Good-breeding, like deportment, is a large expression. To be well-bred one must have been brought up in a certain way, have had certain advantages and opportunities, and improved those advantages and opportunities. A well-bred person will be a polite person necessarily. But a person may have good-manners yet not be polite; for the manners may be good according to the opportunities. Politeness springs from cultivation. Its development will depend upon capacity and opportunity. Some people have no capacity for manners, some can be drilled into behaving themselves, while others exhibit a natural adaptation to attaining an agreeable demeanor. How often do we hear it said, "So-and-so is a boor; you can make nothing of him;" and again, "What pleasant manners Mrs. So-and-so has!"—"Yes, they are natural to her." There is innate refinement, and there is native grace, and when these are cultivated the result is very charming. "Opportunity and importunity," said an Irishman who fell from grace, "are too much for poor humanity!" When nature and association are against a man a Turveydrop will hardly make him pass muster in a review where manners is the ordeal.

Good-manners refer to personal intercourse whether the persons are present or absent. They involve respect, ease, frankness, consideration, so that you always behave toward others, reserving to yourself the right to select your acquaintances, and to determine the measure of the acquaintanceship, as you would wish they should behave unto you. Whoever cultivates such principles of action will be, according to the position in the world he occupies, the possessor of good-manners.

These were the principles which governed Robert Burns, who, born a peasant, moved with ease in the society of his day, from the hut to the castle, whose associates reached from the commonest and most illiterate to the most distinguished and most cultivated in Scotland. Such, too, were the principles of the Ettrick Shepherd, who boasted that he had moved in every grade of society, and had found himself so much at home in each that he could not tell to which he really belonged. When Alton Locke found himself at Lord Lyndale's, not a little nervous in so new a sphere, he received from a friend this piece of advice: "Be natural." It was as good advice as could have been given. To be kind, sincere, unaffected, is to be well-mannered.

Respect, consideration, kind feeling, have a great deal to do with oiling the wheels of the world. It is singular how often we find those who should know what good-manners require apparently indifferent in regard to some of the customs of life which should never be neglected.

Clergymen even, who should set an example of good-breeding, are often grossly negligent in the matter of replying to letters. The very persons, too, who are most regardless of other's interests and feelings are the most prompt to take offense. Let one of those distinguished people who never can remember or find time to write, address a letter to another upon some subject requiring an answer and find no notice taken of it, and the deeply injured individual will quite fail to recognize that he is receiving some of the coin of which he has disbursed so much. People ought not to forget what concerns themselves and have no apology for forgetting what interests others. If it were only a matter of feeling, still feelings should be regarded.

Society is becoming sadly vulgarized by the introduction of slang, so that the pure speaker is rare. It passes for wit or humor with some people, especially with those who are incapable of either, very much as conceit passes for cleverness with the unintellectual and uninformed.

Sobriquets are among the vulgarisms which should awaken disgust. What can be more rude than to apply epithets and names to others, thus rendering them subjects of ridicule. Satire is allowable; it can be indulged in face to face and need not ruffle a feather. It shows a want of cleverness to allow satire to degenerate into sarcasm. Sarcasm may be permitted under certain circumstances, for as a distinguished President of the United States once remarked, "Hitting hard and fending off is sometimes a pleasant occupation." But vulgar rudeness should be classed with that "mediocre excellence in poets which," Horace says, "is intolerable to gods and men."

We have often noticed a point in *etiquette* which seems expressly adapted to the protection of the rights and feelings of both sexes. We allude to the custom which requires the lady to speak first, and which requires the gentleman to return the bow when a lady and gentleman, presumed acquaintances, meet in the street. The philosophy of the rule is this, for there is sound philosophy in manners: were the gentleman to bow first it would be in the power of the lady to ignore the bow, and thus mortify the gentleman who might have only intended a politeness. The lady bowing first, the gentleman, in deference to her sex, must return the bow; thus the lady is protected. Further, she is guarded from the intrusion of impudent men upon her acquaintance, and men likewise are assured against the rudeness of pert women. If the lady does not bow, things remain as they were; neither is injured, neither can take exception.

In nothing are good-manners more apparent than in the mode of differing in conversation. Observe the perfect courtesy manifested by the well-bred man or woman. The difference only acts as a stimulus to the conversation. Indeed it may be considered rather pleasant than otherwise, awakening the powers of both the talkers, and giving life to the scene. Argument and debate are generally to be deprecated

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in society, for they are apt to run into harshness and no one is convinced. Argument and contradiction are favorite modes of the ill-mannered. It is better to treat the ill-mannered as Dante did the contemptible spirits—"not talk about them, but observe and pass on."

It is often discussed whether manners are better in the country or in the city. In the city there is more style, more finish, more *tournure;* while in the country there is more heart, more sympathy, more geniality, more frankness. The women of the city are apt to be, owing to having had greater advantages, more cultivated than their sisters of the country. In the practical affairs of life, however, they are not so well informed. Ladies in the city walk better, dance better, sing better, play better, and speak more foreign languages than the ladies of the country; but it is questionable whether they can keep house as well, or do many other things as well as those who are compelled to rely chiefly upon themselves. People in the country are usually better read than those in the city. Perhaps it is because they have more time, and are less attracted by various amusements and pleasures.

Manners, whether in town or country, will vary according to the character of the individual and the measure of breeding, with the degree of good sense and good taste. They who think that bluntness is honesty will be rude to the end; they who think consideration the father of courtesy will progress toward refinement. Manners are not a matter of slight importance. Regarded at large, they are as Burke remarks, "what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in." Refinement in manners is one of the marked proofs of the advancement of a nation and the culture of the people. The ancients had manners, and very bad manners. Refined in some of their tastes and habits they were brutal in many of their ways. Courtesy, as we have said, grew out of chivalry, politeness is the offspring of culture. Good-manners commend themselves, and, like good wine, need no bush.

NEW ASPECTS OF THE AMERICAN MIND.

WE have gone through so many labors, agitations, and changes during the last seven years, that it has been impossible for us either to see them all in their historical compass and unity, or to note their practical bearing upon the mind and habit of the nation. We know pretty well, indeed, the history and issue of the conflict of opinion. The adjournment of the Thirty-ninth and the organization of the Fortieth Congress are facts that have no uncertain sound. This March 4, 1867, tells a very different story from the March 4, 1860, when Buchanan and Breckinridge were in power, and the dominant Democratic party had fixed their National Convention at Charleston for April 23, and there hoped in some way to keep in with the slave lords of the Southern States, even at some cost of sycophancy.

The merest glance at the Message which Mr. Buchanan sent to Congress on the opening of the December Session in 1860 tells the story of the marvelous revolution in public opinion. With all his timidity he did not anticipate the great convulsion that was at hand after the election of Abraham Lincoln in November. Well aware of the threatened secession, he thought, apparently, to disarm it of its power by denying the right of Congress to coerce a seceding State; and by urging upon the Free States strong measures of conciliation toward the slave power, such as the legal recognition of slavery where it exists, the protection of the alleged right of masters to hold their slaves within the Territories, and full liberty to reclaim their slaves when they escape into the Free States. He certainly held very mild views of the temper of the people when he wrote: "The Slavery question, like every thing human, will have its day. I firmly believe that it has already reached and passed the culminating point." Such words read very strangely now, after the passage of the Military Bill for securing order throughout the seceded States, and making negro suffrage an essential of their reconstruction within the Union. No less startling is the recommendation of the leading organs of the old Democratic party to the South to accept the proffered terms, and to return to the Union by help of the negro voters, and in hope of winning them over to the interests of their old masters.

Sometimes little things show how the wind blows quite as well as great clouds; and I chanced on Monday, March 4, to note a sign of the times quite as memorable as the acts of Congress. Visiting a friend who is largely in an important branch of Southern trade, he pointed out some showy yet really very pretty goods that were intended for sale among the freedmen and their families. There was a lot of spring hats very much such as our ladies so jauntily and witchingly wear, yet somewhat more demonstrative and ornate. Taking up a very showy yet not offensive specimen he said: "There, that will be sure to go upon the head of some freedman's wife or daughter, and our customers assure us that their trade is becoming now a leading feature of the Southern market." That little fact speaks volumes. On one side of the street those cases of dashing little hats for women and girls who were so lately mere chattels, and shut out from those fashions which stir so much ambition and so much social feeling, while they may also move no little vanity or pride; and on the other side of the street spelling-books piled up in hundreds of thousands waiting conveyance to the schools and huts of those same freedmen, and destined to open to them the alphabet of literature, as the arts of dress open the alphabet of society. With new wants come new powers, and the

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millions who now are rising to the trials and blessings of freedom are illustrating the new aspect of the American mind.

We must not, however, look wholly or chiefly to the emancipated race to illustrate the new evolution of character in America. The whole nation has been mightily schooled and trained; and we have hardly begun to appreciate the results of the process. Consider some of the features of our America in 1860, and see what has been going on from that time to the present. The land itself was then as large as now, and during all our struggles and triumphs no new domain has been acquired or sought, and our flag floats as then over our whole country from Maine to Texas, from New York to California. We form a more distinct idea of what transformations we have passed through, and are still passing through, by noting the main facts of our position in 1860 from the census which was so tardily published as still to be a sealed book to most persons. Our population then numbered 31,443,321; of these 27,489,561 being free, and 3,958,760 being slaves. Of this population 4,136,175 were foreign born, or $13\frac{15}{100}$ per cent. of the whole, leaving $86\frac{85}{100}$ per cent. to our native people. Of the foreign born 1,611,304 or $5\frac{12}{100}$ of the whole population were Irish, 1,301,136 or $4\frac{14}{100}$ of the whole were German, 431,692 or $1\frac{37}{100}$ per cent. were English, while the French numbered 109,870, the Scotch 108,518, the Swiss 53,327, and the Norwegian 43,995. The census gave us minutely the record of the unfortunate by birth or disaster, and numbered 12,821 deaf and dumb, 12,658 blind, 23,046 insane, and 18,930 idiotic, making 68,455 of these unfortunates in all.

We get a more satisfactory idea of what these people were doing, and how they were likely to be moved and educated by the changes of the war, by considering their characteristic occupations, or what they were thinking and doing in their daily work. We are met and considerably comforted by the fact, that out of the 8,287,043 persons whose occupations were given in the census of 1860, 2,423,895 were farmers, 795,679 were farm laborers, 21,323 were gardeners, 6369 were herdsmen, 1153 were shepherds, 85,561 were planters, or nearly three and a half millions, or over two-fifths of the whole working population, were busy with the soil or agriculturists.

Next come the mechanics of various orders, such as these: blacksmiths 112,357, carpenters 252,958, machinists 43,824, masons 49,925, shoemakers 164,608, butchers 30,103, cabinet-makers 29,223, bricklayers 14,311, brick-makers 18,736, bakers 19,001, weavers 36,178, wheel-wrights 32,693, apprentices 52,326, coopers 43,624, stone-cutters 19,825, agricultural implement makers 16,478, tailors 101,868, sawyers 50,000, miners 147,750, painters 51,695, millers 37,281, printers 23,106, manufacturers 11,289, mechanics in general 23,492, mantua-makers 35,165, milliners 25,222, seamstresses 90,198, laundresses 38,633; while more or less closely connected with the various trades stand 969,301 laborers and 559,908 servants. Making a general estimate of the occupations that may be called mechanical, we may set them down at over two millions, or nearly three-tenths of the industrial population of the country in 1860.

Look to the buying and selling class, and we have a great host, led off by 123,378 merchants, 184,485 clerks, 2753 bankers, 2995 bank officers, 67,360 sailors, 19,521 drivers, 34,824 teamsters; and followed by a vast array of porters, laborers, and servants of various kinds, that must make the mercantile interest and its dependencies come next to the mechanical trades in the numbers employed, and give us something like another fifth of the industrial population.

The disciplinary and educational classes close the list, and give us 101,836 teachers, 37,529 clergymen, 54,543 physicians, 33,193 lawyers, 49,993 students, 27,437 engineers, 2994 editors, 4516 artists. Add to these all who were in any way connected with the work of instruction or discipline, in higher or lower stations, in households, schools, government, and religion, and we find the remaining tenth of our industrial class, and finish our rough estimate of the working of the American mind in 1860, which we make out to be two-fifths agricultural, three-tenths mechanical, one-fifth mercantile, and one-tenth educational and governmental. Our army in 1860 might be reckoned under the latter head as a school of war, not indeed a large item in the scale then, for at the time of the attack on Fort Sumter the entire military force at the disposal of the Government was only 16,000 regulars.

When, however, we consider the nearly 6,000,000 children at school in 1860, and the number of persons employed in taking care of them at school and at home, it is not difficult to fill out our one-tenth of workers in the disciplinary branch. We remember the classification more easily if reduced to a scale of tenths; and say that four, three, two, and one tenths represent the relative proportion of the agricultural, mechanical, mercantile, and educational and governmental classes. This scale embraces mainly adults and men, and does not give the proportions of the whole population of the country. The estimate of families would be quite different, since the farming class of men numbers more than its proportion of families, and the women and children who are connected with agricultural labor, and who are not reckoned in the over eight millions of the industrial order, might swell the agricultural class to two-thirds of the population of the country. Our figures enable us to form a somewhat definite idea of the business of our people in 1860, and to judge of the effect of the war in changing their pursuits and habits, and teaching them the lessons and training them to the duties of the new and eventful times.

Such was our America in 1860, in its popula-

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tion and work. These facts tell us something of what was going on in the American mind, for those eight millions of workers were bringing out their powers and dispositions in various ways, and supporting by their labor and skill the remaining twenty-three millions dependent upon them. Every day the world was carried forward by their work, and character as well as wealth grew under their fostering hand. The nation was becoming rich to an enormous extent, and in the ten years from 1850 to 1860, the estimated cash value of farms under cultivation had gone up from $3,271,575,426 to $6,645,045,007, an increase of 103 per cent. in ten years. The amount of capital invested in farm implements and machinery in 1860 was $246,118,141, being an increase of over ninety-four millions in ten years, or more than 63 per cent.; while our population during that period increased only at the rate of 35½ per cent. Something is said of the training, the practical training, of the mind of our people in thought as well as toil, by the fact that the manufacture of farm implements in 1860 amounted to $17,487,960—an increase of 160 per cent. in ten years on the whole, and of 325 $\frac{8}{100}$ per cent. in the Western States. The South concerned itself little with this enterprise and its important educational bearings, and received its machines mostly from the North and West, although a single New England machinist, Daniel Pratt, who went in 1853 from New Hampshire to Alabama, and made over 8000 cotton gins for the planters, showed what the mechanic arts could do for the South under due encouragement. The more enlightened men saw the great significance of Mr. Pratt's enterprise, and the University of Alabama gave him the honorary degree of Master of the Mechanic Arts; but the people at large felt little of the attraction for these arts and their studies and labors; and slavery could not make the South very winning to the inventors and workmen who have so thriven in the regions of liberty where labor is so much respected and in such close relations with thought and public spirit.

The war found our people busy with their immense work of agriculture, mechanism, and commerce; and bent upon money-making as never before. The great conflict did not take them from their activity, but changed its field or its motive, and put a grand national enthusiasm into the place of their industrial utilitarianism. Every where throughout the Free States they had been learning to put mind into material implements; and iron, brass, wood, leather, and stone were made servants of thought. Their vast mechanical force stood ready to pass from the arts of peace to the arts of war; and plows, reapers, mowers, spindles, lathes, engines, furnaces, rolling-mills, foundries, seemed to rush like living creatures to arms, at the call of our President, and to fight against the rebellion, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. They clothed and fed our army, made our bridges and roads, furnished swords, muskets, and cannon of unexampled excellence, and sent forth against the insurgents a navy that startled the world, and made every resource of invention and science tell in the triumphs of our flag upon the sea. So it was that a new life went into the fields and work-shops, and even when the old kinds of work were done they were done with new motive, and great thoughts and purposes went into the day's patient toil. The industrial arts that had made our people strong, docile, and persistent, and had saved them from the braggart indolence of the insurgents who had so boasted of being owners of men and masters of their labor, now rose into heroic grandeur. Our giant servitors stood by us in time of need, while the minions of the slave lords deserted them in time of need. The American mind that had gone into mechanism did a great deal to give us the victory, and Franklin, Fulton, Erricson, and their peers and disciples, were but representatives of the intellect of the nation in its great industrial work.

I remember one day, after a good deal of depression at public disaster, visiting a large cluster of work-shops that gathered round a huge steam-engine, not far from Harper's printing-house. I went down into the basement, and there saw the giant power lifting and dropping his ponderous shaft, and turning all those machines by his great force. The workmen in a mood of grim humor had put little flags upon his great head and arms, and the monster seemed to be alive with patriotism. The sight was most suggestive and encouraging. I could have cried for joy or sung hallelujahs to the Lord of Hosts, for all was clear then. There, and every where through the loyal States, was that same mighty force working for us—the Providential arm of this nineteenth century, whose mission it is to organize liberty by law and put the old tyranny under its feet.

Our people were perhaps as busy in 1860 as since, and that enormous product of the year, $18,000,000 of manufacture, shows something of what they were about. But since then their labor has taken a different turn, and breathed a different spirit. The dominant idea was then private or individual, and our people were bent upon money-getting, and awake to every opportunity of bettering their fortunes under the mighty spur of equal competition that so quickens every impulse and faculty, and brings all the energies into play. We are not to despise this motive, nor to say that the new patriotism made our people unmindful of private thrift. Getting a living in America is of itself an education, for it is ever opening new fields, courting ever-changing chances, and breaking up mental stagnation. But now new incentives came, and even the contractors who went for large profits could not but carry a certain enthusiasm into their schemes, and catch something of the sacred passion that cares for the flag for itself, not merely for the money that its success secures. With the people at large public spirit entered into their private business

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as well as their military enterprise, and the war was a popular education as well as a national drill. All the lines of industry turned toward the one centre; and at heart the whole loyal people worked or studied, marched or sailed under the brave old banner of the Union. Our Yankee utilitarianism took an ideal turn, and thrift caught fire at the flaming altar of patriotism. The women and children knit stockings and scraped lint; the men plowed and reaped, sawed and hammered, planned and built, when they did not fight for the nation.

It is an important question how far this six or seven years' schooling has told upon the habitual working of the American mind, and made of us a new and better people; and especially if it has acted upon us in the higher plane of thought. It is very clear that our affections have been brought into our patriotism as never before, and we never knew how much we could love our country until it was in peril, and not only one sheep but the whole flock seemed in danger of being lost among the deep valleys or dark mountains. Our affections have not only clung to the country and flag with a direct patriotism, but through a thousand ties of sympathy and love from our associations with its brave and suffering defenders. The law of love is a wonderful multiplier as well as magnifier, and we have seen the force of the whole nation reflected from the thousands and millions of her champions. Consider the effect of our great armies upon the national mind in this one respect, the training of our people to look upon the whole country, alike the land and the people, in the light of their intense solicitude and personal affinities. Every valley, mountain, river and lake, sound and sea, now speaks to them of home, kindred, and friends, and the heroic dead bind us all anew to our motherland. Our affections go into our historical studies, and we read of the old revolutionary times, and the old Constitutional debates as parts of our own family history, or as bearing on the pedigree and title-deeds of ourselves and our children. So we have all studied the country by heart, and are so studying it still; and we know it more and better by this recent schooling than from our whole lifetime before.

How vast must be the power of our great armies, alike by their sufferings and victories, their absence and return, their lives and deaths, to bring the nation and its history and prospects home to us all! The army rolls number 2,653,062 men in the aggregate, which, reduced to the three years' standard, number 2,129,041; and, with due allowance for re-enlistments, we have not far from two millions of men mustered into service, and most of them carrying the hearts of others with them to the war. May 1, 1865, our roll numbered 1,000,591 men, and by November 15, 1865, 800,000 of these men were mustered out of service, and carried all the power of their wounds or trophies, their weeks of sickness, and their days of battle to their old homes; and they gave to the distant fields of conflict not a little of the enchantment that distance and remembered danger always lend to the view. The simple fact, that from 1861 to July 1, 1865, 1,057,423 cases of sickness were treated in our general hospitals, with a mortality of 8 per cent., or over 80,000, proves how far the mighty ministry of pain has entered into our estimate of the worth of the nation, and how much that should be prized that costs so dear. Now those millions are absorbed in the nation, and our army numbers only some 50,000 men.

We have certainly far more pathos and sentiment in our habitual temper than before, as also far more humor and courage. It can not be that the great conflict has failed to educate our intellect to higher thinking and aspiration. Americans have always had a certain ideal as well as emotional tendency; and the great response given to such apostles of faith as Wesley and his brethren, and the strong-hold that Jonathan Edwards and his Puritan scholasticism has so long maintained over our more orthodox clergy and churches, and the wide influence of Channing and his school of Christian Humanists upon the opinion of our leading Liberals, are ample proof that we are by no means a plodding nation of utilitarians, whose god is the belly or the purse. Yet the public habit of our people has been somewhat utilitarian; and Franklin, alike in his sagacity and his narrowness, has been too much the master of our public councils. Our statutes and debates have taken it too much for granted that our Government is in the main a business partnership for the security of property and life, and that it is airy enthusiasm to speak of God and the Supreme good in Congress or Cabinets. Faith and ideas we had, but were doubtful as to their connection with civil affairs; and that pattern of conservative Americanism, James Buchanan, seems to have thought it wholly out of place to apply the test of conscience, humanity, and religion to the slave question and the enormous pretensions of the slave power. Of course we are not to accuse Franklin of any such degradation, for he was a thorough Liberal, and strong in the free temper of the 18th century; but he was not a man of the 19th century—not a representative of its spiritual convictions, its personal independence and intuition, and its broad catholicity. We, as a people, were becoming dissatisfied with his utilitarian school of thinking, but had not carried our protest out into action.

More and more we felt the power of ideal principles, and more and more lamented the great gulf between our principles and our policy and our politicians. We believed in the supreme worth of man with Wesley, Edwards, and Channing, and we followed Webster and Clay, and even Pierce and Buchanan, who taught that those things that have been must be, and gave little if any hope of redemption. All this was changed by the war and its sequel, and mainly by the act of the enemy, that forced

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the issue of arms that we accepted but never originated. Our ideal thinking is now in the line of our manifest destiny, and the Declaration of Independence is incorporated into the Constitution of the nation. Liberty is now not an abstraction, but an institution; not a speculative idea, but a legal fact; not an imaginative notion, but a constructive power. Our great thinkers and sages in literature now need no expurgation at the North or the South, and we read the grand visions of the ages in the clear light of to-day. The whole horizon indeed is not clear, but the principle is undoubted; and in that principle the nation finds rest, and takes it not from man but from God—from His Eternal Word that calls us all to one Sonship, and from his Eternal Spirit that offers to all the one glorious liberty of His children.

The exclusion of certain classes from full civil liberty is nothing against the certainty of the principle, for the exclusion is only temporary, and as a punishment for treason; and as such it proves the rule of loyal privilege. The temporary exclusion of the traitorous classes is in order to secure the results of the strife, and to make universal freedom the birth-right of the whole nation. Never before was a moral principle so mightily asserted by so great a nation through such struggles and sacrifices. The fact can not but inspire the intelligence of the people, and tell upon our popular thinking and rising literature. It is eminently proof of the mind of the many, and has not been the work of any dominant thinker. We have had no great man to lead us, no Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, or Madison to guide us from the beginning, or even to tell us what was likely to happen. Our most prominent statesman, our Secretary of State, did not ride the whirlwind and direct the storm, but rather tried to ignore or prevent the uprising. Our literary and political *doctrinaires*, who urged the idea of universal liberty and called slavery barbarism, never had any great weight with the nation at large, and were very sectional in their affinities and often unheroic in their temper. The representative man of the eventful years, our martyred President, rather followed than led the nation; and saw the hand of Providence in events as they came rather than in prophetic visions that claimed authority over events in the name of God. He learned his lesson of statesmanship of God and the times; he said it to the people and the army; and then died, struck by a foul hand that wrote its own doom and the doom of its rebel crew; and raised the victim who was sometimes the doubting politician into the triumphant martyr whose name is one forever with liberty now.

We have had no great intellectual leader, and God clearly means that the nation shall be great and the mind of America shall be imperial and not depend upon any one chief who may imperil its dignity or tempt it to servility. Noble men we have had, indeed, who have helped to form the national thought—preachers, moralists, historians, journalists, poets, orators, statesmen, philosophers—but the mind of the nation is greater than them all; and refusing to follow the lead of any of them when swerving from the path of principle, it walks the way of God's Providence and is open to the call of his Spirit, true to its convictions with a calm decision, that no veering President or truckling Secretary of State, no wavering popular preacher or wily editor can shake. May we not say that the nation has not only won more light, but deeper vision, and shown a power of *insight* more precious than the shrewd *sight* that has so long been its boast and sometimes its danger. We have been quick at inductive reasoning from facts to general rules, and have been no dull scholars in tracing natural phenomena to their cause or principle. Now our people have learned the higher wisdom of intuition and deduction, and starting from great principles in clear insight, they are deducing from them their just consequences; and our national life is opening into the upper sphere of thought, and primal ideas are lighting us on to our daily work. We are not losing our old inductive prudence, but allying it with deductive wisdom; and we who have been learning to go from facts to principles are now learning, as never before, to go from principles to facts. Our popular opinion, that was before great but somewhat nebulous, has become settled and clarified, its nebula has been consolidated into a globe, and its haze has flamed into a shining star.

The American intellect has thus won and matured the two leading elements of sagacity or sound judgment, comprehensiveness and point. We have learned to look about us and see men and things as never before, and also to trace out their bearing upon the main point. So, too, we have learned to go from the main point to the subordinate particulars, and argue from the sacred idea of the nation to its proper work and manifest destiny. We have believed that the God of our fathers has called us to organize liberty in this nineteenth century, and that this is the American's mission, and ought to be his inspiration. We may not all nor generally be fully conscious of this conviction, but it is none the less real, and is constantly coming out in the thought and legislation of the country. It is not a private opinion, but a universal truth, and as such it is taking possession of our schools, legislatures, literature, and churches, and becoming the tacit principle when it is not the open assurance of the general mind, never so much so as in this spring of the year 1867, which rounds the seven years since secession dared to show its head at the Convention in Charleston, and John C. Breckinridge was set up as the predestined leader of the pro-slavery Democracy in the political campaign that was to call Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency.

When we turn to the active elements of the American mind, or take the *dynamic* view of its recent training, its aspects are quite as mem-

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orable. We are seeing the results of the heroism of their schooling as well as of its thinking. We have been all along well aware that our people were doing a great many things with a versatility and pluck unknown before even in America; and that they have learned to do them, moreover, with a certain bearing upon the great work of saving the nation, and with much help from the master motive, the public spirit or national will that has been so marvelously drawn out and exalted; but it has not been clear to us what the end would be, or how much of the war heroism would be carried into the new age of peace. What a vision of human activity opens to us in those years of conflict, that immense change of effort in our millions of workers from the arts of peace to the arts of war, and their return to the old paths of regular industry! How much the millions did who worked for the nation at home, and how much the millions did and dared and suffered who went to the field! Fancy fails to paint the picture of all the work-shops, shipyards, foundries, those marches, camps, hospitals, forts, fleets, and fields. It is easier to tell what our people have not done than what they have done; for there is little within the power of the human will, either in its might or its mercy, that has not been done in our America within these late years. Think of the withdrawal of two millions of men from the eight millions of industrial workers for military service, and then of their return to the old ways with so much new observation, experience, and incentive. We were laughed at as a people who were up to doing any thing and every thing, the universal Yankee nation, every man a Jack-at-all-trades, able to farm or fish, preach or plead or physic, keep store or school, and what not. Now that we can do more than ever, and have done the one thing most essential, we are not laughed at as of old, and the nations of Europe seem to think that our versatility of fingers really amounts to something that they would like to have.

The main fact in our dynamic training, however, is not that our people have done so many things in their separate crafts and spheres, but that they have done them with a common motive and in a heroic temper. The national work has come from and strengthened a great national will; and the question is, what is to become of this national will, now that the occasion that stirred and formed it is over? A superficial philosophy might easily suppose that the martial spirit would cease with the war, and the heroism of the people would end with their return home and sheathing their swords and laying aside their muskets; but a deeper wisdom proves to us that the heroic will is as steadfast as the earnest intellect, and our courage perpetuates its habit as stoutly as our thinking does. The war is, we hope, for once only, but the war power is forever; and the military bill that is now the law of the land needs comparatively little actual force to carry it into execution, because the war power is known to be a fixed fact; and the transgressors will beware of waking the sleeping lion, because they know full well that he is the lion, and can easily show his teeth when provoked. Very interesting and instructive it is to study what may be called the dynamic history of nations, and trace out the evolution of heroic powers that are as enduring as dominant ideas. There are virtues, like truths, "that wake to perish never;" and such, we trust, is the destiny of that heroism that has risen in this country among our people, who were forced into civil war simply because they would not consent to extend the area of slavery. The heroic power is not a mere impulse or private volition, but a moving of the national life in its universal sphere, and is like one of those heavings of the earth from the great central fire that send up the everlasting hills, and open within them living springs that never fail to pour down their healing and refreshing and fertilizing waters. The upheaving is once, but the mountains and the streams are forever. Divine as well as human agencies move this great purpose, and all earnest patriots know that the movement is not theirs alone, and believe that God has stirred this great purpose, which is as much an inspiration as a resolve, and which rises into religious dignity, and sings in our hymns and speaks in our prayers. It possesses us more than we possess it. We feel it whenever we hear a drum beat, or a bugle sound, or a cannon roar; we see it whenever our sacred banner lifts aloft its stars upon our forts, or is borne through our streets by stout and loyal arms.

There is, of course, much of our alleged patriotism that is a human feeling, and perhaps a party passion, or local impulse, or sectional animosity; but who will say, after these years of sacrifice, that such has been the character of our national will? Must we not say that the strength of the people has been trained like its intelligence under the discipline of Providence, and that as its intelligence has learned range and point, deductive sequence as well as inductive breadth, so the public will has learned versatility, persistence, and unity, and has been trained not only to do many things for the one good cause, but to do them from the central and commanding motive, and press forward into every field of action in a brave purpose that is deductive as well as inductive, in an industry that covers all spheres, and a heroism that lifts over them all the same flag, and puts into them all the same flaming love of country. The form of the heroic purpose will change with the times; but we must not wonder that it keeps its militant temper so long as the results of the war are in peril, and the slave powers persist in assailing the first principles of our republican government, and threatening the liberty and even the life of Union citizens.

Our new idealism is not a doctrinaire speculation but a far-sighted sagacity; and asks to

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walk its open path with sufficient power. Its open eye demands the quick foot and the strong and ready hand. As in the Berkeleyan theory of vision it helps sight by touch, and measures distances and judges substances by muscular action as well as nervous sense. It is clear that we are adding power to ideas as never before, and our thought is becoming dynamic as well as ideal, and muscle is allying itself with mind. We are making the dynamic estimate of men and things, and after so long and many disappointments at mere reputations and professions, we are quietly asking what men and measures will do the work needed, and coolly guiding our conduct by the result. This temper has kept our people from all rash extremes, and put them upon the path of discretion and courage. The President has not been impeached, nor has his dictation been followed; the States in rebellion have not been overrun or destroyed, nor have their rebel leaders been allowed to resume their power. A very shrewd judgment has been brought to bear upon the rash partisans of either faction, and there are no signs of our yielding to the pretensions of any dictator, whether of the White House or the Capitol. We have learned in a very costly school to discern the limitations of human characters and abilities; to use men for what they can do, without expecting them to do every thing; and to admit a certain amount of imperfection without contempt or proscription. We have taken the measure of our President, his coadjutors, and his antagonists, and have not lost our temper or our principle in our likes or dislikes. We have given the President the full swing of his notions, impulses, and rhetoric, and allowed him to pass from fever heat to moderate coolness on the great questions at issue. He is evidently a calmer if not a wiser man than a year ago, and has made up his mind that he is not the only head in the nation or the Government. He has been treated in the main, and especially of late, with much dignity; and the lesson has not been lost upon his somewhat irascible nature. The people are seeing that Andrew Jackson is his model, and that he has not added any essential idea to the Old Hickory Platform; and has accepted emancipation more as a necessary circumstance than an essential principle. He has gone considerably forward, but not upward; he has advanced somewhat, but not grown much; and finds it hard to believe that the people have outgrown him, and that new days have come to the nation that call for new measures and men. Many who think his ideas of constitutional law right in themselves give him the benefit of this judgment, while they think him wholly wrong in overlooking the demands of the political situation, and not admitting the necessity of putting the rebel States upon probation until they are fitted to resume the old privileges and functions. There is no aspect of our political history more instructive and cheering than the bearing of our Congress and our people toward the chief magistrate, who holds the office by a calamity, and whose policy is an offense to the reason and conscience of the nation. The people have kept cool, and threatened as little as they have boasted. The conviction of possessing substantial power has given them sobriety and moderation; and they do not blow the trumpet either to keep their courage up or to tell the world that they are not afraid.

The army still lives, although disbanded in the main; and the navy still lives, though most of our ships are no longer at sea. Their two chiefs, in their courage, fidelity, and coolness, are good representatives of the popular heroism—Grant, who holds the enormous war power of the nation in his hand, and talks as little of its dominant ideas and forces as the solid earth talks of the gravitation that keeps it true to its centre, and swings it round the sun in its loyal orbit; and Farragut, who takes his famous battles as simple acts of duty, and sailed through the jaws of death to victory with as much simplicity and directness as if he were paying a common debt, or going to market for his family. A call from the two under the laws of the land would bring a million of men into the field, and hundreds of well-manned ships out upon the seas; and the certainty of this fact saves them from the necessity of putting forth their prerogative, and keeps the nation at peace with the once rebel States and the world.

The same cool sagacity that has marked our political temper and our military policy appears in our relation to the freedmen. Our people have not lost their wits either in rapture for the negro's emancipation or in disgust at his new prerogative. They take the humane and kindly, but still the sternly practical view of him, and weigh and measure him carefully. The negro's status depends upon what he can do, and it is clear that a race that takes freedom so mildly and seeks instruction and keeps at work so signally, is a substantial power of the nation. The nearly two millions of bales of cotton of the year 1866 speak volumes for the negroes' sobriety and industry, and should relieve the nation from all fear as to their future development under liberty, union, education, and religion.

Exactly what is to come within the next few years we do not profess to say. It is safe to say, however, that the national life will gain vigor and unity, and that the central power will demand the fullest local liberty and action compatible with the preservation of the Union; and with this reconciliation of interests, a new day of reconciled feeling and enterprise will come. Hatred too much there has been and still is; but not between those who have been most active in the contest; and our soldiers have not found it hard to give their hand to their old enemies as soon as they laid down their arms and owned one country. In time the dominant ideas and interests will pervade the ruling elements even of the seceded States; and before the year 1876, the centennial of our national

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life, comes round, we may hope to be one people, with one mind and heart.

When we are most disturbed by the willfulness and passion of the seceding States and their apparently stubborn determination never to assimilate with us in thought and feeling, even when they return fully to their old place in the Union, we must not forget that there is an older element than secession and slavery in their blood. Of old the leading Southerners looked forward to the extinction of Slavery, and were hearty friends of the arts, sciences, and letters, that are the glory of free States. The time was when Charleston was in advance of New York in culture and taste, and Virginia excelled New England and even Massachusetts in champions of philosophical liberalism. Blood always tells, and often the grandfather reappears in the features and temperament of the grandchild. Already there are some note-worthy facts that prove the affinity of the Southern mind with our Northern education, and the desire of an important class to share our literary privileges before they are restored to their political status. The leading importer of German books in this city assures me that the largest orders for rare works of Oriental learning, especially for Sanscrit literature, are from the South, and the love for such books, which was so baffled by the war, seems now to have come out with new fervor. Many indications show that before what we call essential comforts are secured, there are Southern scholars that crave the nurture of good learning, and care more for a rare book than for a rare dish; and our soldiers agree in testifying to the remarkable taste for libraries, painting, sculpture, and artistic gardens in the old Southern States. Of course popular education can never thrive under slave institutions, with their contempt for labor and the common lot; but the fact may be none the less real, that back of the new cotton interest that made the South cling to Slavery as the corner-stone of its wealth, there was an old and generous spirit of letters and civilization that has never died out, and by the law of historical continuity must in some way revive.

I attended not long ago a most interesting meeting of the American Academy of Science in Boston, and saw the Rumford Gold Medal presented by the President, Dr. Gray, to Mr. Alvan Clarke, of Cambridge, for the best telescope ever yet made, the object-glass being 18 inches in diameter—three inches larger than the diameter of the object-glass at Cambridge. The story of Mr. Clarke's labors in making his peerless lenses was most instructive and interesting. He began the work over twenty years ago with his son as a kind of boys' play, and he naïvely said that it had been to him boys' play ever since. It was a note-worthy fact that this object-glass was ordered by a college in the State of Mississippi before the war, and was of course left on the maker's hands after the war broke out. While the slow dignitaries of Cambridge were raising the money to secure the prize, and had subscribed $4500 for this gem, more precious in radiance than the Koh-i-noor diamond, that mountain of light, Chicago, that is becoming in public spirit the *hub* of the West, and perhaps of the whole Union, paid the $11,000 down at once, and had the lens mounted fitly into the best telescope ever known to the world. Let the South have the benefit of originating this work, and it is the first step that costs; though in this case the cost that followed came out of Northern pockets. Such facts show dispositions, and hint of a time when a true ambition will bring the Southern mind into the great fellowship of American education; and its pro-slavery metaphysics shall give place to the true philosophy of America and the nineteenth century of organized liberty and law.

The noble bequest of George Peabody is a forerunner of the good times of intellectual and moral comity between North and South. A friend who was present at the meeting in Washington for organizing the government of that benefaction says that after the business was done, the venerable Bishop of Ohio proposed that all present unite in prayer for the blessing of God upon the enterprise, and all knelt down—men of all sections, parties, and creeds—and implored the grace of Heaven upon the work. Such acts are not vain, and carry good fellowship wherever they are known, and sow the seed of future charity and wisdom.

One thing, however, is very clear, and must be stated with all distinctness. The Southern mind is fond of power, and fascinated alike by its possession and its possessors. It thought that the power of the future was with itself and its institutions; and the more thoroughly this idea is rooted out so much the better for the South and the whole nation. It is well, then, that the country has so decidedly settled the question of the supremacy of the Government; and the Military Bill will in its principal feature prove more attractive to the convalescent rebel madmen than any half-way measures of conciliation. The essential point to be urged is, that the nation is the sovereign power; and that power will soon become as fascinating and commanding to the Southern temper as it has been repulsive. When the Southern people come loyally under the flag, and use their great energies for the good of the country, for its wealth and peace at home, and for its honor abroad, the old fellowship will return, and all disabling and exclusive legislation will cease. Americans are a generous people, and never was such a war waged with so little vengeance on the part of the conquerors. We may have decision without bigotry; strength without cruelty; and may be assured that by the time we celebrate the jubilee of our national life in 1876 the sovereign power of the Union will be the liberty and prosperity of all the States.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE first sunbeam awoke Memnon to music, and the early spring, which arouses the song sparrows, kindles also the public interest in pictures. But the opening of the Academy, which gives one more delightful resort in the city to the strangers who come with the bluebirds, reminds us that the day of prosperity is not always a day of peace and repose. We have often gossiped in these pages of the golden age of the National Academy, when it modestly opened its doors in the old Clinton Hall in Beekman Street, and ascended Broadway to the galleries in the absurd old Society Library building at the corner of Leonard Street, which a fortunate fire has removed. It was ludicrous to think of such a building as a temple of art. It was, indeed, high and big. It made a convenient and most pleasant range of warerooms after it ceased to be the seat of the Library and of the annual exhibition of pictures; but the aspect of the front, solemnly aping architecture, was as irresistible as the Sunday face of old Gunnybags himself.

Its disappearance has removed the old Academy days still further. And when we speak of them as the golden age we are far from meaning that the pictures of that time were more excellent than those of to-day, or that the Academy treasury actually glistened with as much gold as now. Nor are we so bold as to suggest that there were no jealousies and bickerings and sharp sneers among the ancient and admirable fraternity of artists. Indeed, we would much rather believe that they were confined to that time and have long since disappeared. As we contemplate the pure temple at the corner of Twenty-third Street we wish to believe it typical, and to imagine that immortal peace reigns within its walls, and that its council chamber is a little heaven below. Dedicated to art by the lovers and worshipers and students of nature we say, as we regard it, that, if peace can be found in the world, the heart that is humble will look for it here.

But whether such a heart finds it or not it is certain that in the golden age the heart-burnings were publicly repressed. The critics of those days, born under a genial star, wrote with gracious nibs on kindly pages. Their articles were like the good Ingham's portraits—all velvet and ivory and honey. The mild public, attentively studying the catalogue, passed on through ranges of "Portrait of a Gentleman," "Portrait of a Lady," blandly gazing at each, and envying the bright immortals of the walls. Oh, halcyon hours! before yet Harry Franco drew his sparkling blade, or the *Tribune*, with dreadful lance in rest, tilted at the undoubting N. A's and A's.

Since that time the great interest in art has arisen in the country, and within a few years it has raged like a fashion. The establishment of agencies of foreign art houses; the introduction of famous single pictures of the modern European masters in every style, with the galleries of Belgian, French, and English works; the increased familiarity through travel with the great pictures abroad, the gradual development of a vigorous and aggressive criticism, and the production of some striking pictures and statues, have all given to the subject in all its relations a prominence hitherto unknown. The Academy, of course, has not been idle, nor has it failed to profit by the swelling tide. Bursting the feeble bonds of hired or shared rooms it steadily persisted in building during the war. It solicited subscriptions and issued Life-memberships—and what eminent conservative was it who declined to subscribe because in a year or two there would be no nation to justify the title of the Academy? If he could be named, how stoutly he would declare that he was an original Union man! Steadily through all the smoke and thunder of the war the new building arose and was finished as the war ended. Then came the bright evening of the opening, when Mr. Bryant stood before Mr. Bierstadt's *Yo Semite* and made his pleasant speech, to which Mr. President Huntington pleasantly responded. The building was beautiful, the pictures were many, the company was brilliant; there was an air of triumphant prosperity, and the quiet old Clinton Hall and the upper rooms at the corner of Leonard Street were remembered as Cophetua's bride in the gorgeous palace may have remembered her former humble state.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. The guild of art has attained prosperity, and with it toil and trouble. It is a recognized power, and is splendidly housed and has money in its purse, or ought to have if it lives so magnificently. But the Philistines be upon it. No longer is the path smoothed and sweetened with the old honey and butter. No longer may the P. N. A. and the N. A's and the A's with light hearts quietly enjoy their dignity. The otium has fled. The critics not only exercise their rapiers upon the pictures but the editors smite with their broadswords and claymores the Academy itself, as a corporate entity. On one hand is the terrible raid of the Pre-Raphaelites, and on the other the secession of the water-color painters. Here is the free trade howl at the artists' petition for a prohibitory duty upon certain foreign pictures, and there are the prosperous foreign print-shops. Under the futile mask of "An Artist" the Academy parries these thrusts as it can. But the storm increases, and we trust the placid visitor at the Exhibition will not find in the pictures any of the stormy and turbid feeling which may have lain at some time during the painting in the artist's mind.

Some time ago the artists asked for a certain increase of rates in the duty upon foreign pictures. The papers rushed to arms. Even the *Tribune*, the Castor and Pollux of protection, decried the suggestion, while the *Evening Post*, the Achilles of free trade, sneered and shouted with indignation and contempt. "An Artist" protested to the *Tribune*, but the paper thrust the protest into the interior and inaccessible parts of the sheet and confined it in small print; while in open bourgeois upon the editorial page it held a drum-head court-martial and sentenced the futile protest to immediate contempt. The *Evening Post* meanwhile was merciless. From time to time it prodded the offending petitioners very much as the executioner might have stirred up St. Lawrence upon his gridiron, and at length

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published a letter from Mr. Bryant himself, the chosen high-priest of the opening ceremonies of the Academy, strongly censuring the petition and inclosing a protest from Hiram Powers, the American sculptor in Florence, declaring that if such an increase should be made there would be retaliatory legislation and heavy export duties laid upon works of art in Italy, whereby American statues and pictures would be assaulted upon both flanks. To this "An Artist" declared that the *Post's* free trade sympathies had "got the better" of its sense of justice, and asserted that Mr. Bryant's letter and that of Mr. Powers were both founded upon false premises. He then says that the artists are not opposed to the introduction of "fine works;" and that they ask only that pictures which cost a thousand dollars or less shall pay a specific duty of one hundred dollars; and ten per cent. additional upon the cost above one hundred dollars, which will not exclude the "fine works" which "cultivated people" desire. Alas! the remorseless *Post* merely growled, "What are 'fine' paintings?" Who is to be the judge? And there was no answer.

Then the Academy Council announced that it would station an agent in the gallery during the exhibition to attend to the sale of the works that the artists may offer as well as those which they may have in their studios or elsewhere. Why not? says the gratified "patron of art;" it is a very convenient arrangement. "*And*," continues the Council, there will be a neat little commission of five per cent. charged upon the amount of sales. Certainly, responds the enlightened connoisseur, business is business. But as if the institution which has raised itself from Beekman Street to Twenty-third were to have no further repose corresponding with its elevation the *Post* beats the long-roll, and declares that the old system was better, under which the door-keeper had a book in which the price of each picture was registered. It derides the Academy for "cutting under" the commissions of the picture-shops; and, with a touch of caustic upon its nib, remarks that it had supposed the officers of the Academy regarded with some pride its former disinterested though slight method of selling the pictures. Gathering wrath as it proceeds, it finally scoffs at the Academy's attempted reforms as such lamentable failures that its friends begin to lose hope; and then concludes with a sneer, like an opera imp vanishing in a flash of vitriolic fire, "it proposes to sell the poor artists' work 'very sheap,' as they say on Chatham Street."

Finally, at the last exhibition of the Artists' Fund Society there was the finest collection of water-colors ever seen here. But the Academy, according to one critic, had never encouraged water-colors, thinking that they were honored enough by hanging them "in the corridor with a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends that would not fit any where else." Therefore, when the water-colorists saw how full of resources the country was in their department, and reflected that the Academy had ever seemed to be of the opinion of the artist who said that water-colors hung in the same room with oils destroyed, by their greater brilliancy and peculiar texture, the effect of the oils, they formed themselves, independently of the Academy, into the American Water-color Society. Many of the members are also members of the Academy, and we do not know of the slightest feeling of hostility. But as the Academy is an Academy of Design, and as water-colors are certainly an art of design, it is unfortunate that it should not have the infant society under its sheltering wing.

But despite the sorrows of the Academy, the critics, the Pre-Raphaelites, and the water-colorists, it still opens the hospitable doors of its House Beautiful every spring, and welcomes every visitor who comes to see. Yet not always does it, nor can it, welcome all who come to be seen. If there were a Haydon among us who sent in an acre or two of canvas every year, the Academy could hardly exhibit the whole of his work and yet be just to other and more modest performers. That is only to say that there must be some discrimination and selection; and, of course, where there is selection there will be jealousy. But there is another kind of ill-feeling which the Academy can easily avoid, and it is that which arises from an exclusive devotion to the traditions of the art. The Council flings its doors wide open to every honest spectator. Let its hospitality be as generous for every school and every artist. Its great purpose is the development of art, not the encouragement of the favorite method of the orthodox schools. Those who are of another and more modern manner are not less sincere, and should be welcomed as heartily as any. Nobody knows better than the guild of artists that an Academy is always considered a peril to art from its tendency to narrowness and dogmatism. Indeed, the term "academic" has become synonymous with formal and lifeless. It can not be truly said that our Academy has not been of great service to art among us. But it can very easily be made prejudicial to the development of art unless every body concerned cultivates the utmost catholicity of spirit.

If a small State is in constant danger of political corruption it has some peculiar social advantage arising from the intensity of local feeling. It is of the nature of a family, and all its domestic events and personages have a special interest to every citizen. Goethe thought that the true independence of Germany and the distinctiveness of the German civilization were best preserved by maintaining the small local courts, each of which was a centre of refinement and intelligence; and he quoted Greece as an illustration of the value of a system of highly organized small states. Indeed, the theory of many centres is that doctrine of the municipality opposed to the centralizing tendency which is so precious to the believer in popular government; and the political problem of the time is the adjustment of local character and independence to united or national strength.

In our own country nothing is more striking than the individual local character which exists without natural boundaries, with no excluding political machinery, and despite the obliterating tendencies of steam and the telegraph. The traveler may go from Boston to Washington in twenty-four hours; yet the four cities which he sees—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore—closely connected in every way as they are, are still perfectly distinct, have each a special character, and remind him of a different origin and history. Still more striking is the

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separation of local traditions, which stop suddenly at a narrow stream or an imaginary territorial line. The church, the bar, the medical profession of each State, have their special heroes and annals, which are familiar to the citizens of those States and unknown beyond them. And this familiarity is closer in the ratio of the smallness of the State. In the empire of New York, indeed, Montauk has much the same relation to Niagara that an Emperor has to the Czar. It is a formal fraternity. The hero of Chautauqua may be utterly unknown to Suffolk. Inevitably the local interests of the State become sectional. There is the western part and the northern, the eastern and the southern. But in a little State like Rhode Island, for instance, every part is familiar to every other, and a noted man any where is famous every where in the State, as a mere sigh in the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's echoes audibly around the building.

We have been reminded of this by some graphic and striking papers we have lately seen in the Providence *Journal* upon two conspicuous Rhode Islanders of the last generation who lately died. John Whipple and Wilkins Updike were names perfectly familiar to every citizen of Rhode Island, yet they were probably scarcely known beyond the State except to personal friends. Mr. Whipple was a friend of Mr. Webster's, and for a time, indeed, he held, although without office, the same intellectual ascendency in his State which Mr. Webster held in the Union. They had the same open air tastes; the same large love of large things, which, in the case of Mr. Webster, has been so admirably described by Mr. Parton. Mr. Whipple was a boatman, a fisherman, and he had generous rural tastes and sympathies. In the politics of the State he was a towering figure. His lofty independence disdained intrigue, and he despised the tricks and grimaces and meannesses by which so many politicians wriggle into place. It was ludicrous to think of a State which had John Whipple for a citizen sending any body but him as Senator to Congress when his party was in power. But although a Whig he was an independent Whig. The papers of which we speak, signed P., the initial, we presume, of an accomplished and distinguished successor of Mr. Whipple at the Rhode Island bar, speak of his position upon the right of petition when he denounced what he called an unholy alliance between the Whigs and the Abolitionists. It was by such acts, not as indicative of principle but merely of his party independence, that he constantly chilled and rebuffed the eager partisanship of his companions. Mr. Whipple made this denunciation against the late Senator Simmons of Rhode Island, whom P. calls "his cool, able, and adroit antagonist." It might seem from this circumstance that the Senator was more radical, as the phrase is, than Mr. Whipple. But it meant only that he was a shrewder partisan. At the Chicago Convention of 1860 which nominated Mr. Lincoln, Senator Simmons said to the son of a former political friend in Rhode Island: "You say a great deal about the Declaration of Independence. Do you suppose any body believes in human equality?" Mr. Whipple at least believed heartily in every position he took whether it would help his party or not. Yet it is but fair to say that P. speaks of Senator Simmons as a man whom time will justify, and who deserves a high and honorable place in Rhode Island history.

It is not probable that the name of John Whipple—for as P. says he was always spoken of like John Hampden without title or addition—will ever be widely known beyond his State. But within its borders it will be always cherished for the sturdy heroism of his nature, his remarkable powers, and his life-long defiance and resistance of those belittling influences which are strongest in the politics of small States.

The sketch of Wilkins Updike by the same hand is a picturesque and delightful portrait of a truly quaint and original character:

"He was first of all an orator. He worked not by moving masses of capital, for he was not rich, nor by running party machinery, for in this he had no skill, but by direct action on the minds and hearts of men by means of speech. Not formal orations, but talk; not in mass meetings, but wherever men and women were gathered together—at dinner-tables, in railroad cars, in taverns, in court-houses, and above all, in the General Assembly. It is the fashion now to decry mere speakers, and fools have much to say in praise of practical men and to disparage talkers. But Napoleon III. has shown how Cæsar acknowledged Cicero as a power in the state, and he has been made to feel that only a large army can balance the eloquence of Thiers, and that only for a time. For two generations there was no contest in Rhode Island in which the tongue of Mr. Updike could be safely counted out.

"But how did he speak? Since his death there have been many friendly notices of him, and some of them say he was not logical. If that means any thing, it means that he was not stupid. I think the popular idea of logic is methodical stupidity, and in this sense Mr. Updike certainly was not logical. Nor did he make much display of argumentative tools. He reasoned very much as lightning moves. He went right at his mark, and left the result to show the force of the blow. In the dreary work of reporting the proceedings of the General Assembly, it has been my duty to hear many excellent speeches, to listen to which was a discipline and a toil. Listening was a necessity when Mr. Updike was talking. You might agree with him or differ from him, but you must hear him. It is easy to talk about his sarcasm, his ridicule, and this and that, after the usual manner of those who must say something and don't know what to say.

"It is not easy to reproduce Mr. Updike as he was. Like all *living* things he dies in the process of analysis. You may retain what he was made of, but you have lost him. He was always in earnest. If he urged a measure it was because he thought it ought to pass. If he abused a man it was because he thought he ought to be abused. If he raised a laugh against a man in debate, it was with the zeal of a man in the discharge of a religious duty. Perhaps there was never on the whole a more favorable exhibition of his powers than in the discussion on the old State debt. He did not think that the farmers ought to be taxed to pay that debt. I do not know whether it ought to have been paid or not. Having made up his mind to oppose its payment, Mr. Updike did not waste his power in answering the learned and logical and historical arguments in its favor. He went right at the practical purpose of making the members of the General Assembly vote against it. He had to deal with the history of the State, with all the leading men whom he had known. His blows were all hard, some I doubt not fell on innocent shoulders, but they all told. One reason that he gave why the scrip was valueless, was that a certain man had given some of it away, which he would not have done if it had been worth any thing. Another was that one of the holders had a squeaking voice, which he mimicked till the house was in a roar. These things made many people mad, but they told on the final vote. They were low arts perhaps, but they have been used by Thad. Stevens and Benton and Palmerston and Charles James Fox and Demosthenes, and all robust men who have wielded at will popular assemblies. Right or wrong they killed the old State debt."

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"A very good member of the General Assembly once moved to translate all the Latin phrases in the statute, so that the common people could understand them. The exquisite folly of such a measure was by no means

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obvious to the great body of the Assembly. It was quite as likely to pass as not. A good solid argument against it would probably have carried it through. Mr. Updike took the ground that it was no advantage to have the people understand the laws. They were not afraid of any thing which they understood. It was these Latin words that they were afraid of. 'Mr. Speaker, there was a man in South Kingstown about twenty years ago, a perfect nuisance, and nobody knew how to get rid of him. One day he was hoeing corn, and he saw the sheriff coming with a paper, and he asked what it was. Now if he had told him it was a writ, what would he have cared? but he told him it was a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, and the man dropped his hoe and ran, *and has not been heard of since*.' Nor has the proposition to translate the Latin words in the statutes."

Here was a genial Conservative who seems to step out of a novel—a Conservative who can dispense with the intrenchments of antiquity and tradition.

"Mr. Whipple thought and read much about Athens. Mr. Atwell was much exercised about the doings of the Barons of Runnymede. For any thing that Mr. Updike cared, the human race might have had its origin in South Kingstown. He gave Roger Williams credit for his doctrine of soul liberty, but he did not like the man, and had a contempt for what he called his notions of equality. Mr. Updike's idea of a well-ordered society was a strong Government, supported by the Episcopal Church, with the different classes of society pretty distinct, and each minding its own business.

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"He was a nobleman in personal appearance, and in the generous humanity of his nature. In the House of Lords he would have been among his peers. But he did not need titles or broad acres. Wherever he sat was the head of the table, and he would have entertained a royal duke at his house in South Kingstown without any sense of social inferiority.

"He was a gentleman; scrupulously neat in all his habits, and always considerate of the happiness of those around him. He was seized with the illness from which he never fully recovered, some six years since, on the morning of the day when he had invited some friends to dine with him. He insisted that the dinner should go on, and concealed his condition as well as he could, and only after the company had gone was it known how sick he was. To the last he made his daily toilet as carefully as when a young man, and was only confined to his bed for a day or two, and his mind was unclouded to the end. I have heard him express regret that he had not early in his professional life located himself in some larger place than Kingstown. This was a natural feeling. All men whose spirits are touched to fine issues are discontented. Discontent is a human trait, of which aspiration is a healthy and whining a diseased exhibition. But I doubt if Mr. Updike could have been transplanted with any advantage. It seems to me that his roots were deep in the South County soil, as if *there* his foot was on his native heath and his name was M'Gregor."

This is admirable. It has a relish of Addison's and Steele's descriptions. Like all the best of such sketches it is the portrait of an individual, but it stands as the type of a class. Would Wilkins Updike, had he been a student at Princeton, probably have received Mr. Jerome's prize as the first gentleman in his class?

THERE has been some sharp criticism of Miss Hosmer's design of a freedmen's monument to Abraham Lincoln, and of the letter which accompanied it. The commendation of the Commission, also, is severely treated. It often happens that an artist's description of his intention is unskillful and exaggerated from his want of practical familiarity with other forms of expression than those of his art; and this is manifestly true of Miss Hosmer's explanation of her project. In alluding to it in our February Number we spoke of the explanation as confused, but suggested that the photograph or model of the design was very intelligible. It is very elaborate, and would be very costly; and it seems to us that a simple structure would be more appropriate and more feasible.

The subject has been recalled to us by a letter from Missouri. The writer says, "I was at the time of the assassination an officer in a colored regiment stationed in Mississippi. The officers made known to the men that a proposition had been made that the freedmen should contribute money to erect a monument to Mr. Lincoln, and that they alone should subscribe to the fund for that purpose. Our regiment responded nobly to the call, and more than four thousand two hundred dollars was subscribed by this regiment for the purpose. Many other regiments subscribed large sums, and the proceeds are, no doubt, in the hands of treasurers who are waiting for some action to be taken. It is not necessary for the name of Abraham Lincoln to be preserved in letters of stone or brass to keep it in the hearts and minds of those for whom he did so much; but these people have given from their small means this money to be used for a certain purpose, and I think that, however small the amount may be, it should be used for that purpose. No matter how humble in appearance the monument might be, it would show that the race whom he had benefited had some regard for his memory." The writer also suggests that the officers of the regiments which subscribed should take care that the money be applied as soon as practicable to its purpose.

This is good advice; and as the Commission, of which James Yeatman of St. Louis is chairman, has taken the whole subject in charge, the obvious direction of the money should be to that Commission. We believe that it has accepted Miss Hosmer's plan; but as her design is very costly, and as it can not be expected and is not desirable that so large an amount should be subscribed by the freedmen, it is very possible that some other and plainer memorial might be agreed upon by the artist and the Commission. A plain, durable shaft, erected solely by the offerings of the freedmen, would be the best memorial. The subscriptions of others should be inadmissible. The whole significance of the monument would otherwise be lost. It is the offering of the emancipated to the emancipator. In Imperial Rome, as the gladiators went to death in the arena, their salutation to the cruel Emperor was, "Hail, Cæsar! the doomed salute thee!" In Republican America the inscription of this shaft should be, "Abraham Lincoln! the freed salute thee!"

ALL the good uncles in all the old comedies who ever came home from India and gave their blessing and endless lacs of rupees to Angelina and Alphonso are outdone by Mr. George Peabody. It is impossible not to believe that he lives in the famous Green Vaults of Dresden—the Grüne Gewölbe, in which the most costly and wonderful treasures of every kind lie heaped in gorgeous profusion. He is Fortunatus redivivus. He is the lucky heir who has always a handful of gold in his purse. There is no bottom to it. He is Jack Horner, who pulls out a plum every time. Now it is a library; now it is an institute; now it is an agricultural college or a scientific school; now it is a superb banquet; now it is a charity fund—but always it is sparkling

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and welcome. No rich man ever turned his wealth to such popular account. To be rich seems, in his case, to be a cardinal virtue. Like Monsieur Hermann, the prestidigitateur, who stood on the stage, in full view of the audience, and dealt cards to the upper gallery, Mr. Peabody sends his thousands flying in every direction amidst enthusiastic thunders of applause.

Whatever he does is splendidly done. All the details conform to the greatness of the general plan. Thus the first meeting of the trustees of his Southern fund was a shining event. Sumptuous rooms at a fine hotel were provided by the thoughtful Crœsus. Boxes at the opera were added for the pleasure of the toiling trustees. Private dinners, elegant parties awaited them on every hand; and a magnificent banquet, prepared under the special direction of the Lord of the Green Vaults himself, crowned the benevolent labors and the bright festivities of the week. In the grand hall of the hotel the Marine band —"conducted," as Jenkins informs us, "by Professor Rehm—was in attendance." The whole description, indeed, conducted by Jenkins, is "a gem." He tells us that when the band began to play the company began to move into the dining-room, or rather "saloon," which was not decorated, "the elegance and force of the scene, as the guests entered, being increased by the massive, rich, and costly services of gold and silver which embellished the tables, while the luscious viands and fruits on all sides gave a zest to appetite." They also gave a zest to the descriptive faculty, for we are immediately told: "On the east side the two tables were united, and upon that part of the banquet-board the gold service, consisting of ten pieces, was placed. It was a splendid exhibition; and a large basket of natural flowers, of the richest and rarest kind, did not deprive the richly-wrought metal of its lustrous wealth of workmanship"—which was certainly kind upon the part of the natural flowers, and shows the high harmony of the occasion.

As imagination surveys the scene Jenkins gently and instinctively whispers: "Being a strictly private dinner, the toilets of the ladies were less elaborate than for 'state occasions.' Exquisite taste seemed to actuate them on the occasion, and the dresses and the ornaments were rather elegant and simple. Most of the ladies were married, and there was consequently more of the simplicity of a 'family party' than a 'set dinner,' where show is the rule and simplicity the exception." In a subdued and incomparable strain our guide and philosopher continues: "The viands prepared for the banquet and the wines were of the richest description; and the bill of fare, though printed with simple elegance and without pretense, shows but little of the number or extent of the dishes. Under general terms was included a wealth of substantials and of delicacies. The hundred wax-lights, added to the flames of the gas chandeliers, made the scene very brilliant as the guests commenced, amidst soft music, to examine the catalogue of dainties."

To the sound of flutes and sweet recorders the dainties were probably consumed, and then Mr. Winthrop of Boston made a little speech, sweeter than flutes and mild as soft music, which was in perfect harmony with the occasion. It is not fair to criticise, and it is very easy to ridicule, such a speech. The difficulty in Mr. Peabody's position is, that, if he exposes himself to public occasions, and to speeches aimed at himself, there must inevitably be a strain of compliment which, however natural and well-meant, is ludicrous the moment it loses the conditions under which it is spoken. A cheerful and brilliant and highly respectable company, surrounding a munificent gentleman who entertains them with a sumptuous banquet and gives millions of dollars to good purposes, will say many things to him which, in the genial warmth of the rosy hour, are very apt and graceful, but which can no more be read with satisfaction in the cool morning afterward than the Champagne of the dinner can be drunk. It may not strike the reader so—we are very sure it was not so intended—but there is something extremely ludicrous in that part of Mr. Winthrop's speech in which, after mentioning with needless particularity the names of certain prominent Southern members of the Commission who had moved and seconded certain resolutions, he added, "every member of the Board rose in his place in attestation of their adoption." This is meant to be impressive. It is the reverse. The picture of a dozen elderly gentlemen gravely taking a vote by rising is merely amusing.

But there was one slip in the report of the speech which made a joke beyond invention. The occasion must be imagined, and Jenkins leaves us no excuse for not seeing it plainly with the mind's eye. The inexpressible respectability and the venerability of many of the guests must be remembered, and the orator, Mr. Winthrop, must be conceived as the most Websterian of Webster Whigs, with an unapproachable decorum of oratorical deportment. He is uttering his felicitous and polite phrases to the complacent company, when, according to the report, he began a fresh sentence in these words: "It was once said on some occasion by my illustrious friend, the late Daniel Webster, in that loose and impressive language in which he excelled almost all other men—" Loose and impressive language! Of course it was a misprint, probably for *terse;* but what unkind demon substituted exactly that word loose?

The remark which Mr. Webster made, in his loose and impressive manner, was, that America had contributed to history the character of George Washington; and Mr. Winthrop, coupling with it the name of George Peabody, declared that the future Thackeray who should lecture upon the American Georges would be able to trace in them "elements of true nobility, of real royalty, such as have rarely adorned the lives of those who have wielded the sceptre of earthly sovereignty in any land or age." Does he mean to limit the term "American Georges" to General Washington and Mr. Peabody, or to open the gates and admit all Americans named George?

Well, it is not quite fair. It was a hard task to say any thing, or to say nothing. The generosity of Mr. Peabody is so unquestioned, his service to worthy institutions is so evident, that we are anxious to separate the substance from the show. But the eminent respectability of the banquet, proceeding to "soft music," and recorded, or penned, or treated—or whatever word suits him best—by Jenkins, is, let us say, the smiling side of it. It is its loose rather than its impressive aspect.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 29th of March. It embraces the closing scenes of the Thirty-ninth Congress and the commencement of the Fortieth. The most important feature of the month is the complete triumph of Congress in its controversy with the President upon the question of reconstruction, and the apparent disposition of the South to acquiesce in the proposed plan.

Under the late law the new Congress was convened at the close of the former one. The changes in the members were so few that the present Congress may be considered as a continuation of the former, bearing in mind that all proceedings up to the 4th of March belong to the Thirty-ninth; all subsequent, to the Fortieth Congress. As the session was approaching its close, upon motion of Mr. Le Blond, seconded by Mr. Winfield, both Democrats, the thanks of the House were unanimously presented to Mr. Colfax, the Speaker, for the able and impartial manner in which he had discharged the duties of his office. At the opening of the new Congress Mr. Colfax was re-elected Speaker of the House. Mr. Wade, of Ohio, was chosen President of the Senate. This choice is of special importance from the fact that in case Mr. Johnson is in any way disqualified the President of the Senate becomes *ex officio* President of the United States.

Contrary to anticipation, both Houses agreed upon the Tariff and Bankrupt bills. The details of these are so voluminous as to preclude any attempt at an abstract in this Record.—The President signed the Army Appropriation bill (March 2), accompanying his action with a protest against one section which he said, "in certain cases, virtually deprives the President of his Constitutional functions as Commander-in-Chief of the army; and another which denies to the States of the Union their Constitutional right to protect themselves in any emergency by the means of their own militia." But if he refused to sign the bill he would be compelled to defeat the necessary military appropriations; he therefore signed it, protesting against these sections.

THE MILITARY GOVERNMENT BILL.

The "Act for the more efficient Government of the late Insurrectionary States," the complete text of which was given in our last Record, was on the 2d of March returned to the House by the President, with his veto. The President says that the statement in the preamble that "no adequate protection for life or property now exists in these States is not supported by any evidence which has come to his knowledge;" and while the existing Governments of these States have not succeeded in preventing the commission of all crime, yet "all the information I have on the subject convinces me that the mass of the Southern people, and those who control their public acts, while they entertain diverse opinions on questions of federal policy, are completely united in the effort to reorganize their society on the basis of peace, and to restore their mutual prosperity as rapidly and completely as the circumstances of the case will permit." The bill, however, adds the President, "would seem to show upon its face that the establishment of peace and good order is not its real object." He argues that—

> "The military rule which it establishes is plainly to be used, not for any purpose of order or for the prevention of crime, but solely as a means of coercing the people into the adoption of principles and measures to which it is known that they are opposed and upon which they have an undeniable right to exercise their own judgment.
>
> "I submit to Congress whether this measure is not, in its whole character, scope, and object, without precedent and without authority—in palpable conflict with the plainest provisions of the Constitution, and utterly destructive to those great principles of liberty and humanity for which our ancestors on both sides of the Atlantic shed so much blood and expended so much treasure."

The President proceeds to urge that the power given by the bill to the several military commanders "is that of an absolute monarch, his mere will taking the place of all law; it places at his free disposal all the lands and goods in his district, and he may distribute them to whom he pleases; he may make a criminal code of his own, and he may make it as bloody as any recorded in history, or he may reserve the privilege of acting upon the impulse of his private passions in each case that occurs." In fine, says the President:

> "It is plain that the authority here given to the military officer amounts to absolute despotism. But to make it still more unendurable the bill provides that it may be delegated to as many subordinates as he chooses to appoint; for it declares that he shall 'punish or cause to be punished.' Such a power has not been wielded by any monarch in England for more than five hundred years. In all that time no people who speak the English language have borne such servitude. It reduces the whole population of the ten States—all persons, of every color, sex, and condition, and every stranger within their limits—to the most abject and degrading slavery. No master ever had a control over his slaves so absolute as this bill gives to the military officers over both white and colored persons."

The President then proceeds to urge what he considers a still more important objection to the bill. He argues at length that it is absolutely unconstitutional. The arguments which he brings forward are in effect the same which have been previously adduced against the general scheme proposed by Congress. In regard to the right of suffrage conferred by this bill upon the freedmen, the President says:

> "The negroes have not asked for the privilege of voting; the vast majority of them have no idea what it means. This bill not only thrusts it into their hands, but compels them as well as the whites to use it in a particular way. If they do not form a Constitution with prescribed articles in it, and afterward elect a legislature which will act upon certain measures in a prescribed way, neither blacks nor whites can be relieved from the slavery which the bill imposes upon them. Without pausing here to consider the policy or impolicy of Africanizing the Southern part of our territory, I would simply ask the attention of Congress to that manifest, well-known, and universally acknowledged rule of constitutional law which declares that the Federal Government has no jurisdiction, authority, or power to regulate such subjects for any State. To force the right of suffrage out of the hands of the white people and into the hands of the negroes is an arbitrary violation of this principle."

In the conclusion of his argument upon the Constitutional question, the President says:

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"It was to punish the gross crime of defying the Constitution and to vindicate its supreme authority that we carried on a bloody war of four years' duration. Shall we now acknowledge that we sacrificed a million of lives and expended billions of treasure to enforce a Constitution which is not worthy of respect and preservation? Those who advocated the right of secession alleged in their own justification that we had no regard for law, and that their rights of property, life, and liberty would not be safe under the Constitution as administered by us. If we now verify their assertion we prove that they were in truth and in fact fighting for their liberty, and, instead of branding their leaders with the dishonoring name of traitors against a righteous and legal Government, we elevate them in history to the rank of self-sacrificing patriots, consecrate them to the admiration of the world, and place them by the side of Washington, Hampden, and Sydney."

This veto Message thus concludes:

"While we are legislating upon subjects which are of great importance to the whole people, and which must affect all parts of the country, not only during the life of the present generation but for ages to come, we should remember that all men are entitled at least to a hearing in the councils which decide upon the destiny of themselves and their children. At present ten States are denied representation, and when the Fortieth Congress assembles on the 4th day of the present month sixteen States will be without a voice in the House of Representatives. This grave fact, with the important question before us, should induce us to pause in a course of legislation which, looking solely to the attainment of political ends, fails to consider the rights it transgresses, the law which it violates, or the institutions which it imperils."

The bill was passed, notwithstanding the veto of the President, in the House by a vote of 135 to 48, and in the Senate by 38 to 10. The bill having thus become a law the President, in accordance with its provisions, appointed the following General officers as military commanders of the respective districts created by the law:

First District, Virginia, head-quarters at Richmond: General J. M. Schofield.
Second District, North and South Carolina, head-quarters at Columbia: General D. E. Sickles.
Third District, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama, head-quarters at Montgomery: General John Pope.
Fourth District, Mississippi and Arkansas, head-quarters at Vicksburg: General E. O. C. Ord.
Fifth District, Louisiana and Texas, head-quarters at New Orleans: General P. H. Sheridan.

General Thomas was originally named for the command of the Third District, but at his own request General Pope was placed in command of this district, Thomas retaining the command of the Department of the Cumberland.

On the 18th of March an act supplementary to the Military Government bill was passed. It makes provision for the mode of executing the details of that bill.—On or before September 1, 1867, a register is to be made of persons qualified to vote; all of whom must take oath that they had not been in any way disfranchised on account of participation in the rebellion; no persons except those registered to be allowed to vote. These electors are to vote whether a Convention shall be held for the formation of a Constitution for their States respectively. If a majority vote for a Convention it shall be held, otherwise not; but if a majority of the registered electors do not vote upon this question, then no Convention shall be held. At this election delegates are also to be chosen in case the Convention is to be held. These delegates, when assembled in Convention, are first to determine whether it is the wish of the people of their respective States to frame a Constitution in accordance with the Act; and if so to proceed to frame a Constitution; the Constitution so framed then to be submitted for acceptance or rejection to the electors already registered. If accepted by them it is to be submitted to Congress, and if Congress pronounces that the Constitution is in accordance with the provisions of the law, then Senators and Representatives from such State are to be admitted into the National Legislature. The registration is to be completed by the 1st of September; at least thirty days' notice must be given for the election of delegates to the Convention, and sixty days may elapse thereafter before the assemblage of the Convention; so that at the shortest none of the seceding States can be represented in Congress during the present year.

On the 23d of March the President returned this bill with his veto. He reiterated his objections to the original bill, and presents others against the provisions of this Supplementary Act. The essential points are these: That by the oath required at registration every elector must decide for himself, "under peril of military punishment if he makes a mistake," whether he has been disfranchised for participation in the rebellion; and, says the President, "almost every man—the negro as well as the white—above twenty-one years of age, who was resident in the ten States during the rebellion, voluntarily or involuntarily, at some time, and in some way, did participate in resistance to the lawful authority of the General Government;" and, further, as the people themselves are to have no voice in conducting the registration and the subsequent election, the Convention can not be considered as representing the citizens of these States. "No consideration," says the President, "could induce me to give my approval to such an election law for any purpose, and especially for the great purpose of framing the Constitution of a State." If, argues the President, negro suffrage is essential to a Republican Government, then "the work of reconstruction may as well begin in Ohio as in Virginia, in Pennsylvania as in North Carolina." This Supplementary Act was promptly passed over the veto of the President—in the Senate by a vote of 40 to 7; in the House by 114 to 25.

THE TENURE OF OFFICE BILL.

This bill, the essential features of which were given in our Record for March, was, before its passage in the House, amended so as to take from the President the power of removing even the members of the Cabinet. They are to hold office "for and during the term of the President by whom they may have been appointed, and for one month thereafter, subject to removal by and with the consent of the Senate." The President, March 2, returned this bill with his veto. He argued at length that the power of removal from office was by the Constitution vested in the Executive; that it was a necessary power, and that its exercise had never resulted in evil effects.—The bill was, however, passed over the veto; in the Senate, by a vote of 35 to 11; in the House, by 131 to 37.

IMPEACHMENT OF THE PRESIDENT.

The Judiciary Committee in the House, to whom was referred the resolution relating to the impeachment of the President, reported, March 3, that they had examined many witnesses and collected many documents, but were not prepared

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to report, further than to say that, in the opinion of the majority—eight members out of nine—"sufficient testimony had been brought to the notice of the Committee to justify and demand a further prosecution of the investigation." The testimony taken by the Committee would go into the custody of the Clerk of the House, and so would pass into the hands of any Committee which the succeeding Congress might appoint to bring the investigation to a close.—Mr. Rogers, who was the minority of the Committee, dissented from this. He reported that "there was not a particle of evidence to sustain any one of the charges which the House required the Committee to investigate, and that the case is wholly without evidence upon which impeachment could be founded;" and he could therefore see no good in a continuance of the investigation.—The matter was for the present disposed of (March 7) by directing the Committee on the Judiciary of the new Congress to take charge of the testimony taken by the Committee of the late Congress.

NEBRASKA AND COLORADO.

On the 1st of March the President issued his proclamation, announcing that the Legislature of Nebraska having on the 8th and 9th of February passed an Act ratifying the condition contained in the enabling Act, and thus "the fundamental conditions imposed by Congress on the State of Nebraska, to entitle that State to admission, having been ratified and accepted, the admission of the said State into the Union is now complete." Nebraska, therefore, is now one of the States of the Union; and its Senators and Representatives have taken their seats in Congress. On the 1st of March the question came up in the Senate whether the bill, admitting Colorado as a State into the Union, should pass, notwithstanding the veto of the President. The vote was 29 ayes and 19 nays: less than two-thirds of the Senate having voted in the affirmative the bill fails.

RELIEF FOR SOUTHERN DESTITUTION.

On the 9th of March a joint resolution passed the Senate appropriating $1,000,000 for the relief of destitute people of the South and Southwest, of all classes, to be expended for supplies of food, under the superintendence of the Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau. In the House the resolution was subjected to a sharp debate, in the course of which General B. F. Butler, now a member from Massachusetts, proposed a substitute to the effect that the military commanders of the several districts should have power to collect from all persons within their commands, owning more than 160 acres of land, or having an income of more than $600 a year, such sums as he might deem necessary to relieve the white pauperism there. Mr. Van Trump, of Ohio, doubted whether Congress had the constitutional power to appropriate money as an act of charity; and he also doubted whether the people of the South would accept this charity. If he were a Southern man, he said, under the circumstances in which that people were now placed by Congress, he would starve rather than touch one cent of this Congressional bounty. Mr. Fernando Wood, of New York, had six reasons for voting against the resolution: Congress had no right to appropriate it; the Southern people had not asked for it; the gift was placed on insulting grounds; the money was to be disbursed by the Freedmen's Bureau; political, not benevolent motives prompted the measure; and, besides, the Freedmen's Bureau had already a large unexpended sum in its hands.—Finally, on the 22d, the resolution was so amended as to direct the Secretary of War to issue supplies of food through the Freedmen's Bureau "sufficient to prevent starvation and extreme want to any and all classes of destitute or helpless persons in the Southern and Southwestern States"—the appropriation, not, however, to exceed the amount of the unexpended moneys heretofore appropriated to supply freedmen and refugees with provisions or rations.—The resolution, as thus amended, passed the House by a vote of 91 to 31, and was concurred in by the Senate by 29 to 9.—Contributions to a very considerable amount, yet far less than the exigencies of the case demand, have been made by individuals and associations for the relief of Southern destitution.

ORDERS OF DISTRICTS COMMANDERS.

Several of the Military Commanders have issued orders bearing upon the state of things in their respective districts. In Virginia, General Schofield's order recognized the existing civil Government, and continued all State officers in the performance of their duties, unless specially ordered otherwise, until their successors should be duly elected and qualified in accordance with the Act of Congress.—In North and South Carolina, General Sickles said that the present Governments were merely provisional, and subject to the paramount authority of the United States; but meanwhile the existing civil officers would continue to exercise their functions, subject to the orders of the commanding general; in case they should any where neglect to exercise their duties, it should be reported to head-quarters. Post commanders were to arrest persons charged with crimes, when the local authorities should fail to do so, and hold them in custody for trial by military commission. He hoped that there would be little occasion for the exercise of military authority in matters of ordinary civil administration.—In Louisiana, before the appointment of a Military Commander for that district, the Legislature had ordered an election for city officers of New Orleans; General Sheridan assumed the responsibility (March 9) of prohibiting this election, and by a resolution of the Legislature the former incumbents were continued in their places. Subsequently (March 27) General Sheridan removed from office John T. Monroe, the Mayor of New Orleans, Edmund Cabell, Judge of the District Court, and Andrew S. Herron, Attorney-General of the State, appointing other persons to take their place. Mr. Monroe was Mayor of the city at the time of its occupation by Farragut and Butler, at which time he made himself especially obnoxious. Having been pardoned by the President, he was re-elected Mayor.

FEELING AT THE SOUTH.

The indications are very strong that the most prominent leaders of public opinion in the South are disposed to accept the new state of things, and to endeavor to persuade the people to reorganize their State governments upon the basis laid down by Congress. At Columbia, South

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Carolina, the freedmen held a public meeting on the 18th of March. By request they were addressed by several leading white citizens. General Wade Hampton spoke of the vast importance of the present movement, not only to the colored but to the white man. He advised the freedmen to give their friends at the South a fair trial, and if they were found wanting it would be time enough to go abroad for sympathy; it was for their interest to build up the South, for as the country prospered they would prosper. Hon. E. J. Arthur said the freedmen had now the right of franchise, and he advised them to exercise it with good judgment. To learn to appreciate the advantages which had been conferred upon them they should educate themselves and their children; and it was the duty of the whites to aid them in so doing. The freedmen, he said, were now the political equals of the whites, and education would go far to make them morally and mentally so. "Let there be," he said, "no war of races among us. It is true that many of the whites are deprived of the political rights which colored men will enjoy, but that should not create envious and unkind feelings. Let no harsh feelings exist among us. Look to each other's welfare and happiness; and last, though not least, look to your educational and moral improvement." Colonel William H. Talley said that the interests of the white and colored man of the South were one and the same; they were parts of one society, and under the circumstances in which they were placed "the two races must prosper or perish together; the white man and the colored man of the South have the same interest and the same destiny." He was sure that he expressed the feelings of the intelligent white men of the South when he declared that "they cherished no feelings of hostility toward the colored man on account of his altered circumstances." He also advised the freedmen to trust those whom they had known; if these, he said, "deceive you, it will then be time enough to experiment on the sympathies of strangers."—Of the colored speakers Beverly Nash declared that the freedmen would present to Congress a petition for the enfranchisement of the whites so strong that it would be regarded; the colored men, he said, "would not rest until the whites were enfranchised." He was in favor of universal suffrage, and advised the colored people in their selection of candidates to look to merit alone. The Rev. Mr. Pickett, colored, was opposed to universal suffrage on account of the want of education and of a property qualification; but the first was readily attainable, and the last would surely come. As to elections the question should be, "not whether a man was white or black, but was he honest?"—Taken in all its bearings, says the Columbia *Phœnix*, "the pleasant feelings engendered by this gathering can not be too highly appreciated, nor its importance over-estimated. Disfranchised whites were invited to address enfranchised blacks, and the advice given was received in the spirit in which it was intended, while the remarks of the colored speakers were such as to give general satisfaction."

General Longstreet, in a published letter (March 18), says: "The striking feature is that we are a conquered people. Recognizing this fact fairly and squarely, there is but one course left for wise men to pursue, and that is to accept the terms that are now offered to us by the conquerors. There can be no discredit to a conquered people for accepting the conditions offered by their conquerors, nor is there any occasion for a feeling of humiliation. We made an honest, and, I hope I may say, a creditable fight; but we have lost. Let us come forward, then, and accept the ends involved in the struggle. Our people earnestly desire that the Constitutional Government shall be re-established, and the only means to accomplish this is to comply with the requirements of the recent Congressional legislation. It is said by some that Congress will not receive us even after we have complied with their conditions; but I can find no sufficient reason for entertaining this proposition for a moment. I can not admit that the representative men of a great nation could make such a pledge in bad faith. Admitting, however, that there is such a mental reservation, can that be any excuse for us in failing to discharge our duty? Let us accept the terms, as we are in duty bound to do, and if there is a lack of good faith let it be upon others."

THE CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

The Queen, in opening the British Parliament on February 5, announced that a bill would be submitted for the consolidation of the principal British Provinces of North America. This bill was introduced in the House of Lords on February 15, and passed that body on February 26. It provides that there shall be a Governor-General appointed by the Crown; a Lieutenant-Governor for each province to be appointed by the Governor-General, and to hold office five years; and a general or central Parliament for the Confederation, to consist of an Upper Chamber and Lower House, the seventy-two members of the first to be elected for life, and the one hundred and eighty-one members of the other to be elected for five years. Local legislatures are provided for each province. The present plan of confederation does not include Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, Newfoundland, or Vancouver Island. Earl Carnarvon, in moving the second reading of the bill, pointed out the advantages to be derived from the unity of the Canadian provinces in the event of invasion from any quarter, and said that, in passing the bill, the House "would be laying the foundation of a great state worthy to take its place by the side of one of the greatest nations of the world—the United States." The bill was sent to the House of Commons early in March, where its final consideration was pending as our Record closed.—This proposed Confederacy has excited some feeling in the Congress of the United States. On the 27th of March a joint resolution, offered by Mr. Banks, was passed in the House, declaring that "the people of the United States can not regard the proposed Confederation of the provinces on the northern frontier of this country without extreme solicitude; that a Confederation of States on this continent, extending from ocean to ocean, established without consulting the people of the provinces, and founded upon monarchical principles, can not be considered otherwise than as in contravention of the traditions and constantly declared principles of this Government, endan-

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gering the most important interests, and tending to increase and perpetuate the embarrassments already existing between the two Governments."

EUROPE.

The Fenian insurrection in Kerry County, Ireland, during February resulted only in the temporary interruption of the telegraph lines which traverse that district and the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* by the British Government for three months. Another demonstration, evidently better planned and on a more extended scale than the first, took place in March, but with no better results or greater successes on the part of the Fenians. It was commenced on March 5 by simultaneous demonstrations in various parts of the southeastern counties. A fight occurred at Tallaght, about eight miles from Dublin, between the armed police and a large body of Fenians: in which one policeman was killed, five Fenians wounded, and eighty arrested. Subsequently six loads of ammunition were seized and one hundred more Fenians captured. The rest retreated to the hills, pursued by the British forces. On the same day two hundred Fenians were repulsed in an attack on the police-station at Kilmallock; while other forces were defeated in their attempts to seize the Drogheda and the Castlemartyr barracks. The object of these demonstrations—to obtain arms—was in every instance frustrated, and finding their efforts futile the Fenians fled to the mountains. The various bands which had engaged in these movements then concentrated in the mountains of Tipperary, near the junction of the Cork and Dublin with the Limerick and Waterford railroads, and succeeded for a short time in obstructing travel by those routes. The British troops soon made their appearance in the same vicinity, and the Fenians dispersed to their homes. Several arrests were made, including that of a Colonel or General Connor, who appears to have been a leader, and who with forty others was confined in Tipperary jail to await trial for high treason. These demonstrations were the occasion of some discussion but little action in the English Parliament; and on March 20 Mr. Disraeli proposed the passage of a new and liberal Reform Bill for Ireland as the best weapon with which to fight the Fenians.

Editor's Drawer.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH VOLUME of this Magazine is completed with the present May Number. The Drawer, which is almost coeval with the Magazine, may now fairly be looked upon as a chest of drawers. What the contents of these are their owners know well; but few imagine how many hands have gathered up the good things there deposited. They have been furnished by fully two thousand different persons, and from every section of the country. To all these contributors, whether known or unknown—and may their number never be less—the Editor sends hearty greeting, with thanks for past favors and solicitations for more.

THE young gentleman who officiates as countist in one of the Ithica banks mentions a little incident that occurred there in 1864, when the farmers were investing liberally in seven-thirty notes:

One day a lank countryman entered the bank, and leaning over the counter until his face almost touched mine, said, in a drawling tone: "Have you got any of them *seven by nine* bonds? If you have I want some." Taking out his "pus" and counting the required sum, he obtained his governments and evaded the premises.

FROM Cheesedom, Geauga County, Ohio, a gentleman who stands well there sends the following, which is mostly old, but the concluding part good enough to warrant reproduction:

Old Daddy Rumsey was a conscientious man, fond of his Bible and his bitters. He was summoned as a witness before our County Court. On entering the hotel he stepped up to the bar, called for a little tanzy whisky, poured out a tumbler nearly full, and proceeded to get outside of it, which he did with entire success. The usual sixpence was laid on the counter in payment. Landlord handed back three cents.

"What!" said Rumsey, "don't you charge but three cents?"

"Not where I sell at wholesale," was the reply.

The old man shoved back the change and said: "Well, if it's as cheap as that, *you* take the three cents and *I'll* take some more!"

AFTER this wholesale transaction had been disposed of one of the leading lawyers of the county entered and invited daddy to indulge again, giving a knowing wink to the crowd.

"Daddy," said the lawyer, "what did you come here for?"

"Why, we had a mill-pond in our town, and it made all the people sick, when the Lord sent a flood and carried the dam away, then the people got well."

"I don't see why you should say the Lord had any thing to do with it."

"Certainly he did," replied daddy, "for the Bible says, 'He sendeth his rain upon the just and upon the unjust.'"

"Oh, you are getting weak and foolish," said the lawyer.

"I know it," was the response, "but the Bible tells us that the Lord chooses the weak and foolish things of this world to confound the wise!"

THE country judge business was a large thing in the olden time, especially that portion of the judiciary known as "side judges." Many years ago, in Genesee County, a "corporous" side jurist, Judge E——, happened to be seated on the bench by the side of that courtly and able judge, Addison Gardiner. A Tonawanda Indian, John Steeprock, had been tried and convicted for some petty larceny, and at the moment sentence was about to be pronounced his counsel, with the utmost apparent gravity, arose and said, that as

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the Indian was not a citizen, but a subject of a neighboring monarchy (the Six Nations), with whom we were then, happily, at peace, he could not with propriety be tried or sentenced by this Court. And then cast his eyes toward Judge E——, with whom he was on confidential terms. The Judge, though really having no voice in the matter, straightened himself up, and without waiting for Judge Gardiner, orated as follows: "The only question for this Court to consider is, *Is Injuns folks?* If Injuns *be* folks then this indictment stands; but if Injuns *baint* folks then it's *squushed!*"

Judge Gardiner didn't seem to see it in that light, and ordered "our red brother" into quod for six calendar months.

Soon after the venerable Judge Busteed's appointment as United States Judge for the State of Alabama he was conversing with an acquaintance on the duties, etc., of his new and very responsible position. The latter expressed surprise that the Judge should have accepted the honor, or consented to go upon the bench under any circumstances—"it would be so difficult for you," said he, jocularly, "to maintain the requisite facial gravity."

"What!" said the Judge, assuming an aspect of great severity, "do you mean to say that I do not *look* like the United States Judge of Alabama?"

"Well, Judge," was the reply, "I must confess you *have* rather a '*Mobile*' countenance just at this moment, though how it will appear when you visit the other districts I'll not undertake to say."

The little people will pester the old with curious readings of the Good Book. Thus, at Orange, New Jersey, "Our children are accustomed nightly to repeat a passage of Scripture committed during the day. After the older children had repeated their verses our little Eloise (two-and-a-half years old) expressed a wish to repeat a verse, and *did it*, giving a new version to 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light,' as follows: 'My *joke* is easy and *my bird is polite!*'"

At last we have it on irrefragable testimony, from Ogdensburgh, that old Grimes's pulse has finally ceased to beat. A few mornings since, when the thermometer was nearly played out, a ragged little beggar stopped at the door of Judge J——'s and plaintively suggested victuals. As the benevolent lady of the house was emptying a few into his basket she asked:

"What is your name, my son?"

"My name is Grimes."

"Is your father living?"

"Yes, marm."

"I thought 'Old Grimes' was dead long ago."

"*That was my grandpa!*"

And the youngster waddled off, thinking what "a good old soul" the lady was.

One of the selectmen of Canton, Missouri, tells us, in confidence, that he entered Nichols's grocery the other night and found some one reading an account, in a St. Louis paper, of a man who had arranged himself in a coffin, dressed as he wished to be buried, and taken Prussic acid. Next morning of course he was found dead. Mike Dooley, a character here, remarked, as the reading was finished, "Why didn't the fool *nail up the coffin? Then he'd made a good job of it!*"

Did you know Betsy Cranch? What a fine creature she was! I told her once, in jest, she must be my wife, for I had never been so deeply in love before. "It is out of the question, my dear Doctor," replied she. "It is impossible. *I am five deep already!*"

A correspondent in the "far distant Oregon," writing under date of January 11, says:

Your anecdote of the Frenchman who charged the Indians half a dollar for a needle, alleging as an excuse that the needle-maker was dead, reminds me of a merchant of the Jewish persuasion doing business, in 1862, at Le Grange, who charged the honest miners one dollar in coin, each, for needles, and on being remonstrated with and told that a paper of needles cost only a "bit" (12½ cents) in Portland, replied: "Mein Gott! I knows tat. 'Tain't te cost of te goots, but *te cash money for te freight!*" As freight was only $2 per ton, what was it per needle?

The following come "marching on" to us from Ossawotamie, Kansas, inspired, doubtless, by the spirit of ancient John Brown:

Captain Case, of the ——th Kansas regiment, was slightly pompous, but a good soldier and strict disciplinarian. To fill up his company to the desired standard he was obliged to enlist some of the "noble red men of the forest," who were not thoroughly posted in the art of civilized warfare. Soon after enlistment one of these noble red men was placed on guard (Captain C. being officer of the day), and stationed just in rear of the Colonel's tent, with strict orders to walk his beat until relieved. No sooner had the officer left than the noble red man sat down on the ground and amused himself by humming a favorite war-song. Several officers happened to be lounging near the Colonel's tent, when the Adjutant called the Captain's attention to the delinquent. The Captain walked up to the noble red man and, in his fiercest and most sanguinary tones, demanded: "Are you a guard, Sir?" The noble red man replied that he was not, which riled the Captain. He repeated, with a flourish of his sabre, "Are you a guard, Sir?" The reply came: "No, me no guard; *me Shawnee!*" The Captain advanced backward to his friends and left the noble red man to continue his oratorio.

As might be expected in this place, from which old John Brown emigrated, a large portion of the inhabitants are ladies and gentlemen of ebony tint. During the protracted meeting just closed Brother Lewis, a good man, but feeble in grammar, on being called on to pray, began thus: "O Lord! bress dis congregashum; bress dem dat am orphans; bress dem dat am widders; and bress dem dat am *widders for good!*"

Judge Barnard, of the Supreme Court of this city, whose rapid way of doing business at chambers is proverbial, is quick to perceive where a witticism may, without impropriety, be introduced to enliven the proceedings. The scrivener of this happened to be present one morning when two pillars of the law stood in the presence, each

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holding some quires of paper facetiously termed "pleadings."

"I ask leave, your Honor, to amend so as to insert" so and so.

"And I move to amend," says the other, "by inserting," etc., etc.

This continued for half an hour, when the Judge quietly arose, took his hat and cane, and remarked: "Gentlemen, you each have leave, if you wish, to insert *the whole of Webster's Dictionary*. This is my birthday, and I'm going home to dinner. Court's adjourned!"

Counsel were disposed to ask for a writ of "No Go" (*ne exeat*); but the Judge was off, and we suppose they are now at work on that superior, though somewhat discursive, volume.

As the angling season is about to commence, when

"The trout and salmon
Are playing at backgammon,"

and the poor *fin*ians are to be killed for our edible delectation, we commend to gentlemen of piscatorial habits the following verse from a new book just received from beyond the big fishing-pond:

"When Eve and Adam lived in peace,
Sans either brawl or jangling,
The Serpent, from his brimstone den,
Thought he would go an angling;
He baited his hook with fiendish look;
Says he: This will entangle her;
And so, my friends, you all may see
The Devil was the first angler!"

PER CONTRA:

"Happy the fisher's life and humble state;
Calm are his hours, and free from rude debate;
No restless cares he knows of sordid gain,
Nor schemes that rack the toiling statesman's brain;
Fearless in shades he takes his healthy dreams,
And labors mild amid refreshing streams."

THAT our colored brother out West has the *open* countenance characteristic of him in other latitudes is settled by the following memorandum from a Newark, Ohio, correspondent:

The other day two colored individus were standing at the dépôt—one on the platform, the other on the track. The gemman on the track was indulging in loud laughter at something he had witnessed, when his comrade called out:

"I say, Bill, you's in great danger dar!"

"Why so?" says Bill.

"'Kase when de train come along it'll *take your mouf for de dépôt and run in dar!*"

IN one of the towns of Western New York—which, of course, has its weekly paper—the following advertisement appeared:

NOTICE.—Whereas my wife Sally has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I forbid all persons from harboring or trusting her on my account, for I shall pay no debts of her contracting, as I pay none of my own. E—— B——.

After publishing this the required time the able editor sent in his bill. Payment was declined. The able editor was indignant. "Why," said Mr. B——, who was impecunious to the beggarly point, "didn't the last line of the advertisement say that I paid none of my own debts, and do you suppose I'm going back on *that?* Not much!"

FROM Belvidere, Illinois, in the neatest possible caligraphy, comes the following from a lady contributor. It propounds a high moral problem which our lady readers are invited to discuss:

A little boy of four summers had been very anxious for a baby brother, such as a little playmate had. His father was a minister, and little Harry had been taught that it was his duty to pray for what he desired. Coming to his father one day with a very sober face, he said: "Papa, do you suppose, if I prayed to God *right along*, that he would send me a baby brother?" "Perhaps so," said papa; "but why do you ask?" "Oh, because," replied he, "I have been praying *off and on* this good while, and it don't seem to do any good!"

FROM St. John, New Brunswick, the following are sent to help on the monthly cachinnation:

The Rev. Mr. Driver was a Baptist minister in the town of S——. Happening one day, while journeying to a neighboring village, to meet a countryman driving a very lean pair of oxen, he accosted him with:

"Why do you have such a lean pair of cattle, my man? They look as though they needed something to eat."

"Well," replied the owner, "I can't just exactly tell why, unless it is because they are like the church in S——; they either want a new pastor [pasture] or a new *Driver!*"

The minister cogitated a moment, saw the point, and paused not to ask any more questions.

"MY boy," said the Quaco schoolmaster to Bob one morning, "why do you stand there against that rickety old gate while you study your multiplication-table?"

"Because, Sir, the Bible tells us to 'prop a gate and multiply,' and I mean always to do what it says."

"Quite proper, Robert," said the master; "but seems to me you are beginning early."

How about this?

At a recent missionary meeting in New England much was said relative to the Bible and the efforts of missionaries to send it to the uttermost parts of the earth. In due course the Rev. Mr. —— was asked to pray, and did, thus:

"O Lord! we thank thee for thy word as it is given to us; and although it is not the original copy, still we consider it a very good edition under the circumstances. And although thou hast made the earth and caused it to revolve with incredible velocity, and although our missionaries are scattered over the surface thereof, yet thou hast so nicely balanced the centrifugal and centripetal forces, that, *as yet*, not a single brother has been thrown from the surface!"

AT an auction sale in St. John, not long ago, a wag came pushing through the crowd, and demanded, in an excited manner:

"Auctioneer, is Mr. M'Affee [a well-known merchant] in the room? He is wanted immediately on business of great importance."

The auctioneer therewith stopped the sale, and called, in a stentorian voice: "Mr. M'Affee! Mr. M'Affee! Is Mr. M'Affee present?"

A pause ensued, and no answer, for the reason that Mr. M'Affee had not been there at all. And when, after repeated calling, the crowd became impatient, a brawny Scott cried out,

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"Hoot, mon! if ye dinna go on with the sale ye'll no' *mak a fee* to-night!" The auctioneer seemed to regard it in a jocular light, and went on.

A FEW years ago, in a village in Chester County, Pennsylvania, the Methodists and Presbyterians each built a church at about the same time. Soon a rivalry arose between them, especially among the juvenile portion of the congregations. On one occasion the Methodist party got the best of an argument in this way:

"Ah! I guess we beat you now."

"How?"

"Why, we've got six buried in our grave-yard, and you've only four; and there's old Mr. Cooper is *going* to die *soon*, and he'll make *seven!*"

Cheerful contest!

THEY have a superior article of Legislature in Nebraska, judging from the following incident, which a correspondent at Omaha is kind enough to send us:

Last week an honorable member proposed an amendment to the tax-law, exempting the property of widows and minor children of soldiers, to a certain amount, from taxation; which brought Mr. Kinsela, a Celt, to his feet, with a request that it be so amended as *not* to include widows *after* they were married, or minors *after* they became of age!

A MEMBER of the Society of Friends (they will be naughty, like the world's people, once in a while), feeling in need of relaxation, thought he would be excusable in transgressing, "just once," the rules of that Society; so he went to one of the theatres where the spectacular drama was on view—one where the lady performers dressed as "low down and high up" as is customary in the *leg*ular drama nowadays. The "Friend" was delighted with the pedal exhibition. It reappeared to him in his sleep. He thought about it next morning on the way to meeting; thought about it in meeting; became drowsy—fell asleep. Something occurred to waken him suddenly. Starting up and rubbing his eyes, he exclaimed: "*Hats off! down in front!*" The brethren being accustomed when in meeting to sit with hats on, heeded not the unorthodox invitation. Friend Hicks did not feel moved to explain.

A WITTY lady, writing of the grand ball recently given in Philadelphia by Mr. Jay Cooke, the great banker and Government bond broker, says: "The company commenced to arrive at **5.20**; dancing began at **7.30**; supper was served at **10.40**!"

THE owner of Lock Box No. 1141, Minneapolis, Minnesota, informs us of the decease of a citizen of that town, named Sa-mith; and mentions that a little boy told him that the physicians had just gown down to hold a *post mortification* examination of the body!

BETTER than this is the following, communicated by a lady correspondent in North Cambridge, Massachusetts:

At the Musical Festival in Boston, given in honor of the Russians, was sung a chorus from Mozart's Twelfth *Mass*. A cousin from the country was present, and on our way home we began discussing the music, when he exclaimed, "The piece *I* liked best was that chorus of the Twelfth *Massachusetts!*"

AN African lady entered the dépôt at Lancaster, Ohio, and, wishing to have her baggage checked, asked the agent: "Is you de gemman wat *mails de trunks?*"

MERELY to show the progress made in the Freedmen's Schools, we reproduce the following sent from Washington:

A brief colored brother was requested by his teacher to write her a letter telling her what trade he would follow. He wrote:

"MY DEAR TEACHER,—You inquire what I would like to be when I grow up. I think I should like to be a lawyer or a President, for I think they are both very useful trades. Will you please give me your advice?"

With "A. J.'s" recent experience before him, we should say, try the law.

THE three R's—Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic—are not prevailing to any serious extent in Douglas County, Illinois, judging from the following, sent to us by A. G. Wallace, Esq., Clerk of the Circuit Court and Recorder of that county. The envelope is thus superscribed:

Mr Clurck of the Seircket
Cort Duglest Conty Ills

and the letter reads:

Kansas Ills *Jan* 16 '67

Ser Mr Clurck of Duglest Sericuit Crt pleas send me the time of the Circket Cort kmenses in yor place and oblige yors truley A K——E

pleas give this xpedit adtentions.

AN old correspondent in Philadelphia speaks of the Rev. Dr. B——, who, on being called on to offer prayer at a Commencement of one of the medical colleges of that city, prayed for the Faculty, the College, and the Graduates—"that the Lord would give healing efficacy to the medicines administered by them; but if, in his all-wise Providence, there should be among their patients those who were appointed unto death, that they might be permitted to enter into the rest prepared for the people of God, and that *their attendants might soon follow them!*"

AT a missionary meeting in one of the cities near New York, after a financial crisis had swept over the land, Dr. Medico, who wears a valuable diamond-ring, had been speaking of the importance of missionary labor. In making gestures the brilliant flashed in the light, and could be very distinctly seen. Brother C——, whose worldly wealth consisted in part of a valuable watch and chain, followed, and remarked that, in times like these, we should be as economical as possible, as the treasury was empty; especially, said he, should we dispense with all superfluities, especially jewelry. Deacon S—— coincided with the last speaker; and proposed, as an example, that he and Brother C—— should give their watches. Brother C—— promptly agreed, and each walked forward to the table in front of the desk, Brother C—— unfastening his watch from the chain. Deacon S——, who had left the watch he usually carried to be repaired, deliberately drew out an old "bull's-eye." Brother C—— stood a moment, and spoke: "No, you

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don't, Deacon S——; *that ain't your best watch!*"—and refastening his own watch returned to his seat. It not being watch-night, the meeting was speedily closed.

THE question whether hanging should be abolished was recently discussed by a debating society in Brighton, Michigan. Sim Wool was adverse to the suspensory process, as may be gathered from his peroration: "Mr. President, talk of hanging for stealing! Why, Sir, where would *I* have been, where would *you* have been, where would we *all* have been, if hanging were the penalty for *that* offense?" Let the codifiers answer.

A JOCULAR citizen of Ohio, now serving his country in the capital of that State, has ferreted out the following, and has a notion that it will look well in brevier:

In our Legislature are several clergymen of different denominations. Prominent among them is the Rev. Mr. W——, a Cumberland Presbyterian. A few days since the Rev. Mr. S——, a Campbellite Baptist, introduced a bill to *amerce* sheriffs in certain cases of malfeasance in office. The Rev. Mr. W——, who to his solid piety adds a rich vein of humor, objected to the bill as a covert attempt on the part of the honorable gentleman to make Campbellites out of all the sheriffs of the State by compelling them to be *immersed!*" A dastardly effort at propagandism!

AT a recent Sunday-school examination in Ailsa Craig, Canada West, the Superintendent asked: "Why did our Lord's father and mother have to go to Bethlehem to be taxed?" This was a poser; but little Harry S——, who had heard at home much assessment talk, held up his hand.

"Well, Harry, what is it?" said the Superintendent.

Master H——, with grave voice and countenance, replied: "*Because they owned a manger there!*"

That youth should be placed near the person of Commissioner Rollins, at Washington.

THE æsthetics of sign-painting may be regarded as having reached the highest possible development in Albany, where one who claims to be "a man and a brother" as well as a barber, has placed over his door the following inscription:

TONSORIAL OPERATOR
AND
CAPILLARY REGENERATOR.

The which reminds us of one of those frightful sensation novels aptly described as "a *tricopherous* or *hair-raising* narrative!"

NOT long since a distinguished and witty member of the United States Senate having "suffered from an accident of hospitality" (as Mr. Webster neatly phrased it), and really needing reconstruction, was seen winding his d vious way homeward when he fell into the *sewer* opening at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. The accident attracted the attention of a policeman, who came and helped him out. The Senator straightened himself up, and, assuming a mock dignity, said: "Do you know who I am, Sir?" The policeman did know, but said he didn't. "Well, Sir," exclaimed the Senator, throwing back his head, "I'm the greatest statesman in this country, Sir—I'm *Sewer-ed!*"

FROM the classic groves of Pompey (Onondaga County) comes the subjoined, which we type just to show what Pompey is capable of producing when she exerts herself:

Soon after President Johnson took that trip to Chicago, ostensibly to lay the corner-stone of the Douglas Monument, but in reality to "swing around the circle," as the public-spirited Mr. Petroleum V. Nasby styles it, an old lady, up in the hills of Onondaga, asked the person who was reading the account to her whether "the President did act'ally *take the monument along with him?*"

The good soul knew what grave-stones meant, but wasn't so well up in her monumentals.

THE last novel by Miss Annie Thomas, entitled "Played Out," forms No. 288 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. A lady "friend of the family" dropped in at Franklin Square a few days since, on her way to the New Haven Dépôt, and asked for something pleasant to read in the cars. The party addressed handed her "Played Out," remarking that *he* was now impertinently designated as "Old 288" by the faster youth of the establishment. "Evidently *à propos*," said the lady, "for you are just a little *too* (2) *gross!*"

A VALIANT non-commissioned officer, who left a fair portion of his "corporal" frame at Gettysburg, lately came to New York, hoping to obtain some employment by which he could support self and wife. Being altogether short, he made a call-loan of $5 of the gentleman to whom he applied, who knew his honesty. Subsequently this kind-hearted person procured for him a temporary situation as night-watchman in a distillery that had been seized by the revenue-officers; but this was of short duration. Down came he again to the office of our informant and stated his misfortunes. "Indeed," said he, "my money is all gone, and I don't know what I'm to do. When there are no seizures I get no pay." "Of course not," was the reply; "*aut seizure* [Cæsar] *aut nihil!*"

AN "advanced young lady" of say *seven* summers places great stress upon what she deems to be due to misses of that mature age (of course she lives in Boston), and reserves to herself the right to show her dislike to certain persons. Upon being informed that a young man was in the parlor, and told to go and see him, she trotted in, and patronizingly remarked: "Oh! Mr. K——'s little boy! How do you do, dear?" Mr. K——'s "little boy" was *seventeen* years of age, and was so fortunate as to be able to enjoy his stated rations.

A BELLE from the rear part of Ulster County was invited by her city cousins to make them a visit during last winter's holidays, and promised that it should be made as lively and jolly as possible. It was the good creature's first trip to town. She was twenty, in glorious health, weighed a hundred and sixty, and could tire down any of your city damsels in "straight work" at a regular

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ball. The ladies accepted an invitation to one of the fashionable "assemblies," and took the country lass along. Great was her delight thereat. *Did she dance much?* Well, I should say so! Not a cotillion or country dance but she was on the floor and did her prettiest. By-and-by a dapper youth, with nascent mustache, approached, and with great diffidence asked if she would do him the honor to join in a waltz? "No, *Sir!*" said she. "I can go the cotillions right along; but when you come to the whirling-round business *it makes me puke!* Not any waltz for *me!*"

A CHANCERY suit has been defined as a legal skrimmage in which all parties take the chances. Something of this sort is now going on in the Chancery Court at Springfield, Illinois, where three sets of children are claiming to be the lawful heirs of one man. Mr. Edwards is of counsel and was resisting all the claimants. General Palmer appeared for one set of children. Mr. Edwards wished to have the legitimacy of all three sets tried at once. General Palmer sought an opportunity to present the claims of his clients and have the question in which they were interested tried by itself. Mr. Edwards earnestly objected: "No, Sir; we are not willing to divide this case. We want to take up all these marriages at once and dispose of them, and not prolong this case forever. I repeat, Sir: we are not willing to make mince-meat of this case."

"As I understand it," said General Palmer, dryly, "to have mince-meat you must have the flesh of different animals. Mr. Edwards wants to do that; we do not."

A PHILADELPHIA gentleman of festive tastes, who takes a "fair shake" at all the obtainable pleasures of the town, last week assisted at a heavy dinner, took much potable, and did not leave for home until ever-so-many o'clock. On reaching his door-steps and fishing up his night-key, he became satisfied that he was essentially convivialized, and *not* precisely in that condition which a good husband should be in to meet a good wife. Cautiously entering the hall he stopped, listened a moment, heard no noise, and congratulated himself that the family were asleep. Quietly he took off over-coat, drew off boots, turned off hall-light, slowly ascended stairs to family bedroom, hesitated at door, believed he was *reasonably* right, stealthily entered, found gas turned low, wife apparently asleep, thought she *was* asleep, sat down, listened again, no stir; began to undress: got coat, vest, pants, drawers, stockings all safely off; was journeying carefully toward couch when wife of bosom quietly asked:

"Coming to bed, dear?"

"Yes, love."

"Well, dear, *hadn't you better take off your hat?*"

WE are solicited to take cognizance of the following case of legal oppression recently imposed upon a jury in Colorado. It comes verified by a government functionary of that red-tinted Territory:

Judge G——, of Brooklyn, while sitting as Judge of the District Court in Denver, had made himself noted among delinquent jurors by the manner in which he held them to the discharge of their duties. The jury in this case had been out *three days*, in great discomfort, and sought relief in these beautiful and touching lines:

"Judge G——, Judge G——, you are a sinner,
If you don't let us have some dinner;
There ain't no show for a decision,
And we are hankering for provision."

THE Tennessee Legislature was in session when Fort Donelson fell, leaving the Federals free to occupy Nashville. Hearing a great stir in the Governor's office below, a committee was sent to see what was going on. They found his Excellency packing up preparatory to leaving. He handed the committee a dispatch announcing the fall. When the committee returned Mr. W. was in the chair, and just on the point of adjourning. Addressing the House, he said: "And now, gentlemen, God will take care of us, and if we do not meet again here we shall meet in heaven."

A member from East Tennessee, who had been dozing off the effects of the fluid to which he was addicted, hearing the last words of the Speaker's remarks, roused up and delivered himself thus: "Stop! Mr. Chairman, don't adjourn us to *that* place. *If you do we shall never get a quorum!*"

NEXT day the same member, while in the cars waiting for departure, called out to the Governor as he was passing through—"Look here, Governor, *are we running, or are we falling back for a firmer stand?*"

THE same individual seeing John Bell, the candidate of "the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the Laws," the day after he succumbed to rebelism, began to stare at him. Bell asked why he was thus gazed at? "Well," replied our friend, "I was looking at the last of 'the Union, Constitution, and enforcement of the Laws!'"

"H. M.," of Baltimore, thinks he perceives in the following a small call to mirth:

In the latter part of 1864 a North Carolina soldier was one day passing a house in the country, in which he heard a young lady playing the piano and singing. Stepping on the piazza, he paused and listened. When the damsel had ceased her song, he put his head through the open window and said, "If you please, miss, be kind enough to *claw the ivory and howl again!*" Somewhat startled, she asked what he meant? "Why, play and sing some more;" which she good-naturedly did, and the warrior from the tar and turpentine State "retreated in good order," carrying off all his arms, but no forage.

THE congregation at Cannonsville were recently moved to donate sundry edibles and things to their worthy pastor, Mr. Wakeman; whereupon, being a wide-awakeman, he promptly acknowledged the present in the following paragram in the village paper:

CANNONSVILLE, *Jan.* 19, 1967.

A good and acceptable visit was made by a portion of the brethren and sisters of the Baptist Church of Cannonsville, for the benefit of Rev. J. B. Wakeman, and was thankfully received by him. It is a kind reward for his labor of love and toil among them for nearly two years. I feel to offer prayers more earnestly for God's blessing to rest upon the Church. We need a good coat and vest. Our friend and brother, D. D. Chamberlain, let us have one last year. Who

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will be the first to let us have one this year? Though it is written, "Think not what ye shall eat, or drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed."

J. B. WAKEMAN.

FROM far out in the Genesee country, in the town where our old friend Colonel Pettibone is magnate, comes this brief statement of fact:

A little Union girl, whose father had just returned from the war with an honorable discharge, went to visit a relative in a distant county accompanied by a lady. Arriving late in the evening at Uncle B.'s, our little patriotess being much fatigued, proposed to retire, and solicited her companion to go with her. "Oh no," replied she, "I must sit up until Uncle B. has prayers." "Pray!" said our little friend—"does Uncle B. pray? Why, *I thought he was a Democrat.*"

What a partisan!

THEY have their linguists in Nevada as well as in San Diego, judging from the inquiry of a gentleman of a financial turn of mind, who desired to be informed what the receipts of the County had been for the last *physical* year.

Again: the village blacksmith had heard of the Siamese twins and the wonderful bond of union between them. "Well, now, I wonder!" said he, stopping with uplifted hammer. "And do you mean to say that that *legacy* can't be cut?"

When Chang and Eng were first exhibited in New York a curious inquirer went up to the exhibitor, and asked, "These the Siamese?"

"Yes, Sir."

"*Brothers, I presume?*"

On the whole he thought they were.

FROM the great city of M'Minnville, Tennessee, where a large portion of the more intelligent population devote their leisure hours to the perusal of the wisdom that appears in the Drawer, we receive the subjoined:

It happened in this way: The day was very warm. For weeks there had been no rain. Vegetation was drying up. A preacher of the "Methodist Church [very] South," whose heart and soul was in the cause of the rebels, during his opening prayer, said: "O Lord, send down the refreshing shower and revive the drooping vegetation. Send a good shower—[pausing]. But, Lord, do not send enough to raise the Cumberland River, so that the Yankee gun-boats can come and take Nashville!"

A SAN DIEGO (California) correspondent sends the original of the following advertisement of one of the opulent farmers of that neighborhood:

NOTICE is her by given to all hume it may consurn that the under signd intends to commens to Bait for Bear and all other Varments that may molest his enclosiers on the twentyth of this instant I shall not Putt any Bait out side of my enclosier it is nearly time to commens a nother Crop & I wish to get rid of the Varments before I sow a grain a gain I am resolved to Bait and trap the next year out before I bee eat up a gain J. M. D——.

November 11th 1866

UNCLE LYMAN H——, who lives in the vicinity of Gravesville, Wisconsin, is somewhat given, the people *do* say, to useless ornamentation in the way of stating things. One day our correspondent found him at the post-office, mourning over the manner in which he had been slandered:

"Why," said he, "don't you think they say that I said I had, while a boy, mowed a hundred swathes of hay, a mile long, in one day—and that would be a hundred miles!"

I, of course, sympathized with him, but spoke of the folly of a person of his years telling such absurd stories. And I mentioned his having asserted that he had dressed a thousand feet of siding one morning *before breakfast*, when three hundred was a day's work.

"I *did* do that," said he, "and can whip any man who says I didn't. I not only did it, but *had breakfast in pooty good season too!*"

IN a copy of the *United States Gazette*, published in 1779, we find an account of a flag-presentation which may edify that large portion of our population who have latterly participated in little affairs of that sort. On the day after the battle of Fort Moultrie, in 1779, Mrs. Elliott presented to Colonel Moultrie's Second South Carolina Regiment a banner. Surrounded by the beauty and fashion of the day, the Colonel stepped forth and, receiving the flag from Mrs. E., acknowledged it in a very appropriate and eloquent speech. In closing, he turned suddenly to his men, and said: "My gallant companions, you see the reward of courage and fortitude! You have fought and have conquered, and the brave fellows who fell in the carnage of yesterday are now in heaven riding in their chariots like the very devil!"

A BALTIMORE correspondent gives account of a famous old rooster whose firm-set joints and firmer flesh were not hankered after by those before whom he was placed as an edible dainty. "And when I reflected upon his fate," says the correspondent, "I felt that if Cowper had immortalized a cat, and Pindar a dog, why should I suffer this deserving cock, now a 'Bird of Paradise,' to go his last journey without one note to sing his praise, one line to mark his fate? No! if he could not *tender* me a dinner I'll tender him an epitaph:

"Here lies, in plenitude of years,
A noble chanticleer;
He led a virtuous chicken life,
And died without a fear.
Here lie his bones, and muscles too,
Untouched by carver's art;
Tenacious to the very last,
In death they would not part."

"BEATS there a heart with soul so dead" that it can not admire the legal acumen and noble sense of justice that percolates, as one might say, through every line of the following, which cometh from Whitehall, Green County, Illinois?

Judge H——, Ex-M. C. from this District, in the early part of his practice was called upon to conduct a cause for the plaintiff in a suit before Squire W——. The defendant, having small hope of success, did not employ counsel. The plaintiff's counsel had it all his own way; and, after summing up, submitted the case for the decision of the Court. The Squire arose, and said "that as the defendant had no counsel, *he would make some remarks on that side of the question himself!*"

How he succeeded on "that side" is not stated. It may be conjectured that he "took the papers and reserved his decision," as our city judges do.

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